

The New York Times.

"All the News That's
Fit to Print."

THE WEATHER

Showers today, probably tomorrow;
not much change in temperature.
Temperature yesterday—Max. 86, min. 50.
7 P. M. For weather report see Page 4.

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1928.

TWO CENTS IN Greater New York THREE CENTS WITHIN 200 Miles FOUR CENTS ELSEWHERE IN THE U. S.

AMELIA EARHART FLIES ATLANTIC, FIRST WOMAN TO DO IT; TELLS HER OWN STORY OF PERILOUS 21-HOUR TRIP TO WALES; RADIO QUIT AND THEY FLEW BLIND OVER INVISIBLE OCEAN

RITCHIE WITHDRAWS IN FAVOR OF SMITH, URGING PARTY UNITY

New Yorker's Nomination Will
Assure Democratic Victory,
He Asserts.

DIRECTS APPEAL TO SOUTH

Smith as President Would Re-
store Popular Government,
Maryland Executive Says.

URNS OVER HIS DELEGATES

Sees Struggle of 1924 Avoided at
Houston—Reed Still in Race,
Backer Declares.

Special to The New York Times.

BALTIMORE, June 18.—Governor Albert C. Ritchie tonight withdrew as candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, with the announcement that he would instruct the Maryland delegation to cast its sixteen votes at the National Convention at Houston next week for Governor Smith of New York.

In a formal statement, Governor Ritchie urged the Democratic Party to unite behind Governor Smith. The New York Executive, he declared, was "fitted by experience, character and ability to assume the leadership" of the party and had the best chance to win in the November election.

"His record is a guarantee that with him as President, honesty in Government would take the place of corruption in Government," he said of Governor Smith.

Governor Ritchie expressed his gratitude that Maryland had advanced his own name for the Presidential nomination. "The great majority of the Democratic Party in every section of the country" was ready to back Governor Smith, however, he said, and he felt a responsibility to the party so to declare himself.

Mr. Ritchie directed his plea in behalf of Governor Smith particularly to the South. The national situation demanded, and the success of the Democratic Party as the champion of self-government and popular self-rule, principles which the South through the Democratic Party had saved to the nation, he asserted.

He, "as a son of the South," had fought enthusiastically for these principles. As an American and as a Democrat, he now urged a "united and unbroken front" by the party to assure its success next fall.

"Every Democrat should subordinate himself to this higher call for party unity," he said, to re-establish in national life those principles of which Governor Smith was the "exponent."

Governor Ritchie asserted that, in dropping his candidacy for the Presidential nomination, he also took himself out of the running for second place on the party ticket.

"I have not the slightest thought of the Vice Presidency, nor expectation of it being offered to me, or accepting it if it is," he said. "In taking this action, I do so without any ulterior motive whatsoever. It emanates from a profound sense of duty to the nation and to the Democratic Party, with which the country's well-being is inseparably bound up."

Governor Ritchie's Statement.

The following is Governor Ritchie's statement in full:

I am profoundly convinced that no consideration of self or of personal advancement on any one's part should be allowed to stand for one moment in the way of the success of the Democratic Party, which is the natural champion of self-government and popular self-rule.

These principles are challenging the attention of the country today as they have not done for years. To them I have dedicated such political effort as I am able to exert. Faith in them saved the South during the dark days of reconstruction and made possible the reunited and happy nation; and as a son of the South I have brought to the struggle for these principles the enthusiasm and the loyalty which came to me from ancestors who were ready to die, and some of whom did die, for the cause in which they believed.

As a Democrat I have regarded this struggle as a duty, and as an American I believe that the dictates of patriotism require the re-establishment of these principles in our national life.

That my own State should think me worthy to be the standard-bearer of the Democratic Party is a distinction for which I never can sufficiently express my gratitude, nor can I adequately express it to my friends elsewhere in the coun-

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President of Porto Rican Senate Stabbed And Badly Hurt by a Maniac Anarchist

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, June 18.—Antonio Barcelo, President of the Porto Rican Senate, was stabbed with a chisel at the close of a welcoming demonstration at City Hall today and probably owes his life to the fact that he is fat.

The chisel made a four-inch wound, then was deflected by a rib. Justo Matos, 35 years old and believed to be demented, who attempted the assassination with the unusual instrument, was himself shot through the abdomen by an unidentified bystander after police, they say, actually had him in custody. The condition of Matos is considered critical.

In their efforts to protect Matos police were unable to detect who had shot him. The assault on Señor Barcelo took place at the close of a noisy welcome while hundreds of persons surged about him with greetings. Señor Barcelo was just returning home from New York where Columbia University gave him an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws and President Butler had referred to him as "captain of his island people."

By The Associated Press. SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, June 18.—Señor Barcelo tonight was in a hospital undergoing treatment for his wound. Matos was in prison, heavily guarded to protect him from an outraged populace. A huge crowd met Señor Barcelo

SMITH SUPPORTERS SEE A QUICK VICTORY

Hope Ritchie's Withdrawal in
Favor of Governor Will Be
Followed by Others.

AIDES START FOR HOUSTON

Van Namee, Sure of Success,
Says "Steam-Roller" Meth-
ods Will Not Be Used.

With George R. Van Namee, manager of Governor Smith's preconvention campaign for the Democratic nomination, speeding toward Houston to open headquarters in the Hotel Rice, Smith supporters here were jubilant last night at the announcement by Governor Ritchie of Maryland that he would advise the sixteen delegates from that State to cast their votes for New York's Governor on the first ballot.

Mr. Van Namee predicted, just as he boarded the train at Grand Central Station yesterday noon, that Governor Smith would be nominated on "an early ballot." The more optimistic Smith supporters contended last night that the first ballot would show a strength of 704 votes, or 21-3 short of the number required for nomination. The hope was expressed that Governor Ritchie's action might swing other State delegations into line before the voting starts at Houston, in which event Governor Smith might be nominated on the first ballot.

Rules Out "Steam Roller" Plan. While declining to name the ballot on which he believed Governor Smith would be nominated, Mr. Van Namee declared that with 650 delegates already instructed and many others known to favor the Smith candidacy, the nomination was practically assured. The Smith forces, Mr. Van Namee declared, would not attempt any "steam-roller" methods at Houston and would seek in no way to prevent any candidate from presenting his claims to the nomination of the Smith forces, he added, are concerned with promoting party harmony.

With Mr. Van Namee were Mrs. Van Namee, Howard Cullman of the Port of New York Authority and George C. Norton, Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Com-

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Keel Laid for Biggest Ship, 1,000 Feet Long; 60,000-Ton 'Oceanic' to Cost \$30,000,000

LONDON, June 18.—The biggest ship in the world was begun today at Harland & Wolff's shipyards in Belfast, when the keel was laid for a giant White Star liner to cost \$30,000,000. She will be more than 1,000 feet long, with a beam of 100 feet and tonnage of about 60,000.

The ship will not be ready for sailing until 1932, and experts have yet to decide what type of machinery will be installed in her.

When the new ship is added to the White Star fleet, she will be called the Oceanic. The six largest steamships in service at the present time, all in the Atlantic trade, are: The Leviathan of the United States Lines, 59,957 gross tonnage, 907 feet long and 100 feet 3 inches beam.

Deliciously on the Night Line for only \$1.50. Call Walker 3210.—Adv.

NOBLE VAINLY HAILS FLIERS CIRCLING OVER BUT NOT SEEING HIM

General Radios Base Ship That
Rescue Planes Were Over
Stranded Men an Hour.

SECOND FLIGHT ALSO FAILS

This Time Italia Castaways
Sight One of Planes Piloted
by Riiser-Larsen and Holm.

SAVOIA REACHES KINGS BAY

Big Italian Seaplane Ready for
Dash North—French and
Swedish Craft on Way.

By The Associated Press.

ROME, June 18.—The two Norwegian fliers, Captain Riiser-Larsen and Lieutenant Luettow Holm, today made a second unsuccessful attempt to find General Umberto Nobile and the party with him north of Spitsbergen. They returned to the ice-breaker Braganza without having sighted the marooned men.

Nobile, however, informed the base ship Citta di Milano by wireless that he had seen one of the planes fly within two kilometers of him.

Snow Hides Frantic Signals.

Copyright, 1928, by The Associated Press. KINGS BAY, Spitsbergen, June 18.—High overhead yesterday General Umberto Nobile saw two seaplanes sent to rescue him and his five comrades from the Arctic ice-floes, but frantic efforts to signal the planes or make known their existence below failed, and, after an hour's reconnaissance above, the craft were seen to disappear in the grim Arctic horizon, flying back toward Spitsbergen.

This news came to the base-ship Citta di Milano today by wireless from the stranded Italia commander, who for days has been awaiting on slowly moving floe ice sight of some one from the outside world who might aid in returning him and his mates on the Italia to civilization and home.

Sunday they thought their days of watching perhaps over. But they failed to count on the trickiness of the snow with visibility, and when help had passed them by, their frustration was by anything more difficult than before.

Good Visibility of No Avail.

The two seaplanes were those piloted by Captain Riiser-Larsen and Lieutenant Luettow Holm, the Norwegian fliers. Both set out early Sunday and took a course toward Beverly Sound, North Cape and Cape Platen, keeping at a height of from 750 to 900 feet. Both planes carried provisions and clothes for the stranded men.

Visibility was good, but when they returned to Spitsbergen they had not seen a trace of the Italia's commander and the remnant of his crew or of the silk tent he had painted red to aid them. This despite the fact that messages from General Nobile indicated that they had remained above him and in the vicinity for more than an hour.

Today Captain Riiser-Larsen and Lieutenant Holm set out for further reconnaissance, intending, if there were to be variations at all in their course, to keep between their route yesterday and the coast of Northeast Land.

No Chance to Land Amid Ice.

The fliers, on returning yesterday, said that in the area where the fliers are supposed to be they found the ice much too rough for landing. They said that the ice floes were open, considerably, but that the cracks and openings were still too narrow for landing attempts by the seaplanes. They were such, however, as to foster progress by the ice breakers.

In his message to the Citta di Milano conveying the tragic irony of the situation, General Nobile, to aid further searches, gave his present position as 83.33 north and 17.12 east. This would put him about five miles to the east of Foyin Island.

Savoia's Arrival Raises Hopes.

The hydro-airplane Savoia-55, piloted by Major Maddalena, arrived here at 10:45 o'clock tonight. She was the first of the four big seaplanes en route to Spitsbergen to reach the Northern base.

"Fine weather was in evidence as the big machine settled in the harbor. Her arrival and the news that at least two others of large cargo and passenger capacity were en route, raised hopes of the watchers here who for weeks have been trying to get into direct touch with General Nobile and the other survivors of the Italia.

It was a bit uncertain as to whether

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Washington, N. J., wants five industries. Good conditions, honest government. On Lack R. R. Address Borough Clerk.—Adv.



FIRST WOMAN TO FLY THE ATLANTIC.

Amelia Earhart, Co-pilot of the Airplane Friendship, Photographed in Boston, Just Before She Started on Her Great Adventure.

Eager Crowds Imperil Miss Earhart As They Welcome Fliers at Burry Port

Police Aid Weary Trio to Battle Way to Refuge in Zinc Works—
Friends Fly from Southampton to Greet Them and
Hear Story of Their Adventures.

By ALLEN RAYMOND.

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Special Cable to The New York Times.

BURRY PORT, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, June 18.—The first woman to cross the Atlantic successfully by air, Miss Amelia Earhart, Boston settlement worker, alighted in the seaplane Friendship here this morning on the broad expanse of Loughor estuary, after a flight of 20 hours and 40 minutes elapsed time from Trepassay.

Few persons saw the gill-winged Fokker monoplane descend on the Welsh coast, but this evening, when friends rushing from Southampton brought Miss Earhart ashore, she was the recipient of so enthusiastic a reception by the 2,000 inhabitants of this town that it seemed for a few minutes as if she would not outlive her triumph.

Eager Crowds Imperil Aviatrice.

The arrival of the Friendship was the greatest event this remote district has had since the end of the World War when the town's boys came home. Miss Earhart was nearly crushed by the anxiety of the crowd of men, women and children to touch the hem of her flying suit, get her autograph on a slip of paper, wiring her hand and congratulate her upon her triumphant passage over the Atlantic.

The High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire, who had rowed out to greet her; the town's three policemen and a couple of friends had to form a ring with locked arms about the latest popular heroine and literally to fight their way a hundred yards from the shore to the office of the local zinc works, where they found shelter back of locked doors.

"You must remember," the local Police Chief said apologetically, "that our people never saw anything to compare with this. I advise you to remain here until we get extra police."

The Friendship's crew were marooned within the walls of the Ffickers Metal Company an hour and a half before police reinforcements arrived and cleared a way to two motor cars to take them to a distant hotel, where rest, food and sleep could be obtained after their arduous journey.

Poor Visibility Forced Landing.

Poor visibility forced the plane to come down on the Welsh coast after the first tentative objective—Valentia, Ireland—had been left far behind, but the possible goal of Southampton not yet reached.

Except for the first hour over the Atlantic after leaving the rugged shores of Newfoundland, the fliers never saw sea or land until they had winged their way to the Eastern Irish coast. They flew through fog, rain and snow most of the time, fighting for altitude and clearer weather, but they came fast with the wind behind of twenty to thirty miles per hour speeding them on.

They probably had plenty of gasoline left, when they descended, to reach Southampton—seventy-five gallons—but were struggling in the midst of dense fog and knew they were somewhere off the southern coast of Britain. With their object attained—that of making Miss Earhart the first woman to complete a transatlantic crossing—they decided to take no further risks.

They will go on to Southampton tomorrow.

Stultz and Gordon Elated.

The full story of the flight has yet to be told. The two airmen, Stultz and Gordon, who had the major responsibility and labor of getting the Friendship safely across the ocean, were soon fast asleep after battling their way to the hotel. Both ejaculated their joy at their success and chuckled together over the moments in mid-ocean when they seemed dubious of the outcome.

Miss Earhart, who came through her experience in fine condition and

Continued on Page Two.

FOUGHT RAIN, FOG AND SNOW ALL THE WAY

Miss Earhart Says Motors Spat and Gas
Ran Low, But She Had Neither
Fear Nor Doubt of Success.

PASSED OVER IRELAND WITHOUT EVEN SEEING IT

Wind Aided Plane—Girl Credits Feat to Stultz and
Gordon—She Flew Because It Would Have
Been 'Too Inartistic to Refuse.'

By AMELIA EARHART.

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Special Cable to The New York Times.

BURRY PORT, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, June 18.—

I have arrived and I am happy—naturally. Why did I do it? When one is offered such a tremendous adventure it would be too inartistic to refuse it. I have been a flier for years. I had planned to spend my vacation flying, I knew the moment this chance came to me that if I turned it down I would never forgive myself.

My trip across the Atlantic aboard the airplane Friendship was all I had imagined it to be as pleasure, and much more, though pretty uncomfortable at times. This is my first trip to England, and it is rather funny dropping in by airplane. Nevertheless I hope to make the trip again some day and make it in the same way by air. What I wanted to demonstrate in this flight was that this type of travel was comparatively safe and ought to be developed.

Gives Great Credit to Companions.

I was a passenger on the journey—just a passenger. Everything that was done to bring us across was done by Wilmer Stultz and "Slim" Gordon. Any praise I can give them they ought to have. You can't pile it on too thick.

Transoceanic flying has to be done by pilots who can fly by instruments alone. I am afraid that some accidents which marred past flights have been caused by pilots not too sure of instrument flying.

Despite the fact that the weather reports promised us fine visibility and fair weather, we had fog, rain and even snow practically all the way across. We only had clear weather for one hour out of the twenty-two we were on the way.

The reason we came down here was because we could not see anything. We had just about enough gasoline left, we reckoned, to make Southampton, but we did not dare attempt it because we were flying blind and we knew we had come across. We will go on there tomorrow.

Calls Waiting the Worst Part.

To go back to the beginning, the hardest strain of all this flight in a way was the waiting at Trepassay. The flight, of course, was a climax piled on top of this worry. That is what made it so tiring. But we had been trying so much to take off at Trepassay that all I can remember thinking of when we took off was that at last we were on the way. I was not really sure till we had flown for half an hour along the coast and headed against the open sea, because I knew that if everything was not all right Bill would go back.

When we started there was such a burst of spray that the outside motors started cutting out. I was afraid we had made another false start, but the motors picked up again, and although they stammered once in a while on the flight when coated with snow, I never had a moment of real trepidation about them and never doubted that we should arrive.

I did not do much. I did not handle the controls once, although I have had more than 500 hours' solo flying and once held the women's altitude record. When Bill Stultz left the controls to work the radio "Slim" would take them.

Thought of Fishing in Newfoundland.

We got two messages from ships on the way, and when I found out what ships they were I did a lot of thinking and jotted down a lot of notes about my feelings, which I hope to expand some day, perhaps.

Leaving the American coast, it was beautiful weather. The jagged coastline beneath us had a grandeur one never forgets, and passing over Newfoundland one could see lots of lakes where they told me there were good trout. I hope to fish there some time.

Beneath us the water was wonderful greens and blues, and everything was serene, though, of course the first thing we did was to start looking for the fog which we knew would meet us off Newfoundland. The first hour over the open sea was the only time we saw it. We did not even see Ireland, though we passed right over it, but when we knew we were over Southern England we could not establish any landmarks and our radio had quit us. We do not know yet how it got out of order, but it was all right when Bill worked it last night and no good when he tried it this morning.

Marvelous Colors in the Clouds.

Last night was gorgeous. The billows of fog shot with pink seemed like a vast sunlit desert, and even when night came there was an interesting color effect. There was the glow of

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