BELLINGER SAYS FOG ALONE PREVENTED HIM FROM REACHING AZORES

of her husband's whereabouts Mrs. Hawker quietly went home, her anxiety concealed under a pitiful attempt at cheerfulness.

Mystery Being Investigated.

According to the *Daily Mail* Admiralty quarters in Queenstown when questioned at 11:15 o'clock to-night denied having received a wireless despatch from the Castletown station saying Hawker's machine had landed forty miles west of the mouth of the Shannon, or any other wireless.

Moreover, it was asserted, the especially sensitive wireless plant at Ballybunnion, on the northwest coast of County Kerry, Ireland, did not receive the message.

The Admiralty in London is investigating the mystery.

Hawker's fate may have been instant death, as the plane struck the water spent, or the dubious safety of a fragile collapsible boat, or the almost incredible good fortune of rescue by a ship without a wireless.

Sifted down, the dozens of reports which reached London during the day of tense waiting reveal not one from a ship at sea which has seen the flyers or heard the urgent call of their wireless.

Honored for His Daring.

Here in Lonton to-night Hawker is honored not only as a daring adventurer, staking his life on a chance of fame and money, but as a patriot. For it is known that he responded after a weary six weeks of waiting, not to the call of money but to the summons of patriotism when he set off from Newfoundland yesterday on the great flight. For he left the shore in the face of uncertain and, indeed, unfavorable weather conditions in a desperate attempt to "beat the Yanks," as he laughingly said, matching his little one motor land machine against the powerful multi-motored seaplane in which Commander Read already had reached the Azores, within 1,000 miles of his goal. That he failed is matter of deep regret, and even sadness, not because Britain now probably will bow to America as the transatlantic victor, but because the British Empire has lost a real man.

The great risk Hawker added at the last moment to the perilous flight he contemplated in order to win for Britain the glory of the first transatlantic aerial passage is emphasized by the weather bulletin issued this morning by the Air Ministry, confirming the fact that Hawker started his dash in the face of unfavorable conditions.

"Weather conditions are still far from favorable for a direct transatlantic flight," the first sentence of the bulletin stated.

The report which gained most credence until denied was the report that Hawker was down off the mouth of the Shannon. This message, received, according to the story told, by the Admiralty from the Castletown station, said:

Sopwith machine down in latitude 52:30 north, longitude 11 west, which is about forty miles west of the mouth of the Shannon.

Besides the collapsible boat fitting into and really a part of the fuselage of Hawker's machine, both men wore so-called unsinkable suits, inflated and said to support their wearers for days and even hours. The use of these suits would depend, of course, upon the ability of the flyers, failing to release their boat from the fuselage, or capsizing it in their haste, to get away from the suction of the sinking machine.

If Hawker fell near the Irish coast his chance were very much improved, not only because of the greater traffic upon the waters, but because the empty tanks might float his plane for a time at least. If his crash came near the starting point, however, the great weight of gasolene, combined with the heavy, twelve cylinder engine, would sink it almost immediately.

Engine Failure Suspected.

Belief here inclines to a failure of the engine or an exhaustion of supplies rather than to an accident to the plane itself, such as the collapse of the wing. It is pointed out that accidents to the plane in flying are rare, except in stunt flying, when the sudden change of pressure on the wings sometimes break them or shred the fabric from them.

It is possible—as one rumor, indeed, said, that after covering the first thousand miles of his journey—the part which weather reports indicated would be made in fair weather—Hawker ran into head winds which reduced his speed, estimated at from 100 to 110 miles an hour, by their own velocity. In this case his supply of gasolene, good, according to his calculations, for 100 miles an hour speed for twenty-five hours, might have become exhausted while he was still over the water.

The engine of the Sopwith plane, a 375 horsepower Rolls-Royce, is of a most reliable type, and the particular motor Hawker used had been tested by him here in England before leaving for the starting point at Newfoundland. Accompanied by Lieut.-Commander Grieve, Hawker's navigator, he flew for nine hundred miles without stopping in nine hours and five minutes, slightly less than a hundred miles an hour. He could not test it for the entire distance, as the wear upon the motor would be too great.

The question of navigation also may have been responsible for the failure of Hawker. Commander Grieve was unusually experienced in the science, but it is pointed out, he was faced with the problem of taking a sight with his sextant not on the smooth deck of a ship at a regular height above the water but in a swaying, jolting airplane at a height which he could only approximate and which varied every second.

It was the intention of Commander Grieve to use the sun for a few hours which he had during the afternoon as the machine sped away from Newfoundland, and to make his observations by the North Star at night, as the Vikings are said to have done in the ventures in the Atlantic, only a short distance to the north of the Hawker route. In the event of overcast skies an attempt was to be made to use the clouds which obscured the stars to figure, with the compass, the direction in which the machine was travelling, and the force and direction if the wind against, across, or with the plane.

The compass is reliable on the ocean only because the currents moving the ship are known. The air currents affecting a plane, ten times as strong, vary by the minute, as the wind shifts, increases or decreases. Thus a cross wind at night might have blown Hawker southward beyond the southern tip of Ireland and England, so that he was heading for France, rather than for the Irish coast. Even should his motor last the extra distance it is certain his gasolene would not.

Aviators regard it as peculiar, even taking into consideration that Hawker may have flown north or south of the steamship lane, that no radio from Commander Grieve, as far as can be learned, reached a ship on the way across. Whether this was because the navigator was too busy with his sextant and compass to attend to the wireless, or whether the radio itself was out of order are subjects for speculation. It was understood, however, that one of the main reliances of Grieve in navigating was the wireless, for with this he intended to get his position as the plane passed over or near ships.

That Hawker, himself, had been overcome by the long strain or by illness was not looked upon as a probable theory here, for he is a test pilot of many years experience, and would not be likely to be overcome by the strain of piloting a plane even for twenty or twenty-four hours. In the event of illness or even of weariness Commander Grieve was qualified to take his place, as Hawker had instructed him in flying, and he had had some previous experience.

Others May Attempt Flight.

Regret that Captain Frederick Raynham and his one-legged navigator, Captain Charles Morgan, had crashed at the very start of their attempt gave way to a feeling that it was perhaps well they had not started, especially in view of the doubtful weather conditions into which Hawker courageously flew his plane, with his quiet navigator calmly accepting the same grave risk.

The view was freely expressed that the other contestants for the London *Daily Mail* prize of $50,000 now at Newfoundland, Capt. John Alcock, with his Vimy-Vickars bomber; Vice-Admiral Mark Kerr, piloting the huge Handley Page seaplane of Col. John Cyril Porte, and Capt. P. S. Bennett, who plans to fly a Bolton & Paul three seater—that these Britishers would undertake the transatlantic flight regardless of the fate of Hawker.

HAWKER'S FATE STIRS ST. JOHN'S

Hope Lingers That He Has Made His Goal.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., May 19.—Early reports of Harry Hawker's safe arrival on the Irish coast, at first accepted as true, had turned to-night to grave fears for the fate of the Australian aviator and his navigator, Commander Mackenzie Grieve. When darkness fell it was felt that no news was bad news, for the time allotted for the history making flight had long since passed.

This little city which had harbored Hawker and Grieve wanted to believe they were safe on the other side of the Atlantic.

Bets laid against their success were paid cheerfully at the first report that they had landed and the whole city voiced its happiness.

A bulletin posted by an afternoon newspaper declaring that Hawker had landed at Brooklands drew an enormous crowd and in all parts of the city it was accepted as apparent confirmation of vague but persistent rumors of a safe landing.

Capt. Frederick P. Raynham, the British aviator who was badly cut and bruised in the collapse of his Martinsyde plane when he tried to "take off" in the wake of his rival, sent a message of congratulations to Hawker from his sick bed and issued a statement applauding what he termed his "fellow Britons' success."

The reports which were first accepted as news of Hawker's safe arrival were addressed to the Colonial Secretary, sent from Halifax, N. S., the distributing point for all press despatches entering Newfoundland.

When the realization struck home that the twenty hour flying period for which the Sopwith carried fuel had elapsed without official report of the aviators, those familiar with the dangers of the great adventure hesitatingly advanced the guess that the flight had stopped short of its goal.

Interest at once turned to the possible fate of the airmen, perhaps adrift in their ingeniously constructed "emergency boat" which had been shaped to form the rear hood of the Sopwith's fuselage after it had been tested here and proved to possess considerable seaworthiness. Then there were the "nonsinkable" rubber suits which Hawker and Grieve wore and discussion switched to them. They were designed to be inflated through a small pipe.

It was estimated that food supplies, including warm drink, had been stored in the "boat" sufficient to last the two fliers forty-eight hours, provided the "boat" could stay afloat that length of time.

Raynham announced from his bed to-night that he may still attempt a transatlantic flight. After a check of the damage sustained by his Martinsyde he said he might try to repair it.

"I shall fly home, if it is possible," he declared, "probably in the same plane reassembled. If that is not possible, then in a new one, providing my owners agree."

Raynham's navigator, Morgan, announced he would not "pay up" on his wagers "yet," because he hopes to "fly the Atlantic" either from Newfoundland or from the "other side."

"I bet that I would fly the Atlantic," he said, "and I still hope to. The old bus won't do again, I'm afraid, and I would rather start from the other side."

Eyes are already beginning to turn toward Harbor Grace where the big Handley-Page flying boat is being assembled in the open, its special tent hangar having failed to arrive.

This machine, to weigh in the neighborhood of sixteen tons when made ready for overseas flight, is well provided with buoyancy. In addition to its tanks, rubber bags will be placed around the machine which may be inflated with air. The wooden frame of the craft will also serve to keep it afloat, and individual safety for the crew is believed to be insured by rubber tube life belts to be inflated automatically.

HAWKER KNEW ALL BEFORE HE STARTED

Game British Aviator Not Merely a Dare Devil, Says Harry E. Tudor.

Harry E. Tudor, manager of the Pilot's Bureau at 299 Madison avenue, and for several years before the war began in Europe, a promoter of exhibition air flights in this country and Great Britian, said yesterday that he had known Harry Hawker for the last seven years and was sure Hawker regarded his flight across the Atlantic as a serious event in aviation and not as a daredevil feat.

"I have known both Hawker and his rival Rayhnam—who was unable to start on the ocean flight—with a considerable degree of intimacy since 1912 and have often discussed the enterprise of transatlantic flying with them. Neither of them looked upon the feat of flying from St. John's to Ireland as an undertaking beyond the reasonable capacity of a good man, a good machine, and a good motor. Both men have been flying for years, as years are numbered in aviation, and long ago graduated from the class of 'stunt' flyers into the class which looks upon mere trick flying and flying for spectacular purposes with contempt. Knowing Hawker as well as I do, I can say that when he started from St. John's he had the same expectation of reaching Ireland as a man who takes an elevator in a modern office building has of reaching the floor to which he means to ascend. The passenger in the elevator car is depending on a mechanical appliance which experience has taught him to rely on. So was Hawker.

"His flight has been described by every one as a sporting event and so Hawker would have described it, except that he would have insisted also that it was to be a demonstration of the superiority of the northern route across the Atlantic in preference to the one by way of the Azores.

"Of course no one pretends that to fly to Ireland in a machine of small horsepower and unfitted for freight or passenger carrying, has any significance so far as concerns the practical or commercial value of airplanes. But Hawker always had it in his head that the fog and mists prevalent in the region of the Azores made the course in which they lie an undesirable one, and he was anxious to prove that, given a reliable engine, the straightaway course to Europe was the course to take.

"From what I know of him I don't believe he had a moment's fear or doubt that his flight would be successful. No one should make the mistake of believing that because he and the American naval fliers waited on this side for the best possible weather conditions the airplane is a fair weather proposition any more. It has developed beyond that. In the war airplanes went up regularly in every kind of weather. But with the desire of setting out to cross the ocean with every possible advantage, Hawker and the Americans naturally waited for conditions of weather as ideal as they were likely to get.

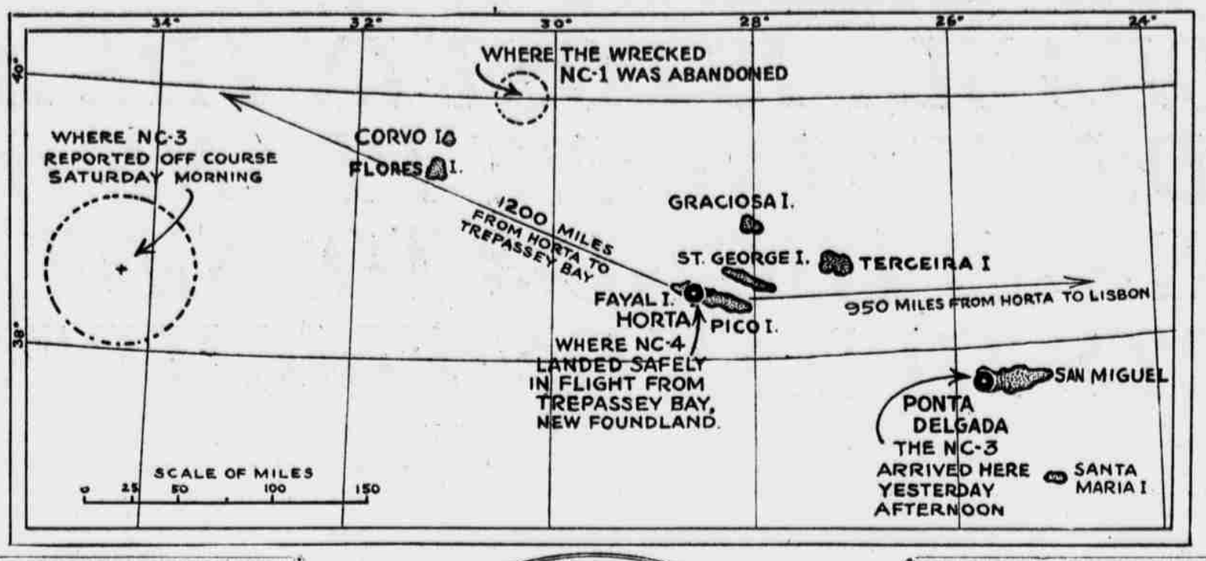
"But as I say I consider that Hawker's reliance on his engine was complete; that his self-confidence was of the justified kind, or the kind based upon experience after experience, and that instead of taking a desperate gambler's chance, he regarded the element of chance as the low element in the undertaking. He is naturally one of the coolest men I ever knew, and as for the quality which we call nerve, he never has to summon it. He has it.

"Remember that I am talking about a man who as long ago as 1912 established a record for a continuous flight lasting eight hours. He talked about flying across the ocean to me as long ago as that. Do I make it clear that such a flyer as he is might be expected to address himself to the proposition of a transatlantic flight somewhat more casually than the average aviator?

"Going back and forth pretty constantly I have spent about half the last ten years in the United States and the other half in England. May I say, therefore, that no Englishman regards the present attempt to cross the ocean as a contest between Great Britain and the United States. Every one who is interested understands fully that success by one of the American NC planes will mean far more in solving the problem of transoceanic commercial aviation than success by Hawker can ever do.

"To know Fred Raynham, who was unable to start at the same time that Hawker did, is to feel very sorry for him. He has been 'out of luck,' in the army phrase, on a number of other occasions. For the last nine years he has been regarded as one of the greatest pilots in England, but although he was one of the first to offer his services to his Government when war was declared he was kept at home and assigned to duty as a testing pilot. He and Hawker always displayed the same qualities of character. Both full of grit and determination and filled with confidence in themselves and in the rapid development of the possibilities of aviation."

Map of the Azores, Showing Where American Seaplanes Are Now.



COMMANDER JOHN H. TOWERS, U. S. N., whose plane, the NC-3, has reached Ponta Delgada.

FLAGSHIP NC-3 RUNS ON WAVES INTO PORT

Continued from First Page.

acted as pilots; Lieutenant-Commander R. A. Lavender, U. S. N., radio operator, and Machinist L. R. Moore, U. S. N., engineer.

Unless the NC-3 is seriously damaged—which did not seem likely in view of the way she came in past the breakwater, she will continue on the transatlantic flight, in which she is now, despite her hard time in the fog and storm, 150 miles ahead of the fortunate and courageous Read, commander of the NC-4, who sighted an island through a rift in the fog from an altitude of 3,000 feet, and brought his plane safely to Horta, the emergency stop on the island of Fayal, 1,200 miles from Trepassey Bay.

At Horta NC-4 is waiting. Were it not for a strong westerly wind she would have been sliding from the air the destroyers in their search for the NC-3 in the waters west of the Azores. Reports from the island indicated that she was all ready to take the air to fly to Ponta Delgada this afternoon, was tuning up her motors for the trip in fact, but later came cablegrams telling of rain squalls.

May Resume Flight To-day.

This delayed Commander Read, and he probably will wing to join his chief, 150 miles ahead of him, to-morrow. Lack of fuel, it is said, prevents him from flying direct to Lisbon, a distance of 950 nautical miles. He will replenish his stores from the Melville.

Every possible contingency was foreseen by Commander Towers and his advisers in the months of careful planning for the flight before the seaplanes, excepting the NC-1, were ready to take the water. As a result Commander Towers has at his disposal in the harbor of Ponta Delgada a big ship laden with supplies.

The Melville, with 6,300 gallons of gasolene aboard—1,500 gallons more than the three seaplanes used in the longest flight—is at the Azores port as a tender both for the seaplanes and for the destroyers which have been scurrying about on the surface, running their own risks in the fog and having their own troubles with the heavy seas. She also has aboard 600 gallons of aviation lubricating oil, as well as spare parts and moorings for the seaplanes and skilled mechanics to put them in shape for the shorter but by no means easy leap of 800 miles to Lisbon. This stretch is the second longest in the 3,925 nautical mile course. The Melville towed a docking lighter the long distance from New York for the use of the seaplanes.

At every other stopping place in the flight from Rockaway Beach to Plymouth mechanics, gasolene, oil and parts were stationed for the fliers.

All Confident of Towers's Grit.

When the great news reached Washington that the NC-3 was approaching Ponta Delgada rapidly the Navy Department, everyone from Secretary Daniels, just back at his desk, to the youngest orderly shouted in triumphant chorus, "I told you so!" And the echo came back from every part of the world where navy men anxiously yet confidently were waiting at the wireless instruments.

The navy was entitled to crow, for during the long stretch of more than sixty hours, when nothing but reports of smothering fog, rough seas and high gales came in disconcerting procession, with never a ray of hope to explain the absence or silence of the NC-3, the navy stoutly clung outwardly to their belief that Commander Towers and his crew would turn up safe and sound.

True, they based their hopes on the swift destroyers speeding through the inscrutable gray seas about the Azores, rather than upon the seaplane itself. They maintained that her hull would defy the waves as stoutly as her wings had ridden the air, but never thought her engines would take her to Ponta Delgada, 450 miles nearer her destination, the shore of Europe. Their most far reaching hopes were overshot. They said also that the transatlantic flight would be made by Commander Read alone if disaster should by any chance overtake both the other planes. The loss of ships and men in a naval enterprise would not halt it, they asserted, as long as one unit of the expedition was in shape to carry on.

Daniels Telephones Mrs. Towers.

Only a few hours before the good news arrived Secretary Daniels qualified as a prophet first class by confidently predicting the safety of the men aboard the NC-3. As soon as the good news flashed in Mr. Daniels personally telephoned Mrs. Towers, wife of the commander of the expedition, who had asserted her unshaken belief in the safety of the NC-3 and the determination of her husband, in the face of all the bad news of sixty hours as bravely as any naval officer in the Department.

"I am so glad and so relieved to hear the splendid news!" Mrs. Towers exclaimed when she first heard of the arrival of the NC-3 from the Secretary's lips. "I have been tremendously anxious, but nevertheless supremely confident that my husband would come through all right."

After relieving the anxiety of Mrs. Towers the Secretary despatched the following message to the leader of the transatlantic venture:

"I knew you would make it. Heartiest congratulations on your plucky and successful flight. Just told your wife the news. Congratulate other commanders and crews for so splendidly upholding the navy's traditions. Confidently expect at least two planes to reach England on schedule."

But Commander Towers was relying on no one to inform his wife of his safety. Shortly after the secretary's phone call Mrs. Towers received the following from her young husband:

"Safe and well."

Just to round out the happiness of the navy, both in Washington and in many other parts of the sea and land, Secretary Baker sent to Secretary Daniels the following message:

"The army welcomes you home and promptly congratulates the navy upon its great exploit."

Messages to the Navy.

The log of messages received by the Navy Department to-day from Rear Admiral Jackson at Ponta Delgada was as follows:

9:58 A. M.: Following instructions received from Rochester: "Use all available destroyers west of Ponta Delgada and NC-4 if practicable to make organized search for NC-3." 08:40 G. M. T., 4:40 A. M., New York time.

10:02 A. M., Fairfax standing by NC-1 thirty miles east of Corvo. Both wings smashed, one pontoon missing. Bellinger reports it will not be in condition to fly. 08:30 G. M. T. 4:30 A. M., New York time.

11:05 A. M. Scouting line position at 07:30 G. M. T., Lat. 39:50 north, Long. 38:48 west. Course 270, true, speed 8 knots. 10:30 G. M. T., 6:30 A. M., New York time.

11:44 A. M. Stockton has seven destroyers with her on search. Speed 18 knots. 11:40 G. M. T., 7:40 A. M., New York time.

11:46 A. M. Not practicable to employ NC-4 on search. She will proceed to Ponta Delgada as soon as weather permits preparatory to flight to Lisbon. 10:50 G. M. T., 6:50 A. M., New York time.

1:35 P. M.—NC-4 will leave for Ponta Delgada as soon as the weather is suitable. At present heavy, squally, and rains prevailing. It is doubtful if NC-4 can start to-day. 11:51 G. M. T. (7:50 A. M. New York time).

2:2 P. M.—NC3 sighted on water seven miles from Ponta Delgada under own power. 16:11 G. M. T. (12:10 P. M. New York time).

2:36 P. M.—Weather at noon, barometer 30.94, rising now steadily; wind west, 25 miles an hour. Visibility 12 miles. Moderate sea. Forecast for afternoon, generally fair, with possible small local rain squalls, with slight increase of wind. Wind between 245 and 325 degrees and 22 to 32 miles. 12:19 G. M. T. (8:19 A. M. New York time).

3:30—Following orders given: "Scouting line too far west. Should search to eastward with despatch." 14:19 G. M. T. (9:19 A. M. New York time).

Bellinger's Story of Flight.

Had it not been for the unexpected fog around the Azores the NC-1 would be at Horta or Ponta Delgada, 150 miles further on, in perfect condition, instead of a helpless wreck tossing heavily in the ocean and sinking deeper each minute as her stained hull slowly admits water. This is the statement of Lieut.-Commander Patrick N. L. Bellinger, her commander. Bellinger and the five members of the crew, Lieut.-Commander M. A. Mitscher, Lieut. L. T. Barin, Lieut. H. Sadenwater, Chief Machinist's Mate C. I. Kesler and Machinist Rasmus Christensen, are still on board the cruiser Columbia, supply ship at Horta, worn out after fifteen hours in the air and more than five tossing on the rough sea.

Lieut.-Commander Bellinger's story, told in the curt language of the sea, reveals much which he himself does not state. For two hours the NC-1 struggled about in the fog, her pilots helpless as blind men and the plane in imminent danger of failing into a nose dive because of the difficulty of retaining a sense of equilibrium in the smothering gray. But unlike Commander Read's craft, the NC-1 did not catch a glimpse of land through a rift in the fog and see one of the sharp peaks of the islands projecting above it.

Plane Alights Without Injury.

The fog thickened as the plane eased downward through it and the wind currents changed their direction, but nevertheless, according to the commander, Pilots Mitscher and Barin dropped the veteran plane of the division down to the sea without injury, when, after two hours of blind flying, he reluctantly gave the order to descend. It appears therefore that in the five hours on the water, which was "rough and choppy, with heavy swells," the leaping waves did so much damage that the plane was neither sea nor airworthy when the steamship Ionia was sighted. Commander Bellinger omits all reference to damage to the plane, but it is certain that it was considerable, or, as the captain of a duly commissioned naval "ship," he would not have left her.

Reports from other sources state that the right wing of the NC-1 is badly broken, the wing tip pontoon carried away, the elevators broken and the fabric and left wing ribs badly damaged. The hull is leaking also.

Commander Bellinger's statement follows:

"The NC-1 was the last plane to take the air at Trepassey, doing so at 10:10 P. M. Friday (Greenwich time. Newfoundland time, 6:10 P. M.). We proceeded on the course, being guided by the smoke and searchlights from the destroyers and the star shells they sent up. After passing most of the station ships we did not meet with any trouble until we got into fog at 11:10 A. M. Greenwich time Saturday, when we were near station 18, Destroyer Craven. After being in the fog for some time we alighted on the water at 1:10 P. M. Saturday.

"We kept to our course until we struck the fog when we lost our bearings. We deemed it advisable to head into the wind toward land to get our bearings before proceeding. We were then flying about 3,000 feet up. We dropped to fifty feet in order to sight water and found that the wind was in a different direction on the surface of the water than it was above and also that the fog was more dense at the lower altitude.

"We made a good landing on the sea which was rough and choppy, with heavy swells. The strong wind continued until we were picked up.

"At 6 P. M. Greenwich time we sighted the masts of the Ionia on its way to Fayal and Gibraltar above the horizon. We were unable to see the hull of the Ionia and as she did not have wireless we were unable to communicate with her. We therefore started taxiing her. About this time the Ionia sighted us and lowered a boat which picked us up at 6:20 P. M. Our position when we were picked up was latitude 39 degrees 58 minutes north, longitude 30 degrees 15 minutes west. (Fifty miles east northeast of Corvo, 125 miles northwest of Horta). We tried to salvage the plane, but the tow lines of the Ionia broke and we were forced to give up the attempt.

"We were rescued with difficulty because the small boat of the Ionia was tossed about like a cork. All of us were seasick, but otherwise we did not suffer.

"We sent out S O S calls after landing, but the radio sending radius was only 50 miles on the surface of the water. While awaiting rescue we intercepted messages between destroyers. We last heard the radio of the NC-3 at 9:15 o'clock Saturday morning.

"If the fog had not been so thick we could have continued to Ponta Delgada. Our engines worked splendidly throughout. The average altitude of the flight was between 500 and 3,500 feet."

Lieutenant-Commander Bellinger and his crew, much refreshed after fifteen hours sleep, are of course out of the transatlantic race, but they will return to the United States with the knowledge that they accomplished a non-stop flight of more than half the distance to Europe and failed in the whole distance only because of the one obstacle which so far neither mariners nor aviators have completely overcome—fog.

The wreck of the NC-1 was still afloat, drifting thirty miles east of Corvo, according to a despatch received to-day from Rear Admiral Jackson at Ponta Delgada.

"The Fairfax is standing by the NC-1 thirty miles east of Corvo," the message states. "Both wings smashed and one pontoon missing. Bellinger reports NC-1 will not be in condition to be made to fly."

EXCLUDED ENEMY NATIONS.

International Aeronautic Federation Resumes Its Meetings.

PARIS, May 19.—The International Aeronautic Federation to-day held its first meeting since before the war. Prince Roland Bonaparte, president of the federation, presided. Frank P. Lahm represented the United States.

A resolution was voted unanimously that enemy federations should be excluded from the International Federation until their countries are admitted to the League of Nations.

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