

# Pioneer Flier Harry Lyon Recalls Youthful Years

By GORDON A. GLOVER  
 PARIS HILL, Maine (AP)—In a white colonial mansion overlooking a New England churchyard, Cap'n Harry Lyon lives amid memories of his days as an ocean skipper, run runner, pioneer flier, and village hell-raiser.

"I am what you might call a nefarious character," he grins.

At 73, Lyon can indeed look back on a career that has had its high moments — and he wouldn't give one of them back.

As Lyon would say, you can pick up his life story about the way you would a pup—just forward of the middle. It was 30 years ago today that Lyon helped make aviation history by navigating the first airplane to cross the Pacific.

The plane was the famous Southern Cross, a patched up trimotor Fokker that somehow made it from Oakland, Calif., to Brisbane, Australia, a distance of well over 7,000 miles.

The pilot was one of the greatest airmen of his day — Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith. The other crew members were C. P. T. Ulm, a fellow Australian as copilot, and radio operator Jim Warner, an American.

Kingsford-Smith and Ulm were later killed in separate plane crashes.

Lyon, a Merchant Marine skip-

per, had never flown in his life when he was asked to navigate the Southern Cross. He was "on the beach" and thinking vaguely of retiring from the sea when Kingsford-Smith entered his life in San Francisco.

The son of an admiral, Lyon was expelled from Hebron Academy for general hell-raising.

"I lasted about a year," he says, "and then the headmaster suggested that I not return the following year. I was an awful prankster—usually leading a lot of other pranksters on a merry chase around the village."

Later he went to Annapolis for a year, "bilged out" because he paid more attention to sports than studies, and then went to Dartmouth.

In 1912 he left college and went to sea under sail, for several years commanding a square-rigger. He was a lieutenant commander in the Navy during World War I.

He skippered freighters during the 1920s and also had a brief whirl running rum along the California coast.

Had anyone troubled to figure the odds on that morning of May 31, 1928, they probably would have been 100 to 1 against the Southern Cross ever reaching Australia.

Loaded with gas, the plane thundered down the runway at Oakland Airport, lifted ponderously into a misty blue sky, and picked up a course for Hawaii.

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"We cruised at 4,000 feet at 90 miles an hour," he recalls. "I was drafted in there and so noisy we could communicate only by writing notes I navigated the way I would on a ship—only faster."

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The object was to hit the island of Suva, a coral chip 3,100 miles away in the Fiji group.

"We hit it right on the nose, but it was a close call," Lyon says. "We had maybe 20 minutes of fuel left in our tanks."

The landing should go down in history, too. Kingsford-Smith needed weight in the tail so he could set the ship down hard on a field that was only about 1,000 feet long.

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The last leg of the flight—1,900 miles from Suva to Australia—would have been easy had not the patched-up Southern Cross hit the worst storm Lyon had ever seen.

But they weathered it, crossed the Australian coast, and later were mobbed by 300,000 people at a reception in Sydney, where the Southern Cross now reposes in a museum.

Lyon returned to Paris Hill and was hailed as the village cut-up who had made good. Still ahead were more years of flying (until he suffered a back injury in an automobile wreck) and a stint as a transport skipper in World War II.

Today, Lyon lives the life of a country squire with his wife Thelma at the family home, Lyonsden. He is a deputy sheriff, a member of the South Paris water commission, and a member of the local draft board.

The Southern Cross is now a pleasant memory, and the \$2,500 he received as his share of the purse has long since gone, too.

"I spent every dime of it on riotous living," Lyon winked.



"Yes, I'm all right — just dizzy! You'll never know what 'homespun' means till you have three children and it rains a solid week!"

# Pomp, Pageantry End; War Heroes Laid To Rest

ARLINGTON, Va. (AP)—With pomp and pageantry ended, the Unknown warriors of World War II and Korea were at rest today on a hill overlooking the capital of the nation for which they died.

Under yesterday's warm sun, the two Unknowns—representing all the nameless dead of the most recent wars—were brought to the tomb where for almost 37 years the Unknown Soldier of World War I has slept alone.

There were marching troops, the subdued music of bands, artillery salutes and a fly-over of jets. Prayers were said and the President of the United States bestowed Medals of Honor on the two nameless Americans.

An estimated 115,000 persons lined the route of the funeral procession. Thousands more packed the amphitheater at the Arlington National Cemetery and stood in tribute as the twin bronze caskets were placed above open crypts.

But at dusk Friday night there was the final, lonely act of the drama that opened weeks ago when selection of the Unknowns began across the seas.

In the gloaming, the two were buried.

Only a few remained of the thousands who had thronged the cemetery during the formal services.

As the lights of Washington twinkled across the Potomac, the nine body bearers filed onto the plaza and drew to attention. Behind them stood perhaps half a hundred spectators.

The superintendent of the national cemetery and his assistant stepped forward. Each unfastened chains restraining the caskets.

In the dying light, the two bronze coffins sank slowly into the crypts.

In silence, the uniformed body bearers stood at hand salute, the two civilian officials each placed his hand over his heart.

At a low spoken command, the file of bearers turned. Their heels clacked in unison on the stone floor. The few onlookers drifted away down the darkened drives.

A few hours earlier, the day-long ceremonies reached their climax when President Eisenhower conferred Medals of Honor on the dead.

Eisenhower made the awards in a few simple but meaningful words:

"On behalf of a grateful people I now present Medals of Honor to these two Unknowns who gave their lives for the United States of America."

He turned to face the two caskets. First on one, then on the other, he placed pillows bearing the medals with star-flecked ribbons of blue.

Seated before the dais, among the almost 4,000 in the amphitheater, were 216 men who themselves had won the coveted medal.

Among the invited guests, too, were the mothers of men who had died in the three wars. Among them were mothers whose sons—like these men—lost their lives and their identities.

For these mothers, as for the Medal of Honor winners, there was poignancy in this day.

Also there to pay tribute to these men — and the thousands they represented — were high government officials, members of Congress and the Supreme Court, diplomats and many average Americans.

The cortege started in early afternoon from the Capitol, where the Unknowns had lain in state for two days. The two coffins rode on caissons draped in black velvet. Each caisson was drawn by a team of six matched gray horses.

Along the 4½ mile route to the cemetery, the cortege moved past spectators and an honor cordon of 2,000 members of all the armed services. The honor cordon was spaced five paces apart from the Capitol to Arlington.

In line of march were 1,500 troops. From the grounds of the Washington Monument, artillery roared at one minute intervals. As the procession approached the cemetery gates, 20 jet fighters and bombers screamed overhead in salute.

All the services shared in the ceremonies because the Unknowns could have died in the uniform of the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Marine Corps or the Coast Guard.

At the amphitheater, military chaplains of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths offered prayers for the peaceful repose of these honored dead.

And when it was all over, only the guard remained to keep his solitary vigil.



"She's a smart cook! She knows just when to act dumb!"

# Brown Blasts Bill Knowland

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS  
 Republican Sen. William Knowland is "without understanding or sympathy for working people," says his Democratic opponent, Atty. Gen. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown.

Both are seeking the nomination for governor.

Friday Brown took his Republican opponent's voting record to task before a convention of the Post Office Workers Union in Long Beach.

He called Knowland's record in the Senate on pay increase proposals for federal employees "hard and negative."

"If you will examine the senator's voting record, you will find it is without understanding or sympathy for working people."

"He has opposed the great preponderance of health and welfare measures and almost any other humanitarian progress. The senator's approach to government is a lone-wolf operation—and he is the only one whom it seems to provide for."

Knowland, back in the state for the windup of his campaign, Saturday attended services at San Francisco's St. Mary's Square as a guest of the American Legion. He made no talk.

**QUITS CRIME**  
 JACKSON, Wyo. (UPI)—A young "bubble gum bandit," his soul filled with remorse, has determined to "go straight" for the rest of his life. The 11-year-old "bandit" was seized as he strolled out of a market Friday with five cents worth of bubble gum. "Something just came over me," he said.

**ADVERTISING PLUM**  
 JACKSON, Wyo. (AP)—A Jackson plumbing shop's advertisement in the Jackson Hole Guide read: "Sink Backed Up? Toilet Clogged? Call us. We'll gladly sit with you while your husband fixes it."

# Radio Pill Aids Stomach

WASHINGTON (AP)—A radio that can be swallowed in pill form offers a new and better aid for studying disorders of the stomach and intestines.

Drs. John T. Farrar and James S. Berstein said Saturday in a report prepared for a meeting of the American Gastroenterological Assn.

The two New York doctors said the radio pill is designed to record pressures inside the gastrointestinal tract—pressures related to muscular contraction and distention. When there is too much contraction or distention, the normal pressure picture changes.

In the past, study of these pressures required passage of long tubes through the mouth, nose or rectum.

But the radio pill does it this way:

A patient swallows a plastic capsule a little more than an inch long and two-fifths of an inch in diameter.

Inside the capsule is a miniature transistor-type radio transmitter, equipped with a pressure-sensitive diaphragm.

As the pill passes down along the gastrointestinal tract, it detects the pressures and broadcasts them to a radio receiver outside.

The pressures are shown on an oscilloscope—something like a TV picture tube — and recorded permanently on paper. The pill is eliminated from the body with natural waste products.

Describing its trial on 16 subjects, the doctors said the radio pill permits prolonged recording of pressures "in previously almost inaccessible areas," such as the lower end of the small intestine and the ascending portion of the large bowel.

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# Crew Escape Said Miracle

HONOLULU (AP)—A Naval officer said Saturday it was a miracle that any of the eight officers or 84 crewmen escaped from the submarine Stickleback before she sank Thursday after being rammed by the destroyer escort Silverstein.

Capt. Paul C. Stimson, commander of Submarine Squadron Seven, praised the crews of both ships for saving all hands without injury or loss of life.

"We are just lucky that we are not consoling any widows," he said.

The last man from below decks, Chief Electrician's Mate Larry Hughes, Norton, Kan., was up to his shoulder in water as he started up the conning tower.

The 10 million-dollar Stickleback sank in water two miles deep 19 miles southwest of here. She was on maneuvers with the destroyer escort.

Lt. Comdr. R. Schulz, Racine, Wis., said his sub had lost power just before the escort rammed her.

The Silverstein's skipper, Cmdr. C. S. Swift of San Leandro, Calif., said the sub's tower was sighted by a lookout only 100 yards off.

The impact came about 10 seconds after he gave the command to reverse engines.

He moozed alongside and took off the submarine's crew.

Damage to the Silverstein was minor.

# 'Merry Widow' Escapes Gallows

LONDON (UPI)—The "Merry Widow of Windy Nook" escaped the gallows Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wilson, sentenced to death for the murder of two of her three husbands by cockroach poison, was granted a reprieve by the Home Secretary.

The first woman to be sentenced to hang under Britain's new Homicide Act, Mrs. Wilson had already had one appeal turned down by the court of criminal appeal.

The reprieve meant that Mrs. Wilson would serve a life sentence, it was understood.

# Merry-Go-Round Tame Says Girl

NEW YORK (AP)—Eleven-year-old Carol Anderson didn't want to go on the merry-go-round or anything like that. Too babyish, she said.

So she settled for an aerial ride yesterday on the Coney Island 250-foot parachute jump.

Carol and her father, John Anderson, 47, had floated half-way down when the parachute snagged on a guide cable. Thousands of visitors watched as a park employee was lowered from above to free the cable. A safety net was stretched below.

When they finally got down, Anderson said, "Thank God."

Said Carol: "It was fun."

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