

Flagship Plane of World Flight Crashes Into Sea

Commander Martin Has Close
Call in First Major Mis-
hap of Historic Air
Voyage.

Told by LOWELL THOMAS.

Wade and Ogden had trouble in getting the Boston off the water at Seattle and had to make this entire flight from Puget sound to Prince Rupert alone. They came through all the fog, rain and snow an hour and a half after the others and when they were on their way over Johnstone Strait, flying just off the water, they too, narrowly avoided running into several ships. Twice they saw masts sticking up right in front of them and "kicked rudder" just in time to swerve and miss them by a few feet.

At another point Wade and Ogden narrowly escaped getting hopelessly lost. They were above an island in a fog so dense that they could make out nothing either ahead or to the left or to the right. All they could see was the blackness of the forest below. So Wade kept flying around and around the island until at last the fog thinned out just enough to enable him to get back on his course.

"Biggest Thrill," Arnold Writes.
"Just before we passed over Johnstone Strait into Queen Charlotte Sound," Arnold writes in his diary, "the ceiling lifted four or five hundred feet and although we had run into a rainstorm we could see the Indian settlement at Alert Bay, on the east coast of Vancouver Island."

"Plunging on through drenching rain, we rounded Cape Caution and

got the biggest thrill of the trip. Above us was a dense fog. We were now flying with a ceiling of less than 200 feet. It was raining to beat the band and a stiff gale was blowing in from the open sea. Straight across the ocean great swells were rolling toward the coast. Fully 40 or 50 feet high, those cold gray waves looked to me as I leaned over the edge of the cockpit. Hurling themselves against the rocky cliffs of Cape Caution, those great rollers broke up into spume and splintered that shot hundreds of feet into the air.

Through Rain, Sleet and Hail.
"Rounding Caution Island, we swung to the right and again sought the shelter of the 'inside passage.' But from then on there wasn't a clear stretch of water all the way in to Prince Rupert. Sometimes we were flying through a driving rain, and sometimes through flying snow, sometimes through sheets of sleet and twice we had to fly through squalls of hail. The hail pelted the fuselage and wings with a rat-tat-tat like the rattle of machine guns."

"After groping our way over Bella Bella, Milbank sound, Aristazabal Island, Estevan and Neapean sounds, Petrel and Ogden channels, and Malacca passage, at 4:55 in the afternoon we reached Prince Rupert in a driving snowstorm. We came down into a sheltered refuge from the winds, a place entirely surrounded by high wooded hills called Seal Cove. Close Call for Martin.

"Blinded by a snow storm and with his engine giving trouble, Major Martin and Sergeant Harvey nearly ended their flight right then and there. The Seattle slide slipped and fell 30 feet. Imagine four tons of airplane crashing that distance into the water! The shock broke the outer struts on the left hand side and snapped the vertical wires and it was indeed remarkable that no more damage than that was done."

With an exclamation of disgust, Harvey took the rabbit's foot which had been presented to him in Sacramento and hurled it into the sea. He said instead of it turning out to be a good luck charm he was sure it was a jinx. But had he known what trouble lay just ahead, no doubt he and Major Martin, and in fact all of us, would have prayed before every tottem pole in Alaska, and would have called in the local Indian medicine men to exert their influence with the thunder birds and other spirits of the far north."

Welcomed by Canadians.
"We had arrived on the worst day in 10 years," said the representative of the Canadian government who were standing in the snow awaiting us when we came ashore from our planes at Seal Cove. However, we sincerely appreciated their not describing it as the worst day in 40 years! Perhaps their British conservation accounts for this surprising restraint," says Lieutenant Arnold in his diary in telling of the long jump from Seattle to Prince Rupert.

This flight of 650 miles through 125 miles of fog and 275 miles of rain, sleet, snow and hail, against strong head winds and stiff cross gales, had taken us eight hours and 10 minutes. And here for the first time we saw what splendid preliminary arrangements had been made for us by the chief of air service.

"As soon as we had gotten ashore the Canadians regaled us with hot tea and other beverages for which Canada is famous, and our first toast was to Captain Bissell, whose advance arrangements were perfect. Not only with regard to facilities for mooring the planes, but regarding everything else that might come up in Prince Rupert.

Repair Martin's Cruiser.
"Our chief problem now was to get the Seattle repaired after its crash. All that night Major Martin rolled and tossed in his bed. And no wonder. Had the ship not been so wonderfully constructed by Donald Douglas, it never would have withstood that 30-foot plunge into the water without more than a few struts and vertical brace wires snapping."

"However, after a thorough investigation our confidence in our planes increased 50 per cent. We discovered to our joy that the major's ship had not been hopelessly stranded and could be repaired. There are big shipyards in Prince Rupert so with the aid of a 50-ton crane we hoisted the four-ton Seattle up onto a dry dock."

"Lucky for us, British Columbia is the land where the finest spruce in the world is grown. But we were luckiest of all in finding a man whose making of airplane struts. He worked all that day, all night and part of the next day, carving out new struts for the Seattle, and meanwhile we got out some extra wires that we had brought along, cut them to the right lengths and fixed the Seattle up good as new. Then we oiled the wires on the other planes and looked the ships over with great care before releasing them to the perils of the next lap that was to take us on into Alaska."

"The people of Prince Rupert gave us an official banquet, and although this is a new city, in a remote corner of Canada, those who attended were dressed as though in a Fifth Avenue or a Pall Mall club. We were left Seattle we had shipped all our dress uniforms off to Japan. We had nothing with us except the heavy woolen shirts and trousers, sweaters, chambray flying jackets, furled coats, and Arctic park shoes that we wore, so we felt as inconspicuous as a crew of lumberjacks at a tea dance at the Waldorf. A splash of color was added to the function by the presence of a number of officers of the famous Royal Northwest Mounted police in their fancy scarlet tunics.

Forget Etiquette of Toasts.
"Here we had a tragic reminder of how our educations had been sadly neglected as a result of the advent of the 18th amendment in America. When our hosts rose to drink a toast to our success we innocently made the mistake of standing with them and drinking to ourselves! During the banquet we were presented with small Union Jacks as souvenirs, and although we had never contemplated carrying the flags of any other countries along with us, we were treated with such charming hospitality in Prince Rupert that some of us kept these Union Jacks in our planes as a tribute to the country whose subjects had welcomed us so warmly."

"The city of Prince Rupert is surrounded by snow-capped mountains, and all the time we were there it was bitter cold and the air was either filled with snow or sleet. The winds that swept down off the mountains almost shriveled us."

"Prince Rupert, and in fact all of the towns along this north Pacific coast, are famous for their misty, rainy climate. The rainfall here is a close second to the rainfall in some parts of Russia and India, where it seldom stops pouring."

"An enthusiastic member of the local boosters' club told us a yarn about Prince Rupert's climate. He said that many years ago a Methodist preacher arrived and in his opening sermon harkened his congregation back to the days of Noah, the first great navigator. He told them it had rained for 40 days and 40 nights, at the end of which the whole world was inundated with water."

Fisherman's Comeback.
"At that point a tall lantern-jawed fisherman stood up in the back of the church and interrupted the preacher: 'Say, you can't put anything like that over on us. Why, up here in Prince Rupert it has rained for 40 years and 40 nights and it hasn't even affected the tide!'"

"We are all inclined to agree with the fisherman, for it has rained and snowed all the 7th, 8th and 9th, while we have been working on Major Martin's plane. We have been wet through most of the time, and I can tell you we have had one heck of a time holding our tools in our hands. Everything has been so slushy and slippery that we have been constantly dropping wrenches and hammers overboard. Leigh took off the front cowl (mental hood covering the nose of the plane) and put it down for a moment on the wing while he turned to pick a piece of rope. When he reached for the cowl again it had slipped into the sea."

"Now the cowl of an airplane is one thing that you never expect to lose. We had spare parts for almost every emergency, but no new airplane noses. The tide by that time had a 24-foot rise and fall, and at high tide it was up to 60 feet."

Ship Carries Maleshift "Nose."
"Although we fished for that blamed cowl for hours, we couldn't locate it. So Leigh got the coppersmith from the shipyard to hammer a makeshift one out of copper. From then on for months the Boston flew with a copper-colored proboscis. Instead of an aluminum one like the Seattle, Chicago and New Orleans."

"Because of the unending snow, rain and piercing winds at Prince Rupert we were mighty glad to get off for Sitka. But in leaving we felt that we had gained much valuable experience in buffeting storms and in taking care of our planes."

Takes Turns in Landing.
Leigh Wade, in telling the story of the flight on April 10, up the

side Passage" to the old Russian capital of Alaska, described how Major Martin had decided that they were all to take turns in landing. Lowell Smith in the Chicago was to lead on the next hop, then Wade was to go ahead on the long jump past the glacial fields to Resurrection Bay, then Erik on the flight past the rumbling crater of Mount Katmai and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes to the remote Alaskan peninsula, then the major, again and so on.

"From Seal Cove," says Wade, "we followed Smith past the Indian town of Metlakatla, made famous by Father Duncan, a missionary who devoted his entire life to educating and protecting the Indians. Without Father Duncan's help they would have been killed off by disease and the whites and the white man's liquor long ago."

"There are few white men in the far north who have been more loved than this old priest, who was virtually an uncrowned king among the aborigines of these islands, where since the days of the gold rush to the Klondike in '88 there has been a saying that there is never a law of God or of man runs north of 53."

"Shortly after crossing into Alaskan waters, just off Cape Fox, we suddenly rounded the northern shore of Annette Island and passed the first important town in Seward's ice chest," as Uncle Sam's empire of the north was sarcastically called by my 37 years ago when Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000. But when we reached Sitka, Alaskans told us that enough fish had been packed in ice at Ketchikan alone to pay Uncle Sam for Alaska many times over. Ketchikan is the place where they 'eat what they can, and can what they can't.'"

Crowd Greets Them
"Word from Prince Rupert had been that from Ketchikan that we were on our way, and as we came along under the clouds, flying low over the narrow channel between Gravina and Bevilacqua islands, we came within a hundred yards of the

canery piers that run out into the waters of Clarence Strait from this little Alaskan city that clings to the side of a mountain."

"The wharves, all built on piling, were black with people, Americans, Indians, and Chinese salmon packers from the canneries, all waving frantically to us. We were only 50 feet or so from the water, in fact so close to the town that Hank and Snelling Jack could throw kisses for the belles of Ketchikan to catch. We could even see the grins on the hideous faces carved on the totem poles."

"Although the thunder of our motors made it impossible for us to hear a sound, we could tell from the steam spurting up from them that every cannery and steamer whistle in Ketchikan was screeching a welcome."

Over Rock Rush Trail.
"A moment later and the wooden streets, canneries, totem poles, fishing fleet, and Indian village of Ketchikan were a mere memory, a sort of phantom city somewhere behind us in the mist. Once more we were speeding along entirely alone above the tortuous channel of the inside passage."

"So long as our engines kept running we were perfectly safe, but we knew that in mirylike waters below us were submerged rocks on which many a ship had ripped open her hull in '88. That was in the days before these waters had been well charted and when every old hulk on the Pacific coast was mustered into service to transport the goldmad hordes who came from the far corners of the earth to ship from San Francisco and Seattle to Skagway and then to 'mush' over the ice of Chilkoot pass and float down on rafts through the boiling waters of Miles canon and White Horse rapids to the goldfields of the Klondike."

Another Narrow Escape.
This flight from Prince Rupert to Sitka, a distance of approximately 200 miles, took us from 9:20 a. m. until 1:10. Next to the thrill of suddenly coming upon the Alaskan city

one of the most picturesque situated towns that we saw on our flight around the globe. A fringe of small islands covered with evergreen trees lies across the mouth of the harbor and on the other three sides it is surrounded by precipitous snow-capped peaks."

"We were entranced by the sight. But on the following day we were to see it under different circumstances that were to make us wish Baranof!

"It was while we were turning that Hank and I nearly floundered on the rocks. We happened to get into the 'wash' from the Chicago. If you have ever been in a plane when it has dropped into the 'wash' of another plane, in your wildest imagination you will never be able to conjure up a picture of what it is like your spine. The propeller wash from another machine in like a horizontal cyclone. It shakes and flips your ship about in a series of crazy maneuvers. We were only 25 feet off the ground at the time so we couldn't dive down out of it without smashing up on the rocky coast of Kulu Island. We managed to get out of it by swinging to one side. But it was a close thing."

"For 30 miles we flew without seeing land, and as that was the longest we had been over the open sea since the start of the world flight we got a bit of a kick out of it."

"At 1:10 Prince Rupert time, or 12:30 Sitka time, with the air perfectly clear and calm, we flew over the harbor of Sitka, with its charming old world Russian church, the city that was made the first capital of Alaska in 1804 by Alexander Baranof, head of the Russian-American company."

"It was a gorgeous sight. Sitka is

side Passage" to the old Russian capital of Alaska, described how Major Martin had decided that they were all to take turns in landing. Lowell Smith in the Chicago was to lead on the next hop, then Wade was to go ahead on the long jump past the glacial fields to Resurrection Bay, then Erik on the flight past the rumbling crater of Mount Katmai and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes to the remote Alaskan peninsula, then the major, again and so on.

"From Seal Cove," says Wade, "we followed Smith past the Indian town of Metlakatla, made famous by Father Duncan, a missionary who devoted his entire life to educating and protecting the Indians. Without Father Duncan's help they would have been killed off by disease and the whites and the white man's liquor long ago."

"There are few white men in the far north who have been more loved than this old priest, who was virtually an uncrowned king among the aborigines of these islands, where since the days of the gold rush to the Klondike in '88 there has been a saying that there is never a law of God or of man runs north of 53."

"Shortly after crossing into Alaskan waters, just off Cape Fox, we suddenly rounded the northern shore of Annette Island and passed the first important town in Seward's ice chest," as Uncle Sam's empire of the north was sarcastically called by my 37 years ago when Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000. But when we reached Sitka, Alaskans told us that enough fish had been packed in ice at Ketchikan alone to pay Uncle Sam for Alaska many times over. Ketchikan is the place where they 'eat what they can, and can what they can't.'"

Crowd Greets Them
"Word from Prince Rupert had been that from Ketchikan that we were on our way, and as we came along under the clouds, flying low over the narrow channel between Gravina and Bevilacqua islands, we came within a hundred yards of the

canery piers that run out into the waters of Clarence Strait from this little Alaskan city that clings to the side of a mountain."

"The wharves, all built on piling, were black with people, Americans, Indians, and Chinese salmon packers from the canneries, all waving frantically to us. We were only 50 feet or so from the water, in fact so close to the town that Hank and Snelling Jack could throw kisses for the belles of Ketchikan to catch. We could even see the grins on the hideous faces carved on the totem poles."

"Although the thunder of our motors made it impossible for us to hear a sound, we could tell from the steam spurting up from them that every cannery and steamer whistle in Ketchikan was screeching a welcome."

Over Rock Rush Trail.
"A moment later and the wooden streets, canneries, totem poles, fishing fleet, and Indian village of Ketchikan were a mere memory, a sort of phantom city somewhere behind us in the mist. Once more we were speeding along entirely alone above the tortuous channel of the inside passage."

"So long as our engines kept running we were perfectly safe, but we knew that in mirylike waters below us were submerged rocks on which many a ship had ripped open her hull in '88. That was in the days before these waters had been well charted and when every old hulk on the Pacific coast was mustered into service to transport the goldmad hordes who came from the far corners of the earth to ship from San Francisco and Seattle to Skagway and then to 'mush' over the ice of Chilkoot pass and float down on rafts through the boiling waters of Miles canon and White Horse rapids to the goldfields of the Klondike."

Another Narrow Escape.
This flight from Prince Rupert to Sitka, a distance of approximately 200 miles, took us from 9:20 a. m. until 1:10. Next to the thrill of suddenly coming upon the Alaskan city

one of the most picturesque situated towns that we saw on our flight around the globe. A fringe of small islands covered with evergreen trees lies across the mouth of the harbor and on the other three sides it is surrounded by precipitous snow-capped peaks."

"We were entranced by the sight. But on the following day we were to see it under different circumstances that were to make us wish Baranof!

"It was while we were turning that Hank and I nearly floundered on the rocks. We happened to get into the 'wash' from the Chicago. If you have ever been in a plane when it has dropped into the 'wash' of another plane, in your wildest imagination you will never be able to conjure up a picture of what it is like your spine. The propeller wash from another machine in like a horizontal cyclone. It shakes and flips your ship about in a series of crazy maneuvers. We were only 25 feet off the ground at the time so we couldn't dive down out of it without smashing up on the rocky coast of Kulu Island. We managed to get out of it by swinging to one side. But it was a close thing."

"For 30 miles we flew without seeing land, and as that was the longest we had been over the open sea since the start of the world flight we got a bit of a kick out of it."

"At 1:10 Prince Rupert time, or 12:30 Sitka time, with the air perfectly clear and calm, we flew over the harbor of Sitka, with its charming old world Russian church, the city that was made the first capital of Alaska in 1804 by Alexander Baranof, head of the Russian-American company."

"It was a gorgeous sight. Sitka is

side Passage" to the old Russian capital of Alaska, described how Major Martin had decided that they were all to take turns in landing. Lowell Smith in the Chicago was to lead on the next hop, then Wade was to go ahead on the long jump past the glacial fields to Resurrection Bay, then Erik on the flight past the rumbling crater of Mount Katmai and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes to the remote Alaskan peninsula, then the major, again and so on.

"From Seal Cove," says Wade, "we followed Smith past the Indian town of Metlakatla, made famous by Father Duncan, a missionary who devoted his entire life to educating and protecting the Indians. Without Father Duncan's help they would have been killed off by disease and the whites and the white man's liquor long ago."

"There are few white men in the far north who have been more loved than this old priest, who was virtually an uncrowned king among the aborigines of these islands, where since the days of the gold rush to the Klondike in '88 there has been a saying that there is never a law of God or of man runs north of 53."

"Shortly after crossing into Alaskan waters, just off Cape Fox, we suddenly rounded the northern shore of Annette Island and passed the first important town in Seward's ice chest," as Uncle Sam's empire of the north was sarcastically called by my 37 years ago when Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000. But when we reached Sitka, Alaskans told us that enough fish had been packed in ice at Ketchikan alone to pay Uncle Sam for Alaska many times over. Ketchikan is the place where they 'eat what they can, and can what they can't.'"

Crowd Greets Them
"Word from Prince Rupert had been that from Ketchikan that we were on our way, and as we came along under the clouds, flying low over the narrow channel between Gravina and Bevilacqua islands, we came within a hundred yards of the

canery piers that run out into the waters of Clarence Strait from this little Alaskan city that clings to the side of a mountain."

"The wharves, all built on piling, were black with people, Americans, Indians, and Chinese salmon packers from the canneries, all waving frantically to us. We were only 50 feet or so from the water, in fact so close to the town that Hank and Snelling Jack could throw kisses for the belles of Ketchikan to catch. We could even see the grins on the hideous faces carved on the totem poles."

"Although the thunder of our motors made it impossible for us to hear a sound, we could tell from the steam spurting up from them that every cannery and steamer whistle in Ketchikan was screeching a welcome."

Over Rock Rush Trail.
"A moment later and the wooden streets, canneries, totem poles, fishing fleet, and Indian village of Ketchikan were a mere memory, a sort of phantom city somewhere behind us in the mist. Once more we were speeding along entirely alone above the tortuous channel of the inside passage."

"So long as our engines kept running we were perfectly safe, but we knew that in mirylike waters below us were submerged rocks on which many a ship had ripped open her hull in '88. That was in the days before these waters had been well charted and when every old hulk on the Pacific coast was mustered into service to transport the goldmad hordes who came from the far corners of the earth to ship from San Francisco and Seattle to Skagway and then to 'mush' over the ice of Chilkoot pass and float down on rafts through the boiling waters of Miles canon and White Horse rapids to the goldfields of the Klondike."

Another Narrow Escape.
This flight from Prince Rupert to Sitka, a distance of approximately 200 miles, took us from 9:20 a. m. until 1:10. Next to the thrill of suddenly coming upon the Alaskan city

one of the most picturesque situated towns that we saw on our flight around the globe. A fringe of small islands covered with evergreen trees lies across the mouth of the harbor and on the other three sides it is surrounded by precipitous snow-capped peaks."

"We were entranced by the sight. But on the following day we were to see it under different circumstances that were to make us wish Baranof!

"It was while we were turning that Hank and I nearly floundered on the rocks. We happened to get into the 'wash' from the Chicago. If you have ever been in a plane when it has dropped into the 'wash' of another plane, in your wildest imagination you will never be able to conjure up a picture of what it is like your spine. The propeller wash from another machine in like a horizontal cyclone. It shakes and flips your ship about in a series of crazy maneuvers. We were only 25 feet off the ground at the time so we couldn't dive down out of it without smashing up on the rocky coast of Kulu Island. We managed to get out of it by swinging to one side. But it was a close thing."

"For 30 miles we flew without seeing land, and as that was the longest we had been over the open sea since the start of the world flight we got a bit of a kick out of it."

"At 1:10 Prince Rupert time, or 12:30 Sitka time, with the air perfectly clear and calm, we flew over the harbor of Sitka, with its charming old world Russian church, the city that was made the first capital of Alaska in 1804 by Alexander Baranof, head of the Russian-American company."

"It was a gorgeous sight. Sitka is

side Passage" to the old Russian capital of Alaska, described how Major Martin had decided that they were all to take turns in landing. Lowell Smith in the Chicago was to lead on the next hop, then Wade was to go ahead on the long jump past the glacial fields to Resurrection Bay, then Erik on the flight past the rumbling crater of Mount Katmai and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes to the remote Alaskan peninsula, then the major, again and so on.

"From Seal Cove," says Wade, "we followed Smith past the Indian town of Metlakatla, made famous by Father Duncan, a missionary who devoted his entire life to educating and protecting the Indians. Without Father Duncan's help they would have been killed off by disease and the whites and the white man's liquor long ago."

"There are few white men in the far north who have been more loved than this old priest, who was virtually an uncrowned king among the aborigines of these islands, where since the days of the gold rush to the Klondike in '88 there has been a saying that there is never a law of God or of man runs north of 53."

"Shortly after crossing into Alaskan waters, just off Cape Fox, we suddenly rounded the northern shore of Annette Island and passed the first important town in Seward's ice chest," as Uncle Sam's empire of the north was sarcastically called by my 37 years ago when Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000. But when we reached Sitka, Alaskans told us that enough fish had been packed in ice at Ketchikan alone to pay Uncle Sam for Alaska many times over. Ketchikan is the place where they 'eat what they can, and can what they can't.'"

Crowd Greets Them
"Word from Prince Rupert had been that from Ketchikan that we were on our way, and as we came along under the clouds, flying low over the narrow channel between Gravina and Bevilacqua islands, we came within a hundred yards of the

canery piers that run out into the waters of Clarence Strait from this little Alaskan city that clings to the side of a mountain."

"The wharves, all built on piling, were black with people, Americans, Indians, and Chinese salmon packers from the canneries, all waving frantically to us. We were only 50 feet or so from the water, in fact so close to the town that Hank and Snelling Jack could throw kisses for the belles of Ketchikan to catch. We could even see the grins on the hideous faces carved on the totem poles."

"Although the thunder of our motors made it impossible for us to hear a sound, we could tell from the steam spurting up from them that every cannery and steamer whistle in Ketchikan was screeching a welcome."

Over Rock Rush Trail.
"A moment later and the wooden streets, canneries, totem poles, fishing fleet, and Indian village of Ketchikan were a mere memory, a sort of phantom city somewhere behind us in the mist. Once more we were speeding along entirely alone above the tortuous channel of the inside passage."

"So long as our engines kept running we were perfectly safe, but we knew that in mirylike waters below us were submerged rocks on which many a ship had ripped open her hull in '88. That was in the days before these waters had been well charted and when every old hulk on the Pacific coast was mustered into service to transport the goldmad hordes who came from the far corners of the earth to ship from San Francisco and Seattle to Skagway and then to 'mush' over the ice of Chilkoot pass and float down on rafts through the boiling waters of Miles canon and White Horse rapids to the goldfields of the Klondike."

Another Narrow Escape.
This flight from Prince Rupert to Sitka, a distance of approximately 200 miles, took us from 9:20 a. m. until 1:10. Next to the thrill of suddenly coming upon the Alaskan city

one of the most picturesque situated towns that we saw on our flight around the globe. A fringe of small islands covered with evergreen trees lies across the mouth of the harbor and on the other three sides it is surrounded by precipitous snow-capped peaks."

"We were entranced by the sight. But on the following day we were to see it under different circumstances that were to make us wish Baranof!

"It was while we were turning that Hank and I nearly floundered on the rocks. We happened to get into the 'wash' from the Chicago. If you have ever been in a plane when it has dropped into the 'wash' of another plane, in your wildest imagination you will never be able to conjure up a picture of what it is like your spine. The propeller wash from another machine in like a horizontal cyclone. It shakes and flips your ship about in a series of crazy maneuvers. We were only 25 feet off the ground at the time so we couldn't dive down out of it without smashing up on the rocky coast of Kulu Island. We managed to get out of it by swinging to one side. But it was a close thing."

"At 1:10 Prince Rupert time, or 12:30 Sitka time, with the air perfectly clear and calm, we flew over the harbor of Sitka, with its charming old world Russian church, the city that was made the first capital of Alaska in 1804 by Alexander Baranof, head of the Russian-American company."

"It was a gorgeous sight. Sitka is

side Passage" to the old Russian capital of Alaska, described how Major Martin had decided that they were all to take turns in landing. Lowell Smith in the Chicago was to lead on the next hop, then Wade was to go ahead on the long jump past the glacial fields to Resurrection Bay, then Erik on the flight past the rumbling crater of Mount Katmai and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes to the remote Alaskan peninsula, then the major, again and so on.

"From Seal Cove," says Wade, "we followed Smith past the Indian town of Metlakatla, made famous by Father Duncan, a missionary who devoted his entire life to educating and protecting the Indians. Without Father Duncan's help they would have been killed off by disease and the whites and the white man's liquor long ago."

"There are few white men in the far north who have been more loved than this old priest, who was virtually an uncrowned king among the aborigines of these islands, where since the days of the gold rush to the Klondike in '88 there has been a saying that there is never a law of God or of man runs north of 53."

"Shortly after crossing into Alaskan waters, just off Cape Fox, we suddenly rounded the northern shore of Annette Island and passed the first important town in Seward's ice chest," as Uncle Sam's empire of the north was sarcastically called by my 37 years ago when Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000. But when we reached Sitka, Alaskans told us that enough fish had been packed in ice at Ketchikan alone to pay Uncle Sam for Alaska many times over. Ketchikan is the place where they 'eat what they can, and can what they can't.'"

Crowd Greets Them
"Word from Prince Rupert had been that from Ketchikan that we were on our way, and as we came along under the clouds, flying low over the narrow channel between Gravina and Bevilacqua islands, we came within a hundred yards of the

canery piers that run out into the waters of Clarence Strait from this little Alaskan city that clings to the side of a mountain."

"The wharves, all built on piling, were black with people, Americans, Indians, and Chinese salmon packers from the canneries, all waving frantically to us. We were only 50 feet or so from the water, in fact so close to the town that Hank and Snelling Jack could throw kisses for the belles of Ketchikan to catch. We could even see the grins on the hideous faces carved on the totem poles."

"Although the thunder of our motors made it impossible for us to hear a sound, we could tell from the steam spurting up from them that every cannery and steamer whistle in Ketchikan was screeching a welcome."

Over Rock Rush Trail.
"A moment later and the wooden streets, canneries, totem poles, fishing fleet, and Indian village of Ketchikan were a mere memory, a sort of phantom city somewhere behind us in the mist. Once more we were speeding along entirely alone above the tortuous channel of the inside passage."

"So long as our engines kept running we were perfectly safe, but we knew that in mirylike waters below us were submerged rocks on which many a ship had ripped open her hull in '88. That was in the days before these waters had been well charted and when every old hulk on the Pacific coast was mustered into service to transport the goldmad hordes who came from the far corners of the earth to ship from San Francisco and Seattle to Skagway and then to 'mush' over the ice of Chilkoot pass and float down on rafts through the boiling waters of Miles canon and White Horse rapids to the goldfields of the Klondike."

Another Narrow Escape.
This flight from Prince Rupert to Sitka, a distance of approximately 200 miles, took us from 9:20 a. m. until 1:10. Next to the thrill of suddenly coming upon the Alaskan city

one of the most picturesque situated towns that we saw on our flight around the globe. A fringe of small islands covered with evergreen trees lies across the mouth of the harbor and on the other three sides it is surrounded by precipitous snow-capped peaks."

"We were entranced by the sight. But on the following day we were to see it under different circumstances that were to make us wish Baranof!

"It was while we were turning that Hank and I nearly floundered on the rocks. We happened to get into the 'wash' from the Chicago. If you have ever been in a plane when it has dropped into the 'wash' of another plane, in your wildest imagination you will never be able to conjure up a picture of what it is like your spine. The propeller wash from another machine in like a horizontal cyclone. It shakes and flips your ship about in a series of crazy maneuvers. We were only 25 feet off the ground at the time so we couldn't dive down out of it without smashing up on the rocky coast of Kulu Island. We managed to get out of it by swinging to one side. But it was a close thing."

"At 1:10 Prince Rupert time, or 12:30 Sitka time, with the air perfectly clear and calm, we flew over the harbor of Sitka, with its charming old world Russian church, the city that was made the first capital of Alaska in 1804 by Alexander Baranof, head of the Russian-American company."