

# Iceland Girls Intrigue Airmen; Hop Off for Greenland on Most Hazardous Leg of World Flight

By LOWELL THOMAS.

According to Arnold, prior to the arrival of the world fliers, no airplanes had ever been in Iceland, and the inhabitants regarded their visit as the most historic event since the original discovery of the island by the Norsemen over a thousand years ago. The Icelanders said they even intended to commemorate the episode in their folk songs just as the early voyagers of the vikings were described in the sagas of old.

"Our flight from Hornsford to Reykjavik was, of course, the first cross-country aerial journey ever made over Iceland," added Arnold. "But we followed the coast line all the way and, on account of clouds of vapor and gases that hid them from view, we missed seeing the many smoking craters for which Iceland is famous."

"However, it was far from being a monotonous trip, for we passed nearly 100 glaciers, and underneath us along the rocky shore line were scores of wrecked ships piled up by the angry sea that lash the arctic island."

**Modern, Rousing Reception.**  
"But what amazed us most of all were the well-tilled fields over which we flew. As we approached Reykjavik we could tell at a glance that we were going to be out of luck if obliged to come down in the outer harbor. No plane could survive such seas as were sweeping in from the gray Atlantic. But, fortunately, we found that our buoys had been placed in the shelter of an immense breakwater."

"Along this wall the entire population of Reykjavik, fully 25,000 people, were waiting to give us a lusty welcome. And we discovered that in addition to our two aerial cruisers there were four American warships in port with 2,500 sailors on board. In fact, we were responsible for a veritable American invasion of Iceland. Up to this time, according to the inhabitants, not even an American man-of-war had ever visited them. So crowded were the streets and docks with our sailors, and so numerous were the newspaper reporters who roamed about like lost souls, that Reykjavik seemed just like a New England port."

"Not many minutes after we had moored, in steamed the Richmond with our unlucky companions, Wade and Ogden. They immediately put off in a launch and joined us on the dock while we were being welcomed by the prime minister of Iceland. Poor old Wade put his arms around Lowell and his eyes filled with tears. Although we were overjoyed to have them us again, lumps came into our eyes, because we, too, took the sinking of the Boston to heart nearly as much as they did."

**Thoroughly Modern City.**  
"Next day, while waiting for wireless reports from Le Clare Schultze regarding the ice along the coast of Greenland, wandered around Reykjavik. We had expected to find a village made up of Eskimo igloos, a community inhabited by fur-clad, seal-skinning, blubber-eating natives. So imagine our astonishment when we found that we were in a thoroughly modern city, a metropolis peopled entirely by folk of Danish descent, a city of well paved streets attractively illuminated by clusters of electric lights. Instead of igloos of ice and walrus hide, we found up-to-date cafes, well-appointed hotels, banks, clubs, attractive shops, modistes who displayed hats and frocks from the Rue Royal and the Rue de la Paix, and even manicure parlors. So under the circumstances, we thought that the most appropriate way for us to celebrate our arrival in Iceland would be to have a manly one. Lo and behold the manufacturer even chatted with us in English! On our way back to the hotel we had to watch our step to keep from being run down by taxis. Just imagine what a sad ending to our world flight if we had been bowled over by taxis in Iceland!"

"The people, because of their Danish origin, have blue eyes, just like Erik. The girls of Iceland were simply stunning. Instead of fur parkas and mukluks we found them garbed in the latest Parisian styles. They may even have had their stockings rolled. Who knows?"

**Frigid Climate a Myth.**  
"As to the frigid climate, well, it wasn't frigid at all. In fact, it was balmy. You may not believe it, but away up there on the edge of the arctic circle in Reykjavik there is less snow and ice in winter than there is in St. Louis or Denver. In the future, when our friends ask us to suggest some salubrious climate where they may escape the rigors of a Chicago or a Cleveland winter, we are going to suggest as a substitute for Miami or the Isle of Pines that they try the golf courses of Iceland."

"Iceland belongs to Denmark, and the prime minister receives his appointment from Copenhagen. One of the first functions we attended was a formal luncheon which gave for Admiral Madsen, the captain of our four American warships, and the six of us. 'Hank' and I were somewhat conspicuous at this gathering because we were the only ones who couldn't go in uniform. We had to appear in our breeches and knaki shirts, which were a blot on the scenery in the midst of all those naval officers in their resplendent full dress. At first we felt about as comfortable as a couple of longshoremen at a Junior League ball. Anyhow, we had a good time and voted Iceland a great success."

**Advance Boat Icebound.**  
"Our long stay of 13 days in Iceland was most irksome in one respect. We were anxious to get on. But we kept receiving adverse reports from Greenland. First we heard that the Gertrude Rask, the Danish boat on which Lieutenant Schultze was trying to get our supplies to Greenland, was stuck in the ice about 40 miles from Angmagssalik. So Admiral Madsen and Smith held a conference and decided to send the cruiser Raleigh on a reconnoitering cruise to

see whether or not there might be some other place on the coast of little known Greenland that might do. Wade, who of course knew all our requirements, went along, and there were also two mail planes on the Raleigh. Next we received a wireless from Schultze saying that the Gertrude Rask was still floating helplessly in the Arctic ice pack, that it was now 80 miles from Angmagssalik, and fast running out of coal. "All this time we were going over every inch of our planes, making sure that they were in shape for the two long jumps ahead of us—two jumps where if anything went wrong it would be certain to mean disaster. We cut down our weight to the bare essentials, even leaving out many of our tools, and abandoning all clothing but such things as sweaters, one khaki shirt apiece, heavy breeches, rubber boots, and fur-flying suits."

"Our next message from Schultze said the Gertrude Rask had finally broken through the ice and reached its destination. This was a great relief not only to us but to the American newspaper men who had turned pessimistic and were making bets with us that we could never get through and that the flight would have to be abandoned. I believe there was only one lone newspaper man, a correspondent for a Washington paper, who sided with us and still thought we would make it."

**Italian Flyer on Job.**  
"On August 11 the advance agent for the Italian flyer arrived. The only thing delaying us now was that Schultze had wirelessed it would be impossible for us to light on the water in the harbor at Angmagssalik owing to the fact that there were too many floating cakes of ice. August 16 came and still these young icebergs were too thick. Moreover, the Raleigh was encountering 50-mile gales enroute. In disgust we now gave up hope of going by way of Angmagssalik and laid plans for a far longer flight, not to the eastern coast of Greenland, which was nearest us, but away around to Fredericksdale, 830 miles away, on the west coast. Seven hundred and fifty miles of this flight would have to be made right across the open ocean, and much of it over icebergs."

"Shortly after noon, Sig Locatelli, Italian war ace and adventurous member of the chamber of deputies in Rome, arrived in Hornsford from the Faroe Islands in his super-flying boat. The next day, while the American warships were getting into position between Iceland and Fredericks-

dale, Locatelli reached Reykjavik. We were much impressed by his keen looking, twin-motor monoplane with its steel hull. It was just about as efficient looking as any aerial thing we had ever seen, and Locatelli seemed to be a splendid, dashing fellow.

"The following morning we were up before dawn, out on the planes waiting for favorable wireless reports. At 10 fairly good news came, and at 10:15 we taxied to the outer harbor and attempted to take off. There was not a breath of wind, but the swell was so great and the planes were so heavily loaded with fuel, heavier than ever before on the entire flight, that we were unable to make it. The propeller on the New Orleans was struck by a roller and broken off. A wave hit the Chicago and tore off the front spreader bar. Both planes had a great many wires loosened while diving and sailing through the waves. So we were reluctantly obliged to return to our moorings. On this one day the har-

bor was clear of ice for three hours, then it filled again, and from then on it would have been impossible to land there.

**Damages All Repaired.**  
"At dinner that evening Lieutenant Crumrine, the advance officer for us as far as Iceland, and noted both for his quietness and seeming desire to remain in the background, astonished us, as well as the Icelanders, by appearing in the big cafe in a flaming red shirt. Of course, he was the center of all eyes, and he apparently liked being the spotlight for a change, so vowed he would wear that red shirt as long as we remained in Iceland."

"On the night of the 19th of August we entertained the Italian crew and Smith invited them to fly along with us in order to have the protection of the American cruisers and destroyers. Locatelli accepted with alacrity. "It was not until 2:30 a. m. on the morning of August 21, that we finally finished repairing our planes with the spare parts which the Richmond had just brought back to us. As we were returning to the hotel favorable reports came in, and without having had any sleep whatever we climbed into our planes and started for Greenland on the longest and most hazardous leg of our entire flight."

"Read the next installment of the thrilling story of the round-the-world flight in *The Omaha Bee* tomorrow."

**New Pastor at Beatrice.**  
Beatrice, Neb., Jan. 24.—Rev. Arthur A. Logan of Oakland, Ind., has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church here. He will arrive in the city next week.

**Blue Springs Man Dies.**  
Beatrice, Neb., Jan. 24.—Floyd Halladay, formerly a resident of Blue Springs, died at his home at Eabon, Kan., according to word received here.

**Slayer Is Denied Freedom on Writ.**  
Lincoln, Jan. 24.—Application for a writ of habeas corpus for Edward Schuerman, confessed slayer of George Rheinmiller, near DeWitt, last fall, was denied in district court here today by Judge Mason Wheeler on the ground that it was "premature."

Previously Dr. J. M. Mayhew testified that Schuerman was "now sane and ready to return to his family." Mrs. Schuerman, whose alleged affection for Rheinmiller led to the killing, did not sit with her husband

during the trial, but remained a few seats back of Schuerman and his son, Alvin. Schuerman showed no emotion when the decision was announced. Schuerman confessed to killing Rheinmiller in October last, driving in an automobile to where Rheinmiller was standing. Without a word, according to witnesses, Schuerman shot Rheinmiller, killing him instantly.

**FORMER OHIOANS ARE REORGANIZED.**  
The Ohio society, at a meeting in the city council chamber, reorganized and the following were named as the board of governors: Judge W. W. Slabaugh, Mrs. John W. Gamble, Miss Verna Newberry, Fred W. Rudisell, S. H. Brown, Thomas Sheehan, Jr., D. C. Dodds, Ross L. Shotwell and R. M. Gould. It is estimated that 5,000 Omahans

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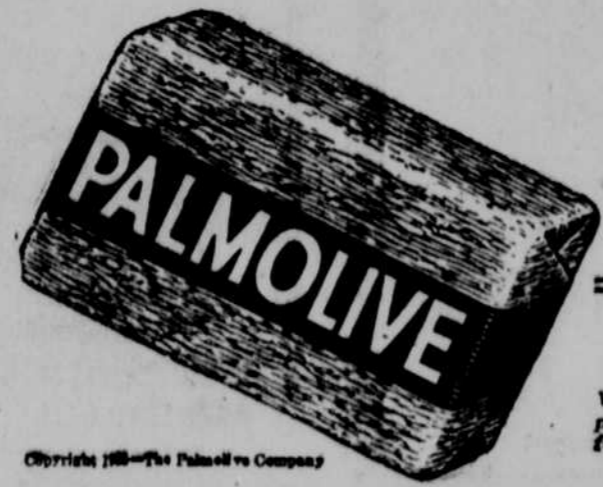
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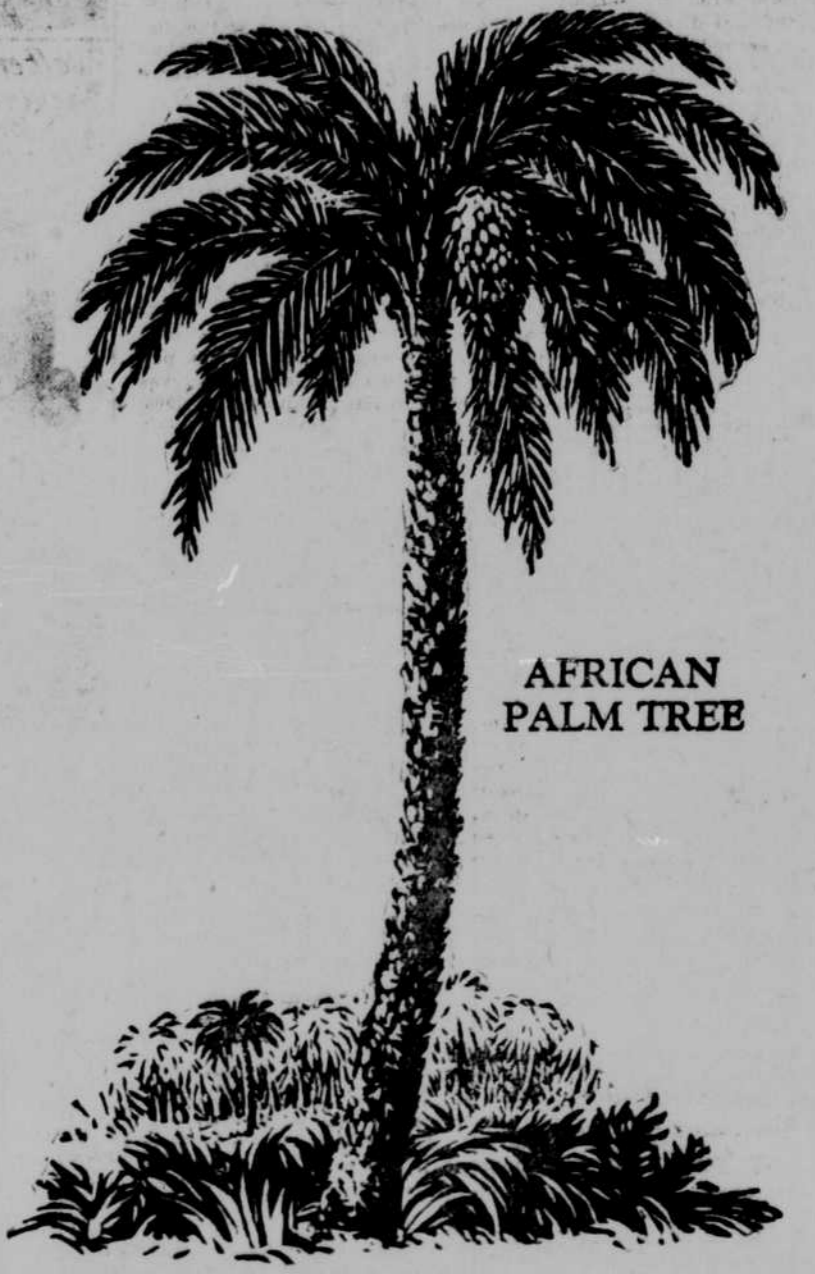
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