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PAGE B-1

CLIPPERS OF MODERN AGE TO REVIVE BALTIMORE FAME

Day Approaches for Pan-American and Imperial Airways to Begin Conquest of Atlantic, With Bermuda as First Point of Attack.

By Alice Rogers Hager.

GHOSTS walk in Baltimore! Hobnailed seaboats salute again the cobbles of Pratt street, and nightly the crooked alleys of the Canton area echo with whispers that run along the shadows where brawny swaggers slip with their news from spectral grog shop to eerie ale house dead half a century ago.

But this is news to wake the dead—the Clippers are to sail again! Down across Colgate Creek lies a brown wedge of raw earth, stolen foot by foot out of the broad river reaches that surround it. Raw brown earth, slimy now with mud, crawling with powerful tractors, brooded over by stout armed cranes, looking like nothing so much as a bad dream come to light. Yet here, in the dark of the moon, the ghostly visitors foregather, full of an excitement so pregnant with the future that its stir has brought them out of old and forgotten graves to scan the winds and sweep by mighty cliffs.

Yes, the Clippers, darling pride of a brash young nation, showing their merry heels to an envious world in their heyday, sweethearts of the iron men who ran their flowering caravans half way round the world and back—the Clippers are taking the air out of Baltimore once more.

Not dancing, dainty Ann McKim, first of her kind, with her rakish lines and fittings of copper and her carved figurehead; not the John Gilpin, holder of records, nor the corvette, Venus, nor the Troubadour, the Rainbow nor the Sea Witch—these new ships have carried the feathers of Icarus, and set upward nearer to the sun. Clippers they are, many of them born in this same city of the Calverts, as were their older sisters, with the same high beauty riding on their wings and other iron men to troll them along the windy paths they follow, but these are children of a modern age, bestriding the heavens in their going, as those other ships bestrided the waters upon the face of the earth.

IT WILL be on the 16th of November, if present plans carry through, that Pan-American Airways will inaugurate service out of the new Baltimore airport to Bermuda, moving down from its Summer quarters on Long Island, at Port Washington, to the more moderate climate and larger harbor area in Maryland. At 3:30 in the afternoon of that day, the Bermuda Clipper will come to rest on the gray waters of the Potomac, and there will probably be some sort of formal ceremony to welcome her. Remaining overnight, she will take off again next morning for the five-hour junket to the coral sands of the British Island, first leg in the southern arc of air passenger travel across the Atlantic.

On the 18th, the Royal Mail Aircraft Cavalier—to give her the full title—will arrive at Baltimore in her turn, and from then on this new international aerial shuttle will go full tilt, with Pan-American running the Wednesday and Friday shift, returning on Thursday and Sunday, and Imperial leaving Baltimore on Thursday and Friday and returning Monday and Friday. In other words, there is no need to do your winter travel shopping early, although schedules out of Port Washington during the Summer are reputed to have had waiting lists.

At that, it isn't necessary to be a ghost to feel the thrill of bugles in your blood at the thought of what is about to take place practically at Washington's front door. This calm, modern acceptance of miracles as commonplace events gets a little disarranged when they come and park on your own mat. There may be wars and rumors of wars, earth-shaking calamities, fires, murders and what have you in the way of headlines, but this little stick of news to which day by day aviation has been boiled down in the last three or four years has far more of a behind-the-scenes story than an Oriental battle or a Spanish sortie. Men have been killing each other since the days of the jungle, but man as a demi-god with wings is pure twentieth century.

Pan-American's most recent news letter announces, for example, that "drawing to a spectacularly uneventful close is the first series of transatlantic survey flights—an impressive total of 85,000 flight miles by the British, German and American airmen—23 crossings in which no planes have been lost, no one has landed to ask directions, no one has disappeared. Arrivals have come into designated terminals like clockwork and that—in view of all the transatlantic flying up to this Summer, out of 66 previous attempts only 10 were ever successful in reaching non-stop, the destination they set out for."

We who love pioneers, in this country built by that grand old gang of adventurers—here is a brand-new deed. The ghosts, however, recognize kindred spirits when they meet them.

BALTIMORE, with all her muddling through in the early days of the airport situation, with all her wasted money—her finished port is to cost a cool \$5,000,000—has yet, through a few men's vision, done a very sweet job for herself. It will be a considerable time before the seaplane port New York is planning becomes a reality; Port Washington at best was temporary and not suited to winter weather. In the meantime, through frigate and long-sighted effort, Baltimore has copped the plum. According to G. H. Foulger, executive vice president in charge of export and import business for the Association of Commerce, and his assistant, Allan Rhode, who made the detailed survey that brought order out of the original chaos, the airport will not be completely finished until next Summer, but enough is done now for seaplanes to use it safely, and land planes will continue to use the adjacent Logan Field until surfacing operations here are at an end.

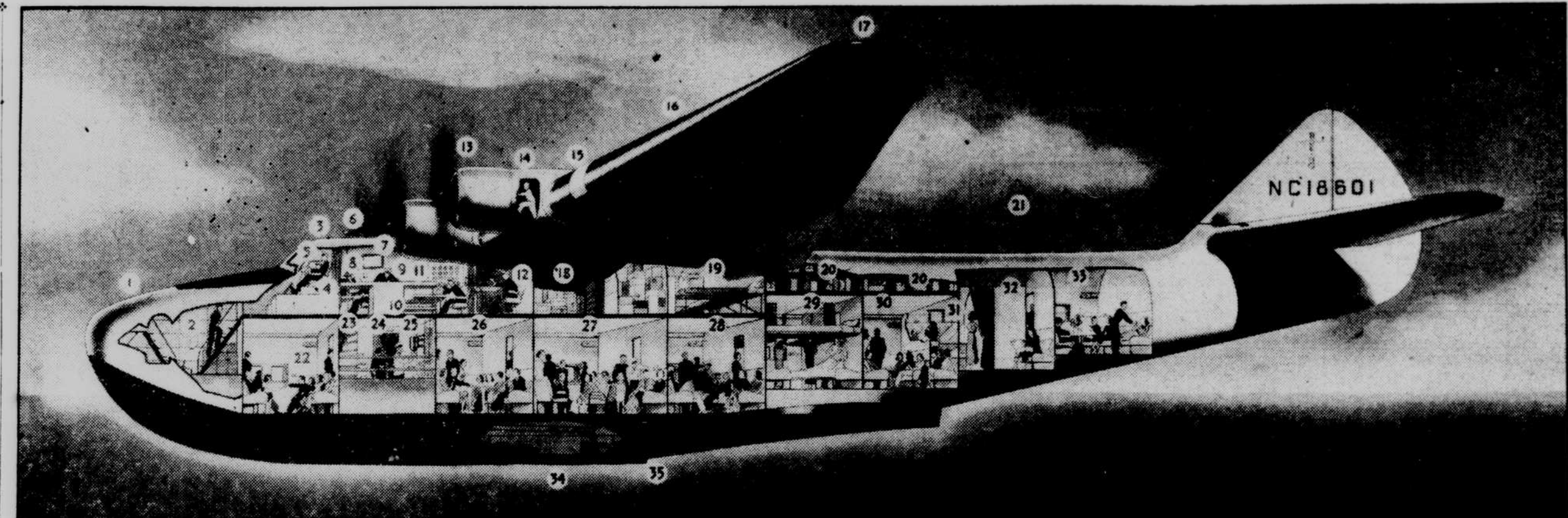
It is an extremely ambitious program that has been laid out. The contract with Pan-American includes the lease of 10 acres of the 360 which comprise the total port area. Here four huge caissons are now being sunk and 65-foot log piles put down as foundations for its hangar. For the temporary

hangar, the old Curtiss-Caproni plant on the edge of the field has been rented and repair and maintenance shops are being installed in it. Landing pier and ramp are already in place and a roadway from the ramp to the temporary hangar, across which the clippers will be towed for servicing, is under way. It isn't beautiful at present, but it will have every necessary adjunct when the first passengers arrive.

Imperial Airways will use Pan-American's facilities at Baltimore as she has been doing at Port Washington, and, according to the co-operative agreement, Pan-American and Lufthansa will also decide to use the port. In the case of the Germans, who are using the catapult arrangement for their planes' takeoffs, arrangements could easily be made for the mothership, the Schwabenland, to anchor in the river near by. Whether the French planes would use Pan-American facilities along with the British is still an unknown quantity. American Export Airlines, now as paint, is another potential customer.

FROM the domestic service angle, Pennsylvania-Central begins its new route on October 26, running between Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Williamsport and Buffalo. Eastern Air makes frequent stops each day and American Airlines, although at present bringing in only one schedule on its trans-continental run, is doing some intensive watchful waiting. Whether Transcontinental Western Air will be permitted to come in later, in contradiction to the decision of the Post Office Department last Fall, is on the knees of the governmental gods.

From a technical standpoint, the new port has much to recommend it, but most outstanding is its factor of being free of surrounding obstructions. One large smockstack is shortly to come down and the high tension wires along the railroad tracks have already been removed. On three sides is the river, and in spite of comparatively



This cutaway diagram reveals interior details of the six giant flying boats, the "Atlantic Clippers," designed to carry 50 passengers on 24-hour schedules between America and Europe. Huge three-deck liners, they are powered with four 1,500 h.p. engines, giving them a top speed of around 200 miles per hour.

The drawing provides the

first glimpse of how these great airliners will look to first trans-Atlantic passengers:

(1) Anchor hatch, (2) second pilot, (3) flying controls of the liner are located, (4) first pilot, (5) second pilot, (6) radio direction finder "loop," (7) navigation compartment, (8) radio officer's post, (9) chart

room-navigator's post, (10) map case, marine library, drift-sight bombs, flares and navigational instruments, (11) engineering officer and mechanical engine and aircraft controls, (12) captain's office, (13) 1,500 h.p. Wright "cyclone" engines equipped with Hamilton constant speed, automatic adjusting propellers, (14) mechanic's wing station, (15)

controllable landing lights, (16) wing spread 152 feet, (17) navigation lights, (18) main cargo hold which extends into wing, (19) crew's sleeping quarters, (20) luggage holds, (21) overall length of ship 109 feet (height, 28 feet 6 inches), (22) first passenger compartment with accommodations for 10 persons, (23) spiral staircase to bridge,

(24) men's retiring room, (25) galley in which two stewards can work simultaneously and where food can be prepared for 45 persons, (26) second passenger compartment with accommodations for 10 persons, (27) dining lounge with accommodations for 15 passengers, (28) third passenger compartment with accommodations for 10 persons, (29)

fourth passenger compartment with accommodations for 10 persons, illustrating method of making up berths for conversion of airliner into ocean sleeper, (30) fifth passenger compartment for 10 persons, (31) ladies' dressing room, (32) sixth compartment, (33) private cabin suite, (34) fuel pumps for transferring fuel from sea-wings to wing tanks.

heavy surface traffic—Baltimore boasting its position as second United States port in amount of imports and second in foreign trade for the Atlantic seaboard—the amount of surrounding water is so great that with proper precautions there should be ample room for take-offs and landings even when the 72-passenger Boeing clipper goes into service later. The relative shortness of the field runways for land planes—3,400 feet to 4,350—is compensated, according to Lieut. L. M. Rawlin, present manager of Logan Field, who is supervising certain parts of the

construction work, by the possibility of a low climbing angle and the variety of wind direction available.

In contradiction to the decision originally, is now claimed to be entirely satisfactory, containing not over 12 per cent silt. A temporary all-weather surface, probably a combination of oil and slag, will give a landing mat result until settling is complete and the runways can be laid into permanent form. Hangars, administration building and headquarters for flying operations of the Maryland National Guard will be located conveniently to the new Boeing highway extension, which will give high-speed, 15-minute contact with the center of the city. Speed boats as a means of transporting passengers from city offices to the plane terminal have also been suggested.

It is not hard to imagine that when November 17 rolls around, and the Bermuda clipper gets its shining prow up on the step for the break away into southern skies, there will be crowding canvas booming against unearthy breezes to race her out of harbor at Baltimore.

all about socially just because their father happens to be a Senator," says Mrs. Loneragan.

An interesting habit of the family is that of using two names for each of the girls. "Ruth" is never just "Ruth," but "Ruth Ellen" and it's "Lucy Waters," "Mary Lee" and "Ann Yates"—never the single name.

LUCY WATERS is the politician of the family, if an interest in political, national and international affairs is any indication. She is a good, straight little thinker when it comes to questions of the day, and her analytical mind can provide an admirable summary of causes and effects on international questions. She is unusually interested in politics and knows her current events in a way that might well put many an adult to shame. Lucy Waters likes to write and read and is a good student out at Visitation Convent, like her elder sister.

The two younger girls attend John Quincy Adams School. Ann Yates, who is in the seventh grade, is the lively member of the foursome. Filled with "pep," fond of all kinds of sports, particularly skating and swimming, Ann Yates takes life in her vigorous and happy stride. There is a bit of mischief in her brown eyes, too.

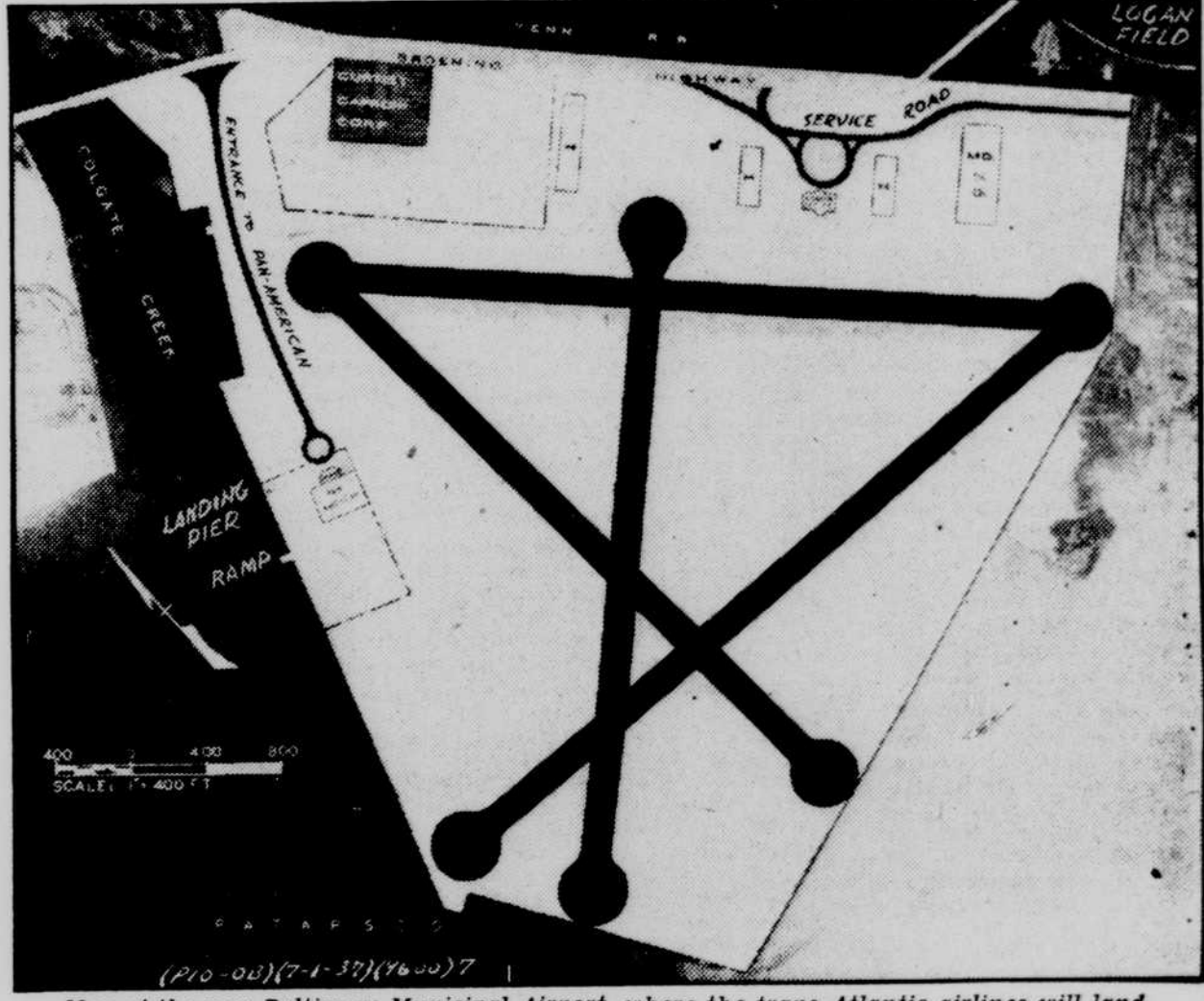
And the last little Loneragan, Mary Lee, is the practical, common-sense member of the family. Besieged suddenly with a desire to excel in her studies, Mary Lee overleaps herself in her efforts to advance the ends of education. "They were studying about Greece the other day," relates Mrs. Loneragan, "and Mary Lee was trotting off to school with everything in the house she could get hold of that might illustrate something in connection with Greece. She even wanted to take down these pictures from the walls, frames and all, and bear them triumphantly off. Just what this sudden and absorbing preoccupation with education portends, I don't know, but it looks as if Mary Lee were determined to make a record for herself at school this year."

It was Mary Lee who returned from a visit to the White House—where her father had taken them to call upon the President and Mrs. Roosevelt—with a very important announcement for her mother. The four children had been shown about the White House, taken to the swimming pool in the Executive Mansion, and otherwise treated to enjoy their visit heartily. But at tea time Mary Lee was not permitted to partake of the soothing beverage of her elders. Much impressed she returned to report, "The President said I couldn't have any tea or coffee until I was ten."

"Tin" explains Mrs. Loneragan, "must be Mary Lee's Irish blood asserting itself. She always says 'tin' instead of 'ten.' I later told Mrs. Roosevelt that if I had not misunderstood the President's remark, I had something to take up with him. For not even being 'tin' entitles Mary Lee to her tea and coffee."

THE four daughters of Connecticut's senior Senator are very fond of Washington. They have made enthusiastic trips to the Capitol, the Senate Office Building and other centers of officialdom, escorted by their proud father. But right now they are much more concerned with the all-absorbing activities of school than they are with the significance of their father's position. It is a beautiful day here, and it is a beautiful day here, and it is a beautiful day here.

"I have the time of my life when they're all home together," Senator Loneragan beams. "And there's nothing I'd rather do than have them all up here on the Hill with me, introducing them to everybody. You're looking at a proud father, I admit it."



Map of the new Baltimore Municipal Airport, where the trans-Atlantic airlines will land.

FOUR DAUGHTERS OF SENATE

Proud Parent of Talented Loneragan Sisters, Connecticut Family, Divides Interest Between Affairs in Upper House and Home Interests of Children.

By Lucy Salamanca.

UNITED STATES Senator, it appears, is something more than an automatic maker of laws, a perennial debater of issues, and the voice of constituents. If you had begun to picture him in no other role, take a look at the other side of the picture. There's the paternalist, the slippered warrior at the fireside hearth, the fond father, who proudly recounts his child's marks in school and regales the cloakroom with tales of what Johnny said to the impatient guest, and how Betty Lou is facing the teething period. If you haven't seen a United States Senator in this role, you haven't seen him at his best, and it will perhaps astonish you to know that some of the most delightful family circles in Washington aren't half so concerned about pap's being in the Senate as they are about his getting home for dinner.

What a 6-year-old son or a 15-year-old daughter can do to the pomp and panoply of senatorial office would surprise you. Just one hopeful inquiry into whether or not he remembered to bring home a chocolate bar, from little Susan, can throw the most dignified legislator in the chamber into greater confusion than a demand to explain his stand on the Supreme Court issue. For Senators, it appears, are as vulnerable as the rest of the genus domestica when it comes to their wives, homes and offspring.

Among proud senatorial fathers certainly none is prouder nor has greater cause to be than the senior Senator from Connecticut, Augustine Loneragan. The reason? Four of just about the loveliest young daughters you ever saw in one family. In a series of delightful steps, their attractive brunette heads rise one above another when you stand them side by side. The lowest step is Mary Lee, aged 9; the second step is Ann Yates, aged 11; the third step is Lucy Waters, aged 13, and the very highest step is Ruth Ellen, aged 14.

THESE four young ladies are at present much more interested in such absorbing things as swimming, riding,

dancing, reading and writing than they are in the unexciting fact that dad happens to be a Senator. Not yet having arrived at the age when teas and receptions and gala balls occupy their attention, they don't know much about who should sit next to whom and care less. But they are definitely interested if dad is going to take them for a walk on Sunday afternoon or if they are going back to their home in Hartford for the holidays.

They started their school careers in West Middle School in Hartford—all except the youngest, Mary Lee, and are thoroughly convinced this fact has something to do with the excellent grades they are getting right now in Washington.

Washington, however, means something very special to the Loneragan family. For one thing, Mrs. Loneragan, nee Washington as a girl, when, as Lucy Waters, the daughter of a Maryland physician, she went to school here and attended her first parties at a time when Senator Loneragan was serving the first Connecticut district in Congress. They were married in Washington and her first child was born here. The three other daughters were born in Hartford, and Hartford is their home, although they must spend the school terms in the Capital and have learned to love it.

Backstage in the life of this particular Senator would find a setting of particularly "homey" charm. A big, sun-flooded apartment, filled with antiques that are the combined representatives of the Loneragan and Waters families for generations, is the setting. And clocks! Clocks are the pet hobby of Senator Loneragan. They are all over the house, as Mrs. Loneragan puts it, adding, "Gus comes in, looks first at his watch and compares it with all his clocks, which must be in shipshape running order all the time, and then says hello to the family." But it is our guess that the senior Senator from Connecticut really says hello first of all to that youngest daughter of his, Mary Lee, who is the acknowledged apple of her father's eye.

AND we don't doubt at all that there's a very special hello for Mrs. Loneragan. Brunette, slim, svelte and definitely Spanish in type, if not in heritage, Mrs. Loneragan is a charming contribution to any domestic scene. What is more, she has a sense of humor that must make it much easier to head an establishment that includes four growing daughters with increasing consciousness of their own individuality. Society doesn't bother Mrs. Loneragan much. She does all that is expected of her as the wife of a Senator, to be sure, but she doesn't wear herself out with a meaningless social round that would take precious time away from such necessary matters as her daughters' wardrobes, their school affairs, their home studies and their likes, dislikes and preoccupations.

Now this, says Mrs. Loneragan, turning the pages of a large album and pointing to a charming, smiling child whose hair hangs like a heavy cape about her shoulders, "is Ruth Ellen just two years ago. That was quite a day for Ruth Ellen, for she christened the submarine U. S. S. Shark just before it was launched on the Thames River in Connecticut, and what a thrill she got out of smashing the bottle against the ship's bow."

"And this is also Ruth Ellen, as she is today. What a difference two years can make, to be sure."

Today's Ruth Ellen, with her bobbed hair and her young lady-like look, smiles up from the recent photograph, to prove that it can. This eldest daughter and her next youngest sister, Lucy Waters, attend the Visitation Convent in Georgetown. Both are studious, healthy girls, fond of dancing, swimming, reading and writing. Ruth Ellen particularly likes to read, and would rather spend her spare moments with a good book than attend the infrequent social affairs her mother allows her to attend. She enjoys her occasional trips to the White House and a reception now and then. "When she gets a little older, I'll take her with me a little more, but I don't believe in taking children



The four daughters of Senator Augustine Loneragan, senior Senator from Connecticut. From left to right these charming young ladies are Ann Yates, Ruth Ellen, Lucy Waters and Mary Lee.

BOOK REFLECTS HAWAII HOPE

Names Recorded Interest Committee Studying Statehood Because of Their Prolonged Battle for Islands' Acceptance as Territory of This Nation.

By William H. Doherty.

WHEN the congressional party arrived in Honolulu this month to inquire into Hawaii's readiness for statehood, the discovery of a long-lost book brought back the days of the territory's struggle for annexation to the Union.

Discovered abandoned in a cellar, the dust-covered and worn old ledger turned out to be the great register of the Hawaiian Annexation Club.

Boring worms have made inroads upon its yellowing pages, but the volume was found to contain the still legible lists of the many citizens of Hawaii who ultimately placed their island country under the American flag.

The name of Thurston's father, Lorrin A. Thurston, is included in the list of men from all the islands who gave themselves to this cause of uniting with the American Government. He recorded many of the names in the register. He was outstanding among the leaders of the reform party which had broken the corrupt power of the misused monarch, and remained high in the councils of the succeeding republic government, heading at last the Annexation Commission to Washington.

The late Sanford B. Dole, president of the provisional government, President of the Republic of Hawaii, first Governor of the Territory, was enrolled. So was the late Alfred F. Judd, chief justice of the Supreme Court. So, too, was the late Wallace R. Farrington, editor of the Honolulu Evening Bulletin, and later a Governor of the Territory. Educators, judges, doctors, lawyers and clergymen joined the ranks of the annexationists. Pilots, nautical as well as spiritual, printers and planters, farmers and fishermen are found recorded in the club's great register. Nearly a score of nationalities—English, German, Greek, Spanish, French and a dozen others are represented.

THE cosmopolitan origins of these men reminds one of the make-up of the great American Republic, and all of them were united in their desire for a share of the government of America and the protection which citizenship in the United States would guarantee.

Many of those men are living today—Judge A. G. M. Robertson, the Rev.

Henry P. Judd and Dr. James R. Judd,

sons of the former chief justice, and a host of others. Many of them will doubtless attend the hearings of the congressional party and hear argued in a world that has changed much in its Pacific outlook the pros and cons of a cause that started years ago.

A glance at the great register of the Hawaiian Annexation Club recalls the stirring days of the nineties when Hawaii became a subject for the American press, and editors all over the country were stirred to attack, defend and otherwise comment on the proposed admission of those Pacific islands to the Federal family.

So great was the interest in the matter that an American President was threatened with impeachment. Cleveland's Minister to Hawaii was instructed to advise the provisional government to withdraw in favor of the Hawaiian Queen Liliuokalani, intelligent and proud successor to King Kalakaua. The President's order was as tender to a spark, and editors and statesmen fiercely demanded his hide, seeing in his action the very antithesis of the American ideal of government.

Prior to Cleveland's second administration, Benjamin Harrison had foreseen the day when Hawaii would be a part of the Nation. He had ordered the librarian of Congress to prepare a summary of the efforts made since 1850 toward the annexation of Hawaii. This he sent with his message to the Senate on February 16, 1893. It shows that "from an early day the policy of the United States has consistently and constantly declared against any foreign aggression in the Kingdom of Hawaii inimical to the necessarily paramount rights and interests of the American people and the uniform contemplation of the annexation of Hawaii as a contingent necessity."

THE summary further showed that in 1851 the king drew up and signed a deed of cession of the kingdom and placed it under seal in the hands of the commissioner of the United States. At the first hostile shot fired by France, then threatening Hawaiian independence, the American commissioner was to open and act upon the provisions of the deed.

In 1854 William L. Marcy, then Secretary of State of the United States, advocated annexation of Hawaii, and a draft of a treaty was actually agreed upon with the Hawaiian Ministry. Completion, however, was delayed by foreign influence upon the heir to the throne, and the plan was finally defeated by the death of Kamehameha III.

Secretary Seward was advised of a strong annexation sentiment in the islands and instructed the American Minister at Honolulu to receive favorably any overtures made there for such a move. On September 12, 1854, he wrote to McCook: "If the policy of annexation should conflict with the policy of reciprocity, annexation is in every sense to be preferred."

In the annual message of President Johnson of December 9, 1868, he regarded reciprocity with Hawaii as desirable "until the people of the islands shall of themselves, at no distant date, voluntarily apply for admission into the Union."

Again in 1871, on April 6, President Grant sent a special message to the Senate in which he significantly solicited some expression of the views of that body respecting the advisability of annexation.

MARCH 25, 1873, Hamilton Fish issued an instruction in which he considered the necessity of annexing the islands in accordance with the wise forethought of those "who see a future that must extend the jurisdiction and the limits of this Nation and that will require a resting spot in mid-ocean between the Pacific Coast and the vast domains of Asia which are now opening to commerce and Christian civilization." He directed the Minister to Hawaii "not to discourage the feeling which may exist in favor of annexation to the United States, but to seek to invite information touching the terms and conditions upon which that object might be effected."

"Since the conclusion of the reciprocity treaty of 1875," stated the Hawaiian Minister at Honolulu, "it has been the obvious policy of the succeeding administrations to assert and defend against other powers the exclusive rights of the United States, and to fortify the maintenance of the existing Hawaiian government through direct support of the United States, so long as that government shall prove able to protect our paramount rights and interests."

On December 1, 1881, Secretary Blaine, in an instruction to the American Minister at Honolulu, wrote: "It (this Government) firmly believes that the position of the Hawaiian Islands as the key to the dominion of the American Pacific demands their benevolent neutrality, to which end it will earnestly co-operate with the native government. And if, through any cause, the maintenance of such a benevolent neutrality should be found by Hawaii to be impracticable, this

the "HAWAII" Page B-3.)