

LINDY, ANNE SET SPEED MARK IN SPANNING U. S.

Better Hawks' Time Three Hours With Altitude Experiment.

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famous husband throughout the flight, and won his highest praise by her skill.

Although Lindbergh said they both had stood the trip in good fashion, his wife appeared somewhat fatigued and wan as they climbed from the plane, and as the couple entered a motor car and left for their home, several persons at the field said she appeared to be weeping.

The distance covered on the flight was 2,530 miles and the average speed for the time the Lindberghs actually were in the air was 175.5 miles an hour. Their actual flying time was 14 hours 23 minutes and 27 seconds.

A crowd of about 10,000 persons was waiting at Roosevelt field for the arrival of the plane. The field was brilliantly lighted by flood lights and the lights of numerous parked automobiles.

Just after 11, the drone of the approaching plane was heard and a beam of light from the beacon tower pierced the sky and caught the ship as it circled the field. The spotlight followed it as it circled twice at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and then gracefully slid to earth.

Crowd Roars Greeting

The crowd gave a mighty roar of greetings and surged toward the Lindberghs, breaking through lines of police battalions to keep them back.

Lindbergh rose from his place in the front cockpit, and then Mrs. Lindbergh arose as the crowd thundered a welcome and the flashlights of cameramen boomed. Motorcycle men cleared the way to the hangar.

The colonel leaped from the plane and helped push it into the hangar. Then he helped his wife alight, and they both posed for cameramen in the electrically-heated flying suits which had kept them warm in the freezing altitudes they had penetrated.

The colonel, receiving newspaper men, modestly belittled the fact that he had broken the transcontinental record.

"It was not supposed to be a non-stop flight," he said. "There is quite a little difference between a nonstop flight and a flight of this kind. It could have been made a nonstop with the plane, but it would have taken more time that way. The motor would have to be throttled to save gasoline. The stop at Wichita for additional gas saved us two to three hours. This flight is not to be compared with Captain Hawks' record."

Lindbergh smiled broadly when asked if his wife had done any of the piloting.

Anne Is Navigator

"She did the navigating," he said, and added that the ship was equipped with dual controls and that she took them over part of the time.

"We had a little bad weather and flew both over and through it," he continued. "The highest altitude was 15,500 feet. I have no way of checking the average altitude. The flight was entirely experimental. For that reason, I can not say as to the immediate results just from this one flight. I think that transport flying of the future will go to higher altitudes. This will mean greater speed. The wind conditions were not exceptionally good. I hope to make other trips but have no plans for the immediate future."

"We had to detour from the Ohio-Indiana line because of a fog area. This made it longer than if we had taken a straight course."

Followed Lights

"We followed the lights part of the way into Hadley field. Our highest air speed theoretically was 185 at 10,000 feet. That was reduced somewhat at higher altitudes. We did not fly wide open."

Mrs. Lindbergh remained in the hangar during the interview, and when reporters attempted to question her, she merely smiled. The colonel told reporters she had done a good job of piloting. Previously Lindbergh had headed off an attempt to get his wife to speak into a microphone for talking news reels.

The start of the trip was made at 8:26:20 New York time Sunday morning. They arrived at Wichita at 3:22:30 p. m., and made a stop of 22 minutes and 5 seconds. The motor was kept running while 245 gallons of gas and fourteen gallons of oil were put in the tanks. At the half way mark, they had been in the air 6 hours 56 minutes and 10 seconds.

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MARY DELLA

By JULIE ANN MOORE
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THE INDEPENDENT SYNDICATE

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some tough guy was man-handling me?"

Miriam was breathing heavily. "I'll bite," she said, "what?"

MARY DELLA was vibrating a hair-spring. Pardon...?

No, that is not intended to be a wise-crack. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it might be explained that vibrating a hairspring is a necessary operation in the process of watch making, and Mary Della worked in a watch factory.

At the same bench on her right, sat Miriam. Miriam was also vibrating a hairspring.

"Going to the firemen's ball next week, Mary Della?" Miriam talked out of the corner of her mouth.

"Don't know yet. You?" Mary Della also talked out of the corner of her mouth.

"And how?" said Miriam, meaning that she'd sooner lose a leg than miss the ball. "Think I'd pass up that orgy if I could help it? Lieutenant Lahey says I can have the very first dance."

"With who, Chief Heltman?"

"With Lieutenant Lahey, who do you think? And I'll take a couple of rounds with the chief, too, if I get a chance. Boy, what a shindig that's going to be. Ever throw a fox trot with Jim Mulville, ever?"

"You seem to be specializing in lieutenants," said Mary Della. "Jerry Griffin's about my speed. And when it comes to the cops... well, you might do worse than Bob Moran."

"You said it. But you are going, aren't you, Mary Della?"

"Maybe," Mary Della shook her tweezers free of spring and scraped a tiny spot from beneath a shiny fingernail. "I'll tell you tomorrow."

"Meaning..." said the astute Miriam, "that you've got a date with Joe tonight?" She became suddenly serious. "I'll be afraid to look at the paper in the morning."

Mary Della glanced at the clock and began to clear the bench in front of her. "You needn't be late," she said. "We're going to see Richard Dix paw over the dumb-but-beautiful at the Palace."

It was evening in the Chubb flat. From the radio loud speaker, lying on its side on the heavy mission table by the entry door, Bell Baker was asking a cruel indifferent world "But How About Me?" The slightly muffled notes of a piano in the throes of "You're the Cream in My Coffee" penetrated the floor of the flat overhead.

Somewhere below a strong arm was wielding a metallic instrument against the radiator pipe, sending a sharp rat-a-tat-tat through the building.

The extremely corpulent, full-bosomed Mrs. Chubb was putting the dishes away. Mr. Chubb, shirtless and shoeless, was lost in the depths of a green morris chair, reading the latest report concerning the imminent return of Mr. Jack Dempsey to the ring. The

At exactly 8 o'clock she muttered

25 DEAF-MUTES 'HEAR' SERVICES EASTER SUNDAY

Program at City Church Is Interpreted by State School Teacher.

Through special arrangements at the Broadway Methodist Episcopal church, twenty-five deaf mutes were privileged to enjoy the regular Easter program Sunday.

For the past three years the Broadway church has reserved a special section in the balcony where the anthems, sermon, hymns and prayers are interpreted to them by A. L. Houdyshell, member of the church and a teacher at the Indiana Deaf school.

Deaf-mutes from all over the city, including some students of the school, attend the services regularly, according to the Rev. J. W. McFall, the church pastor.

FEEL MUSIC VIBRATIONS

Houdyshell, whose parents are deaf, volunteered to conduct the services for the deaf, and since that time has made it possible for the unfortunate persons to understand the same as others with hearing unimpaired.

It is the only church in the city which is known to provide the special service.

"Everything is interpreted for them except the music, and they claim to be able to appreciate the music through feeling the vibrations," Mr. McFall said.

EQUIPPED WITH EAR PHONES

"On several occasions they have thanked the church for the beautiful music. In the past three years I have been asked to marry about a dozen deaf-mutes. Some time ago the deaf mutes conducted a prayer meeting for the church, Houdyshell interpreting their words to the audience," he said.

The church also is equipped with four ear phones to aid those whose hearing is difficult.

Mary Della arrived at the curb in front of the postoffice at exactly 7:30. At exactly 7:45 by her wrist watch she crossed the street and consulted the clock in the telegraph office. Her watch was two minutes fast. She returned to the postoffice curb.

"If he thinks he can treat me like an old maid school teacher and get away with it, he's all wet. If he's not here by 8 o'clock I'm going by myself."

She remembered what she had said about Joe having a mortgage on her spare time. Miriam had him at about right; Joe did monopolize her time. He seemed to think he could wind her around his finger. Well, now she had a chance to show him his mistake. He'd have to do a lot of explaining.

At exactly 8 o'clock she muttered

(To Be Continued.)

CONTEST FOR MODEL PLANES IS ARRANGED

Event for Boys Under 18 Will Be Held at Butler Fieldhouse.

Boys under 18 may enter the model airplane contest given by the city recreation department at the Butler university fieldhouse May 15, David S. Kilgore, recreation director, announced today.

Prizes will be awarded for outstanding models in each of four classes, the baby "rise off ground," indoor tractor type, indoor pusher type and indoor commercial model. H. Weir Cook of the Curtiss Wright Company is chairman of the prize committee.

HELD IN PRISON RIOT

Visiting Gangsters Blamed for Fatal Disturbance.

By United Press

HOWARD, R. I., April 21.—Three alleged New Jersey gangsters were held here today while authorities continued investigation of Saturday's riot within the walls of the Rhode Island state prison which led to the death of two convicts.

The suspects were John Candelmo, North Bergen, N. J.; his brother Ernest, Newark, N. J., and John Calaruso, North Bergen.

The Candelmo brothers admitted having been at the prison when the trouble began, according to the police, but insisted that they were there to visit a prisoner and had no part in the disturbance.

Those who met death in the riot were Pegleg Champlin, a veteran trusty, and Thomas (Pretty) McNeil, former Pawtucket gangster.

DIRECTORS SELECTED BY CITY CREDIT MEN

Nine New Officials of Association to Serve Two-Year Terms.

Election of new directors of the Indianapolis Association of Credit Men was announced today by G. C. Klippel, president of the association.

The new directors, each of whom will serve two years, are Paul H. Buchanan, secretary; Flanner & Buchanan; Edward W. Harris, president; Hamilton-Harris & Co.; W. J. Hubbard, Fletcher American National Bank; J. G. Martin, E. C. Atkins & Co.; Roy Salm, secretary of Bessire & Co.; J. A. Saltzer, accountant for the Link Belt Company; C. W. Steeg, treasurer of Hugh J. Baker & Co.; J. E. Stilz, secretary of the Kiefer-Stewart Company, and C. E. Wagner, credit manager of the Vonnegut Hardware Company.

The street was wide enough; why didn't he pull over? Some wise driver trying to get fresh. Well, he could go around or hit her; she was in no position to run from hair-brained drivers.

Hard-boiled. No, she wouldn't run. She had as much right there as he had. Hard-boiled.

It happened in a flash. She saw that she would have to run or be hit; that it was too late to run...

A horn blew madly. Brakes screeched. A woman passing screamed shrilly and Mary Della lay in a heap on the pavement.

something under her breath, stamped a little foot, and impulsively stepped from the sidewalk and started across the street.

A car was coming; a long, yellow roadster. She watched it speed toward her out of the corner of her eye; but she did not run.

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ENDS LIFE WITH POISON

Taking poison at his home Sunday afternoon, Richard W. Brooks, 46, of 2029 Central avenue, ended his life. His body was found two hours after his death when his wife returned home. Besides his wife he is survived by a sister, Mrs. Ralph Holland, and a brother, James Brooks, both of the Central avenue address.



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1302 E. 30th Street

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620 North Senate Avenue

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