

# Lo, They Return to Chuckle Over Their Own Obituaries!

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea  
Kept me within his eye  
And lean he licked his hollow flanks  
And followed up the sky.  
FRANCIS HACKETT.

ONE unfortunate detail of Marc Anthony's sterling funeral oration was that Caesar couldn't come back to hear it. Caesar should have been a transatlantic a-tor. In that event he might have had a verbatim copy of Mr. Antony's forensic speech, and some night he could have drawn the reading lamp near and had the indubitable pleasure of perusing hundreds of his obituaries appearing in the public prints.

Harry Hawker, the Australian aviator, and Mackenzie Grieve, his English navigator, being very much less dead than Caesar, are confronted with none of the Roman Emperor's posthumous difficulties. They may virtually pick their favorite obituary and eulogy from among thousands. Nor are they limited to mere prose. Should they prefer verse there are millions of metrical feet of it, hazarding the opinion that the following from "The Boston Transcript" would, everything considered, be their favorite:

"Blind fate still works her own strange will,  
And though we strive to balk her  
She has her say. Behold the way  
She played with Grieve and Hawker!"

But that was written when the Messrs. Hawker and Grieve were officially, if only nautically, with us again. Those lines which were indited when the British aviator was informally non est have more of the heroic vein, though at present they have the misfortune to be less timely.

The Messrs. Hawker and Grieve could find little to object to in the editorial from "The Atlanta Journal," written when they were supposedly lost.

"Nothing but the stars to guide him as he drove his way eastward across the dark waters," says that commendation. "Nothing but nerve; nothing but wings; nothing but an engine and a tank full of gas. Yet on and on he went; a hundred miles, a thousand miles, perhaps, till the sun came up and he looked for his goal. Probably he thought of his wife and children as his eyes strained to catch a far glimpse of Ireland's shore. And then the needle showed him that his fuel was gone, that he could not make it, that he must come down to the surface of the sea and surrender at last to its icy embrace. When glory comes to the one whose feet first touch the sands, let all remember the well named Australian, the dauntless Hawk, who drove on his nerve with nothing to guide him but the star spangled vault above the dark waters."

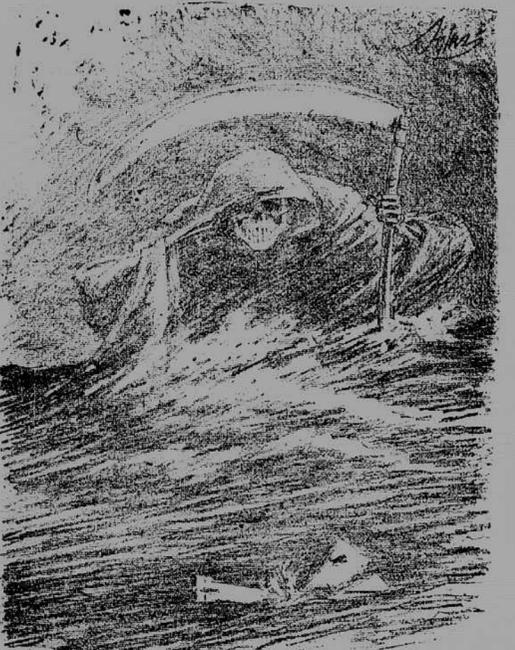
"Not bad, Grieve," we may imagine Hawker saying, as he passes the clipping to his much under-advertised navigator.

"But read this one, Harry," answers Grieve, submitting an editorial from "The Providence Journal."

"We may never learn in what shape death came to the two aviators who set forth on their fatal expedition, but we know they went turbidly, even blithely, to it, and we cannot withhold from them, in the midst of our regrets at their failure and loss, the admiration which fear-



Adventurers—Past and Present  
—Portland Oregonian



"Hawker and Grieve, Pass By! I Can't Stop You!"  
—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.

less daring has evoked in every age."

SUCH panegyrics would be almost without end and illuminated vastly by news dispatches that came out of London. Such was the report of the captain of the Venonia, who arrived in England from London and reported "that a cyclone in which no airplane could have lived was encountered early on Monday, the storm causing tremendous seas." To which Hawker answers in effect in The New York Tribune:

"There is no such thing as being brought down by a storm. I will fly in any machine—any time."

No matter. "It seems that they were going to do the right thing by us, Grieve," declares Hawker, passing over an editorial from "The Philadelphia Press." "Read this."

And Grieve reads: "The distribution of 'The London Daily Mail's' fifty thousand-dollar prize for a transatlantic flight to the heirs of Hawker and Grieve is a fine, practical

## The Cartoonists Outdid Themselves



Troublesome Days for Old Kings and Autocrats  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.



The Pacemaker  
—New York World.



The Long Arm  
—Knickerbocker Press



Over the Top  
—Dallas Morning News.

arms were outstretched to grasp the prize of an unexampled triumph," declares "The New York World." "Gives me a spooky feeling, Harry," says Grieve, passing back the clippings.

It is fortunate that Mr. Hawker lived to "report" his own misfortune. For "The Milwaukee Journal" had previously decided that "the story of the tragedy may never be known. The sea does not give up its secrets," while "The Halifax Chronicle," after observing that the lights of the little Sopwith machine were sighted by the cable steamer Faraday in mid-Atlantic, concludes that "this is the only word of Hawker and Grieve since they hopped off into the Great Unknown. It will probably be the last."

But the Hawkers were ever careless of fate, as "The New York Herald" pointed out, as follows: "When Harry Hawker, with Lieutenant Commander Grieve, taking off at St. John's on his Atlantic flight, dropped the under carriage of his airplane he was but living up to a tradition of his curiously interesting family. For the Hawkers have always been strictly unconventional and careless of consequences.

For example, Robert Stephen Hawker, the parson of Morwenstan in Devon—author of "The Song of the Western Men," sometimes called "Trelawney"—who ruled over a congregation of pious smugglers and wreckers, used to walk with nothing on in the early morning from his vicarage to the rocks for his daily plunge in the sea.

"When some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood protested against this Garden of Eden costume of the vicar he replied: 'My Maker brought me into the world as I go out to swim. Let them complain to Him! The Hawkers believe in going light.'

"Robert Stephen Hawker will not be forgotten as long as men read poetry written in English. Harry Hawker may be forgotten, but before he is there are 29,000 Cornishmen and other men by the hundreds of thousands, all admirers of bravery, who will want to know the reason why."

AMID these numerous paradoxes of gilded pre-obituaries comes the voice of "The Hartford Courant," pointing out an object lesson. It says:

"There is nothing like being wise. It enables one to tell the unwise so many things that they might miss if the knowledge were not imparted. For example, after it was decided that Hawker and Grieve were lost, those who knew explained that it was plain that they had drifted over a great ice floe and the cold had acted on their gas and they had to come down. Others, equally wise, discovered that a terrible cyclone had swept the machine away off and that was why these venturesome travellers were lost. And now it turns out that they are not lost at all and that what ailed them was something simple and inexcusable. The water could not circulate because the tubes had foreign matters in them, evidently left there when the machine was put together and due to the carelessness or ignorance of the builders and negligence of those who tested her. However, the men who knew it all had their day."

Nor could the aerial navigators find fault with the verse taken from the classics and dedicated to them: "Le, while you sleep, Time follows on your track with nimble toes; And when you wake, You hear a name that everybody knows."

"They did everything that could be expected, Grieve," declares Hawker. "Everything, Harry," answers Grieve.

of all mankind, is the great achievement, the flight of a human being, in the ace of wind and storm and death and destruction, to an undaunted end. In the tidings of it we all, in our small, several ways, fly higher and do more bravely."

"First rate, both of 'em," exclaim Hawker and Grieve. "The Philadelphia Press" the two dashing aviators may read how sincerely their untimely end was "deplored in this country," and further that "Americans are second to no people on earth in their appreciation of brave men and adventurous deeds."

Hawker and Grieve's spectacular deaths only satisfied "The New York Sun" that the extensive preparation made for the flight of our naval seaplanes was well worth while, and:

"The more Hawker's fate is considered, the more Americans may congratulate themselves and the Navy Department upon the precautions taken against the loss of the men in our seaplane flight. The perils of the transatlantic air route are illustrated in the crippling of the One and the Three, as well as in Hawker's case. At the same time the experience of the Americans proves that it pays, when chances must be taken, to eliminate every possible chance that need not be taken."

"They went down just as their

## Danish Mary

By PERCY MACKAYE

'T WAS Danish Mary picked them up  
Out of the air and sea;  
A shoddy, trudging lollypup  
A-trapsing slatternly.

The cry rang north, the cry rang south:  
"The vanished—where are they?"  
But Danish Mary shut her mouth  
And shuffled on her way.

"Ho, Hawker!"—"Grieve!"—on flying scud  
Called kingdoms and called kings;  
But Danish Mary chewed her cud  
In drowsy manderings.

Now "Lost!" cried West, and "Lost!" cried East,  
Till "Perished!" like a pail,  
Turned bonfire-light and homing feast  
More dark than funeral.

And toward the hollow sky rose prayer  
And dirge of steeple-chime:  
But what should Danish Mary care?  
'She takes her own sweet time.

And bawls to Lewis Butt: "It's me!  
I've picked 'em up—your men."  
"What!—Grieve and Hawker?" Sure!" And she  
Goes shambling on again.

But lightning engines flash and fight  
For news that reaps renown,  
The jackies swarm from bay and bight  
And race to run her down,

And win, and bear her prize away—  
While Mary turns to frown  
Once more where slips the dumb, salt spray  
And slaps her on the jowl.

—From The New York Times.

# Last April a Frenchman Crossed—On Paper

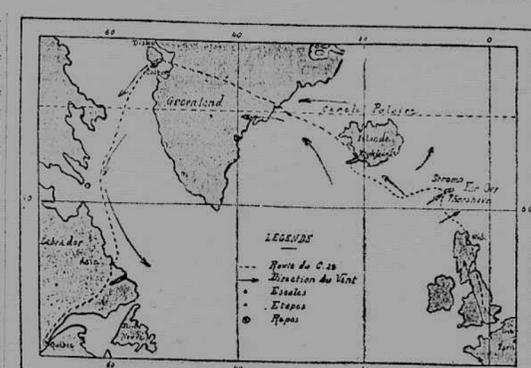
FROM Paris to Quebec by airplane in forty-nine hours! This is the world record set by the French fliers Wal, Bradlec and Boulard, who, having started from Le Crotoy, near Paris, on the night between March 28 and 29 last, landed safely on the outskirts of the ancient capital of French Canada, after a flight lasting exactly two days and one hour.

This, at least, is the statement made by the French monthly "Sports et Tourisme" in its April issue. A dispatch, cabled from Quebec by Pierre Wal, one of the daring fliers and associate editor of the review, tells the story of the epoch-making exploit which anticipated by six weeks the feat of Commander Read and his American seaplane NC-4. The dispatch is headlined:

## The Atlantic Crossed In Airplane

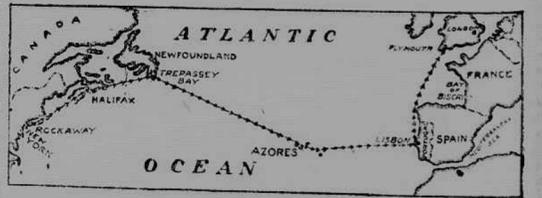
## One of Our Editors Flies From Le Crotoy to Quebec, 6,876 Kilometres, in Forty-nine Hours

A note of the editor, introducing the story, explains that M. Wal, an



This is the itinerary of the hoax cross-ocean flight of the French airplane C-23. The arrows indicate the direction of the wind. Comparison with the route pursued by the NC-4 shows how the actual accomplishment of the air crossing exceeded in daring and directness the roundabout route imagined by the French writer.

Guillain, the mechanic) plus the cargo, consisting of fuel (for fifteen hours), oil, extra parts of machinery, provisions and luggage, weighed less than 5,680 pounds. The start was made from the flying field of Le Crotoy at 1 a. m. on March 29, and six and a half hours later the plane alighted at Wick, on the northern extremity of Scotland, after a continuous flight of 632 miles. Following a hurried breakfast, the C-23 "hopped off" for Thorshavn. Everything went according to schedule, without the slightest mishap. Wal, Bradlec and Boulard relieved one another at the wheel every two hours. At each subsequent station the fliers found all arrangements made



The route taken by the NC-4

for their reception, Guillain attending to minor repairs, while the three others rested. At Godhavn, the principal town of Greenland, the whole crew had a regular night's rest, and in the morning the flight was resumed. Quebec was reached after another full day's altogether unexciting flight.

Wal's cable does not describe the flight itself. Nor is an analysis of the crew's sensations attempted. Merely a chronology of the trip and short, businesslike descriptions of the landings are given.

Here is the log of the journey as compiled on the basis of the dispatch:

Stage	Distance in Kil.	Hours	Average Speed in Kil.
Le Crotoy-Wick	1,021	6.30	158
Wick-Thorshavn	400	3.40	109
Thorshavn - Reykjavik	600	5.25	109
Reykjavik-Godhavn	1,645	11.50	137
Repos.			

Total, 4,264 miles in 49 hours and 25 minutes, an average of about 86 miles an hour. (This is slightly less than the average speed achieved by Commander Read on his flight from Trepassay to Horta.)

Needless to say, the whole story of the Le Crotoy-Quebec flight is nothing but a cleverly executed April hoax, all the more unique because devoid of any fantastic details, such as Edgar Allan Poe would have delighted to incorporate. Rather, the author errs on the other side by over-emphasizing the absence of hazard, by a pseudo matter-of-factness which treats the transoceanic trip as nothing more sensational than a railroad trip between Cleveland and Chicago.