

FEARFUL WARNING COMES TO NAPA

HOPE FOR FIVE WRECK VICTIMS' RECOVERY LOST

Shiplagh Hardware company of St. Louis, Dayton also was killed.

By the sudden snuffing out of these two lives a romance was brought to a tragic ending, as Dayton was engaged to the little girl's mother, Mrs. Calla Bandy of 1827 Shasta avenue, Sacramento, and the marriage was expected to take place in a few days.

FOUR OTHERS NEAR DEATH

Besides Conductor Richman, four others also are expected to die, according to latest reports from the Vallejo general hospital. These are P. S. Monteverdi, 1624 Tyler street, Berkeley; Mrs. Katherine Gail, 823 Fulton street, who is believed to have a fractured spine; Louis Silverman, 147 Buchanan street, whose skull is fractured, and James W. Murchough, Fuller hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ruppel, the aged San Francisco couple who were soon to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, and Kris Wilfert and Albert Wilfert, their son and grandson, are too seriously injured to be removed to their home in Golden Gate avenue.

FORMER SAILOR VICTIM

T. McQuade, one of the men killed, has been identified as a discharged boatswain's mate from the cruiser California, J. W. Clyne, who is attached to one of the submarine boats, visited the morgue yesterday and positively identified McQuade as a former shipmate. It is believed that the unfortunate man was on his way to Yountville. It is likely that the naval authorities will take charge of the remains, in which event the funeral will take place at Mare Island.

JURY IS SWORN IN

A coroner's jury was sworn in as follows: Michael Horan, A. White, Charles Winchell, Robert W. Walker, James Marshall, Bert Thurber, T. V. Collins, James Megarry, Charles Bowman, A. J. Stevens, John Holsten and E. Sutter.

ORPHAN MAY BE ADOPTED

Ten year old Floyd Grable, whose father was instantly killed in the accident, was taken yesterday to the home of Mrs. A. Uehlinger in Vallejo after he had recovered from the effects of the collision. Although sitting right beside his father in the car, he escaped injury. It is said that Mrs. Uehlinger probably will adopt Floyd Grable and his younger brother as well.

SEARCH FOR THE CULPRITS

Search for the culprits is still proceeding. The San Francisco office of the Interstate Commerce Commission is conducting an investigation into the cause of the accident.

RAIL COMMISSION WARNED NAPA ROAD

When the state railroad commission's inspector of service visited the Napa valley road recently he made recommendations concerning the operation of the line to insure safety, and these were embodied in the commission's letter of June 13, sent to Superintendent McIntyre.

NATIVE SONS TO GET BID TO BOOST SHAFT FUND

Orders will be asked to Emulate Daughters Who Voted \$2,500 for Pioneer Mothers' Monument.

HAND ENGRAVED BOOK TAKEN TO STRATTON

Retiring collector Presented With Autograph and Drawings by Customers Brokers.

FONTANA RESIGNS POST

Twelve Years Director of Stockton Hospital, He Quits Position.

BIBLE SCHOOL IS CLOSED

The five days' summer school for bible students and Sunday school teachers, held at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific at Taylor and California streets, was brought to a close yesterday afternoon.

SACRAMENTO RIVER STEAMERS

Excursion to Rio Vista, Sunday, June 23.

RETRIBUTION

Richard and Arthur R. Kelly of the engineering department and Hugh Wilson, who came up from Los Angeles, that account, have been investigating the situation.

WILL YOU CONSIDER THESE MATTERS

And advise the commission what you can do to bring about a correction? The railroad commission has been at

NORTH BOUND CREW BLAMED

Company Fixes Responsibility

Superintendent Malcolm McIntyre of the San Francisco, Napa and Calistoga railroad was for several hours in Vallejo yesterday afternoon, and was interviewed by The Call concerning the wreck. He said:

"I was sitting in the Monticello Steamship company's office in San Francisco when word of the collision reached me, and I immediately left by Southern Pacific train for Vallejo. Upon reaching this city I went to the scene of the wreck, and was appalled at the extent of the disaster.

"As far as I can ascertain, the crew of the northbound train were to blame. Motorman Hough was one of our oldest employes and considered the most careful man on the road. Our men are cautioned to be careful, and day after day we drill them to observe every rule intended to protect their train and the passengers riding with them. We have been so careful in their operation of our trains that our rules for safety have caused us to be considered as a joke among some railroad men.

"But that fatal lapse of memory that at times overtakes every railroad man seized Motorman Hough, and his train departed without knowing that the southbound car was speeding toward the Vallejo siding. Dispatcher O'Leary carried out his duties, and the blame rests absolutely on the crew of the northbound train.

"It is terrible, but we are powerless to do anything now except to see that the injured receive every attention possible. The doctors are doing yeoman service, and we have left the care of the injured in their hands. Our investigation is not completed, but I feel safe in placing responsibility on the northbound crew."

AGUINALDO SEEN IN TOKYO STREETS

Son of the Former Filipino Leader Said to Be Confering With Japanese

TOKYO, June 21.—The newspapers here report the arrival in Tokyo of Juan Aguinaldo, son of Emilio Aguinaldo, the former Filipino revolutionary leader. They say he wore Japanese dress and came to Tokyo secretly, being followed later by a suite of three Filipinos.

The newspapers reflect the impression which obtains in some quarters that Aguinaldo has come to Japan to take advantage of the negotiations between Japan and the United States to secure the liberation of the Philippines from American rule.

A dispatch from Tokyo of June 17 said reports from Kobe announced the arrival of Aguinaldo in that city on his way to Tokyo.

It developed that in Kobe Aguinaldo conferred with several Japanese, and in some quarters it was believed that his visit had to do with a movement for the independence of the Philippines.

The foreign office at Tokyo said it had no knowledge whatever of Aguinaldo.

A further apology was offered today to the Bailey-Blanchard, United States charge d'affaires, by Keishiro Matsui, under secretary of state for foreign affairs, for the action of the persons who wrote on the walls of the embassy on June 13 an inscription directed against the United States and calling Americans the enemies of liberty and justice.

The under secretary called and voiced his government's regret. The foreign office had sent a formal apologetic message immediately after the occurrence.

CHINDI DINES NEW ENVOY

WASHINGTON, June 20.—George W. Guthrie of Pittsburgh, the new American ambassador to Japan, was the honor guest at a dinner given tonight to the fund-raising association of the Japanese embassy. Other guests included Dr. J. Soyeda and T. Kaimya, here from Japan on a special commercial mission of peace.

Secretaries Bryan and Wilson; John Bassett, ambassador of the state department; Counselor K. Shidehara and other members of the Japanese embassy.

MEMBERS HALF CENTURY IN RANKS OF HARMONY ORGANIZATION TO JOIN CELEBRATION

Members of Harmony lodge No. 13, I. O. O. F., will hold a banquet at a local cafe tonight to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the lodge in Fremont.

FONTANA RESIGNS POST

Twelve Years Director of Stockton Hospital, He Quits Position.

STOCKTON, June 20.—Charles Fontana, for 12 years a director of the Stockton state hospital, has submitted his resignation to take effect at once.

BIBLE SCHOOL IS CLOSED

The five days' summer school for bible students and Sunday school teachers, held at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific at Taylor and California streets, was brought to a close yesterday afternoon.

SACRAMENTO RIVER STEAMERS

Excursion to Rio Vista, Sunday, June 23.

RETRIBUTION

Richard and Arthur R. Kelly of the engineering department and Hugh Wilson, who came up from Los Angeles, that account, have been investigating the situation.

WILL YOU CONSIDER THESE MATTERS

And advise the commission what you can do to bring about a correction? The railroad commission has been at

THE MINE SAYS

MINE SAYS GAVE HER SELF-COURAGE

Minnie Hauhuth Tells Reluctantly of Work of Rescue—At Piano When Crash Came

"I was playing Bach at the piano yesterday morning when I saw the southbound car pass my house. I knew it was time for the northbound car, and I glanced down the road and saw the two trains drawing together at a terrible speed. They were not a carlength apart when I first saw them. I could not turn my head away. I was held fast by the sight. But I could not believe that the trains could strike each other; it seemed incredible that such a thing could happen. Then the cars did strike with an awful crash.

"I knew that people would be killed when I saw the southbound car rear up over the oncoming train and crush into it. I knew that people would be hurt, would need attention. I then started to do what I could to help them.

"My first impulse was to get out my car. I had to do it. It was my duty.

"Thus did Miss Minnie Hauhuth, heroine of the disaster on the Napa Valley Electric road, describe the collision of the southbound electric car with the northbound train, which occurred within 300 yards of her home.

"I'M NOT A HEROINE"

"But I am not a heroine," said Miss Hauhuth, "I collapsed after it was over and there were many who did as much as I did, and more."

"However, you were first on the scene, and you knew instantly what to do when you saw the wreck had occurred."

Miss Hauhuth admitted this. "I knew there would be people who would have to be taken to the hospital, and the period of litigation representing the injured, and I took in, I think, nine persons. I collapsed after it was over after the last trip. It was an awful experience."

"And you saved some lives, undoubtedly," she said. "I did not know that I did all that I could have done and that what I did, really was helpful."

"And you really were the heroine of the disaster," said Miss Hauhuth, "that cannot be denied."

"Thank you very much for saying that," said the girl whose presence of mind in the face of an appalling situation had made her so horrible the disaster in the Napa valley.

"But I did not use any, any expletives, at all, as it was said that I did. I never said a word that would offend anyone, and I never did anything like that, and besides, my machine was a dear; it didn't balk once. The engine only stopped when I killed it, and I never barked; it never went back on me once during the accident. I didn't need any language to make it go."

Miss Hauhuth came to San Francisco Thursday afternoon for the accident to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street.

She will return to her home in Vallejo, where she lives, for the last four years she has been studying music under a San Francisco teacher and she is determined to make the piano her life work.

The automobile, which was the medium of Miss Hauhuth's heroism, she has had for 18 months. She says she never drives fast—not more than 35 or 40 miles an hour—but she prefers about 25 miles as a good rate. She said she was not a "speed burner"—"not so you'd notice it."

Once before Miss Hauhuth was able to render aid to injured persons. She was touring near St. Helena, Napa county, when she came upon two women who had been injured when an automobile had collided with their buggy. These women Miss Hauhuth took to a place where they could receive treatment. She has never had an accident while driving.

"Is it your automobile driving that has made you so capable and self-reliant?" the heroine of Vallejo was asked.

"I think my musical training has contributed largely to giving me self-control, and that is the important thing," she said. "I think my musical training has helped me to be self-reliant and self-controlled. My favorite composer—I think it is Chopin—his music is so sweet."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

BRITISH TRADE BOOSTERS HERE

Commission Seeking More Business From Colonies

Arrives From Orient

Sir Edgar Vincent Says Canal Will Boom Australasian Commerce

Distinguished Britishers arrived here Thursday on the liner Ventura in the persons of Sir Edgar Vincent, chairman of the Dominion's royal commission, and Hon. E. Bowering of Newfoundland, a member of the commission. With them were E. J. Harding, secretary of the commission; A. Bridgman, assistant secretary, and W. Howe Greene, a cousin of Commissioner Bowering.

The commission, the first of its kind under the British government, was instituted to examine into and promote the empire's trade and to develop the trade of Great Britain's dependencies, particularly in Australia, he said, is now under irrigation, partly under the direction of American engineers. American engineers also, he said, were taking a prominent part in developing Australia's mining resources. The trade commissioner in Australia, concluded Sir Edgar, are immense, owing to the vast extent of the undeveloped areas.

Sir Edgar was here four years ago as the guest of the late J. O. Mills. His stay in San Francisco this time will be brief.

THREE HELD AS SLAYERS

Must Answer to Charge of Murdering Game Commissioner

SAN RAFAEL, June 20.—Justice of the Peace W. F. Magee today held Mariano Balestieri, son of Peter Balestieri; Mariano Balestieri, son of Gaetano Balestieri, and Ignacio Sanzola, a claim digger, to be tried in the superior court here on a charge of murder in the first degree preferred against them by District Attorney T. P. Boyd in connection with the killing of Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner Ernest Reynaud at Greenbrae April 16.

last trip was the worst. Then I took a man who was hurt pitifully. He was moaning and groaning all the way in. I had to drive slow, so as not to cause him more intense suffering.

"I never can forget that fearful ride; I was so nervous I could hardly drive. But I got the people to the hospital."

HASN'T SEEN CAR SINCE

I don't know if my car was stained or not; I haven't seen it since I finished the last trip. I wasn't interested in that part of the work."

Miss Hauhuth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hauhuth. She was born and raised on the Hite farm two miles north of Vallejo, where she now lives. For the last four years she has been studying music under a San Francisco teacher and she is determined to make the piano her life work.

The automobile, which was the medium of Miss Hauhuth's heroism, she has had for 18 months. She says she never drives fast—not more than 35 or 40 miles an hour—but she prefers about 25 miles as a good rate. She said she was not a "speed burner"—"not so you'd notice it."

Once before Miss Hauhuth was able to render aid to injured persons. She was touring near St. Helena, Napa county, when she came upon two women who had been injured when an automobile had collided with their buggy. These women Miss Hauhuth took to a place where they could receive treatment. She has never had an accident while driving.

"Is it your automobile driving that has made you so capable and self-reliant?" the heroine of Vallejo was asked.

"I think my musical training has contributed largely to giving me self-control, and that is the important thing," she said. "I think my musical training has helped me to be self-reliant and self-controlled. My favorite composer—I think it is Chopin—his music is so sweet."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

"I was, as I said," Miss Hauhuth resumed her narrative, "sitting at the piano when I saw the accident. I didn't know what to do, but I knew that people would be badly hurt and in need of treatment. I started to do what I could. I told my mother to take her weekly music lesson—she is preparing herself to be a professional pianist—and was staying with friends yesterday at 1304 Ellis street."

AIR TAKES FIRST U. S. NAVAL VICTIM

Ensign Drops to Death While Comrade Clings to Falling Biplane

Body of Billingsley Disappears in the Waters of Chesapeake Bay

Continued From Page 1

fell into the depths of Chesapeake bay. Lieutenant John A. Towers, chief of the navy aviators, clung to the hurtling wreck that followed his comrade's course from sky to water and escaped death almost miraculously.

Ensign Billingsley, in a biplane that had been converted into a hydroplane by the addition of pontoons, with Lieutenant Towers as a passenger, left the aviation grounds at the naval academy here this morning to fly to Claiborne, 18 miles across the bay. About 10 miles down the bay a gust of wind struck the fragile aeroplane. Ensign Billingsley was thrown from across the steering gear, which was disabled. The front planes of the craft fell, and it dropped like a dead bird for the blue expanse of water, 1,600 feet below.

PILOT CATASTROPHIC OTT As it dropped the pilot was catapulted below, his body turning in the air and outspreading the disabled machine toward the water. Deep into the bay the body sank, and up to a late hour it had not been recovered. All tonight the navy boats in the neighborhood scoured the waters about the spot where the accident occurred seeking the body.

When the aeroplane started on its dive for the bay, Lieutenant Towers clung desperately to one of the struts between the planes. Although his body swung clear of the rapidly falling biplane, he maintained his hold with hand and arm almost wrenched apart.

After falling about 900 feet, the biplane turned a complete somersault, and for a moment the force of the fall was broken. Striking the bay, it carried Lieutenant Towers beneath the water, but he rose to the surface almost immediately.

LASHES SELF TO PONTOON The aviator, suffering excruciating agony, feared that he would lose consciousness before he could be rescued, and, tearing loose the lashings of one of the planes, he bound himself fast to the struts. Within a few minutes, however, he was taken off by B. L. Bronson and S. Keller, who were watching the aeroplane's movements from the motorboat kept on the bay by the navy for use in just such accidents.

At the naval academy hospital, Lieutenant Towers, almost in a state of collapse, had his entire body trembling and his head wagging pitifully, told the tragic story of his fall from the sky.

"Just before the accident," he said, "I looked at the altitude dial and it showed that we were running at a height of about 1,625 feet. Just then a gust of wind seemed to come up from below. It struck the aeroplane underneath the rear planes, and the machine lurched violently and took an uncertain dive forward. This threw Billingsley across the steering gear, and the lateral rudder planes went out of business. With another forward plunge the biplane dropped down at express speed.

"It all happened in a minute. Billingsley went out of his seat as clear of the planes. When the ship started to fall I had one hand around the upright, between the planes, and locked it there. I knew that was my only hope. I was torn loose from the seat, but held on to the upright. I swung clear of the planes and the gearing. The strain on my arms and fingers was awful, but I clenched my teeth and held on. I tried to kick the steering gear back into working order, but I could not make it go. I looked down and saw Billingsley turning over and over in the air."

The trembling officer halted his story to wipe the sweat from his ashly face, but went on immediately: "I looked at the altitude dial and it showed that we were running at a height of about 1,625 feet. Just then a gust of wind seemed to come up from below. It struck the aeroplane underneath the rear planes, and the machine lurched violently and took an uncertain dive forward. This threw Billingsley across the steering gear, and the lateral rudder planes went out of business. With another forward plunge the biplane dropped down at express speed."

"It all happened in a minute. Billingsley went out of his seat as clear of the planes. When the ship started to fall I had one hand around the upright, between the planes, and locked it there. I knew that was my only hope. I was torn loose from the seat, but held on to the upright. I swung clear of the planes and the gearing. The strain on my arms and fingers was awful, but I clenched my teeth and held on. I tried to kick the steering gear back into working order, but I could not make it go. I looked down and saw Billingsley turning over and over in the air."

The trembling officer halted his story to wipe the sweat from his ashly face, but went on immediately: "I looked at the altitude dial and it showed that we were running at a height of about 1,625 feet. Just then a gust of wind seemed to come up from below. It struck the aeroplane underneath the rear planes, and the machine lurched violently and took an uncertain dive forward. This threw Billingsley across the steering gear, and the lateral rudder planes went out of business. With another forward plunge the biplane dropped down at express speed."

"It all happened in a minute. Billingsley went out of his seat as clear of the planes. When the ship started to fall I had one hand around the upright, between the planes, and locked it there. I knew that was my only hope. I was torn loose from the seat, but held on to the upright. I swung clear of the planes and the gearing. The strain on my arms and fingers was awful, but I clenched my teeth and held on. I tried to kick the steering gear back into working order, but I could not make it go. I looked down and saw Billingsley turning over and over in the air."

The trembling officer halted his story to wipe the sweat from his ashly face, but went on immediately: "I looked at the altitude dial and it showed that we were running at a height of about 1,625 feet. Just then a gust of wind seemed to come up from below. It struck the aeroplane underneath the rear planes, and the machine lurched violently and took an uncertain dive forward. This threw Billingsley across the steering gear, and the lateral rudder planes went out of business. With another forward plunge the biplane dropped down at express speed."

"It all happened in a minute. Billingsley went out of his seat as clear of the planes. When the ship started to fall I had one hand around the upright, between the planes, and locked it there. I knew that was my only hope. I was torn loose from the seat, but held on to the upright. I swung clear of the planes and the gearing. The strain on my arms and fingers was awful, but I clenched my teeth and held on. I tried to kick the steering gear back into working order, but I could not make it go. I looked down and saw Billingsley turning over and over in the air."

The trembling officer halted his story to wipe the sweat from his ashly face, but went on immediately: "I looked at the altitude dial and it showed that we were running at a height of about 1,625 feet. Just then a gust of wind seemed to come up from below. It struck the aeroplane underneath the rear planes, and the machine lurched violently and took an uncertain dive forward. This threw Billingsley across the steering gear, and the lateral rudder planes went out of business. With another forward plunge the biplane dropped down at express speed."

"It all happened in a minute. Billingsley went out of his seat as clear of the planes. When the ship started to fall I had one hand around the upright, between the planes, and locked it there. I knew that was my only hope. I was torn loose from the seat, but held on to the upright. I swung clear of the planes and the gearing. The strain on my arms and fingers was awful, but I clenched my teeth and held on. I tried to kick the steering gear back into working order, but I could not make it go. I looked down and saw Billingsley turning over and over in the air."