

LUCKY LINDBERGH MAN OF NICKNAMES

"Slim," "Charlie," and Even "The Flying Fool," Are Some—Has Record for Daring.

HAS FLOWN 1,800 HOURS

Once Plunged Through 5,000-Foot Fog Bank on Parachute—Never Hurt in a Crash.

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Captain Charles A. Lindbergh is a man of nicknames. He gathers them wherever he goes. He is "Slim," "Lucky," "Charlie," of course, and sometimes "The flying fool." He was too young to take part in the war, having been born on Feb. 2, 1902. He is 25 years old. He is tall—more than six feet—slender, but with powerful shoulders. He has blond hair inclined to curl and fearless blue eyes.

As his name would indicate, he is of Swedish descent, but several generations distant. His father died when he was quite young, and he attended school in Detroit, where he was born. Later he went to school in Washington, D. C. All of his primary education was obtained in public schools, and he was noted for nothing except his height. The lad was mechanically inclined and matriculated in the School of Mechanical Engineering of the University of Wisconsin. He was not graduated, however, as the desire to fly seized him when he was sixteen and a half and he tossed his books aside. His first flying experience was in a biplane. Several instructors in the flying school there took part in training the young man and soon he was a capable pilot. He realized, however, that he was far from experienced and so enrolled in the Army Flying Service at Brooks Field.

He completed a course at Kelly Field, Texas, and was placed in the reserve. All this has happened during the last two years. He was graduated from the army school, where he did his work with the rest of the class, including a certain amount of stunt flying. He looked around for something in the flying line at which he could earn a living. He found the air mail. He has been flying since he was sixteen to Cleveland for the last year. He is now on an indefinite leave of absence. Several times during his flying experience he has found it necessary to drop out of a plane while in the air and parachute to the ground. Once when flying above a fog bank 5,000 feet thick and veering in a direction he did not know, that there was no chance of finding a landing space on the rocky terrain below, he jumped out, leaving the plane to crash on the rocks, but saved his own life. Once he was forced out by fire and once by ice on his wings. Never once has he been injured in an airplane accident, accounting for his nickname "Lucky." He was commissioned a captain in the Boston National Guard last year, still holding his Second Lieutenant's commission in the army. He first took part in the New York-to-Paris flight last fall following the disaster to the Sikorsky plane at 11 o'clock on Oct. 15, 1926. St. Louis, several members of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and early in February the order was given to fly to Paris. It is not entirely a specially built job, but the huge gasoline tank required an unusual disposition in the cockpit.

He has amassed the total of 1,800 hours in the air, more than some men who consider themselves old pilots. This he has achieved by taking every opportunity for flying—hopping in every plane he saw and taking it aloft. Captain Lindbergh, with the fearless blue eyes, is "woman shy." He has never entertained thoughts of getting married, he says, and there is no young woman in the office waiting to marry him on his return. He blushes when he answers questions sometimes and always when questioned about a possible sweetheart. He chose to fly alone to Paris, while all the other entrants in the international dash will have to go with one or more men in the cockpit. He thought of this matter, but preferred the weight in gasoline. "Anyway, he might not be good company," he said.

Captain Lindbergh is not a scatterbrained youth, as a great many persons felt before his arrival in the East. His reports came from San Diego of his proposed flight alone to Paris, very few considered him really in earnest. He is in earnest. He is so earnest that he faces the task ahead of him. He realizes the strenuous round of hours when he must sit cooped up in the narrow cockpit. He has never been abroad and speaks no language but English. But he has an all pervading confidence in himself, his plane and his engine, and no thought enters his head but that of success. He is prepared for danger. There are the same emergency arrangements in his plane as in all the others, but he never thinks of them. Meet your troubles when they arrive in his motto. Out in the West, especially in St. Louis, there is no doubt in the mind of any one but that Lindbergh will make it. In fact, they consider it as well as done.

LINDBERGH FLIES WITH LITTLE SLEEP

Will Have Had Only an Hour or Two in Sixty by the Time He Reaches Paris.

By the time Captain Lindbergh reaches Paris he will have been sixty hours with only an hour or two of sleep which he managed to get between midnight Thursday and 2 o'clock Friday morning. Some people thought that he could not possibly go so long without rest and that he would be overcome with fatigue and lose control of his plane.

Lindbergh himself smiled at the thought that he could not keep going until he reached Paris. He is in perfect physical condition, and despite his mere pink nap looked as fresh and pink-cheeked as ever while he was waiting for his plane to be filled with gas. When he came East from San Diego he worked all day on his plane from 5 o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon, and then took off for an all-night flight to St. Louis. When he got there, instead of being exhausted he felt so well that he went to bed and slept until he had just stepped out of a shower bath. The crew of the Norge, the dirigible which went across the North Pole from Spitzbergen to Alaska, were on duty for seventy-two hours, with only brief naps of half an hour or so.

Oscar Wisting, a gray-haired viking, who went to the South Pole with Amundsen, stood at one of the rudder controls of the dirigible for the entire seventy-two hours.

Two English Airmen on Non-Stop Hop to India; They Clear Wall at Start by Only 12 Inches

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LONDON, May 20.—Two English airmen today began a flight almost as spectacular as that of Charles A. Lindbergh. They are attempting a 4,000-mile non-stop flight to India. Their objective is Karachi, but if on reaching there they have still enough gas they will go on to Calcutta.

The flight started just before 11 o'clock this morning and almost ended immediately in disaster. The two aviators, members of the Royal Air Force, Lieutenants C. R. Carr and L. S. M. Gillman, in their Hawker-Morley machine, were able to clear the wall at the end of the runway at the Central Airfield near here by only twelve inches. For a tense moment the watching crowd stood breathless, but as the plane cleared the wall it was seen to be flying at a high altitude. The underwriters believe the risk is too great.

In Government circles more or less interested in aviation the venture was termed "suicide," although the officials expressed hope for the best.

FEET ON THE EARTH BUT HEAD IN CLOUDS

Lindbergh Had Flying Ambitions As He Guided His Father's Plow.

When Charlie Lindbergh was trudging along behind the plow on his father's farm at the edge of Little Falls, Minn., in the Spring of 1920 his feet were in mud but his head was high in the clouds.

He had his flying "bug" even then. He had dreams of daring feats and breaking records. His great delight was speed. He had little use for girls and dancing, but when he could get on his motorcycle and "let 'er out" he was happy.

Nearly everybody in Little Falls still remembers him as a tall, bashful boy. No one there was intimate with him. He was not the intimate kind. But all wish him well because he was well behaved, courteous and industrious.

As a student in Little Falls High School he was bowed over his books until 4 o'clock every afternoon. Then he hopped onto his bicycle and with his long legs propelled the machine home at a furious speed. Little Falls young women who knew him well say that his bicycle was not overrated.

"Charlie would never look at a girl," said a member of his high school class. "Another point with unconcealed pride to the fact that once she rode on the back seat of his motorcycle, a most unusual occurrence. In the hearts of six thousand residents of Little Falls, Charlie has already made the hop to Paris a more nonchalant matter.

"He's just the same Charlie that he was at home except that he's doing things on a bigger scale. It is the sentiment of his home townfolk. But he never endangered any one's life nor had an accident on his land or in the air. He is a cool-headed and uses good judgment. He always knew what he was about and had the determination to see it through.

LINDBERGH'S VENTURE GRIPS CITY'S INTEREST

Throngs Cheer and Pray for Flier, and Song Is Written for Him—Papers Besieged for News.

The daring flight toward Paris of Captain Charles A. Lindbergh evoked unusual interest all yesterday and last night. The hop of the youthful flier from the West was the main topic of conversation in almost every gathering and the bulletins reporting the progress of the flight were sought eagerly. At 11 P. M. THE NEW YORK TIMES had received 615 telephone inquiries regarding the flight.

At the Yankee Stadium the great crowd that had assembled for the Sharkey-Maloney boxing bout was called upon for a cheer for Lindbergh by Joe Humphreys, veteran announcer. The crowd responded vigorously and then Humphreys asked all to rise for a moment in a silent prayer for the safety of the intrepid young flier.

Bulletins were broadcast by several radio stations, including WJZ, and that station also broadcast at 7:30 P. M. a song dedicated to Lindbergh and written a few hours after his take-off by Whelan Neil and Penny, a trio known as the Bonnie Ladies, who sang it. The song, reprinted with their permission, follows:

Captain Lindbergh, we're with you. Won't you, please, come smilin' through? Keep her going, give her the steam. You'll soon reach the land of your dream. We are all expecting you. Tomorrow's events we'll all be shouting:

Hurray! Hurray! We're with you. He got to Paris in 36 hours. He took the boy from the West to do it. He sure has shown us the way. He will be cheered with kisses. He is the boy of the day. So will we cheer the U. S. A. He's the pride of the U. S. A.

COAST GUARD MEN BELIEVE WRECKAGE IS NOT FROM NUNGESSER PLANE

Special to The New York Times. NEW LONDON, Conn., May 20.—The wrecked wing of an airplane picked up off Montauk Point last night by a coast guard patrol boat and brought here this morning attracted hundreds of visitors today. At first it was thought the wing might be part of the machine of the French airmen, Captains Nungesser and Coli, missing since last week when they attempted to fly from New York to Paris, but Coast Guard officials believe the wreckage was in the water for weeks.

The half-dozen hollow metal stanchions in the framework bear rusty bluish-green marks, the greenish covering, what little is left of it, is disintegrated. Originally the wing consisted of aluminum plates, but there is only a trace of it left.

The patrol boat, 290, picked up the wing and then transferred it to the ZL, which brought it here. Coast Guard officials, thinking that other parts of the aircraft might be nearby, searched the Montauk Point, to day sent four patrol boats to make a search, but late tonight the finding of no more pieces has been reported.

Other wings, it is said, have only two possible identification marks. In a space of about three-quarters of an acre, the wreckage of the "A-1" with "A-49" in alignment below. Two army experts in aircraft building are expected here tomorrow to make a thorough investigation of the wing, and their coming may help to clear up one of the several air tragedies off the North Atlantic coast.

LLOYD'S REFUSES RISK ON LINDBERGH'S CHANCES

LONDON, May 20 (P)—Lloyd's, which will issue credits on almost any enterprise or odd venture, is now quoting any price on Captain Lindbergh's chances to cross the Atlantic.

The underwriters believe the risk is too great. In Government circles more or less interested in aviation the venture was termed "suicide," although the officials expressed hope for the best.

His Early School Days. Lindbergh was born in Detroit in 1902, but the family home has been in Little Falls, Minn., since 1888. His mother, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, lives in Detroit, where she teaches chemistry in the Technical High School. His two stepsisters have married and moved away from Little Falls. His father, the late Charles A. Lindbergh, was in Congress from 1908 to 1912.

Lindbergh was graduated from Little Falls High School in 1918 at the age of 16 and took a year of chemical engineering at the University of Wisconsin.

When he returned to the family home and tilled the soil while his father was engaged in politics. When he was not tending the crops or harvesting the youth was driving a motorcycle or an automobile at a hair-raising rate, almost invariably alone.

Takes Up Aircraft. It was in 1921 that Lindbergh shook the mud from the fields off his shoes, climbed on his motorcycle and chugged to Lincoln, Neb., where he entered the Lincoln Standard Aircraft Company's flying school. There he thrilled the pilots and mechanics with stunts on his motorcycle and got his first flying experience.

He is remembered there for the insatiable interest he displayed in everything that could get off the ground into the air. Whenever a new model plane, or one with which he was not familiar, landed at the field he inspected it with great curiosity and asked questions about everything he did not understand.

Because he would never have to put up a \$500 bond Lindbergh never made a solo flight at the Lincoln school. He learned all he could about airplanes there, their plotting and their mechanics. He did some thrilling parachute jumps and did some wiring walking on planes high in the air.

Enrolls for Army Course. Then he decided to enroll for the army course. So he got on his motorcycle and rode to Kelly Field at San Antonio, Tex.

For two years "Lindy," as he was known at Kelly Field, studied under the army instructors and revealed in the daily excitement of flying the great assortment of training planes. He also acquired the knowledge of navigation, which gives him the confidence to start for Paris depending solely on his own navigating ability.

After a year in the Army Flying Service following his schooling at Kelly Field, Lindbergh went to Lambert-St. Louis Field, near St. Louis, in October, 1925, to go to work for the Robertson Aircraft Company. He was licensed as a pilot in the Army and did a few hair-raising ground stunts on the field and that was his introduction.

When "Slim," as he continued to be called at the St. Louis field, arrived he was a First Lieutenant in the Army and had done his flying in the National Guard, Thirty-fifth Division, Air Corps, and by December of 1925 he was a Captain in the reserve and the National Guard and flight commander of the 110th Observation Squadron.

Begins Air Mail Flying. He began flying air mail planes to Chicago and back for the Robertson Aircraft Company in April, 1923. Four times something happened to the engine of the De Havilland plane he was flying and he leaped over the side of the plane in the night as the ship plunged downward toward the earth. Four times his parachute worked and he automatically became a member of the Caterpillar Club, an exclusive organization of aviators who have saved their lives by a parachute leap.

At this time his ambition to make the New York to Paris hop was gaining strength, and finally he obtained the backing of the St. Louis group, which has unshakable faith that he can do it. Having tested out the plane made especially for his flight, the "Spirit of St. Louis," he sat down in its cockpit late one afternoon in San Diego and got out of it the next morning in St. Louis, having made a hop of 1,600 miles without stop in a little over fourteen hours and having established a new record for a one man, but he kept himself in perfect physical trim. He is a perfect picture of clean-cut youth. His life of flying, stunts, barnstorming and rigid discipline have dropped him in the most obvious to ordinary physical fatigue.

Lindbergh has a way about him of making every one who meets him feel his ability to accomplish what other men have failed to do in twos and threes. It might be called personality plus and it might come from his quick smile.

When it became generally known that he was the favorite of the Raymond Orteig \$25,000 prize, he received a deluge of rabbits' feet, horse shoes and other luck charms. Before the left San Diego for New York, "Phil" Love, air mail pilot:

"Take good care of that trunk, Phil, because there's a lot of rabbits' feet and horse shoes in it."

Special to The New York Times. WASHINGTON, May 20.—While sixty-five shipping board vessels were reported today to be on steamship routes crossing the North Atlantic, only fifteen or twenty were believed to be en route near the area that will be crossed by Captain Charles A. Lindbergh as he nears the Irish and French coasts.

Shipping Board statisticians said

LINDBERGH SCION OF VIKING FORBEARS

Career in the Air and Daring Ventures Foremost in His Mind as a Youth.

BECAME SKY BARNSTORMER

Intrepid Flier Has Leaped Four Times in Parachute From Diving Mail Plane.

Special to The New York Times.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—From his mother, who journeyed from Detroit to New York to win her son God-speed, to the most cynical aviation expert, all those who know Charles Lindbergh believe that if the New York to Paris flight can be made by one man, he will do it.

He is expected to emulate his legendary ancestors, the Vikings, of daring exploits and intrepid venture. More than six feet tall, Lindbergh is slim (he is often called "Slim") and handsome, with an eagerness and freshness that goes with a man who does things.

He is 25 years old. His father's blue eyes give token of his Viking ancestry.

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that because of uncertainty as to the time of sailing or speed of some of the vessels their exact position by latitude and longitude tomorrow could not be given accurately. The estimate mileage from port is based upon cargo vessels traveling 240 miles a day. The passenger ships would require from eight to ten days to cross the ocean. Captain Lindbergh was not expected to come near any of the steamship lanes until he approached the Irish coast.

Among the vessels which might be within reach in case of emergency are the Waukegan, Havre to New York, which was four days out, or about 900 miles; the Tomahawk, about 2,000 miles out of New York for Antwerp; the Wyttheville, about 2,225 miles out of New York for Rotterdam; the American, about 2,300 miles out of New York for London; the West Mahomet, 225 miles out of Antwerp for Savannah; the Crawford, about 1,530 miles out of Antwerp for New Orleans; the Meantout, about 2,700 miles out of New Orleans for Havre; the West Gamba, about 2,875 miles from New Orleans for Bremen; the Westland, about 1,575 miles out of Hamburg for New Orleans; the West Morland, about 675 miles from New York for Galveston; the Western Queen, about 1,575 miles out of Hamburg for Galveston; the Westport, about 1,800 miles out of Antwerp for Baltimore; the Artigas, about 2,875 miles out of New York for Manchester, and the Cold Harbor, about 225 miles from Belfast for New York.

Here is a list of Shipping Board vessels estimated to be in the transatlantic track today—approximate only, subject to change and based on sailings reported through May 18 and on scheduled sailings.

Estimated Distance from New York to Port—Miles.

Table listing shipping board vessels, routes, and estimated distances from New York to various ports.

THRILLED COUNTY FAIRS WITH HIS FIRST PLANE

Lindbergh, at Kelly Field, Flew Craft That Was Ordered to the Junk Heap.

The first plane with which Charles Lindbergh realized his ambition was a Curtiss "Jennie," which he bought with money he had saved. Leaving school, he flew around his native district barnstorming. From one county fair to another he traveled, taking up passengers and doing stunts for his daily bread.

His great ambition at that time, he confided to friends, was to break the endurance record.

On his barnstorming cruise Lindbergh dropped in at Brooks and Selfridge Fields. At these army air posts he saw many new-model planes and types which excited his curiosity. A new plane has for him the same challenge that a new club would have for a golfer.

A story is told about Lindbergh at Kelly Field that throws a true light on one of the outstanding characteristics, that of doing something exceptional and not talking about it.

One of the officers in charge at the field ordered the old training plane, with half of the fabric off the lower wing, be carted from the field on a motor truck. It was deemed ready to junk.

Lindbergh walked to it, climbed into the cockpit in an offhand manner and took it over with a long run and a couple of hops.

DE PINEDO REACHES NEWFOUNDLAND BASE

Italian Airman Flies Low, Looking for Nungesser—Leaves Trepassy Tonight for the Azores.

Copyright, 1927, by The New York Times Company. Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES. ST. JOHN'S, N. F., May 20.—Commander Francesco de Pinedo, the Italian flier arrived at 6 o'clock this evening from Trepassy. He said he had a pleasant run from Shippegan Island, N. B., where he hopped off at 11:55 o'clock this morning.

He met fog in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, had fairly clear weather along the south coast of Newfoundland to St. Mary's Bay and then to Trepassy. He flew along the south coast of Newfoundland at the low altitude of 500 feet to enable him to scout for signs of the Nungesser plane, which might have fallen in the back country there, but saw no signs of it.

He is in fine fettle, but his senior mechanic complains of being worn out from lack of sleep. De Pinedo plans to leave Trepassy about the first of tomorrow morning. He says he must be in Rome for May 24. He expects to reach the Azores early Sunday morning.

Rancher Hangs for Killing Partner. FLORENCE, Ariz., May 20 (P)—Charles J. Blackburn, mesa rancher, convicted of slaying Miguel Bernal, his business partner, was hanged in the Arizona prison here early today. His last words were of fare, which the crowd of thousands persons who witnessed the hanging. Just before the hanging Blackburn shook his hands with newspaper men in his cell.

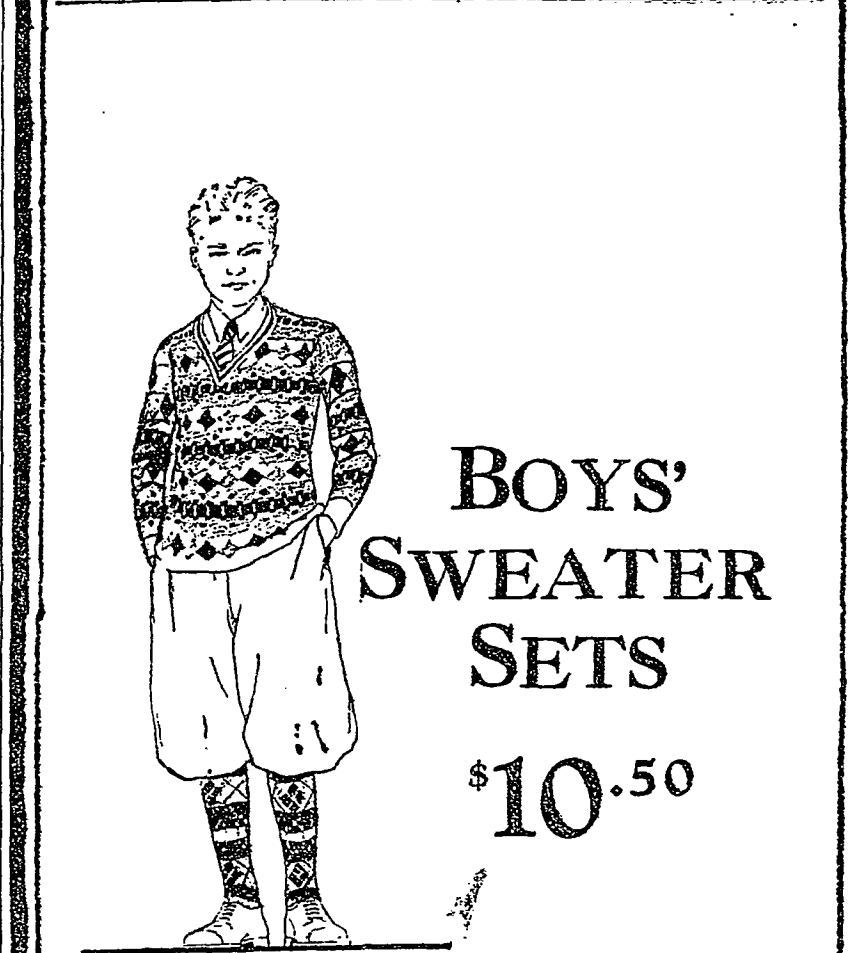
VESSELS IN TRACK TAKEN BY LINDBERGH

Shipping Board Reports Only 15 or 20 of Its Steamers Near Ireland and France.

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FRANKLIN SIMON BOYS' SHOPS—SIXTH FLOOR



BOYS' SWEATER SETS \$10.50

SWEATER: \$7.50 HOSE: \$3.00 Brilliant Wide-Awake Designs and Colours

Something wholly different from the usual... specially designed for the up-and-doing generation... gorgeous colours, picturesque patterns, and a most reasonable price considering originality and quality.

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Lindbergh, at Kelly Field, Flew Craft That Was Ordered to the Junk Heap.

Eighty-five years of faithful service

GIMBEL BROTHERS

32nd-BWAY-33rd STS., N. Y. C.



The Gimbel-Studio Reproduces a

Lewis Model \$14.75

BALLBUNTUN and felt—only Lewis could have conceived so original—so successful—a combination for the large Summer hat. The Gimbel rendering is a masterpiece of artistic reproduction.

In navy or black GIMBELS MILLINERY SALON—Fourth Floor



The fickle heavens have certainly wept on Spring finery recently, but all is not lost!

There's always Scotch Mist* Scotch Mist* is our sturdy Scotch cheviot overcoat; our designing and the handsome patterns of the fabric make these coats good-looking for clear days, if any.

Our special weaving, not rubber or wax, makes 'em wetproof against showers. \$60; \$65.

Scotch Mist* golf suits and caps.

Should the sun shine today, we've all the fair-weather outfits.

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William Birns, Inc. Wonderful Furniture and Furnishings Rare Works of Art Museum Pieces

IN THE JUNGLES OF YUCATAN Gleaming white ruins of the ancient Mayan city of Tulum, altars, erected to the sacred gods, are described by Dr. Thomas Gann, a British explorer who recently returned from an expedition to the jungles of Yucatan. Dr. Gann's tale of adventure is prefaced by remarks of Gregory Mason, who headed the Mason-Spinden expedition into the Maya country.

The New York Times MAGAZINE TOMORROW, SUNDAY

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