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Death" and your plane is being built at "Graves- end." If you were consistent, you'd christen the Gull "The Flying Tombstone." I hadn't been that consistent. I had watched the building of the plane and I had trained for the flight like an athlete. And now, as I lay in bed, fully awake, I could still hear the quiet voice of the man from the Air Ministry intoning, like the voice of a dispassionate court clerk: '... the weather for tonight and tomorrow... will be about the best you can expect.' I should have liked to discuss the flight once more with Tom before I took off, but he was on a special job up north. I got out of bed and bathed and put on my flying clothes and took some cold chicken packed in a cardboard box and flew over to the military field at Abingdon, where the Vega Gull waited for me un- tzpt Sttton Welcome To Tour H