

1872 Congratulating Amelia Earhart on
her Trans-Atlantic Solo Flight
May 21, 1932

Congratulations - Amelia Earhart on her
Trans-Atlantic Solo Flight -
Culmore to R.E. Putnam

~~CABLE~~

~~THE WHITE HOUSE~~
~~WASHINGTON~~

1872

31 May 21, 1932

Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam

Culmore, Ireland.

I voice the pride of the Nation in congratulating you most heartily upon achieving the splendid pioneer solo flight by a woman across the Atlantic Ocean. You have demonstrated not only your own dauntless courage but also the capacity of women to match the skill of men in carrying through the most difficult feats of high adventure.

HERBERT HOOVER.

Congratulating Amelia Earhart etc

1872

CABLE

THE WHITE HOUSE
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HERBERT HOOVER.

1872

CONGRATULATING AMELIA EARHART ON HER TRANS-ATLANTIC

SOLO FLIGHT - CABLEGRAM TO A. E. PUTNAM

21 May 1928

Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam
Culmore, Ireland.

I voice the pride of the nation in congratulating you most heartily upon achieving the splendid pioneer solo flight by a woman across the Atlantic Ocean. You have demonstrated not only your own dauntless courage but also the capacity of women to match the skill of men in carrying through the most difficult feats of high adventure.

HERBERT HOOVER

587

CABLE
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 21, 1932

Mrs. Amelia Earhart
Guinora, Ireland.

I vote the pride of the Nation in congratulating
you most heartily upon achieving the splendid pioneer feat
of flight by a woman across the Atlantic Ocean. You have
demonstrated not only your own dauntless courage but also
the capacity of women to match the skill of men in carrying
through the most difficult tests of high adventure.

HERBERT HOOPER

1872

387

CABLE

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 21, 1932

Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam

Culmore, Ireland.

I voice the pride of the Nation in congratulating you most heartily upon achieving the splendid pioneer solo flight by a woman across the Atlantic Ocean. You have demonstrated not only your own dauntless courage but also the capacity of women to match the skill of men in carrying through the most difficult feats of high adventure.

HERBERT HOOVER.

Congratulating Amelia Earhart etc

21 May 1932

1872

**President Congratulates
Mrs. Putnam on Flight**

Earhart 23 May 1932
President Hoover on May 21 sent a cable of congratulation to Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam "upon achieving the splendid pioneer solo flight by a woman across the Atlantic Ocean." The message read:

"Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam, Culmore, Ireland: I voice the pride of the Nation in congratulating you most heartily upon achieving the splendid pioneer solo flight by a woman across the Atlantic Ocean. You have demonstrated not only your own dauntless courage but also the capacity of women to match the skill of men in carrying through the most difficult feats of high adventure.

(Signed) "HERBERT HOOVER."

MRS. PUTNAM FLIES ATLANTIC TO IRELAND IN RECORD TIME; DO-X REACHES THE AZORES

WAVES SKIMMED BY FLIER

Altimeter Was Broken and
Flames From Exhaust
Threatened Plane.

BATTLED STORM OVER SEA

She Encountered Squally Wind,
Thick Clouds and Rain
for 500 Miles.

ONLY ONE SHIP SIGHTED

Safe Landing Is Made in Pas-
ture Near Londonderry—In Air
14 Hours and 56 Minutes.

MAY 22 1932

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
LONDONDERRY, Northern Ire-
land, May 21.—Just five years after
Charles A. Lindbergh's historic flight
to Paris, Mrs. Amelia Earhart Put-
nam landed today in a lonely pasture
at Culmore, near Londonderry, 14
hours and 56 minutes after leaving
Harbor Grace, Nfld. It was 8:46
A. M., New York Daylight Time.

She had flown all alone—the first
woman to do it. She was the first
person, too, to have flown the ocean

twice in a heavier-than-air machine,
having crossed as a passenger four
years ago.

But tonight she was proudest of
all to think she had made the fastest
Atlantic flight on record. Her time
was 1 hour and 16 minutes faster
than the record of Alcock and Brown
on the pioneer flight to Ireland in
1919.

500 Miles in Storm.

Five hundred miles of the way in
mid-ocean she battled squally winds,
thick clouds and rain. Her altimeter
was useless for all except the first
three hours of the way, and she did
not know how high she was flying or
how near she was to falling in the
sea. The wings were coated with ice,
the fuel gauge broke in the night and
the exhaust manifold burned out be-
fore she reached the Irish coast.

Showing hardly a trace of the
strenuous ordeal she had undergone,
she gave your correspondent tonight
an account of her flight.

"Ever since my first transatlantic
flight in the Friendship," she said,
"I had wanted to do it alone, and I
did, even though I had to come down
in a pasture outside Londonderry.

"Until midnight it was smooth sail-
ing for me. The rest of the time—
well, you've got to expect bad weath-
er out on the Atlantic. I ran into
a severe thunderstorm and then ice
conditions when flying high, so I had
to come down pretty quick. The
flight took somewhat longer than
I had expected.

"But I'll tell you one of my real
difficulties was my altimeter going
out of business three hours after I
had started. I was up 12,000 feet
when for some reason it stopped
working and all the rest of the time
I had no idea how high or low I was
flying. My barograph will have to
tell me that later.

Had to Fly Low.

"It gave me a queer feeling, not
being able to know when I was get-
ting too near the water, which I did
at times in the rain and fog. I had
to fly low to prevent ice forming,
but I certainly didn't want to go
in the Atlantic.

"The gasoline gauge in the cockpit
broke and I was getting gas all down
the back of my neck. Then the ex-
haust manifold burned out. Four
hours after leaving Newfoundland I
saw flames at the exhaust, which
worried me. It was a matter of four
hours to get back, so I thought I
might just as well keep going.

"I did not see a ship until a tanker
off the Irish coast, which I circled
around so they might wireless me on
my way. I knew the land I hit was
Ireland, all right. Paris was out of
the question then.

"My gas had been leaking and the
weather had made me take longer,
so I decided I would have to come
down. I hadn't the faintest notion
where the nearest Irish airport was,
but I flew north a while until I
picked up some railway tracks.

"I thought they probably led to
some big place with an airport, so I
followed them to Londonderry. I
flew around looking for a place to
land but the pasture was the best I
could find. And here I am with
about \$10 in American money in my
pocket. However, the hospitable
Irish people have told me not to
worry.

"My flight is over now as I am not
quite sure whether the machine can
be fixed for me to fly on to Croydon
and Le Bourget, much as I would
like to. I will probably have mechan-
ics dismantle her and ship her back
home. I am really not at all tired
now. If the plane had been all right
and the weather better I would have
flown on to Croydon tonight, but the
Croydon officials sent a message ad-
vising me against it.

"But I am going to London by air
tomorrow, anyway, in a Paramount
films plane which they offered for
my disposal. The rest of my plans
are uncertain, depending on my hus-
band."

No welcoming crowd awaited her
when her red and gold monoplane
circled the field and floated down to
earth. No one saw her land at 1:46
P. M., British daylight time. She
hopped from the plane and ran 500

yards to the house of James Gallacher, a farmer who lives almost on the Free State-Ulster boundary line, and astounded him with her story.

Her face was smeared with oil and she was too tired to eat after her gruelling 2,000-mile flight. She had had nothing but a quart of chicken soup all the way over but she wanted only two cups of steaming hot tea, which Mr. Gallacher made for her.

Then, still wearing her flying kit and with only \$10 with her, she hailed a passing car to take her to Londonderry. Instead of resting or eating a meal, she hurried to telephone her husband, George Palmer Putnam, in New York. She was smiling happily over what she had done, although disappointed that she was unable to get to Paris as she hoped.

"Tell my friends in New York I am very glad to have come across successfully," she said, "but I am sorry I didn't make France."

Crowd Almost Mobs Her.

Mrs. Putnam was almost mobbed when she returned to Londonderry for a few hours tonight to telephone her husband and answer a stream of telephone calls from the United States and England. She had been out to Mr. Gallacher's farm inspecting her plane, which is in good condition, and supervising minor repairs. The position of the plane showed she had made a perfect landing at the bottom of a sloping field and had taxied uphill to level.

By the time she reached town word of her exploit had spread and crowds besieged the Northern Counties Hotel, where she intended to make her telephone calls. The townspeople waited almost two hours until she had finished telephoning. Then they cheered her with real Irish enthusiasm.

Mayor McCorkell of Londonderry was among her welcomers.

"You have done an amazing thing," he said, gripping her hand warmly.

An agent of a Dublin company offered her enough free gasoline to continue her flight to London, but she said it was unnecessary.

"I have realized my ambition," she told him. "I have crossed the Atlantic by myself."

Dozens of hospitable townspeople offered her rooms for the night, but she decided to stay at Mr. Gallacher's house to be near her machine. She was not worried by having only \$10 with her. "You needn't trouble about that," Mr. Gallacher told her. "We will see you through."

Interviewers besieged her in Londonderry and at Mr. Gallagher's farmhouse and she answered questions willingly and good-naturedly.

"I hardly know where I am yet," she said. "I have had plenty of evidence of the warm-heartedness of the Irish people already during the little time I have been on Irish soil. Yes, it's a charming spot I chose to land on and the people I have met are just as charming. I have been overwhelmed with kindness."

But she soon began yawning and admitted she was tired.

"Now for a bath and some sleep," she said smiling and went to her room.

Tonight her plane is lying in Mr. Gallacher's pasture, virtually undamaged by its landing in the rough soil.

Praises Her Husband.

CULMORE, Northern Ireland, May 21 (AP).—Amelia Earhart Putnam described her husband, George Palmer Putnam, New York publisher, as a "good sport" today for having let her fly the Atlantic alone.

"I did this just for fun," she said, as she was surrounded by an admiring crowd after having landed near here.

"I have always wanted to do the flight myself and my husband is a good sport. He does not interfere with my flying and I don't interfere with his affairs.

"When he was satisfied that I was confident I could make the trip he consented, and here I am!"

Mrs. Putnam refused cocktails or coffee, saying she preferred cocoa or water.

Mrs. Putnam revealed that she almost met disaster when she landed.

Her plane came to rest within a few yards of James Gallacher's cottage, and she, very tired and half blinded by the continuous strain on her eyes, did not see the house until the ship stopped.

"It would have been exasperating to crash into the cottage after safely landing," she said, "but my luck held out."

As her plane started its sudden swoop earthward the racket of its motor startled a plowman and his horses in a field near by. The horses bolted and the plowman had a hard time getting them back at their business.

Late tonight Mrs. Putnam sent her apologies to the man, but they were not needed. He had learned that the plane which came on him like a bolt from the blue had crossed the Atlantic and was piloted by a woman—so everything was all right.

AMELIA EARHART



New York Times Studio.

The First Woman to Fly the Atlantic Ocean.

Congratulating Amelia Earhart etc

21 May 1932

1872

**President Felicitates
Mrs. Putnam by Cable**

WASHINGTON, May 21 (UP).
—President Hoover today sent this cablegram to Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam at Londonderry, northern Ireland:

"I voice the pride of the nation in congratulating you most heartily upon achieving the splendid pioneer solo flight by a woman across the Atlantic Ocean. You have demonstrated not only your own dauntless courage, but also the capacity of women to match the skill of men in carrying through the most difficult feats of high adventure.

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Congratulating Amelia Earhart etc

21 May 1932

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My Herald Tribune

**President Felicitates
Mrs. Putnam by Cable**

MAY 22 1932

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—President Hoover today sent this cablegram to Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam at Londonderry, northern Ireland:

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"HERBERT HOOVER."

Mrs. Putnam Tells of Fighting Mechanical Trouble and Storm

Leaking Gasoline Tank and Flaming Exhaust Worried Her, but Motor Functioned Perfectly, Although Gale Curtailed Speed

By Cable to the Herald Tribune **MAY 22 1932**

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LONDONDERRY, Northern Ireland, May 21.—The perils which beset her flight from Newfoundland to Ireland were described vividly by Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam to newspaper men here tonight. She said:

"Four hours after I had taken off from Harbor Grace I began to notice flames coming from the exhaust pipe of the plane.

"It would have taken me four hours to return and, on the whole, I thought I might as well go ahead. I never was really uneasy and I never felt in danger of not reaching land.

"My next trouble was the leak in the gasoline tank, and, all the time, during the night, I worried as to whether my fuel would last out the trip. But the leak wasn't so bad as really to frighten me.

"The flight really was almost uneventful—the motor ran perfectly. However, when I ran into a heavy storm near the coast of Ireland which curtailed my speed, I made up my mind to land as soon as I got a chance.

"I sighted land about the middle of Ireland—I suppose it was the Donegal coast—and, then, followed the first railway line I saw, assuming it would bring me to some large town. At Londonderry I circled about, looking for an airdrome, but couldn't find one, so I picked out a good big field.

"Until I get some money—I have only \$20 which my husband handed me before I left—and some clothes, my plans are uncertain. I haven't even got a checkbook."

At this stage Mr. Gallagher, owner of the field on which Mrs. Putnam landed, remarked: "You have no occasion to worry, so far as money is concerned. Don't trouble about it. We'll see you through."

"Thank you very much, indeed," said Mrs. Putnam.

"I want to say that I am delighted to have realized my ambition to be the first woman to cross the Atlantic in a solo flight. I am particularly glad to furnish this disproof of the contention of Lady Heath [widely known British airwoman] that Atlantic flights are not for women, and that a dozen would fail before one succeeded. I see no reason why a woman, properly qualified, should not fly the ocean as well as a man, given a suitable plane and favorable weather conditions."