

**Yank Fliers Land Off Japan Shore Decked in Icicles**

**Observers Given Thrill of Their Lives as Pacific Is Crossed by Air First Time.**

Told by **LOWELL THOMAS.**  
(Copyright, 1924.)

"When the Ford came in with a fresh supply of fuel and provisions to relieve the Pope," the Associated Press representative says, "I transferred to it again. Meanwhile not a word from the fliers. Now and then we happened to pick up a stray sentence or two out of the air saying something about Major Martin being lost. The melancholy part of it all, from our point of view, was that the 120-mile gale had passed on, leaving in its wake the most gorgeous, clear weather imaginable. It was ideal for flying, and we were hoping that we would come through before another gale blew up. Poor Captain Frost spent sleepless nights worrying about all this marvelous weather going to waste.

Suddenly a message came in from Lowell Smith:

"Will you go to Kronotski and reconnoiter for possible landing places?" That was all it said.

"Out came the charts, and we located the Gulf of Kronotski, way up on the coast of Kamchatka."

"Will not enter Russian waters under any circumstances except to rescue a plane," was Captain Frost's reply, adding that the weather was superb and hinting we were all fed up waiting for them.

**Pick Up Mystery Message.**

Sixteen hours later back came an ironical radio from Smith setting forth how fully he realized the hardship Captain Frost and his men were experiencing, expressing the sympathy of himself and companions, and adding that they would certainly make a special point of getting through as soon as possible, as they had no intention of remaining permanently in the Aleutians.

Thursday passed, but no further word came through. Friday morning we picked up a mysterious message out of the air that was passing between the Elder and the Haida. Up to this time we had often been able to hear the Haida, but never before had we caught the response from the Elder. This meant that it must be quite near us and that the boys were getting ready to hop off from Attu.

All day Friday and then Friday night passed still not a word. Saturday morning, the 17th, it was bitter cold and snowing and sleeting again. You can imagine how disgruntled everybody on board was after waiting away up there in the Kuriles for a month, after having had a period of perfect weather without the fliers attempting to get through, and then to see storms setting in again.

**Thrill of His Life.**

"Well, they won't come today," we said, and at 11:20 I was up in the radio room sending a message to my Tokio office urging them to try their best to keep the flight story alive in the American newspapers, as the aviators were at Attu and might make the flight over the Pacific by Monday.

Just as I had finished flashing this to Tokio I heard some one shout: "There they come!"

"Jumping to the door and looking out, I saw three sailors standing opposite the starboard rail looking to the south. And there, sure enough, coming from the south instead of from the north, were three planes.

"They had just appeared out from behind a cloud.

"Believe me, that sight was the thrill of my life. I have been in the newspaper game for 20 years and as a result of this some of my friends think me hard-boiled. But after waiting up there on the edge of the Arctic for weeks and weeks just for this event, and then to see these world cruisers appear unexpectedly from behind a cloud and realize you were witnessing the arrival of the first men to reach Asia from America by air—yes, I'll admit that it sent me thrills up and down my spine.

"And, judging by the way they whooped and yelled, it seemed to thrill the Japanese as well.

**Uproar Vies With Volcano.**

There they were, safe and sound, flying in a perfect V-formation. Pandemonium broke loose in the Kurile islands that morning. No uproar to equal it had been heard since the last volcano erupted in this vicinity.

"Col. L. C. Broome, advance representative for the British round the world flight, had been through shortly before on a Canadian trawler, and had placed a supply dump and a buoy a short distance off across Kurile Strait, near the shore of Shimushu Island.

Smith sighted Broome's buoy, and, owing to the direction of the wind at that moment, he knew it was a much more desirable landing place than where our three buoys were in Kashiwabara bay. So he landed there, thinking that Nelson and Wade would follow and that the destroyers would then transfer the moorings. But, despite the high sea, an adverse wind and sheets of sleet, the Boston and New Orleans came down near us.

**World Is Told.**

"As soon as I saw the planes I jumped into the radio room. I had to be quick in order to avoid breaking our agreement with the commanding officer of the Japanese destroyer. He had asked us to promise that from the moment the fliers touched the water until 30 minutes had passed we would send out no radio messages. He figured this would enable him to announce to the world the news of the completion of the first Pacific flight. But before the boys were out of the air I shouted to the radio operator to kill that last message of mine and take this:

"Urgent. Kokushu, Tokio, and Associated Press, San Francisco.

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Fliers arrived Kashiwabara Bay, 17th at 11:35.

"As a matter of fact, they touched the water at exactly 11:37.

"Then, of course, the radio operator on the Ford had to shut down for 30 minutes while the Japanese destroyers were notified of their arrival in Tokyo. But before they gave the news to the other press organizations in Tokyo, my radio had reached San Francisco and been flashed all over America.

**Rides Deck Aviators.**

"A few minutes later the boys came on board, half frozen, wet to the skin, and with icicles hanging from them.

"It was not yet noon, and I knew that it was practically 900 miles from where we were to Attu, in the Aleutians, so I said to Jack Harding: "You don't mean to stand there with icicles dripping from your beard and try to bamboozle me into thinking you have flown 900 miles in five and a half hours, do you?"

"O, no," rejoined Jack. "We stopped over night at the Komandorski and started this morning from Nikolai bay."

"Realizing this might result in diplomatic complications between Moscow and Washington, I told the boys I was willing to radio any sort of reasonable story that suited them, and it was finally agreed I should reveal to the world how they had been blown off their course to Nikolai. But on a second thought we saw that any one reading such an account would wonder just how it happened that, when the fliers got blown off their course, they were so fortunate as to have their forced landing near a remote Russian island right alongside an American boat, loaded with special gravity gasoline made only for use in airplanes!"

**Leave Russians in Lurch.**

Regarding the interesting tale of how the world fliers visited the Russian islands where they had not been supposed to land, they relate:

"Erik Nelson and Jack Harding told me the morning they came on board the Ford at Kashiwabara bay that Smith and Wade had gotten into the air a little ahead of them at Nikolai. Erik had some trouble getting his motor started by weeks.

"Suddenly he saw the Russians approaching him in a boat. He was afraid they might be coming over with orders from Moscow to arrest the members of the flight and he was uneasy, because his motor balked. But, just when the Russians were 25 feet from him the motor kicked over and started off with a roar. So he taxied right by them and left their little boat tossing about in the waves left by his pontoons."

When the airman had changed clothes and thawed out on board the Ford, the first thing they did was to reply by wireless to the cordial greetings sent across the bay by the commander of the two Japanese destroyers. The weather was too rough for any personal visits that day.

**Congratulations by Weeks.**

That afternoon a radio came through from Washington that was much appreciated by the fliers after their long journey from the Aleutian islands to Japan:

"Kashiwabara, Paramushiro, Kurile islands, Japan: Congratulations. Yours is the honor of being the first to cross the Pacific by air. Through its army and navy our country has the honor of having led in the crossing of both great oceans. The army has every faith in your ability to add the circumnavigation of the globe to its achievements."

**JOHN W. WEEKS,**  
"Secretary of War."

Then, as the boys sat around the ward room on the Ford they told Captain Frost and his associates of their flight across the Pacific, their eventful night in the Komandorski, and their spectacular flight over the peninsula of Kamchatka.

Regarding this latter, of which we have not yet heard, they described how they had crossed the gulf of Kronotski and Cape Shipunski and then suddenly encountered a curious layer of fog that obliterated the earth, but only extended up to an altitude of 500 feet. Above the fog the weather was perfectly clear. So all the way down Kamchatka they flew above it, and saw nothing except a range of volcanoes rearing their ice capped summits above the billowy cloud continent over which they flew.

**Volcanoes as Sign Posts.**

These lofty volcanoes appeared on their maps with such unpronounceable names as Koryatskaya, Vilyuchinskaya, and Povorotnaya. Otherwise it would have been difficult for them to realize they were not still flying along the coast of Alaska.

Although they could see neither the ocean nor the terrain beneath, these volcanoes loomed up like arctic sign posts to tell them where they were. As they flew close to one towering peak there was nothing to break the perfectly smooth surface of the snow excepting a lone track down the mountain which, they imagined, must have been made by one of the giant bears for which Kamchatka is famous.

A 100 miles south of Cape Shipunski the fog suddenly stopped, though sliced off with a knife.

**Goodby to Arctic Circle.**

But in front of them, at an altitude of 2,000 feet, was another bank of it, and from there on to the Japanese island, Shimushu, their flying ceiling grew lower and lower until finally they were just skimming the water with their pontoons. The fog cleared again as they turned and flew toward Kashiwabara bay on Paramushiro.

From now on they were to fly farther and farther away from the Arctic circle and nearer and nearer to the equator, toward many a tropic isle "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

Rudolph Valentino will film "Cobra," the great New York dramatic success, as his first independent Ritz production, instead of "The Scarlet Power," as previously announced.

**A Wife's Confessional**  
**Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE**

(Copyright, 1924.)

**Why Alfred Asked, "Can't You Take a Joke?"**

Junior's grotesque comment on the tiny new daughter of the Durkee household stunned us all for a second. Then little Mrs. Durkee stiffened offensively. Marlon choked back a laugh by clapping her hand over her mouth. Katie giggled outright and Alfred roared, while I worriedly began a remonstrating.

"Junior, dear, that was a very naughty thing to say—"

"But I was not permitted to finish my reproach.

"What's the big idea, Mrs. Madron, teaching the kid to lie?" Alfred demanded. "He has the courage of his convictions, which is more than I had when I first gazed on my daughter. I was so afraid of Leila and the matter here that I echoed all their besotted perjuries concerning the beauty of this infant. Not that she won't be a ravine beauty later," he interpolated with as "daffy daddy" an air as anyone could possess. "But just now Junior is absolutely correct in his verdict."

"Give Her Here."

This particular bit of horseplay is one with which my small son is perfectly familiar, for Dicky indulges in it when he wishes to burlesque an appeal for forgiveness. So with a

ated censure of Junior under the guise of excusing him, as if I were the most inconsistent feminine person on earth.

That Mrs. Durkee was angry enough at him to box his ears soundly, if she dared, I knew from the tone in which she referred to him as "the child." I always have observed that when one woman refers to another woman's child with the apparently innocuous statement that "the child is not to blame," it is time for disinterested neighbors to climb the fence and go home.

Alfred came to the rescue promptly, in more senses than one, for from behind his mother's back he sent me a comprehending and sympathetic wink, even as he orally abused himself in the fashion of offending masculinity where new babies are in question.

"Now, mother, mine, can't you take a joke?" he protested with every evidence of sincerity. "You know I never can resist the chance to tease you, and really what Junior said was too good an opportunity to let slip. But you know that I really think there never was a baby as pretty and sweet as this one, so won't you forgive Junior and me? Come, Junior, let's knock our heads on the floor three times."

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happy giggle, Junior scrambled to a position beside Alfred, and they both slumped to their knees, and from that vantage point, knocked their heads three times against the floor, murmuring:

"Mercy, most gracious lady!"

One of little Mrs. Durkee's chief charms is her inability to cherish ill temper for more than 60 consecutive seconds, and the laugh which greeted the ridiculous exhibition was entirely free from rancor.

"I'm glad to see that you have an idea of your proper place," she addressed her son scathingly, but her eyes were twinkling merrily. Then she bent to Junior with a smiling tenderness that I guessed held a bit of remorse.

"Would you like to hold this baby girl, Junior?" she asked.

I held my breath for an uncertain instant. Suppose my small son per- versely refused! But instead he looked at Mrs. Durkee with calm inquiry: "Is she a girl?" he asked.

"She certainly is," Alfred assured him.

"Then give her here." He seated himself in lordly fashion and held out his arms with assurance. "Katie said I'd soon be big enough to have a girl, so I might as well take this one."

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