

Hotchkiss, of the Special Reserve of the Royal Flying Corps, who was accompanied by Lieut. C. Bettington. Mr. Hotchkiss had been instructor at the Bristol School at Brooklands, at which Mr. Bettington had just qualified as a pilot. The two officers set out from Salisbury Plain soon after 7 a.m. and, as the last entry in the

log showed, they were over Oxford at 8.13 and encountered a rain storm. At Wolvercote the machine swerved and this was followed by a load report, one of the officers was thrown out and the machine dropped. Both men were instantly killed, their aeroplane being utterly wrecked.



THE DREAM.

I WAS dining on Monday night with my friend S. F. Edge, whom I had not seen for some time and whose interest in aeroplanes does not even begin to resemble his concern in motor cars, which in the early days he turned to such good account to the furtherance of the British motor industry. He had not even read *FLIGHT* for several weeks, and when, in the early part of August, I suggested that he might like to go down to Amesbury and turn out at 4 o'clock some fine morning to see the flying, he decided that his arrangements for the brief holiday he was then about to take would lead him in an altogether different direction. So, you may judge that he can scarcely have anything of the real personal interest in flying men and machines that falls to the lot of those who, so to speak, march with the army. And yet, he proceeded to tell me a flying story that is quite unique.

"That was a terrible accident, which took place on Friday morning," said he, when I had finished telling him about my own doings of late, "and I had a singular experience myself at the same time that is rather interesting. As a rule, I am waked by an alarm clock, which keeps good time and invariably goes off at 7. Often, however, I wake of my own accord a little before that time and, having looked at the clock, generally lie still in bed again until it strikes, because frequently I find that I can think very quickly and very clearly during those few minutes.

"On Friday morning I waked up of my own accord and, finding by the clock that it was ten minutes to seven, immediately lay back in bed again intending to follow my usual plan. The next thing I knew, however, was being reawakened by the alarm from the midst of a dream of exceptionally vivid reality. I dreamed that I was standing with a friend in the hollow of a field watching an approaching aeroplane, which I saw from beneath in foreshortened perspective. Two things in particular impressed me, as it were subconsciously, about that machine; one being its extraordinary colour, it was in fact reddish brown, like the sail of a fishing smack, and quite different altogether from the usual white tone that I have always associated with aeroplane wings. It was a monoplane that I saw, and the other peculiarity that impressed me at the time was its unusually squat appearance, which I did not think due only to the foreshortened view that I had of it, but rather to some disproportion between the wings and the tail so that the wings were either small in proportion to the tail, or the tail large in proportion to the wings. I am not sufficiently accustomed to aeroplanes for my impression to have definitely translated itself into one or other of the alternatives, I merely tell you two facts that particularly impressed me as differentiating the machine that I saw in my dream from any that I have ordinarily observed in actual flight.

"And, it is evident that these facts were very pronounced to my perception, because even as I first saw the machine an accident was taking place. 'Look!' I said to my friend, 'it has lost headway,' and while I spoke, the wing on the pilot's left hand flapped upwards and the fabric of it seemed to me to bulge as if it were loose and had been caught by the wind. At the same time, the tail of the machine dropped, as if the machine were about to slide backwards, and so indeed I think it did begin to fall. I did not see it actually come to earth, but I felt, as it were, that it was falling behind a hill that seemed to rise in my immediate foreground. With the commencement of this last scene I awoke to hear the alarm going off by my side and a clock in a neighbouring church striking seven.

"So impressed was I with my dream, which was quite unlike a dream, so extraordinarily realistic had it been, particularly for example with respect to the colour of the machine, that I could not help looking through the morning paper to see if there was any account of an aeroplane accident. There was none, but later in the day I saw the placards announcing Capt. Hamilton's death and from the news in the later editions I learned that disaster had overtaken a monoplane at or about 7 o'clock that morning, because it was stated that Capt. Hamilton's watch had stopped at 7.3 a.m. So much have I learned, but no more, for I cannot find anywhere any account of the machine itself or any reference to its having been unusual either in design or colour and these unusual features I am afraid, must show, as I thought at first, that my experience was nothing but an ordinary dream after all."

"Well," said I, when he had finished his story, "that is a most remarkably interesting thing, and it may interest you to know that the machine in question was indeed a brownish red in colour and it had besides this further peculiarity in design, namely, the possession of a very large tail which, in conjunction with a rather short overall length as compared with the span, does certainly tend to give it rather a squat appearance in plan, although sideways the graceful lines of the body immediately belie this effect. The machine in question was the French Deperdussin of the recent Military Trials, and in common with other machines of this make is covered with a special finishing varnish that is made for the Deperdussin firm, who apply it over one of the standard varnishes that they use in the first instance."

"Thus, the Dep. monoplanes are probably the only machines in the world that have this curious colour that was so pronounced in the dream, which at first made you think the machine fantastical, but which is, in fact, the best evidence you could have offered in its identification."—A. E. B.



DANGER IN WING SURFACES.

A SOURCE of danger that gives us furiously to think is the possible ripping of wing surfaces in mid-air, as an accidental consequence of some other member of the machine having broken. Modern aeroplane wings, as at present constructed, rely wholly on remaining air-tight for their security. Virtually, the fabric is nothing but a bag tightly stretched over the wing framework. At intervals it is tacked down to ribs and spars, but its ability to support the loading and to transmit the stress on to the main booms through the agency of the ribs, depends on its bag-like form remaining intact. Being devoid of any principle of sectional structure, a torn under-surface has every opportunity to spread the damage, and if the wind gets into the plane through a gash, it is more than likely to tear the top fabric from its fastenings, and so to demolish the entire surfacing of the wing.

One report that was brought to us of the recent accident near Oxford, stated that the fabric was entirely torn off one of the wings, while the previous accident seems to have been primarily caused by the breakage of a part that might conceivably have torn the lower wing surface, although there is no reason for the moment to suppose that it did so. The point at issue is really less affected by the evidence of actual occurrences than by the consideration of whether or no the modern system of wing construction is in keeping with the principle of a factor of safety as applied to other parts of the machine.

A PRIVATE AERODROME TO LET.

SERIOUS experimenters in search of a good flying ground sufficiently removed from the public gaze to avoid the nuisance of an excessive audience, would do well to consider the opportunity that is afforded by Messrs. Handley Page's transference of headquarters from Barking to Cricklewood and Hendon, whither they have gone in order that they may more closely enter into touch with the business side of aviation.

The flying grounds at Barking, which are thus rendered vacant, possess many advantages that are not easily obtained near London. For one thing there is excellent shed accommodation, and if negotiations were commenced immediately, we believe arrangements could probably be made for many useful things to be left in situ.

A point of considerable importance, too, is the fact that the ground adjoins Barking Reach, where there is a stretch of water measuring about a mile by a-half mile in extent. Whether or no it is under the ban of special regulations with regard to flying we are not prepared to say, but there is no doubt that it would make an ideal headquarters for any firm deciding to take up the hydro-aeroplane business and anxious to establish a depôt near London. We should certainly advise those interested to lose no time about getting into touch with Messrs. Handley Page, whose address will be found in their advertisement, because we understand that they are willing to make very generous terms for the immediate settlement of the business.