

## **Flying grandma : or Going like sixty / by Maude Squire Rufus.**

Rufus, Maude Squire

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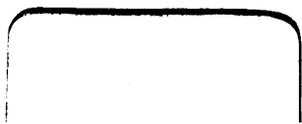
FLYING GRANDMA  
OR  
GOING LIKE SIXTY



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# FLYING GRANDMA



**Reverend Gilbert Chism Squire, ninety-one years of age, makes his first flight with his daughter, Maude Squire Rufus, the "Flying Grandma."**

FLYING GRANDMA

OR

GOING LIKE SIXTY

BY

Maude (Squire) Rufus

UNIVERSITY LITHOPRINTERS  
YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

1942

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Maude Squire Rufus**



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1942*

**TO**  
**MY HUSBAND**  
**WILL CARL RUFUS, PH.D.**  
**Professor of Astronomy**  
**at the**  
**University of Michigan**  
**WHO**  
**CHEERFULLY PAYS THE BILLS**

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## INTRODUCTION

I am not the only Flying Grandma in the United States, but I accept the title because its bestowal was due to my grandson, Carl, Jr. In 1939 when he was five years old I was practicing cross-country flying. One day Carl was visiting his uncle, Dr. H. C. Rufus and Aunt Hilda at Plymouth, Michigan. Coming out of a store on Main Street during a shopping trip with his aunt, his quick ears and sharp eyes spotted a plane which he immediately recognized. Heedless of passersby on the sidewalk he jumped up and down, pointing upward and shouting, "There goes grandma! There goes grandma!" As the spectators increased, so his glee and enthusiasm, "There goes grandma!"

Quite naturally relatives and friends began calling me "Flying Grandma." Our sons, their wives, and their friends of the younger set, evidently enjoyed the use of the epithet. One of them turned the tables on the "old folks" by saying, "I don't know how we are going to keep up with this older generation." Somehow I didn't object to the name, Flying Grandma, although it left me disillusioned regarding my stage in life and was a gentle reminder of the hopeless lack of dignity becoming peaceful old age.

I am glad the title became sufficiently popular to replace another used by an overzealous local reporter,—"The Amelia Earhart of Ann Arbor." For some reason that title had an ominous sound and gave me an uncanny feeling. Also, of course, it was very much undeserved; but not so my new designation, "Flying Grandma."

Friends and acquaintances, old and new, on my flying trips from Miami, Florida, to Bellingham, Washington, have frequently asked me how I came to take up aviation. So here is the story. Our youngest son, Herman, proud father of Carl, Jr. and two younger boys, "Billie" and "Tommie," was the first member of the Rufus family to learn to fly. Then he conceived the brilliant idea, if Mother should become interested in flying, Dad would buy a plane. (It worked.) On a fine summer day Herman gave me a ride at the Ann Arbor airport and evidently I behaved well, - it wasn't my first experience. When we landed he took advantage of my mood and together we walked to the office. I wanted to know, "What are we going in here for?" He calmly replied, "For you to sign up to learn to fly." "But," I hesitated, "What will Dad say?" "It's all set," he said, and that's the way it happened.

That is all very interesting my questioners admit, but "Wasn't it a big undertaking for you with all your other activities and responsibilities and...." Of course they were too polite to add what was in their minds, "at your age." So I may as well face it first as last. I am not getting any younger according to the calendar and the hands of the clock cannot be turned back.

During our sojourn of ten years in the Orient, from 1907 to 1917, my birthday was celebrated in Japan and Korea. I was born on November third, the birthday of Emperor Meiji, during the thirteenth year of the Era of Enlightenment, so you see that makes me quite venerable. In China the sexagesimal period forms a complete cycle, fundamental in their age-long system of reckoning the flight of time. At the end of that period a new round begins and the names of the years are repeated. My birth year, 1880, was Keng Ch'en, a very propitious dragon year, which of course recurred in 1940, when I succeeded in securing my license as a private

pilot. I am just beginning a second cycle, which promises to be as thrilling as the first.

During the past period we have enjoyed a variety of experiences including extensive travel. We have been around the world three times and would like to go three more. We have crossed the Pacific seven times and would like seven more. We have visited fifty foreign countries and lived ten years in one; now we would like to live ten years in each of the other forty-nine.

As a prelude to my flying experiences an account of my life for over half a century will be included. Perhaps that will enable my readers, if any, to glimpse the reason, after exploring land and sea, why I thrilled with the hope of conquering the air. With that achievement and stick in hand, to borrow a slang expression, I am now Going like Sixty.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, U. S. A.

## CHAPTER I

### MY START IN LIFE

My brother, William Howard Squire, of Waterville, Ohio, the genealogist of the family, has traced our ancestry back on this side of the Atlantic to early American colonial days. They probably descended from the mediaeval Squyre family which resided at Ayrshire, Scotland, as early as the middle of the fifteenth century: before Columbus discovered America. During the next century members of this family migrated to England, where the spelling Squier was adopted, and representatives were soon found widely scattered in Romsley, Westfield, Surrey, Northfield, Worcester, Norton and Peterboro. Samuel Squier (born c 1590), a partisan of Cromwell, fled to America and his son George (b 1618 in England), who came with him, was the founder of one branch of the family in this country. The founder of our branch was Phillip Squire (note change of spelling) who is assumed to be related to the Squiers. He was born about 1655 at Concord, Massachusetts, and later moved to Boston, then to Newbury, Connecticut.

Longevity is frequently found among our ancestors, which may account for my father's present activity of mind and body at 91 years of age. Large families also characterize the Squires. There was another Phillip (1689?-1747) with nine children, surpassed by Daniel (1756 - 1828) himself a twin, who fought under Washington in the American Revolution, the father of eleven. My father, Gilbert Chism Squire, was the youngest of eight children. His father, Edward (1804 - 1880), moved from New York state to Canada, and finally took up a homestead near Glencoe, Ontario.

Another characteristic frequently possessed by our ancestors was pioneer religious enthusiasm. Phillip, the founder of our branch, organized a Baptist church at Newbury, Connecticut, in 1676. The first Methodist church building in Canada was erected in 1791, near Adolphustown, Ontario, on the farm of Paul Huff, who married a Squire. The old "singing school" was closely related to pioneer religious life and several Squires including "Uncle Joe" were singing teachers, while many others contributed to the volume of song in the community and in the church.

In 1880, my father, a Methodist preacher, was stationed at Brantford, Ontario, with his wife, Sarah Ann (Ferris), and little daughter, Gilberta. On November third of that year a new arrival came to the parsonage and was named Maude. Many of you will recall that the name Maude S. later became quite notorious, as it was used in turn to designate the famous trotting horse, a popular country windmill and the typical stubborn mule.

I also inherited the stigma attached to ministers' children who were assumed to be predestined to offset the good effects of sermons and Sunday schools. I often wondered whether anyone born in a parsonage could turn out to amount to anything. Now, I am glad that I have lived long enough to know the high percentage of successful men and women coming from the homes of ministers, a larger number than from any other profession.

When I was less than a year old my father and mother with my older sister went into the great Canadian northwest, "hundreds of miles beyond law." Papa was sent to preach to the immigrants, who were locating there at the rate of a thousand a day. A tent was used as there were no churches. There were pagan Indians on reservations in that part of Canada not entirely reconciled to remain within the limits the Government had plotted for them. These two classes of people needed the civilizing forces of a church

life, which my parents helped to establish during that period of missionary work.

From Papa's unpublished life story I include his vivid description of their return to Brantford. "The train seems slow to mother who left the little babe Maude of twelve months for Christ's sake and His mission work in the West. A separation for six months, more than two thousand miles between them. Now in sight of home. What a greeting! What a change the six months has made. She doesn't know you, Mamma. She's so attached to sister Sarah. My, she looks so strong and healthy. At seven years of age she knelt at the altar and there gave her heart to Jesus, and at twenty years (it was somewhat later.) she was sent by our Mission Board to Korea."

In 1882 Papa transferred to the Detroit Conference in Michigan and several years were spent at St. Ignace, Newbury, Negaunee and Iron Mountain. According to Papa's account, Negaunee was true to its Indian name, which means "Hell." I am sure he dramatized its significance, because not far away was Ishpeming, which means "Heaven." Papa conducted revivals at several places, which were characterized by this description of one as a "whiskey-soaked, lawless town."

As a little girl I was busy with school and church work. Mother sang in the choir and I saw a great deal of the people associated with her. I conceived the idea of making dolls' hats like the new ones worn by choir members. Soon I had a small trunk full of them. I was very proud of my work when first one merchant and then another would ask for the hats to display in their show windows.

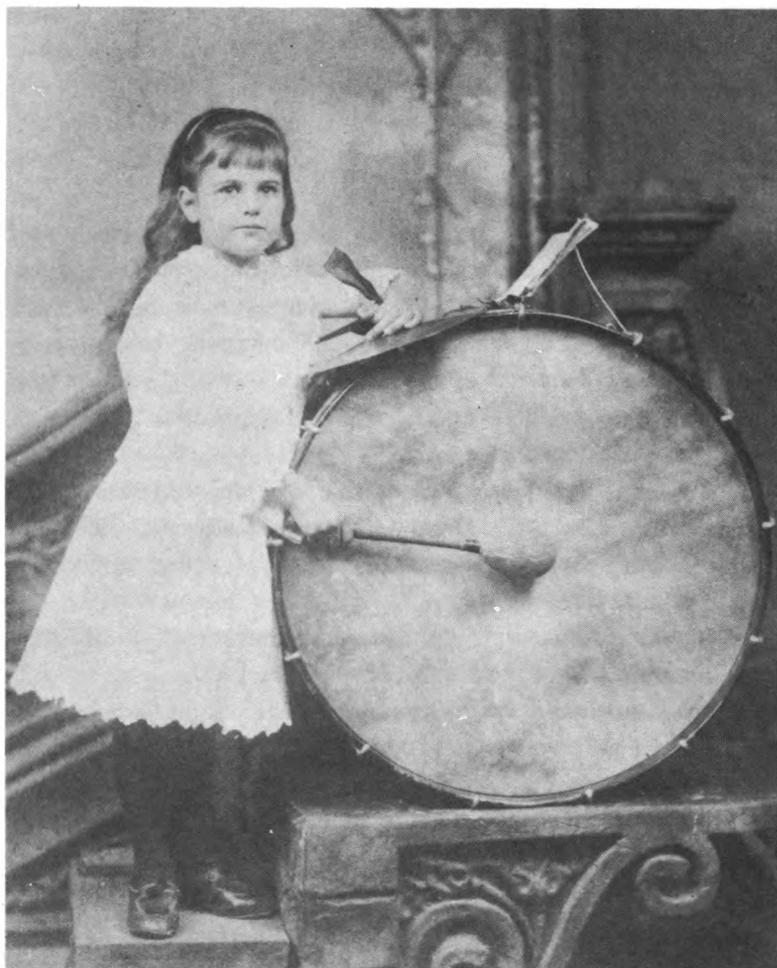
Mother was very musical and had a sweet voice. Years after her death old people have told me they would never forget her singing. On each of Papa's appointments a band was organized. Most of the players were chosen from

the choir. As soon as I was old enough I was set to work learning to play various instruments. First came the drum and cymbals. Then the alto horn was added to my stock on hand. Finally the combination of all was made possible by a foot attachment for the drum and cymbals. Soon the versatile Squires had a band of their own.

Papa was transferred to the southern peninsula and stationed at North Branch, later at Wayne, Laingsburg, Mayville, Oxford, Owosso and St. Charles. What good times we children had in our early years with our music, playing at revivals, giving concerts, attending picnics, etc. When we were stationed at North Branch, Michigan, the family band visited near-by Kingston church. A youngster in the audience from a pioneer farm saw the miracle girl, an entire band by herself, little thinking that years later their ways would be linked for life.

Mother's health was not as good as we wished, so we turned from noisy brasses to strings and I was assigned the bass viol. Several years in Chautauquas, playing one instrument after another as circumstances demanded, was not conducive to good work on my part, but in after life this broad experience turned out very beneficially.

It was during this formative period that I developed a desire to be a missionary. I had no hope of ever being one, but the longing was hidden away in a corner of my heart where no one knew about it but myself. I was so sincere that a missionary society for girls of my age, about eleven years, was organized. We worked along social lines, hunting up poor families and old people. We helped with the Saturday cleaning or by taking care of children for a sick mother. All was done for the love of being helpful. Now we are so highly organized there is not much work of that type for children to do.



**Maude S. at Seven with Drum and Cymbals**

In Papa's work there was always a place to develop a side of my nature which I loved, the dramatic. Fifty years ago the theater was looked upon with scorn by church people. Not so, now. Many good lessons are portrayed on the screen and stage today, if the play is well chosen, leaving a good impression on both children and adults. It was this practice work as a child that led me to take Oratory and Elocution, as we called it, in the Albion Summer School at Lake Orion, where my sister and I were playing in the Chautauqua orchestra. Of course, I was swimming and riding a water bicycle between times. People said I would get drowned riding that contraption. It had pontoons and my well-wishers thought that if they punctured, the bicycle would go down; but that did not bother me as I swam like a fish. Come to think of it, those pontoons were just about like the ones on some of our planes today. There must be some oriental about me, for whenever a Westerner mentions a mechanical device to a Korean, he responds with something like it, or even superior, found in an old legend or story his grandparents have related.

Fifty miles was the fatherest at one time I ever rode on a land bicycle. That was a long hard pull. At one of our appointments according to hearsay the ladies were very much concerned regarding the introduction of the bicycle and its use by the boys and girls. They could go so fast and so far that no one would be able to predict what would become of them. How about the automobiles that followed and the airplanes of today?

One year Papa and I traveled for the Anti-Saloon League. Papa lectured the first night when subscription cards were signed. The next day I collected on those cards and gave a concert at night. Calling from house to house I encountered rather varied experiences. One day I climbed a long flight of steps to rooms above an old vacant store.

A large slovenly woman came to the door. I told her my errand. She turned on me, working herself up to a great fury, demanding to know what I wanted with her husband. She was half-drunk and turned to pick up a pistol. I never moved faster in my life! I literally bounded to the bottom of the stairs. I could hear her raving at me for half a block.

I saw her husband that evening and he said I was lucky to escape alive. His was a pitiful story. "I was a saloon keeper, when I fell in love and married a beautiful young girl. As I was starting out in life she helped me at the bar. We drank quite a little at first, then more and more until we both became drunkards. After years of this kind of life, going down farther and farther, through the aid of the church and friends I was able to straighten myself out until I regained my self-respect. But I fear my wife is too far down ever to reform. Of course, I now feel it would be wrong for me to abandon her, or to cast her off, when it was through me that she is as she is." What a life he must have led!

The next year I tried to figure out how I could earn money to go to college. It resulted in organizing three elocution classes, in Owosso, Chesaning, and St. Charles. At the end of each term a program was given by my pupils, which netted me quite a sum of money. Also the experience was just the kind of training I needed for future work. Things came my way and I set off for Albion College. I was enthusiastic about my work in Music and Speech. I shooed the boys away and got down to hard work. I was chosen to represent the college in an oratorical contest at Hillsdale. In chapel I had noticed a young man eyeing me, but was amazed when I found him beside me on the train. I do not know how he worked it, but he was appointed by the committee to escort the contestant, - and had his expenses paid. I fell down on composition, but received first

on delivery. I was pleased that I made good along the line that I was studying. I was sorry, of course, that I did not win first prize. After that train ride things developed rapidly with the senior and instructor. What fun we had!

Just as I felt everything was progressing nicely, I received a telegram saying Mother was very ill, so I took the first train home. A sad homecoming, for Mother passed away; her hour had come. With Papa and a younger brother left at home, it seemed impossible for me to return to school. My sister and her husband were on their way to South America. It seemed up to me to carry on. Mr. Rufus graduated, then came to help us over our sad times. Our future was discussed and we decided to marry. A ceremony was performed very quietly by my father at our home in Flint, Michigan. Mr. Rufus taught in the Flint High School, while I kept house for the three men folks and organized a class of working girls in speech and gymnasium work. After Papa married again I had my brother with us while he was in high school. Then he left for Albion to enter college.

The hope of being a missionary seemed to have disappeared. We were now free, however, to follow the course we felt prepared for, and entered the ministry in the Detroit Conference, which my father had served for many years. I felt a great responsibility on our first charge as Mr. Rufus had no previous experience in that work. When he backslid from teaching and entered the ministry a young lawyer who knew him intimately at college said: "It will spoil a good mathematician to make a poor preacher." We got along well, however, on our first charge and were transferred in the midst of the second year to a much larger field, so success seemed to be assured. At the end of that year we were appointed by the Board of Foreign Missions in New York to go to Korea.

## CHAPTER II

### TEN YEARS IN THE ORIENT

#### Once Around the World

I was excited! Now my missionary dream was to come true. We were told in New York not to take furniture, just clothes and nicknacks, so we sold all our new furniture, which we should have taken with us. We had to eat off a dry goods box and cook on a stove fished out of the ash pile. This lasted many months, until we could send for things from America. We took our two little boys with us, Merlin, four, and Howard, one and a half. All of us were good sailors so we enjoyed the Pacific immensely. Just outside the Golden Gate, when the ship began to rock, our four-year-old said, "It seems to go down and up." We adopted this as a dietary warning, which applied to many passengers but not to the Rufuses.

Landing in Japan our first thrill was riding in a ricksha. I felt wicked having a human being pull me, it didn't seem right. I felt like getting out and helping him pull. An amusing sight was a man who was walking in a procession, In describing him we'll start at the top: A battered plug hat, swallow-tail coat, vest, man's long woolen underwear, straw sandals, and to make it complete, he was carrying a cane. One does not see such sights now. It surely looked funny. Of course, when foreigners come to our country they see sights just as queer, - shorts on women, for instance.

Beautiful Japan with its Nikko, Red Lacquer Bridge, the Nara temples and deer, Kyoto, the beautiful old capital, Land of the Rising Sun. We crossed the Tsushima Straits

and landed at Fusan, Korea, where we were besieged by men and boys grabbing our luggage. We feared we would have no baggage left, that it would all be torn to pieces. The coolies were very anxious to serve the foreigners and to receive their tips, which were usually quite generous. We traveled to Seoul in an American-made train, on standard width track. In Japan the railroads are all narrow gauge. We spent a week in Seoul, where there was no American hotel, so the missionaries took us in. Everything appeared so strange, - men with their tall horse-hair hats and long white coats, - women with the green coats over their heads and one eye peeking out, - children, well, this story will describe their apparel. A little boy coming from America was quite nonplussed at the sights. At night, as usual, he kneeled to say his prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. Lord, bless papa and mamma and brother and sister, (pause) and dear Jesus, bless all the little Korean boys and girls and don't let them run around in their skins any more. Amen." The mountains were nude, just big piles of rock and dirt. The growth, including bushes and even the grass, was cut each year for firewood and carried on the backs of oxen and coolies to the cities.

Korea had been opened to Protestant missionary work only twenty-two years when we arrived. Catholic priests had tried to start work before that time and many had been martyred. In Kyungju is a slab of stone erected in 1871 on which are engraved these words, by the Korean regent, Tai Won Koon.

When foreign barbarians invade the land,  
Whoever does not fight against them,  
Whoever makes peace with them, or gives them  
quarter,  
Is a traitor to his country.  
I warn you and your children  
For ten thousand generations.

There was much to be done, but we felt helpless without the Korean language. Upon our arrival at Pyeng Yang on the Tai-tong river, we started to learn it, which turned out to be a real task. I don't believe there could be a more difficult language to dig out. There are honorifics to use in speaking to different classes of people, involving high, middle, and low endings to the verbs; also there are different words for the same noun; for example, father, which is different if he is present or absent; different, dead or alive, etc. A little grammar and a word dictionary, a teacher who knew no English, - away we went for hours every morning. We would both get drowsy studying the same thing over and over and had to chase each other around the room to keep our eyes open, then go back to "this is a chair," and so on. We were considered apt pupils and as soon as we thought we knew a little Korean we would use it on the natives, with questionable results. Once, on an itinerating trip after discussing finances, Mr. Rufus had to lead a meeting. He arose in church and announced: "We will now sing ninety-nine dollars." I called on a family where there was to be a wedding. At the gate they seemed glad to see me and to be friendly and polite I said in my best Korean, "I hope you are having a beautiful funeral." No smiles came and I did not know of my mistake until several years later. The natives are very polite.

The missionaries soon discovered that I could trim hats. Not for the natives, - no, I would never inflict our hats on them; but I made over, turned inside out, steamed and pressed, and produced a pretty good lot of missionary hats. The first two weeks I trimmed twenty-one hats. One had been worn eighteen years. The hat-pin hole measured nearly an inch across, but we plugged it up and when it was finished it looked pretty well. I wonder if she is still wearing it, back and forth to the dispensary. I never dreamed

that one of my first tasks on the mission field would be to trim a coffin. A rough box was made by the men, then the women pleated, padded, and shirred white Korean silk to cover it inside and out. When finished it was just as dainty for the missionary's baby as though it came from a factory, and it was much more highly appreciated.

At 4 P.M. we would take our older boy and go for a long walk for our exercise, leaving our one-and-a-half year old baby with the amah with instructions never to take him outside our compound. One afternoon after we started I was worried about the baby and turned back just to see if things were all right. House and yard were vacant, - no baby, no amah. I was frantic. I ran down a street inquiring about a white baby and its amah. The Korean children kept pointing down this street and that until I came to the right house. I didn't stop to clap my hands or cough to attract attention, but went right in. There was my baby having a good time, bare naked with the rest of the children. They thought him so pretty with his white skin. I couldn't lose my face by scolding, but soon that amah had to tend other babies, not mine.

One day when I was teaching in the church building, I left the amah and my two boys in the yard. On dismissing the class I went out, but could not see the boys. Then one of the Korean women said, "See that hat move." So I went out and lifted up the Korean lady's hat, and there were my two children under it. The amah around the corner was laughing at the joke on me. Talk about the American merry-widow hat, it had nothing on those Pyeng Yang ladies' hats.

On one of our itineraries in the northern part of the country, away from the main lines where the people had never seen a white woman, I was some curiosity. Some of the old women were anxious to see if I was made just like they were. All I had to say was, "Is that good Korean cus-

tom," and everything quieted down, for the Korean people are very polite and genteel. How we learned to love them!

I will never forget the day we went over to the school building where the college boys were seated on the floor according to their custom at that time. Mr. Becker was trying to lead chapel but he could get no response. I played a piece on the organ but no one sang. It seemed no use to go on. They just sat there, the tears running down their cheeks. Korea, born 2333 B.C., died 1910 A.D.; a civilization extending back 4000 years. That day was their first "Without a Country." Their flags were taken down, not to be put up again. I never wish to see the death of another nation. It was heart-rending. In 1910 Japan first took over the country and hoisted the Japanese flag to the top of the poles and buildings.

While living in Pyeng Yang we entertained Miss Cadman of England, who was traveling in the Orient with the Alexander evangelistic party. One rainy night we went to a meeting on the Presbyterian compound about a mile away. I insisted on loaning Miss Cadman my rubbers as it was very muddy. I told her I could take care of a cold if I caught one as I would be at home, but she would be traveling. When she left she gave me \$200.00. I gave Mr. Rufus half for books and spent my half for a new Conn cornet. How I prized that gift! I used the cornet in meetings, even for drawing crowds in the country. One spring I took my Bible women with me and held meetings out in the open. We chose a tree to get away from the sun, then the sound of the cornet would bring the people from villages. We then proceeded to have our meetings, teaching the women how to take better care of their babies, and to beautify the home, all through the simple stories of the Bible.

One summer we rigged up a house boat about thirty feet long, the servants living in the stern, the boatmen in

the prow, and a shack was built for us amidships. The boatmen towed it upstream usually with ropes from the shore, some remaining on board to keep it poled away from the bank. When we came to shallow rapids, which were numerous, they all had to jump in the water and push. They saw no reason why we objected to their wearing no clothes. To them it was ridiculous to get their clothes all wet. Far from home, the shack was set up on a bluff high above the river. There were three families of us. On a Sunday morning we heard cries of "Help! Help!" We rushed out to the edge to see a young Korean struggling in the rapids. Several young men were in bathing, but this one could not swim and had been caught in the swirling water. Mr. Rufus and Mr. Blair rushed to our small tender and hurried to his rescue, while his companions made for the shore and safety. When he was pulled to the bank, scarcely able to hold up his head, the others mocked his cry for help. Apparently no human sympathy, no sanctity of human life. And what was the reason? We learned afterward that the river god demanded a human sacrifice and it was sacrilegious for them to interfere.

About 4 P.M. one day a runner came into camp yelling, "The Weep-Yung are coming." They were a band of Koreans opposing the Japanese occupation of their country, branded as bandits, who took this method to secure funds to carry on their patriotic work. They had killed some people in the village near by for refusing to give money. They were expected at our village that night. We had no weapons and would be at the mercy of the bandits if they came. We went into conference with the other families and decided not to abandon camp immediately, but to do what we could to protect ourselves. Then if absolutely hopeless we would try to cross the river and escape. We hid the children under the beds, thinking the robbers might move on

and the children would not be frightened. We were awake all that night with runners enlightening us as to the exact location of the band of robbers.

The way they proceeded was to enter a village, shooting up and down the streets and hammering on gongs, which awakened the dogs and chickens, making night hideous. Then when it quieted we knew they were in the homes demanding contributions for their patriotic work. If the people refused they would be encouraged by burning the feet or by some other method, until they made a generous contribution. In the dim moonlight we watched our village neighbors leaving their homes with their belongings on horse back or packs on their own backs, abandoning the sick and old people to get along as best they could when the robbers came. In the morning a missionary came from Pyeng Yang on a donkey bringing guns. Perhaps the robbers heard that we were armed, for they passed on the other side of the mountain to another village, which they proceeded to pillage and burn. That was a hectic night.

There was a good school for our children in Pyeng Yang, for which we were grateful. Many of the second generation return to the field after their college education in America. Missionary zeal seems to be in all the children, some more than others. One day twin seven-year old boys went to their father and asked what they could do to be real missionaries. Their father had just received copies of Mark's Gospel, which had recently been translated and hot off the Methodist press, so he gave each boy several copies and told them they could go out and call at the houses and offer the gospels for one-fourth of a cent each if the purchaser would promise to read them. At night when they returned the father asked what success they had as missionaries. They were excited, each trying to tell about it first. "We had a wonderful time. We converted two heathen and

one Presbyterian." Being a Methodist, the father fully enjoyed their enthusiasm and frequently related the incident.

We were traveling in the country with our pack ponies, wading through streams, following foot paths on our way to Kang Saw. I was talking to the native preacher, practicing my poor Korean on him. I chose the subject of the bicycle, two wheels, pushed by pedals with the feet. When I finished he turned to me and told me this story. Many centuries ago our Queen wished she had a machine whereby she could ride out alone. Royalty never puts foot to the soil, always on a carpet or in some kind of vehicle. The King called his mechanics together and told them of the Queen's wish. They scratched their heads and went to work. They had to invent a machine or their heads would come off. The only difference he saw between our bicycle and the Queen's is that hers had a going-out and a coming-back attachment. One day the Queen said she was going for a ride on her new bicycle. She mounted and it worked well. On and on she sped, but when she wanted to return, the coming-back attachment wouldn't work, so she kept going on and on and on. Without changing his expression the preacher added, "Perhaps that is the bicycle you have in America today." You can't get the start of an Oriental in a story.

It is a fact that the Koreans had the first iron-clad battleship in history. It had the form of a turtle, and was used to destroy the Japanese fleet at the time of the Hideo-shi invasion in 1592. Also they had the first suspension bridge in the world. On the walls of an early tomb near Pyeng Yang are the best paintings in the Orient, and the Kyung-ju Cave Chapel has the finest bas-relief stone sculpture of all Asia. At Kyung-ju is also the oldest observatory in the world, built in 647 A.D. under the patronage of Queen Sun-duk. From its top the royal astronomers kept watch of the heavens night and day. Records of eclipses,

comets, meteoric swarms, and other phenomena have been preserved, some preceding the old observatory by about a thousand years.

While itinerating in the country Mr. Rufus was stricken with that dread Oriental disease, dysentery. After two years he became so weak he could hardly stand and was sent by our doctor to America for treatment, while I stayed to look after the building of our new home and to teach in the normal classes. It seemed impossible for me to accompany him as I was expecting my third baby in three months. When he left me at the depot in Pyeng Yang I did not know if I would ever see him again, as he was a very sick man. At the depot we decided on Herma as the name for our baby girl, and when he received a cable from the doctor with the name Herman he could scarcely believe it was a boy, and wondered if they had misspelled the name in the cablegram. He did not see his new son until the baby was six months old. That was a happy homecoming.

Of course our Korean friends all rejoiced that the baby was a boy as three boys are the ideal family, a girl may come afterward to wait on the boys. Having three boys, every door in the country was open to me, as I was blessed of all the gods there are. Mr. Rufus told our old gateman to look after me while he was gone. He was about the homeliest man I ever saw when I hired him; but that was all forgotten on account of his faithfulness. If I went to a meeting in the city at night he always went ahead of me with the lantern, so I would not stumble in the rough, narrow street. I will never forget the picture he made when I opened the bedroom door one day and found him preening before the glass with my corset on. I suppose he wanted to know how it would feel to be laced in. The Koreans thought it dreadful for the American women to squeeze their bodies, much worse than the Chinese women binding their feet.

Within a month of the completion of our new house, our Bishop asked if we would be too disappointed if we were moved to Seoul, the capital. Of course, I was a little weepy over the move, as we had drawn the house plans and I had watched every brick and stick that went into it so we would be proud of our home. Upon Mr. Rufus' return to Korea in 1911, after his sick leave, he was appointed to Seoul to re-organize the secondary school system and to begin college work in connection with Pai Chai High School. Later Mr. Becker and Mr. Billings also moved to the capital to cooperate in the development of Chosen Christian College. It has been a tribute to these three men, for it has had a steady growth, until now it is the foremost college in Chosen.

There were some advantages we looked forward to when we moved to Seoul, which had a street railway, electric lights and a water system. At Pyeng Yang water for family use was carried from the Tai-tong river in Standard Oil tin cans on the ends of a pole balanced over the shoulders of a coolie. We had to boil it and strain it to make it fit to drink. We greatly enjoyed the city water in Seoul, until we learned that four natives had drowned in the city reservoir during the preceding month.

A new gateman, from the country, had been hired for an adjacent compound. The family consisted of the stepfather, wife and several step children. The gate-house was near our place and one night we heard a child scream as though she was terribly frightened or suffered a serious accident. We wondered if we should get up and see what was wrong and whether we could do anything to help. The noise quieted to stifled sobs and we heard nothing until morning. Then upon inquiry through a go-between we learned this human beast had assaulted his eleven-year old stepdaughter.

He was dismissed immediately, but as far as we know, no action was taken against him. Of course, this is not the only country where that sort of thing occurs; but that man should have been imprisoned as he was dangerous to society. Knowing things of this kind we think it is right to send missionaries to help improve conditions. We believe the religion of Jesus Christ leads the natives to a higher plane of living than the Oriental religions.

Our furlough came due and we returned to Ann Arbor in 1913. As we were delegates to the World s Sunday School Convention in Zurich, Switzerland, we went by the Indian Ocean and Suez Canal, sailing on the Prince Ludwig of the Nordeutcher Line, where I won first prize in the fancy dress ball, wearing a Korean lady's costume.

On our way we visited Cairo, Egypt, and of course climbed the Pyramids. After a bumpy camel ride with a baby in front of me, that was an awful climb. Five Arabians wanted to pull and boost me up, one for each hand to pull and two to push and one to guide my feet. I shook them all off and hired only one to help. I found I needed that one. Instead of Cook and Sons we secured Ephraim Aboosh, a Syrian, who operated a travel agency in the Near East. He sent to the desert for a Bedouin who was called when needed and proved to be a good guide.

From Port Said we sailed for Joppa on a boat with cabin accommodations for 200, which had 1000 Mohammedan pilgrims on board returning from Mecca. No state room for us. We would have to stay two weeks before another boat, or get on. We slept the one night on benches and on the floor. In the morning one of our boys stepped on a prayer rug of a Mohammedan. We were scared for a minute, he looked so ferocious. A Christian had defiled his rug.

We disembarked at Joppa. We saw one man stab another while grabbing for baggage, - it was awful. A terribly wicked place, we were told. What emotions we had when we got off the train at Jerusalem, visiting the places made sacred by the life and death of Jesus. We toured the Holy Land, including Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan River, and we bathed in the Dead Sea.

We visited many cities and countries on our way to Zurich, where we saw 300 Americans in that large convention hall. When we opened the door to step in we heard, "Why, there are the Rufuses," and we had expected to be total strangers. We spent a delightful summer in Switzerland. We walked along the lateral moraine of Eiger Gletcher picking roses in green grass while standing on the edge of the glacier. The high point was when we climbed that old peak, the Jung Frau.

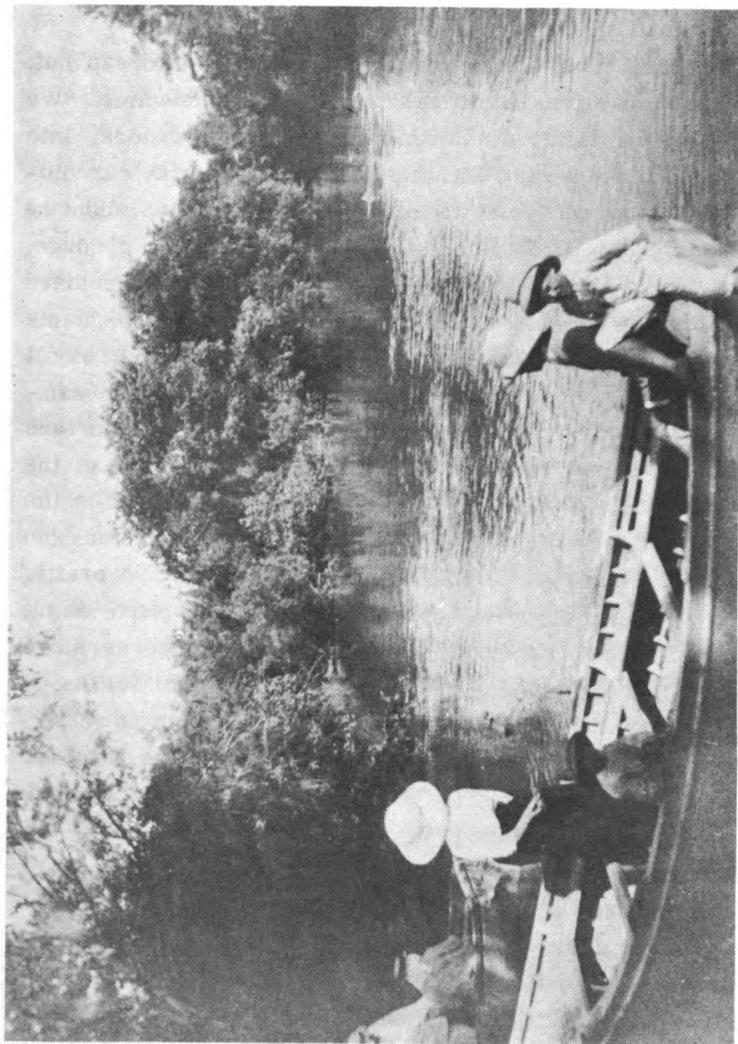
It was hard to say if Korea or America was our home. During furlough in America Mr. Rufus completed his graduate work at the University of Michigan, while Howard and I took music. Then we returned to Korea for two years and Mr. Rufus taught Mathematics and Astronomy in Chosen Christian College, Seoul.

A missionary's life is not all a grind. He has his fun also. Hunting is one diversion of Mr. Underwood, our brother-in-law, who was born in Korea and knows the mountain haunts of the big game. He invited our family, with others, to hunt for deer and wild boar. We started out in an old Ford car with Underwood's Chinese chauffeur, following roads and trails toward the mountains. Frequently we dismounted when the car had to jump a bad ditch or climb a steep bank. Sometimes we had to hunt for rocks or pieces of wood or fill up deep holes we could not detour. At one place where material was very scarce, only a few poles could be found to reach across a deep narrow gulch.

These were placed far enough apart for the wheels to run on, we hoped. Then the Chinaman stepped on it, speeded up to the limit, and landed on the other side, - not a pole left in place.

Miles from Seoul we set up camp in a Korean hut. Ten Korean beaters were hired to scare up the game. We divided our hunting party of men, women, and children into groups. In ours were Mr. Rufus and myself with our oldest son, ten years old, and one of his playmates about the same age. Mr. Underwood stationed our group in a gorge, where we waited two hours with our guns to our shoulders to be ready when the Korean beaters shooed out the game from miles away. We were freezing in the snow, but all we could do was to keep still and wait. We had been cautioned that if we even breathed aloud the game would turn tail and run another direction. We were all attention as the beaters drew nearer and the tumult grew louder. When the first deer broke over the top, I jumped up, dropped my gun and shouted, "There he is, there he is." It was so pretty, I just forgot; but wasn't I scolded for it. I quieted down. Next a wild boar broke through the bushes, then three more pigs. What big brutes! They were headed straight for us, - not a tree to climb, and a wounded boar if dangerous. Mr. Rufus would not allow any of us to shoot, but made a move, enough so they all turned, ran out of the bushes and at a safe distance into plan view as they sauntered along the grassy slope up the side of the mountain.

Well, when Mr. Underwood came up from his position he was furious. He had given us the best vantage point. Not a shot was fired when we had every opportunity for a deer and a four-hundred pound boar. No wonder he was disgusted. Later he was appeased as he shot two fine deer. I asked why the beaters did not bring the deer to us just as soon as they found it, and was told they believed warm fresh blood had great strengthening power. We had to wait until



**The Rufuses on the Jordan River**

they had their treat, sucking the blood. I thought it would have been more genteel if they had put a straw in the bullet holes. The two deer were smaller than ours in America, but the venison was excellent.

The Korean students were very eager to learn to play the cornet, so I wondered if it would be possible to have a college band. After discussing it with Mrs. Becker, who taught piano, we sent to Montgomery Ward's for instruments. When they arrived, we started in from the first toot. It was astonishing how quickly they picked it up. Boys were playing scales in every corner of our house and yard. I often wondered why my husband didn't leave home. He certainly has had a hard life at different times. I had to learn to play the trombone and reed instruments as I taught the boys, keeping just a toot or two ahead of them. After laborious work for months, we were able to play in public, giving concerts, not only in our own college, but also in other institutions and in the churches of Seoul and other places.

Our musical harmonies still seem like a veritable jargon of sounds to the old Orientals. They have had a science of music for more than 3000 years. We have no temperament or training for their type of music. We complain because they do not keep time, but there is no analogy for time in nature. The thrush does not keep time; the lark knows nothing of art. The song birds, however, sometimes have a rhythmic succession of notes closely resembling time. At first Koreans liked our music as little as we liked theirs. They have many different kinds of native instruments.

A peculiar thing is that at a very early date the Koreans used the flute as a standard of weight, length, and volume. The traditional standard is the famous Jade Flute which is kept in a museum at Kyungju. Our modern science uses light instead of sound to standardize the meter. Our

standard is kept in Paris with duplicates in other countries. Ancient art is portrayed in the caves and tombs of Korea. Some survivals remain to remind us of ancient grandeur, but even the personality of the artist has been entirely subservient to the supreme demand that his finished product should conform to national ideals. The greatest survival in Korea, however, cannot be painted, - it is the proud spirit of the venerable old race.

On account of the Japanese lowering the college curriculum, also Mr. Rufus' health being impaired, we decided to return after ten years of the best part of our lives being devoted to Korea. Professor Hussey of the University of Michigan told us if we ever decided to return to America a place would be waiting for us in the Department of Astronomy.

On our way home in 1917 across the Pacific we had 1600 Chinese coolies on our boat, being taken via Canada to France for trench digging in the World War. That was not a pleasant trip as we had blackout and never knew where we were as we sailed under sealed orders. We were on a Canadian liner and all the officers heartily approved the war, at least in their discussions. Mr. Rufus didn't think the United States should enter the war and told them the English navy had given us more trouble than the German army. In spite of their word battles, the war went on. We arrived in Ann Arbor to begin work in the fall of 1917.

CHAPTER III  
THE UNIVERSITY WORLD CRUISE  
and  
SEEING AMERICA

When we returned from the Orient we had to start from scratch. Our traveling expenses had been paid by the Mission Board and we had no bad debts. On the other hand, we had a growing family to provide for, our salary was low and living expenses were mounting on account of the war. We settled down to hard work. Houses to rent were scarce and owners preferred dogs to boys among tenants. So we bought a house, which we sold later, netting a good profit. Then we rented a larger place and fitted up the extra rooms to rent to students.

Mr. Rufus kept at his professional work literally day and night, as he had two full nights a week regularly for observational work with the big reflecting telescope. During the World War several members of the staff were called for Federal service, leaving him alone with the observing program. He frequently put in seventeen hours out of twenty-four for the University. Sometimes I took a lunch to him at midnight, having to walk by the Forest Hill Cemetery.

Nine years were spent at the University of Michigan, teaching both winter and summer, with only one summer vacation, during which we built and sold a six-room house. Mr. Rufus needed a year off, but how could we afford it? Then a great door of opportunity was opened.

In 1926-27 we enjoyed our second trip around the world with that notorious University World Cruise, which was unique in every way. There were about 600 altogether, students and faculty. Mr. Rufus was paid \$2500 and our traveling expenses to take charge of the work in Mathematics, Astronomy and Navigation. This is one of the best illustrations of his philosophy of life: "Do the thing you like to do and get paid for it." When we stood in silent admiration before the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in the world, I pinched his arm and whispered, "We are getting paid for looking at it."

The Holland-American liner, the Ryndam, was well adapted for our Floating University, slow but sure and very steady. Its wide decks were partitioned for classrooms and a good-sized inside room was fitted up for a library. Shore trips served as field work for several subjects. Captain Lieuwen was a jolly old tar and a good navigator, but he didn't know American college students, at least, at the beginning of the cruise. Three of our co-eds approached him for a favor. One of them beseechingly looked up into his face and put her hand intriguingly on his shoulder. He straightened to the full height of his official dignity and stammered: "Young lady, remove your hand, please. I can't think."

A liberal curriculum was provided including all the main departments of study, headed by specialists from all over the United States and some from foreign countries. Many students received a full year's credit; others would have earned no credit, no matter what school they attended. All of them profited by a year of supervised travel with unusual experiences, as we were entertained by governments and universities the world around.

We sailed southward from New York, spent a day in Havana, Cuba, then through the Panama Canal and up to San

Pedro. Before landing, all monkeys, parrots and other pets acquired since sailing, had to be cast to the wind and waves. Los Angeles, Hollywood and Pasadena attracted many of the students. The astronomy students went up Mt. Wilson, where one section was privileged to use the 60-inch telescope and another the 100-inch. It was the first time this latter instrument, the largest telescope in the world, was diverted from its scientific program for world travelers.

Then we headed westward across the Pacific to cruise around the world. I cannot relate all our experiences nor describe all the places we visited, just hit a few of the high spots. From a student questionnaire we found that Japan and Siam received the largest number of votes for the most interesting countries. To me Aden should be added. We had stopped at that port years before and were not permitted to disembark, it being considered too dangerous. On this trip we were allowed to see the city but were cautioned to go in groups, never to be alone.

The American Consul accepted an invitation for us to go inland twenty miles to visit the Sultan of Lahez. We were divided into two groups and boarded a train, 300 in the morning and 300 in the afternoon, accompanied by our consul. It was a funny sight to see our consul and Governor Allen in a model T Ford with the tires taken off, so it ran on the rails in front of the train. Can you visualize that? When we came to the buffer town, which served to keep the hostile tribes back in the hills, we pulled up to a small station. The students were warned not to get off the train as the officials would not be responsible if they did. The boys gave one look at the natives and not one offered to step off that train. The Sultan had invited a special party to the palace and requested them to include some handsome girls and women. (Mr. Rufus said, "See how I got in?") We were escorted by soldiers, their bodies covered with a juice

that made them glisten in the sun. After greetings on both sides we were escorted to the garden and introduced to the Sultan's sixteen year old son and a little prince about six years old, all dressed up in English clothes.

I turned to our American consul and said, "I am more interested in seeing the old Sultan's hundred wives than in meeting him. Aren't we going to see any of them?" He answered, "If you do, you will do better than we have been able to." He looked up to the third story windows and added, "You can't see them but they are all peeking at you."

At the station yard which was enclosed with barbed wire, the natives were not allowed within, but a special privilege was given to six mountain men who had hiked 200 miles to see white people. They walked by the train, which was all open like an old-fashioned street car, and how those eyes sparkled when they looked at some of our blonde girls. I never saw more primitive people. I tried hard to barter with one of them for his dirk knife, but was told afterwards that these weapons were precious to them as they were hard to make and wonderful in battle. What a day that was! We decided, however, that a free American woman must lead a more pleasant life than those cooped up in the Sultan's harem.

We were entranced with the approach to Siam. The Ryndam steamed into the quiet shallow water of the Gulf and anchored. At night we were surrounded by a sea of brilliant phosphorescence. In the morning by relays we boarded a lighter and were transferred to a river boat. Then we passed mile after mile, where sea gave way gradually but gracefully to luxuriant vegetation. We landed on port soil to take a new train with such new coaches that our clothes stuck to the varnish of the seats. That was better than the bed-bugs we acquired at some ports. The train went within a few miles of the capital, Bangkok, where autos were waiting to take us into the city.

Mr. Rufus and I, not as swift on foot as the students, got into one of the last to leave, so we arrived rather late at the Phai Thai, which had been a royal palace, and was set aside for the cruise faculty. No room was left for the Rufuses. We were told to leave our cases and go out to join the party and the clerk would see what he could do for us. We returned at 12 P.M. to find no room yet. Prince Purachatra, who had charge of affairs, heard of our predicament, stepped up to the desk and ordered the Royal Suite opened for us. We nearly fainted when we were ushered into this exquisite suite of rooms. After the servants left we just sat down and laughed. Last but not least! We did not tell the Governor nor the deans for fear they might be jealous. Many of our friends came to see how royally we were located and all wanted a bath in our marble pool. We could take three strokes across it. The tragic thing about it all was, we had to leave so early each morning and returned so late at night all tired out, we didn't have time or energy to enjoy our privileges.

At our first meal in Bangkok, the boy came around and asked me if I wanted a bag. "Why, yes," I said, for fear I might miss something. He brought a cretonne bag with a shirr string in it and said, "Put your feet in." Then he drew up the string. After that I could keep my feet still while eating. I never saw larger mosquitos. Mr. Rufus was jealous as the boy had no bags for the men; but he put one leg in my bag and the other in the bag of the lady on his other side. I watched him closely all through meals. It was fun while eating to see the chameleons crawling on the walls; they go so fast when they travel.

King Rama VII and his Queen were very gracious. The faculty and wives were given a reception in the throne room; also a play was provided for all in the Royal Theatre with the King and Queen in attendance. Before the play,

selected members of our party entertained the King and Queen for half an hour. We were very proud of our violinist, Marion Struble Freeman of Ann Arbor, who also won the applause of their Majesties.

On our way to Lupbori, the ancient capital, the Siamese official in charge of our special train provided by the King came into our coach inquiring for Professor Rufus, who then had the unexpected pleasure of meeting one of his former students. At Lupbori were magnificent old stone ruins of wats, prangs and temples, some even preceding the early Buddhist period, featuring elements of serpent worship. These were partly covered by tropical growth. How transient are the works of man! At one place we fed the wild monkeys and watched them fight for food in the holy of holies of an ancient shrine.

Missionaries who lived in Siam for 25 years came down to the capital to see our party. They said in all those years they had not been able to hear as much of Siamese Music nor see as much of the native Arts and Crafts as we were privileged to enjoy. Everything money or royalty could provide was done to entertain the faculty and students.

In Ceylon we traveled to Kandy, the capital. I chaperoned five young people who wished to take a side trip to see ancient Aduradhapura. On our way through the jungle we were almost stampeded by a herd of elephants. As they came thundering by, we got down on the floor of the car, and were we scared! At 9:00 P.M. we arrived at our destination to find the one and only inn full of English hunters. They invited us to go tiger hunting that night, but we had seen enough of animals for awhile. We walked down the bazaar street and kept inquiring, "Can you speak English?" - until a little boy sensed what we wanted and took my hand and led me back of a little shop. There was a young man who could talk our lingo. He led us to a little cottage and

introduced us to Rev. Richards, an Indian preacher who took us all in, the boys sleeping on the floor. He gave Helen Cox and me his own bed which had no springs, only boards, but we could have slept on anything, we were so tired. In the morning at 4:00 A.M. we climbed to the top of those glorious old ruins to see the tropical sun-rise. That generous Indian would take no remuneration for his entertainment. We greatly appreciated this hospitality and I still correspond with him.

As we came up to the Gate of India at Bombay, a Parsee family was strolling on the Bund. Their ears, nose, arms and legs were covered with jewelry and they were beautifully gowned. The Parsees are merchants, making them the wealthy class of India.

I did not like the way some of the Indians dispose of their dead. There are different Towers of Silence for different classes. The building is a large, round roofless tower with places to shove in the body. We saw vultures circling the towers waiting for their next meal. One tower was used for a murderer, another for suicide, and one for accident. Not a nice sight. Now vultures give me the creeps. The burning ghats were a relief.

Of course we saw a fight by a mongoose and a cobra. Just before the snake squeezed the last breath out of its enemy, the charmer separated them. This happened at the Elephantine Caves, just a short distance from Bombay.

When the Floating University reached Europe we were treated only as tourists and almost everybody reached out their hands for our money. We had many millionaire sons who spent their dads' money lavishly, but still did not wish to be robbed. France was the worst place for holding us up financially. As we approached Monte Carlo the boys came for advice. We proposed spending the price of a good opera to buy chips and when they were lost at the roulette

table to call quits. Most of the students in our group followed our advice. For some reason Mr. Rufus and I kept adding to our chips, so we went away from the Casino feeling quite rich.

We had a chance in Rome to study that square jaw of Mussolini. He set aside a few hours out of his very busy day to welcome the cruise and shake hands with us. Each one had to pass inspection by several guards before going into the audience room. I had prepared a nice little speech, but when my turn came to shake hands I just shriveled up and said, "How do you do," and passed on. What a personality! It just swallows one up. Baron Galupi, a close friend of Mussolini and one of the original ten fascisti, called at our hotel to take us to the Catacombs. On the way we admired his car and he asked me how old I thought it was. Hoping to strike a happy medium, I said, "Four years." He laughed and replied, "Fifteen."

In Norway a few of us rented skis to try the International Skiway. We started by street car and got off two stations too soon. We thumbed a ride on a sleigh drawing potatoes; which do not make a soft seat, by the way. Snow as high as buildings. I tried to keep up with the boys skiing, to my sorrow, for I took some terrible bumps. It seemed strange to be in all this snow and ice in Norway, and at our next stop to see little lambs frisking in the green fields of Scotland.

We had a very unexpected pleasure while in London on Easter Sunday. Busses were secured to take us to Stokes Poges church in the morning and to Windsor Castle for the afternoon. While strolling in the castle grounds Mr. Rufus and I went through several gates. By one of them stood a stalwart English guard, all dressed in red, with gold braid, and a feather in his hat. No one else was around. I asked him if there was something to see here. He didn't

turn his head or move a muscle, just replied in a low tone, "Go through the gate to the left." We did, and found about thirty English men and women standing and waiting. A lady whispered to us to follow when the bands went in. We followed and found ourselves in a beautiful sunken garden. Not a word or sound. The royal bands took their places on a terrace between two bay windows and we were on the front row of the visitors. When the music began, the windows were opened, King George and Queen Mary appeared; then Princess Mary and her commoner husband, Lesseps, and their two little boys. A nurse came and placed the Duke and Duchess of York's little baby in the Queen's arms. This was Princess Elizabeth. The Queen waved the baby's hand at us. It was such a homey scene. One has quite a different idea of royalty after a sight like that. The English lady next to me said Queen Victoria used to come out from the castle and walk back and forth on the terrace while the royal bands were playing. How the people love their royalty!

Our students started out very provincial and sophisticated, but they found at round-tables that students of other countries were their equals or superiors in knowledge of world affairs. After inspiring sights such as the Shinto shrines of Japan, Ragusa with its mediaeval walls and ancient lore, the Alhambra, the Wats of Siam, Istanbul with its domes and minarets, history and civilization became more intelligible. Philosophy and religion took on a deeper and truer meaning. This cruise brought to its students the realization that the problems of this and every generation have a world-wide significance.

Crossing the Atlantic the boys got down to hard work for some were anxious to get their grades for commencement in their respective schools. Our University Afloat was dubbed the University Asoak, and dear Alma Mater became Alma Water. Our large crowd seemed to be one big happy family

as we worked and played together traveling forty thousand miles, touring forty countries and visiting nearly all the capitals and many other large cities of the northern hemisphere. (And we had been paid for it.)

When we steamed back into New York harbor we felt like embracing the Statue of Liberty. At the dock all were struggling for a place of advantage to see our loved ones who were hard to find in that packed crowd. How thrilled we were when we spied them! The time had come to say good-bye to the old "Ryndam" after it had been our happy home for a whole school year.

We settled down again to routine work. Mr. Rufus resumed teaching, observing and writing, and of course everyone knows the daily tasks of the housewife. After four years of the daily grind Mr. Rufus had the summer off, and we decided we should see more of our own country. We had visited the East and the South, so decided on a camping trip to the West. In our old Hudson coach we packed an umbrella tent, two cots, a gasoline camp stove, a bridge table and two camp stools. We started out after Commencement and headed westward without a special plan.

It was so hot the first day we thought of turning around and spending the vacation at our cottage on the wooded hillside at Crooked Lake. We stopped overnight with friends in Chicago, then decided to head for their ranch in Montana. I wished I had a dictaphone in the car to record the front right seat driving for the first two days. On our way to the ranch we stopped at the Custer Monument where Custer and his troops were slaughtered by the Indians. All one sees now is the monument and little white crosses where they must have died a terrible death.

At the ranch, thirty-six miles from the nearest gas station, we went hunting prairie dogs, shooting out of the windows of the car. Mr. Rufus being a good shot, we could

see the fur fly, but when we got out to pick up the animals we found they had fallen back in their holes. It made us think of one of our boys with his new Daisy Air Rifle in Korea. One day he came in all excited and told of his shooting many sparrows. I was suspicious and asked him to go with me and we would pick up the birds he had shot, when he said, "Oh, no, Mother, they were all on top of Pai Chai chimney and they all fell in."

We started southward and it began to rain. If you ever tried to drive an auto on wet gumbo you will know why we turned into a driveway. With the farmer's permission, we pitched our little tent in the side yard. We were invited in the house for one of the most interesting evenings we have ever spent. Mr. and Mrs. Bean had lived in this locality for many years.

As a souvenir of Indian fighting, Mr. Bean had a tomahawk scar on his forehead. He knew Sitting Bull, who was Custer's downfall, and claimed that the Medicine Man was the strategist of the tribe. Mrs. Bean gave us a graphic description of the last roundup. Herds of cattle went bellowing by their home continuously for three days and three nights. Their son had a chest of Indian relics which was obtained in a peculiar way. A chief died, and his son, the new chief, could not take possession of the dead man's personal belongings. So he asked his young white friend to take the chest and throw it in the river. But the young man took the treasures home. In the chest were articles of apparel, head gear, saddle bags and trappings, and many gewgaws. One thing at which I shuddered was a yellow lock of hair, cut from the curly head of a young white girl .

In Yellowstone Park with black bears as neighbors , Mr. Rufus awakened me and asked where I had hidden two fifty dollar bills he had given me for safe keeping. I jumped up and said one was in the oatmeal box in the basket, which

was tied on a rope between two trees. We rushed out just in time to see a big bear pawing that box down the slope. I ran after him and shooed and shooed until he made off and I rescued the box and the bill. Those bears are clever.

We also camped at Zion and Bryce National Parks, then on to the Grand Canyon. One's thoughts go wild when they get their first glimpse; all the way from the profound to the ridiculous. Will Rogers said, "What a grand place to throw old razor blades." Others have said, "The handiwork of God." A German scientist exclaimed, "Mein Gott, what happened?"

I was disappointed in Los Angeles on this trip. My expectations must have been too high. I had visions of seeing beautiful girls in Hollywood on every corner. I did not see one. Our girls in the University who have the reputation of being homely were better looking than those we saw there. Maybe they were in the studios working.

Tia Juana and Agua Caliente are the two cities a tourist visits when he wants to be able to say he has visited Mexico. The one thing I wanted to see was a bull fight, but one was not staged until Sunday and we had to leave on Friday. I cannot figure out why I want to see a bull fight. I'm sure I could only stand one glimpse as I am a lover of animals and a bull fight must be cruel.

Twice on the trip we slept right out in the open. I mean, I tried to sleep. It was so still, only the bark of a coyote or some strange night call of a bird, peculiar nocturnal noises, to disturb the peaceful night. Once we put up our cots by a water-hole in the desert. After gazing at the stars awhile we commenced to wonder if animals did come to this hole to drink. It resulted in our putting a hatchet and a club at the head of our cots to be ready to receive the visitors. We took Death Valley at night to escape the extreme heat of the midday sun.

A merchant at Holbrook advised us to stay over a day and go out to see the Hopi Indian snake-dance. We spent a day on a settler's ranch digging into old mounds for arrow heads. Then we drove a hundred miles off the beaten path and camped at Polacca at the foot of the mesa. We had a hard climb to Walpi for the tribal celebration including thanksgiving and prayer for rain. We went early and for five hours watched the people coming to see the dance. They came on foot, by donkey, on horses, in carts and covered wagons, also by auto, and one party flew in by plane. We were all there, three thousand strong. After the priests catch the snakes, most of which are poisonous, they live with the captives for a week in the Kiva, a sacred underground room.

In the distance we heard the low rhythmic sound of the tom-toms, then louder and louder as the dancers drew near. With a deafening war whoop they came into view, two by two. Their bodies all painted and decorated from head to toe; what a weird sight! Around and around they went. One of each pair took a prayer stick from the sacred rock and the other held a snake between his teeth, just behind its ears (if a snake has ears). The only protection the dancer has is his companion who tries to keep the snake from striking his cheek, by means of stroking its head with a turkey feather.

Once around and this snake is dropped to the ground and another put between the teeth. The one that has played its role tries to wriggle to the edge of the precipice and escape. One got lost in the crowd and tried to hide behind the feet of a lady sightseer, who screamed and proceeded to faint. My, we were glad we had paid a dollar for sitting room on top of the chief's hut.

One young buck was bitten and he looked concerned. Wouldn't you, if you had a snake in your mouth and it had

a lot of rattles on its tail? I'm sure I would look anything but bored. After the last Indian pranced off, the crowd scattered. We thought possibly there might be something we were missing, so we went through a small opening between two mud huts and at the rear we found an old squaw washing off the paint from the dancers with green water in a galvanized tub. Then they took a drink of this green concoction and went to the edge of the precipice, so they were thoroughly cleansed inside as well as out.

Down we went to the lowland where our tent was pitched. After preparing our meal, I was ready for bed. Mr. Rufus went next door, or next tent, rather, to talk with our neighbors. Soon he came in and awakened me. How I could sleep with all that racket of drums, I do not know. I got up and dressed. I wanted to go back up the mesa as it was all ablaze with torches, and such yelling! A perfect din, but we were advised not to go as no one outside the tribe would be safe.

We heard tom-toms in the other direction and started off in the dark following the noise. On a knoll we saw a log hut with the windows and door filled with Indians looking in, so we went up to peek, and there were our tent neighbors and the traders; the men made a way for us to enter. An old squaw with a pretty maid was there. The maid would go up to a man and pull him out to the center of the room to dance with her. We sat on the floor away back against the wall, thinking we were safely out of sight but soon up comes the girl and clutches Mr. Rufus' shirt front, so he could do nothing but get up and dance with her. It was his first dance, and how the crowd roared when they shuffled around to the drums. She was having so much fun with him that she never let go his shirt until he paid her the necessary 25 cents. Not much sleep as the night was pierced with yells and drums.

In the morning we drove through virgin forest where roads were washed a half a mile away by the previous night's rain. Bad traveling, but interesting. We could not buy gas at the Government station, so were concerned that we would not have enough to get us to the next town. We had visions of being lost, no roads, away from everyone, when we came out in the open and saw a little Indian hut, - and a FORD. Grand sight. A Ford must have gas to make it go, so we stopped and asked a young buck and a girl eating a water-melon if we could get some gas. I talked in pidgin English and pointed to our gas tank, when the girl looked up from her shyness and said in perfect English, "I think my husband can let you have some gas." He did to the tune of 40 cents a gallon and we were only too glad to pay it.

I asked the girl if they had any rugs, as they were Navajoes. She told me her mother wove rugs. "Can we see them?" I asked. I turned as the old squaw was shaking her head. I guess she didn't want us to come in, which made me want to more than before. I finally got the girl to take us to the hut. I went in and examined the rug on the loom. It was very nicely woven. I turned and behind the old squaw's skirt we saw a fair-haired girl about nine years old. Her name was Elizabeth. Well, I was so worried about the girl that when we got to the next Trading Post I inquired about her, thinking she had been stolen or kidnapped. The trader said not to worry, there were lots of Sally Smiths around that country. It did bother me for some time and I felt I ought to do something about it. It was there at the next Trading Post I bought my ceremonial Corn Dance Rug which has the traditional outlet in a corner where the evil spirit can get out.

Our next stop was at the Mesa Verde to see the cliff houses which are in ruins, but still the homes and kivas can be recognized. We were running low on cash, but decided

we could get to Taos, the Artists' Paradise. When we arrived we found no telegraph station to wire for money. Now what to do? It was all down the mountain, so we decided we could coast to the next town. Near Taos are found the first Indian tenement houses. Each flat is reached by ladders. Many of the noted Indian scenes and Indian heads are painted in Taos.

We reached home in time for Mr. Rufus to start teaching in the fall term, after driving 8000 miles and having \$15 left out of \$300. Not bad for a whole summer's outing!

## CHAPTER IV

### OUR SABBATICAL LEAVE

#### The Third Trip Around the World

In 1935 on our Sabbatical leave from the University of Michigan we started out for our third trip around the world. On the first we saw places and things, on the second government and educational institutions, on the third our chief object was to see people, including relatives, Michigan alumni, especially our Barbour scholars, whose work would fill a volume. These scholarships for Oriental women were founded about twenty years previously and the fund has increased to \$650,000. Mr. Rufus has the chief responsibility of securing applications, selecting the scholars, and spending the income. There are about two hundred Barbour scholars scattered throughout the Orient, a fine lot of outstanding leaders.

Before reaching a country we would receive a radiogram saying, "Welcome to Hawaii, welcome to Japan, China, etc." Our big family of the Orient outdid themselves to give us a good time. We love them and know by their good deeds and many gifts to us they feel the same toward us.

In Tokyo, Japan, twelve Barbour scholars sat down to a banquet for us. A program was also made up for every day we could be with them. Most of them being teachers, we visited schools. Education is highly centralized in Japan, its ideal being utilitarian. It is compulsory to the age of thirteen years. Most children begin school at six years and there is practically no illiteracy. There are shrines in many of the school yards and buildings. Shintoism is their

national religion, including Emperor worship. Buddhism has been strong all through this part of the world. Now in some places it is in a decaying condition. Gautama, the founder, originated this religion in the Ganges valley in India about 500 B.C. Bishop Trollope in a published article branded Buddhism, "A drunken jazz of religion on its way from India."

We stayed seven months in Korea where Dr. Underwood, Mr. Rufus' brother-in-law, was president of Chosen Christian College in Seoul. On the side, Mr. Rufus did research work in the History of Korean Astronomy. His article is in the Proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society. At the college we had the privilege of hearing the band and orchestra in 1936 that I had started in 1911. I really was thrilled. It has never stopped functioning since it began.

I also busied myself with putting on programs and making myself useful as opportunity afforded. It was a wonderful seven months. The Japanese gave us, as educators, a 40% reduction on all railways in Japan and Korea, and 50% in Manchuria, so we saw more of Korea in seven months than we did during the ten years we lived there. We were also escorted by two gendarmes or secret police everywhere we traveled.

During July and August of 1935 we visited the three summer resorts of Korea, - Sorai Beach on the Yellow Sea, Wonsan on the Japan Sea, and Chi-di San, a mountain in the southwest. This gave us a good opportunity to meet old friends and to make new ones, as the summer season is not suitable for mission work. Many come to these centers for the summer from Korea, Japan, Manchuria, and China. There is much friendly rivalry among these places and we wished to be neutral. When Mr. Rufus was asked later to give his reaction he replied, "At Sorai we had a centipede on the sitting-room wall; at Chi-di San I killed a viper on

the golf course; and at Wonsan we were driven off the swimming beach by the Japanese navy."

I will tell about Chi-di San, away up above the clouds. We left Seoul by train, then took auto to another stop, then rickshas to a temple where chairs were waiting for us. Our five-hour ride up the mountain was strenuous. Ten coolies were provided to take the two of us and our suitcases. It was so steep and only a path, so there had to be relays of carriers. Sitting with your feet under you or hanging down in front, which the coolies do not like as it throws the load off balance, is not conducive to anything but lameness. It was awful. At last we reached the peak and everyone was out to welcome us. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, our host and hostess, made entertaining an art. Of course I had to be set to work, so I racked my brain and gave a recital.

One day we hiked up to a point where there were footprints of a leopard of the night before. What beauty from that height! I was so disgusted with my chair ride up Chi-di San, so uncomfortable, I asked if there was no other way to get down. No one would hear of my walking. Mrs. Miller suggested I ride on a jiggy. Now a jiggy is a contraption strapped on a man's shoulders and hanging down his back. It is used to carry baggage or other loads. We put a cushion on the boards and when the coolie stoops down we climb on, facing backwards, our feet dangling in space. We feel perched in mid-air, but it was better than being doubled up in that chair. It was all right until the jiggy came near the precipice and I looked over and saw nearly a mile straight down, as my coolie trudged along casually on the slippery rocks. Another one trotting alongside told me that my jiggy-kun slipped on the last trip and spilled his load, which rolled and rolled to the bottom. The only way to do is to say like Al Pierce, "I hope! I hope! I hope!"

A Korean gentleman asked if he could tag along with us and at the foot of the mountain ride in our auto, as we

were passing through his home town. Of course we were glad of his company. While I was perched on the jiggy I conversed with this Mr. Kim, trying my poor Korean on him. He looked up and asked if I could be the lady who lived in Pyeng Yang thirty years ago. I said, "Yes, I am that same lady." "Well, you taught me to play the cornet, which Mr. Rufus bought in Chicago and carried by hand all the way to Korea for me." His face shone with pleasure. He also remarked, "My son learned to play that cornet also, and now he plays in the college band. I taught him but he plays much better than I ever did." Did you ever see a balloon deflated? I felt just like that, - Mr. Kim was a better teacher than I.

On our way to Seoul we stopped at Sunchun and slept in a bed with its legs in cans filled with water to keep off the tiny red ants. The object of our visit was to see Dr. Wilson's Leper Colony which is world famous. He has the most unique colony of any we have visited. Some terrible cases, others with scarcely any visible defects or deformities. The doctor has a male leper sterilized who is then allowed to marry a leper woman of his choice and they may adopt a baby with leprosy. This little family is given a plot of ground with a cottage. They grow vegetables and flowers and sometimes have chickens or a pig. The doctor had worked out a plan whereby the little leper family could live as nearly a normal life as possible when they had no hope of mingling with outside society. The story of leper colonies we have visited would fill a book.

The Underwoods have a summer home at Sorai Beach, a summer resort, where twenty-five years previously, one Sunday evening, I put on a water drama. From the bluff one hundred feet above the water the spectators watched tableaux accompanied by music. We presented Hiawatha in a canoe moving across a spot light; Rock of Ages, with a cross on a rock and a lady with streaming hair coming up from the water to the cross; and many other scenes with

beautiful effect. This summer I helped Mrs. Underwood put on a surprise Golden Wedding Anniversary for Dr. and Mrs. O. R. Avison. Wedding costumes of long ago walked up the runway from the back of the hall to a bower of flowers on the platform. The Avisons came last to receive beautiful gifts from their Korean and other friends. It was a beautiful affair long to be remembered as a culmination of lives given freely to a people they loved.

The Diamond Mountains, inaccessible in 1917, are now the most famous sight-seeing part of the country. For eight days, with chair-coolies, eight of us tramped through that beautiful part of the world. They cannot be compared with any other mountains, as their scenery could not be duplicated. Temples, inaccessible peaks, high waterfalls splashing by successive leaps through turquoise pools, paths leading to rope ladders, where the coolies had great difficulty hauling up the chairs. We rode very little, but here and there we would get in a chair to rest. In one hut where we stayed over night, all sleeping on the floor, with Mr. Rufus next to the wall, our room was so small that when one turned over all had to turn. That hike was about the toughest we ever tackled.

About half way we were made to stop as everything had to give way for a Prince and Princess of Japan who were passing through. In one place where the princess had to walk a carpet was laid down. Of course we said it was for our benefit. They make a great ado when royalty arrives in town. In a village we stood on the sidelines with heads bowed while they passed by. Don't tell. I peeked, which I was not supposed to do. I never heard that anything happened to them because of my indiscretion. Our Rockies and the Alps are wonderful, but those old Diamond Mountains are just beyond description, one must see them to believe.

Many asked me if we could see much change in Korea from thirty years ago. Yes, we did in the cities, but not so much in the country. In Song Do I sat on a step and watched a young Korean woman trudge up the hill, stopping in front of a five-foot Buddha with a stone at its feet. It was called the rubbing stone. So many women had rubbed it back and forth to bring a baby boy that it was hollowed to quite a depth. She rubbed it fourteen times. Superstition is still rampant.

After a visit of seven months in Korea, which meant so much to us, we moved on northward to Manchuria, where the temperature was 17<sup>o</sup> below zero at Mukden. My, that was cold!

At Tientsin our Barbour scholar girls even put us up at a hotel. We felt they did too much for us. Dr. Ting loaned us her car and she is a very busy doctor. The Japanese were parading their tanks through the streets while we were there. At Nan Kai University, the American-endowed library was being moved away for safety. Nan Kai was one of the first universities to fall in ruins in the undeclared war on China.

On to Peking, the most interesting city in the world. On our way to the Forbidden City I heard a sweet whistling in the air. Looking up I saw a flock of pigeons and said, "I didn't know pigeons whistle." Mr. Rufus laughed and said, "They don't. The owner ties a piece of split bamboo on a leg and as the pigeons fly through the air the wind causes the whistle." Evidently the Chinese wish their birds to be musical whether they are endowed with a natural singing throat or not.

The White Jade Buddha is one of the finest pieces of hand work we have seen. What artists they are to carve a piece like that! It looked as if it would dent if touched with the finger, it was so flesh-like. One stands in the Throne

Room and Audience Hall for some time before he can get a correct idea of the proportion and the immensity of those rooms. The Summer Palace outside Peking is a place of beauty. I tried to visualize the Queen and Princesses in the Marble Boat and out on the balconies of the palaces, only ten years before we visited there. All these survivals portray past grandeur.

We visited Ginling College at Nanking. The President, Dr. Yi-fang Wu, a Barbour Scholar, did everything to give us a good time. She knew Mr. Rufus would be interested in the Royal Observatory on Purple Mountain, as he was a friend of the Director, Professor Yu. After much delay they were able to get official permission for us to ascend the mountain. It was fortified, and of course they had to be cautious. We arrived at the foot of the mountain and were met at the gate by a Chinese army officer who took us in his car to the top. There were guns all over the mountain and we were not supposed to see them. We tried not to turn our heads but our eyes did see those guns. Professor and Mrs. Yu served a lovely dinner. That officer even sat between Mr. Rufus and me at the table. That was one time on the trip when the Rufuses behaved themselves.

Tsing Tao on the eastern coast of China was visited, where we had three Barbour scholars. This coast town had been a fortified German reservation but was taken by the Japanese. We were entertained at the home of Dr. Ai-lan Giang, who had been in bed for two years. A sad case. She passed away a year after we visited her. Helen Wong Ling, who had five boys, was doing her share. She was the principal of a private school.

In Shanghai, a most modern city, we had the pleasure of seeing eighteen Barbour scholars, all working in the interest of their people. It was here we had the rare oppor-

tunity of visiting the Holy of Holies of a Confucian home. Oil portraits of ancestors hung on the walls with candles burning beneath. There were chairs where one could sit and meditate on the lives of their illustrious forbears. One sensed the eternal as we stood there in reverence.

The Philippines came next. What a welcome on that pier in Manila! Our Barbour scholars and many others we had known in the University were down to meet us. We had previously visited the Islands, but did not see much outside Manila, which is such a beautiful city. This time we went up to Baguio, the mountain summer resort. Our air-conditioned train seemed too cold. In the mountains are the homes of the Igorotes, a tribe that comes down to the towns but is still uncivilized. We took a mail boat for a trip among the island. At Iloilo we were met by Benito Lopez. We visited the girls' school supported by his family, also the old people's home where we saw a woman said to be 150 years old and a man of 140 whose age was well authenticated.

When we left that island we thought, now we will be on our own, no one will know us at the next stop where they sing, "The monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga." How strange it will seem not to have a radiogram of welcome or someone to meet our boat. As we came in to the dock we were entranced with this strange, romantic-looking town. Coming down the street was a cart drawn by water buffalo or caribao, all decorated elaborately. In it was a big American official in a white suit and a big hat. He really looked rather silly in all the decorations, and I know he must have felt funnier than he looked. The ropes were thrown out and we tied up, when we heard, "They must be the Rufuses." Here we were, away off the beaten path in the Zulu Sea, being met again. A telegram had been sent by the Carpios, where we were entertained in Manila, to a relative telling of our visit

It made it so nice. A Michigan alumnus also was there to give us a welcome. It was at our host's home that we were served our first cocoanut-milk ice cream. It was delicious. They took us all over the island, including San Ramon prison, which is the only place we did not meet Michigan alumni.

We like to see market places as we not only get a good knowledge of the vegetables, fruits, and flowers of a country, but also of the people. We had been told to look out for the Moros, the fierce little fighting brown people dressed in a gee string and a belt with dirk knives. Why? Because they are Mohammedans, and when they commit a sin Allah tells them they must kill someone to propitiate that sin, and a white victim is better than a brown. Well, we pondered that for a while. "If you see a Moro coming toward you with fire in his eyes and flourishing a long knife, just run and get inside a house. He is never commanded to kill inside, but in the open."

With all this in mind we entered the big market place. I looked to the left, I looked to the right, - little brown men here and there and everywhere. If anyone had asked me, when we came out, what I had seen in the market place, not a vegetable or flower would be the answer, but "little brown Moros." They scowled at us, and I was ready to fly at a moment's notice. We were told the Moros are not naturally adapted for education, and seem nervously unfit, only a few being able to continue to the end of high school. Too many years of sedentary work injures their health. A very happy day was spent, but I would prefer living on some other island with some other tribe, and let the Moros run this one.

After visiting other islands we returned to Manila where we saw "The Crowning of the Virgin." Roads and streets were blocked nine miles from the city. Parades of school children, members of various orders and organizations, thousands escorting the Virgin (a large image) from

Posea to the Manila Cathedral. The crown, which cost \$25,000, was solid gold and very beautiful. The Virgin was crowned, then it was escorted back to its mountain home to rest until the next pilgrimage. One big gala day!

Our steamer to Hongkong, caught in a storm, was eight hours too late to catch the boat for Foochow to visit Hwa Nan College. No plane was taking off in that storm. The president, Lucy Wang, and several other Barbour scholars on the faculty had planned great things for us and we were very much disappointed not to see them.

From Hongkong to Canton we traveled by rail and had a wonderful visit at Ling Nan University where we were entertained at Professor Laird's. The Barbour scholar girls had every day of our visit planned from morning till night. We visited schools and temples, and ate the most wonderful food in the world. Cantonese food has that reputation and it is well deserved. Sun Yat Sen University, with its many acres, has the largest campus in the world, now destroyed before the buildings were all completed. One of our Barbour scholars, a social worker, took us up the Pearl River where 200,000 Chinese live on boats. Some are born, live, and die on the River. They use the river water for their cooking and drinking and at the same time the river serves as a receptacle for all their waste material. The mortality is high, but it is a wonder any survive the germs of that water.

In 1936 the hills from Hongkong to Singapore were bristling with guns, camouflaged. At Singapore, walking along the main street, I asked Mr. Rufus why it all looked so clean. When we were there before it had not impressed me that way. He pointed to a sign board, in Chinese, Malay, and several different languages. We could read the English, "\$25.00 fine for spitting on the sidewalk."

Mrs. Archer of the Methodist Church, our Superintendent's wife, helped us get ready for a trip to Sarawak, in

North Borneo. We took a small boat of the Sarawak Steamship Company to the island, then up the Rejang River turning and twisting through the tropical jungles. I set my heart on seeing a crocodile in its natural habitat. I leaned over the rail for hours looking at the bank and was rewarded. A great big beast with its mouth wide open was waiting for its prey, on a mud bank. Of course I had seen many in captivity, but I wanted to see one in the open, and did.

One day the captain asked us if we would like to see a sight. That's just what we did want. He took us down in the hold at incubator heat and there were eight big, wide, shallow baskets with duck eggs laid out smoothly on the bottom. Here and there was a duckling just hatching out of the shell. He told us the freight and duty on eggs were very small but on ducks they were high. The shipper could bill out eggs, accompany them free, and deliver ducklings. There are many Chinese in Borneo and they cannot do without their Peking ducks to eat. We decided one cannot get the start of the clever Chinese.

We traveled two hundred miles up the Rejang River into the land of the Dyaks, the head hunters of Borneo. We stopped at Kapit with a letter to the Chinese court writer. That gentleman gave us the day, showing us the fort and grounds. He asked us if we would like to see the last head taken by the Dyaks. Of course we didn't wish to miss anything so said, "Yes." He opened a sealed box and took it out. Interesting, yes. We were told that there is more honor in securing a woman's head or a child's head than a man's. When a band invades another tribe the men come out to fight and to protect the villages. So it is easy to get a man's head. But the possession of a woman's or a child's head shows that the owner has been places.

The head hunters' canoes are long and narrow, one seating seventy-five people. I'd hate to paddle one as they

tip so easily and the river is infested with alligators and crocodiles. The natives also are very much afraid of them. The Dyaks we saw were small people, very gentle looking, but I would not like to get lost in the jungle. They brought in a Python twenty-five feet long. It had swallowed a pig and they captured it while it was in a lethargic condition. I'd also hate to meet one of those reptiles in the jungle.

The Scribe took us to see a spot where a Mission Chapel was to be built for the jungle people. As these folks are a migrating tribe it will be hard to build up a good mission field in Sarawak. There is very good work being done among the Chinese. There are good schools and chapels for them, but the natives have their own worship with which they are satisfied. We were the only whites at this place. One Chinese tried to scare us but we had lived in the Orient long enough to know that he was faking, just pretending to put a taboo in our way. We merely laughed at him and he gave up. We asked the Scribe if they had many visitors at Kapit. "Oh, yes! In 1914 a big actor was here, in 1924 a nurse came; two years ago a missionary, and now you are here." We exchanged gifts and then went down the river again.

The captain was sober enough to be a good navigator in the day time. At night he managed to dock or tie to a tree. I'd hate to have him try navigating at night. There were three cabins on the upper deck, the captain's afore, ours next, and one abaft. We called it our Private Yacht. We were to take on a white passenger at Song, a port of call. We waited and waited for him to show up. His baggage was put in his stateroom, but he didn't arrive. A messenger came and said he was "hay wire." If the Captain would only wait a little longer. But we pulled out and started downstream without him. Soon we heard a put-put, and alongside came a launch with our passenger for Singapore. They helped him on, a young English salesman for

canned milk, shouting happy, and very talkative. With the captain raving on one side and this nice young man on the other, we turned in at night with the door locked and temperature about 100°. I decided I might as well die one way as another and unlocked the door. We would just put them out if they made a mistake and got in our cabin instead of their own. The night was too hot for sleep anyway, so we just tried to keep our captain and next door cabin mate in good humor. What a night!

The next day, in making a bend in the river, the captain fumbled. Yes, he was sober, for we had just played a game of chess. When he went on bridge, at the Devil's Elbow, he miscalculated, and in we headed, under trees and nosed right into the soft jungle. We had visions of a broken propeller and being grounded there with the crocodiles and snakes for a week, as we were miles from any help. We were relieved when the boat gently backed her way out and went on down the river. We got a good snapshot of our "shipwreck." The captain was very solicitous after that. As we were going down the gang-plank he presented us with a rare volume. Well, it did the work, for we never reported him, so he kept his job. What a trip full of exciting experiences!

At Penang we climbed a hill to see the temple full of snakes. They worship the snakes, or keep them to attract tourists. Snakes, snakes, everywhere, on the floor, on the furniture, even hanging on the chandeliers. I was disappointed not to be able to get in the basket or car and go to the top of the mountain, but something was wrong with the machinery so we could not take the trip.

Rangoon was the next port of interest. The Shwe Dagon Pagoda was a dazzling sight in the sunshine, a Buddhist Temple of grandeur. We took a street car to the end of the line and stood looking at the long arcade with white

marble steps leading up to the foot of the Pagoda. There are booths on each side where they sold things to worship with, such as candles, paper flowers, etc. We looked up this broad stairway when a Burmese came up to us and said, "You must take off your shoes and stockings before you go up." "What? Oh, no," I said. "Never will I go up those dirty steps barefoot." "Then," he said, "you do not see the beautiful Pagoda." Mr. Rufus looked at me and I looked at him. "I just couldn't do that! Look, there isn't a clean spot all the way as far as you can see. Look at the dogs, cats, pigeons, - yes, there's a rat. Bet there are mice, and the natives spit as they please. Oh, no, I just couldn't." Mr. Rufus said, "Well, we have come a long way to see this Pagoda." "Yes," I said, "that's so." He: "Couldn't you find a clean spot if you went on your toes?" She: "I never took toe dancing, but maybe I could practice it here. Let's go."

I tried hard to get a clean "toe hold" but finally turned my eyes upward and plodded through it all to the top, where a blast of beauty met us. The round temple covered with gold, rising up to a needle point, which is said to hold a cup of precious stones worth an untold amount. The only way to get at this wealth as I could figure it out was for me to fly over and dip out the diamonds and rubies. See why I learned to fly? We stood gazing in awe and wonder with our feet on the white marble. Oh, no, not still, but hopping up and down, for the temperature was 110° in the shade, and did you ever stand on white marble in that heat? If so, I'll not have to explain it. All around this temple were booths for images with white marble pavement between, perhaps twenty or thirty feet wide. I said, "I just can't make it. I'll blister the soles of my feet." Mr. Rufus said, "Let's try the shade of that bush over there." So we ran for the shade and I hopped like a sparrow while we gazed on a

seventy-five foot reclining Buddha. Half way around the gold pagoda I said I would have to go back or I'd never be able to get my shoes on. "Well, it's as far back as on around now." So being afraid I might miss something I toe danced the rest of the way around. Down those dirty steps again. At the bottom we were met by the smiling polite guide with a pail of green water which he instructed us to put our feet into to kill all the bugs. We did, then dressed our feet and rushed for the street car and to the hotel to get a bath from head to foot. It was worth it. A gorgeous sight which I will never forget.

On the boat for Calcutta, if we went on the sunny side it was like a blast from a hot furnace. A land breeze can be hot. Although Calcutta is a large city with crowded streets we saw few women excepting outcasts. We put up at the Y.M.C.A., then started out to see the sights. We visited the temple Kalighat, which Catherine Mayo described in "Mother India.". It is all there as she says, but I do think it unfair to write of the degrading sights of the country and not give a fair picture of the other side.

One morning I started out to shop. I came down the broad stairs at the Y to the front entrance, and there I was met by a great big Sacred Bull. He had his head and shoulders inside. I looked at him and he looked at me. I think I was more scared than he. I just could not make myself go through that door with him standing there. Mr. Rufus walked by and enjoyed my discomfiture. I was discussing it with myself when the Indian doorkeeper saw my predicament and motioned me to come between him and the door. He would do nothing to get the bull out of there as it was sacred.

In Benares we went out on the Ganges River to see the people bathing in the sacred water. We heard that it really has medicinal properties from a certain place up the river down as far as Benares. Some chemical ingredients in the earth gave the river this reputation. We saw men

and women who had stood in the water and looked at the sun until they had gone blind. The natives come from all over India to be cured. If wealthy, an Indian may come to one of the palaces to take baths and eventually to die. There we saw the burning of bodies on the funeral pyre with the mourners wailing around the logs. The temples in this place are such that a lady can hardly go in with a mixed crowd. In the golden temple one brushes against big men in sack cloth and ashes, minus the sack cloth. In the Nepalese temple, where sex is worshipped, I was excluded; my husband could have gone in, but refrained. All these sights are disgusting to us, I think mainly because they are in the name of religion. Without a doubt Benares is the most repulsive city we have visted.

In Lucknow we were met by Ivy Thomas Jordan and taken in a pony cart to Isabella Thoburn College. One of my childhood dreams was realized as I had heard so much about that institution. It came up to my expectations and more. At Allahabad we were beautifully entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Rice. They took us out to the Leper Colony. I could not approve of all the methods used in the Colony, especially the large number of innocent children born of leprous parents.

New Delhi, the beautiful modern capital, was laid out on paper before one building was started. The best landscape artists and architects were employed, and what a lovely city was created! It has one round building with the most columns of any structure in the world. We were entertained by our Barbour scholar, Dr. Nadkarni Kagal, and husband in their new western home. They had many interesting places to show us as India is such an old country and many of their palaces, towers, temples, etc., are preserved.

When we arrived at Agra at twelve midnight, we brought out two chairs from the waiting room at the depot and gasped until 4:00 A.M. when a taxi came to take us

out to see the Taj Mahal. Mr. Rufus had timed it so we saw the Taj by moonlight; then the moon set and we saw it by starlight only. We stayed to see it at sunrise and in the full light of day. I hope I can carry that sight to the next world. It is beyond description. We went without our breakfast and did not even think of it. Just like the finest delicate jewel in the daintiest setting. One must see it in all its different phases to believe. It is without doubt the loveliest piece of architecture in the world. The Indian people are justly proud of an ancestor who could create such a lovely piece of work. I could look at it every day and receive an inspiration. Shah Jahan who had many wives built this mausoleum for his favorite wife, just twenty years after her death. Lady readers, do you have hopes of your husband even remembering you after one year? That Shah must have been some man.

It was a dreadful train ride from Agra down to Bombay. Hot, dusty, not ordinary dust but white alkaline dust, which is so hard on the lungs. We had a tub with one hundred pounds of ice in our compartment to bring the temperature down 10°. I wet a towel and kept it on my head, and with it all I could hardly breathe. In spite of all this, I enjoyed the sights. In an open vale, from the window came a pretty view. Monkeys jumping around (monkeys are not pretty) and big peacocks, strutting with their tails spread out. It was a fleeting glimpse of those animals in the big outdoors. When our train stopped in the open, monkeys came in the compartment for a hand-out. They were not dangerous unless one moved quickly or tried to touch them.

In Bombay a Michigan alumnus put his chauffeur and car at our disposal. Could one be more hospitable? As the irony of fate would have it, that alkali dust was too much for me. We called an Indian doctor and I spent most of the three days in bed with a high fever. But we did drive out to that famous watering place, Santa Cruz, where we were

invited to a dinner, real Indian style. The food was served on large individual hand-hammered silver trays. We could eat with our fingers or a fork. They say food has more flavor if eaten with the fingers. Try it. It really does taste better. Our host was the uncle of one of our Barbour scholar girls, a very refined, polished gentleman. After a spicy meal we all drove over to the beach. Have you seen pictures of a beach with the moon shining through tall palm trees, and the waves lapping the shore? Have you felt a balmy breeze coming from the sea with its cooling fragrance? I felt like standing there forever and drinking it all in.

It was about the hottest month, April, to go through India, but a traveler must put up with heat sometimes. When we left India we felt we had enjoyed the most interesting part of our trip and soon would emerge into countries more like America. On our three trips around the world we have traveled by many different kinds of locomotion. All the way from steamship and airplane to donkey, chair, a man's back, camel, and elephant.

When we left Bombay the steamship seemed very restful and I needed a long time to recover from my dust fever. We decided not to go by rail across France. We had seen enough of Paris on previous trips. We stayed on the boat until we reached Southampton and were glad to visit London again.

We returned to America via the Canadian Pacific, landing at Quebec. How relieved we were to pass the icebergs safely where the Titanic floundered. They are beautiful to see at a distance but they are bad neighbors. We had faith in our captain, but we sometimes wondered if he saw those big ones that looked too close. In Quebec, that quaint city part French, we read a big sign, "Spitting on the sidewalk, \$10.00 fine." We looked at each other. Singa-

pore, \$25.00. Quebec, \$10.00. "Let's wait until we get to Ann Arbor."

Our Sabbatical leave was over, so now to work again. It seemed queer to get down to washing dishes, hooking rugs, and attending affairs once more. Again we decided the old U.S.A. with our glorious stars and stripes is a pretty good place to live.

## CHAPTER V LEARNING TO FLY

When I started learning to fly I did not know what I was getting into. I supposed one took hold of a stick or a wheel and sailed through the air with the greatest of ease. Really, I don't think my teachers took me very seriously, although they let me sign up and accepted my tuition. They probably thought I would soon give it up, but they did not know me. I never back down when I start a thing, although many a time I wish I could, only I'm too much of an oriental. I couldn't lose face. The first time I realized I had undertaken a real problem was when my teacher bawled me out. He said I'd never make a flier if I didn't stop asking questions and take one thing at a time. "Keep that left wing up." "Hey, you're losing altitude." "Keep the nose up." "Now you are keeping it up too high and we'll go into a stall." Soon it was easy to keep the plane going straight.

We bought a 40-horsepower Aeronca-K and I just had to learn to fly. Every morning it was good weather I was at the field for instruction. Around and around I went with my instructor, learning to take off and land. Taking off was easy; landing was another question. I'm sure my teacher was disgusted with me more than once, but I kept at it until one day he got out of the plane and said, "Now, go it alone." I had gone around the field so many times that when he got out it just automatically did the same as it had been doing and I landed without any different sensations.

After my first flight alone, I spent many hours on manoeuvres and soon received my solo license. I decided, perhaps foolishly, to get two hundred hours before applying for my private license. I flew all around the country to get off that number. One day I came in from Jackson, Michigan,

and landed. Before I came to a stop I must have put both brakes on, for my tail commenced going up slowly and I just sat there and let it. I nosed over on the grass. My teacher who was in a plane in front of me seemed to be amused. I wasn't, for I saw my prop was bent at the tip. He asked me why I didn't gun it and the tail would have come down. Well, I just didn't know enough to. I learned something that day to the tune of \$15.00 to repair the prop. I decided next time I would not put both brakes on, and if the tail ever started toward the sky to gun it and keep it down on earth.

Another time that was really nerve racking was on a very windy day and I was trying to land. It didn't feel right and I wondered why. I got down O.K. but came in with the wind which is very dangerous. My, I caught it that time! Never have I made another mistake like that. I look at the sock every time since then to see if the wind has changed since I took off.

After I acquired my two hundred hours, I settled down seriously to do 8's around pylons, precision 720's, steep turns 3,000 feet up, stalls, spins and spot landings. I had told my teacher I'd never spin for anyone on earth. They looked terrible. A student heard me and said, "They are not hard, they are easy." That kind of piqued my pride, so I called an instructor and asked him to go up with me to spin. We donned our parachutes, went into a spin and the engine stopped. Ah, me; now what? He took over and landed the plane perfectly. How I envied him his skill. We went up again and this time I brought it out fairly well. I went over all the things to do in a spin, even in my sleep I felt I had the mechanical part in mind quite well, so went out to the airport one morning and said I was going up to spin. It took all the grit I had to strap on the parachute and take off on that flight. Three thousand feet up I started down in what I hoped was a spin, but had my doubts. When



**Daddy Squire Spurns a Helping Hand**

I landed I asked the boys why they were not on the office roof to cheer me, and they laughed and told me I did not spin but spiralled. That made me feel all funny inside and I turned on them and said, "I'll show you what a spin is like." I went up again and put my mind on it, and did I spin! That ship spun around twice (so did the top of my head) straight down toward mother earth. They cheered me that time when I came down. I was never afraid of spins after that. Did several at Hartung Airport at the Michigan Girl Fliers' Day. But the first time, Oh! My!

The only thing I could not do with my solo license was to take other people with me. After the Federal Government started to train boys the solo license was dropped. That winter I took ground school work. A man from Detroit came to Ann Arbor to give lessons in the evening. He went so fast I just couldn't keep up. All but one other student had taken the work previously, so that made us appear dumb. I took copious notes and then went to my professor husband, and he helped me. Finally I felt I had the Meteorology, Navigation and Air Traffic Rules pretty well licked. That navigational computer nearly got me. After much labor I can solve my problems now in the air, but learning was hard work. If I had known all it involved I do not think I would have had grit to start. Most people imagine it means only taking hold of a stick and learning to take off and land, but learning to fly involves much more than that.

When I told the boys who my inspector was to be, they threw up their hands in horror and said he was the toughest examiner in the whole United States. No one seemed very much enthused about my getting a private license anyway, but myself. Guess they thought it better for me to go flitting around alone.

Now, what to do? That inspector worried me. I made several dates, but he was so busy it was hard to get at him. I flew up to Lansing from Wayne County Airport

at 85° air temperature. I found him and he went up with me. Making a 720 my engine temperature went above 200° which worried me for I did not wish to spoil my engine. We landed O.K. Then he said to go up and make a spot landing. I went up, but when I was coming down three planes were lined up on the side of the runway. I just gunned it and landed past them, so I couldn't hit the spot. He told me to come to Wayne County Airport next time and we would have better luck. It took me two months to get that engine fixed. That over-heating had been too much for it, a cylinder was scored.

In the meantime I received a bulletin from Washington saying Cubs with my serial number must not be used for aerobatics. That was right in the midst of my stalling and spinning. I was discouraged. Here I had been practicing dangerous aerobatics with defective wings. If an accident had happened in a spin, of course they would have said, "I told you so, she was too old to fly." All I could do was wait until the factory sent me strengthening parts for the lead edge of my wings. Ninety holes were drilled to put the new parts in. At last with the new cylinder and the wings fixed I went at my practicing again and finally flew to Wayne County Airport and my inspector tried me out. When we came to the last thing, spot landing, I made it right on the dot, twice, and he said, "No one could do better than that." I was pleased all over. That little piece of paper he handed me in the office looked pretty good to me. I had worked so hard I really felt I had earned it.

When my private license finally came from Washington, dated September 18, 1940, a letter followed saying not to try for a commercial. Well, I just couldn't figure it out unless they think I'm too old. I don't want it anyway. I don't know what I would do with one, as I would never use flying to earn money. But the authorities will never know how I felt inside when I read that letter. I would like to

show them I can do good enough work to obtain one if I set out to get it. With a private license one has to have a physical examination just once a year at \$6.00, instead of every six months with a commercial. I would like to have instrument rating for a reason I will explain later. The lessons and instruments for that rating are very expensive, however, and my husband is only a poor professor.

After I received my private license, one of the instructors told me I had too much ego. That killed something in me, I had worked so hard. At my age I have had enough experience to know what I can do and what I cannot do. I am sure I never felt overconfident about flying, and on the other hand, I do not think that I have an inferiority complex. From the very first lesson I realized the dangers as well as the difficulties. I have also read the analysis of accidents in Air Facts, which is a big help in learning what not to do. Instructors are right, of course, in emphasizing what to do and are always ready to correct us when they catch us doing something wrong. Perhaps that wrong action on a pupil's part, however, might have been avoided by previous instruction on what not to do. Even more serious blunders might not occur if specific points of that nature were included and stressed during the period of training. With my ego deflated I put the plane in our hangar and didn't take it out for weeks. It took me months to get back where I could say I enjoyed flying, not until I took my western trip.

I joined the 99 Club, which is a national organization with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Its object is to promote friendship and knowledge among licensed women pilots. Amelia Earhart was the first president. As a memorial to her courage and devotion to aviation we are establishing a scholarship in her name to be granted to a girl who is working for her commercial license. The club is divided by states and also has sectional and national meetings. A hus-

band or sweetheart may be only a 49 1/2-er. That is one place the men take a back seat. Although they are only tolerated, are we tickled when they condescend to attend our parties, luncheons, lectures, etc.

In our Michigan Club many members are married, some with families, some millionaires, some just struggling to keep up fifteen hours a year flying, which is necessary to renew a private license. We have some noted fliers: Sarah Winn with her instructor's and commercial rating; Alice Hammond with a commercial; Mabel Britton with thirteen years experience, also her commercial and instrument rating; Mary Von Mach, a charter member of the 99's who has been flying for thirteen years; Jennette Lempke with one thousand hours in the air and a commercial license, who is the national treasurer and has been sectional governor; Helen Montgomery, our glider pilot, who holds the record for women in altitude and endurance, who also is the only woman glider pilot to hold a commercial license.

Once we entertained our 99 Club in Ann Arbor. Mr. Downs, the superintendent of our airport, almost got in bad during his speech of welcome. He mentioned the practice of putting the men and the women students in different classes. Someone wanted to know what was the reason for the discrimination. After some stalling and clever manouevering, he was cornered with the question, "Do you think the girls are dumber than the boys?" Then he made a perfect get away, "No, they are not dumber. They are just more unpredictable." Dr. Stalker and Mr. Conlon of the Aeronautics Department kindly invited the girls to visit the wind tunnel and gave us very interesting lectures on Aeronautics. At a sectional meeting of the 99's in Cleveland which I attended, I decided to go to see Niagara Falls from the air. The view is very different from seeing it on the ground from Lookout Point.

Each fall the Michigan girl fliers meet at Hartung Airport, north of Detroit, for an afternoon of contests. We do all kinds of manoeuvres such as bomb dropping, spot landing, ribbon cutting, etc. In bomb dropping one takes a small paper bag of flour in the plane, goes up 500 feet, and is supposed to aim it so it will land within a circle in the center of the field. Before I reached my altitude my bag slid off the front and I caught it just before it landed on the floor. Instantly I imagined what I would look like if it had hit the floor and broken. It tickled me so I just gave it a toss out and it landed in a corner of the field. When I went down they all laughed at my bomb throwing. Just the same I received \$10.00 for the best spot landing. That makes me think of another \$10.00 prize I received. A friend telephoned asking if I had been driving in Detroit the day before. My heart went pit-a-pat as I wondered if the police were after me for doing something wrong. Then she told me it was for being the most careful, courteous driver in Detroit, and if I went to the Detroit News I would receive a \$10 gold piece. How proud I was of it! Howard and I drove to the city to get that \$10. My husband said he prayed I would get pinched for speeding or something, so I would not come home too puffed up. When my conscience hurts if I buy something I feel is extravagant, I just charge it to one of those \$10 bills. I'm still charging it.

Last winter the 99's had four lectures on meteorology given by Mr. Cass Hough of Plymouth, ending with choosing sides as in the old spelling bee, to see how his lectures had affected us. We found them very helpful as we need refresher courses often to keep our minds alert.

On the Dawn Patrol the men and women fliers of nearby states meet each Sunday morning at some interesting place for breakfast, e.g., tulip time at Holland. When the lakes were frozen we landed on one and had breakfast at a country club near Lakeland. It was my first experience

landing on ice, so I was a little concerned. However, I felt if seven other planes had landed safely I might do likewise, so down I went. No trouble in landing, but I had difficulty in taking off. I slid around some and killed my engine. Someone had to run out and start me off again. I finally slid across the lake, here and there, and all over, and took off into the wind without more difficulty. One of our most enjoyable Dawn Patrol meetings was when we were invited to the Miller Farms at Eaton Rapids for a free breakfast, and what a breakfast, including all the ice cream we could eat. Of course not every city invites 300 of us to a free breakfast, but they do give us fine entertainment.

Each summer our Michigan cavalcade meets at Traverse City for three days of fun. We enjoyed the honor of having Mr. Piper of the Piper Club on our cruiser when we went out on Traverse Bay. The entire party succeeded in catching one fish. At night we were initiated into the Paul Bunyan Club. It was fun; even the cow entered into the spirit of it.

Until very recently my husband had only paid the bills and not even enjoyed one ride with me. He seemed content with just earning the money and letting me have all the fun. It seemed quite pat when Mr. Billings of Korea said to me, "You have a perfect division of labor in your family. Carl labors hard to earn the money and you labor just as hard to spend it." When I was learning to fly I really thought it was labor, but not now. I finally got my husband cornered, where he couldn't say no and took him up. I tried hard not to scare him. I took off very carefully and in the air made large shallow turns, also landed without a jolt. I might have done a few 720's with a 60° or 70° bank and made him feel as though he was going to heaven in a chariot. After additional rides including Eaton Rapids I think he feels quite safe with me and we expect to have lots of good times in the air. He really enjoys going with me to 99 meetings and Dawn Patrol.

CHAPTER VI  
THE MIAMI AIR RACES  
AND  
CROSS COUNTRY FLYING

I have flown twice to Miami, Florida, to the air races with my son, Herman. The Gulf Refining Company gives light planes gas and oil free for the trip. The first year we went, there were over 700 light planes; the next year 1000.

The first time we started out with our 40-horsepower Aeronca on the first day of January, 1929. We had a heater in the plane, but it was on Herman's side and my feet got pretty cold. I wondered if it was worth the discomfort; then the second day it was a little warmer, then hot. In Louisville, Kentucky, we met all the other light planes of the Middle West; the western planes met at Kansas City and the eastern at New York City.

At night we came together for instructions. We were given a leader for our group of five and found out that he did not have any more hours than Herman at that time, so we doubted his ability to be a leader, but we started out with him. Herman and I asked to be fifth as we felt we were less experienced. Things went pretty well, although we kept close watch of our compass, maps, and check points. In Tennessee as we came up to a ridge our leader turned around and went back. We discussed it pro and con and decided we had plenty of gas, so went on. We had been instructed to follow our leader, no matter what happened. One other pilot had the same idea as we did. The sequel of the story is: our leader went down in a mud field with

three others and never did get to Miami. We were glad we made the right choice. Herman and I alternated at the wheel. Once when I was steering, Herman went to sleep. After a while I couldn't find my check points so I awakened the sleeper and we found that the wind had blown us twenty miles off our course. That night we didn't get with our crowd so Herman telegraphed a message to headquarters, "I went to sleep and Mother lost me."

At Orlando where all planes met, they gave us a rousing party. Between dances some people were introduced including a man and wife who flew all the way from Alaska. I was called to the platform as the oldest pilot on the cavalcade. Herman and I were initiated into the Alligator Club. What fun! I'd like to tell you all about it, but you'll have to go and be initiated to find out. It's a dark, dark secret. After initiation they gave us a fine banquet and an alligator pin, which I proceeded to lose the next day. My clasp was defective. I wrote for another but was informed a dollar had to be forthcoming, so I do without my pin. My trip to Miami cost me just \$50.00 for board and room and incidentals. I know the boys could not do that well.

A big thrill came when we flew over the northern part of the Everglades. I was looking for alligators but did not see one. We felt relieved when we saw Vero Beach. The Glades are no place to have engine trouble. At Palm Beach we decided to cross over to the shore as our engine began to sound a little peculiar. Our ears pricked up and we began looking for a place to land. Below were docks running out into the water with people bathing between. We hoped we would get beyond them if we had to land. We began to lose altitude and just beyond the docks and bathers, within ten feet of the sand, the engine cut in again, so we soared up and out of our difficulties. Not a nice feeling to be in such a predicament.

It was a sight to see so many planes at the Municipal Airport at Miami. The pilots' headquarters were at the Columbia Hotel, where we registered. Autos were provided for transportation to and from the airport which was located miles from the center of the city. At the races we marveled at what some pilots can do with a plane. I wondered if I could ever be a part of a plane as some of the performers seemed to be. We turned our attention to our plane to see what was wrong. It was the piston rings. A good mechanic put in new rings, then the engine worked as it should.

Three delightful days visiting the beach, and places of interest, then homeward bound. Everyone was on his own. Going across the Blue Ridge we passed near Lookout Mountain and looked down where Mr. Rufus and I had driven the year before. While climbing to reach altitude sufficient to scale the ridges, our engine gave a funny little cough. We looked backward and forward to the valleys to see which way we should glide if we had to land. We found we had forced the engine a little too hard on the climb and eased up when it told us we were unfair to it. One must not expect too much of any engine.

On one stop Herman was eating with the boys and I was alone at the table when a man came along and asked if he might sit with me. I was glad for his company. I recognized him as one in our Cavalcade. In the conversation he told me of losing his wife years ago and said he had noticed me with my son. "I noticed you were a good sport and like to travel and I wondered if you would be interested." He confided his plans for the future, then suddenly looked up and said, "I take it for granted your husband is not alive, as you are with your son. Is he?" Well, I had to confess to conditions as they are, and lost the opportunity of sharing a nice big Stinson. My! My! We made Ann Arbor in three and a half days, with nothing out of the ordinary happening.

Another interesting trip was down in southern Illinois on a farm to visit a girl friend who had, for four years, been in the Wesleyan Guild Orchestra which I conducted. I wrote her and asked her to put a sheet out in a field that would be feasible to land in. Herman was with me. We arrived in Whitehall just before dark, then out five miles to find that sheet. We had to try the second time before we saw it. Of course when they heard the plane they all ran out to see us land. That field was much better than many real airports I have landed in. The next morning I spoke in one of the churches in the city. Then we took off for Ann Arbor.

Invited to luncheon in Midland, Michigan, I started out from Ann Arbor bright and early one morning in the late fall, stopping for gas at the Owosso Airport. The field was closed for the winter, so I had to walk a mile or so to reach a telephone. Then the search began to find someone who could bring out some aviation gas. It took a long time to do this, making it very late when I reached Midland, only to find that port closed. I walked out to a road-house to telephone my friend, who drove out to get me long after lunch time. Then another grind to get someone to come out and gas the plane. Good old Gulf did the work again. But the truck driver just couldn't get it through his head about turning that prop, so we had to go back to town to rout out a dentist who owned a plane. He left his office and came out with us to start me off.

Finally I started my homeward journey, only to find that it would be dark before I could reach Ann Arbor. I then decided to stop at Flint and wait for daylight. I telephoned friends, the Moffetts, who drove out to take me home with them for a most delightful visit and business men's banquet in the evening. The next morning I woke up to find it raining. No visibility. Well, it just meant I couldn't start until the ceiling lifted which was about 4:00 P.M. I

got off in time to reach Ann Arbor just as the sun was going down. In the papers and magazines this item appeared, "Mrs. Rufus returned two days late from a one-day trip to Midland."

Our poor little Aeronca had a mishap. Herman and a friend flew up north to hunt deer. They bagged a buck and expressed it home. On the return trip they flew within eighteen miles of Ann Arbor and landed on a farm to get gas. In taking off with autos lighting the field, the plane hit a down draft and could not get altitude enough to escape the tops of the trees, so down they came, the trees breaking their fall so the boys were not seriously hurt but badly scared. Herman had a mean gash on his forehead that required twenty stitches. The Aeronca's wings and undercarriage were badly damaged, but we decided to have it repaired. When nearly finished the man left the shop for Washington and left us in the lurch. We finally sold the wreck for \$200.00, - a bargain for the one who bought it.

We secured another plane, a 65-horsepower C u b coupe. I had a check out in it as it had a stick instead of a wheel. It took me some time to feel at home with the stick. The coupe had better instruments, including a bank and turn, which I have found a big help. Before I had this instrument I had to fly by feel alone. I heard that the boys said, one has to fly by the feel in the seat of the pants. Maybe so.

Herman and I started off for the Air Races in Miami again in January 1940 with the help of the good Gulf Refining Company. This trip we had an old reliable squadron leader from Morenci. We dropped at Adrian to join our group of five, then all took off for Indianapolis, where we met many planes being refueled and serviced. The snow at the airport was so deep we tried five times to take off but failed to get up enough speed to lift. We gave up, then went back to the hangar where all were taking off their pants.

The snow balled up between the pants and the tires making it impossible to take off. After removing many bolts and nuts we were freed of the hindrance and tried again, this time taking off, but rather slowly. After circling several times we finally got our five planes together and headed south.

At Smith's Grove in Georgia we took off, but after about fifteen miles in the air we iced up. We looked at each other and decided our leader was good enough to know what was best and we would follow him. Just then he turned and we all followed back to our starting point, where we waited for the temperature to separate more than 6° from the dew point. In the meantime we struggled with cloths and warm water to free the wings of the plane. Of course as I was standing on the wheel, bending over and working hard, one of the boys had to sneak up behind and take my picture.

I was glad we had that icing experience. Now I would know just what to do. Some planes went above the clouds where the dew point was lower and got through O. K. Icing is dangerous. While waiting I walked downtown to see the landlady and daughter where we stopped the winter before. They seemed pleased to see me and said they had just been talking about us and wondered if the mother and son were still alive. Some people have no faith in planes.

Orlando again was the meeting place for all ships from the West, Middle West and East. What a gathering! I thought I'd try the stick again. Planes were taking off one after another. I waited my turn and pushed the throttle in but did not get the stick far enough forward and made a dash up, then down, scaring the flag man out of his wits. Got straightened out and went blissfully up into the air. I thought I'd try it again and see if I could do better. I turned to get in line when the flag man came up and said to "be more careful of my life next time." He waved me

aloft and I landed in another part of the field. When I came down where there was a crowd I knew, I made a perfect landing and they complimented me. I smiled, and did not tell them of the awful take off I had just made.

Again the big Alligator party. We spent less time at the Races this year but went to Cocomanut Grove, to visit Pan-American Airways. It is thrilling to see those big liners nose up over the horizon. Our second trip to the races was much more pleasant as we were better acquainted with the pilots. Good times again came to an end and it was time for us to face our coupe northward.

Flying out over the Atlantic, still in formation, an inspector came and shooed us inland. We met up with C.A.A. at different times to give us advice and to see that things were going well. Across that awful swamp again from Vero Beach I kept looking for alligators. I nearly jumped out of the plane and yelled, "There goes a big 'gator." He was swimming in a stream. He looked mammoth. Hermannosed the plane down to try to see it, but it ducked. The result was we nearly lost our squad and suffered a few miles of anxiety as our compass was not working right.

In Georgia at the little town of Perry we ran into a cloud bank and had to turn around and go back and sit down in a field. It had been a small airport at one time but had grown up to weeds. We waited for a while. Two boys in a cornfield near us had a radio. They took off and we supposed they heard it had cleared, so we followed suit. They went through the soup and we heard they landed in a hospital in Macon. We turned aside again, and seeing seven planes in a field we got ready to land. The boys kept waving at us and we supposed they were telling us to come down, but they were trying to get us to go on to another field as that one was rough, just newly plowed. We had no trouble in landing but knew no one could take off.

Herman said I'd better catch a ride into Macon and lighten the ship. I rode on a load on a farm wagon a mile and a half to the main highway. At the corner was a gas station run by a mother and daughter. I inquired about the bus and learned it would not come along until 9:30 at night. That was pretty late and they advised my thumbing a ride. I told them I had never thumbed, but thought if I stood on the highway someone would recognize my flying suit and pick me up. Car after car went by me, although I turned pleading eyes on them. No one stopped and I gave up. The girl yelled, "Put your thumb up." So I took hold of my right hand thumb with my left hand and put it in position. How they laughed at me. Believe it or not, the first car stopped and took me in to the next town. It was a high school boy going in to study with another student.

After eating a lunch at a corner drug store I walked down the street, when a man came running out of a barber shop and yelled, "Where did you come from?" I told him our predicament and he said he also had to land in a field. The farmer was one of the kind food doesn't agree with and he wouldn't let the pilot take off from his field or take down a piece of fence. The disgruntled owner offered to sell his plane for 50 cents. He wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him I would take a bus to Macon at 10:00 P.M. He said to stay and we'd paint the town red, so I hunted up a tourist room while he ate and then we took in East of Suez. Wasn't that painting the town red?

In Macon the next day I asked him about his plane and he told a woeful story. He hired negroes and they hoisted that plane over the fence and onto the road, then into a cow pasture. Of course we can't expect to dig up a farmer's field, but there is no need for them to get nasty or charge exorbitant prices, because one gets stuck. Once Herman paid \$20.00 to get out of a field. Not so nice! Most farmers are very kind and considerate.

I met the boys the next day, who flew into Macon, and to my dismay they said the farmer helped them get their planes into a cow pasture and I could have stayed as it was a good big field. What made me feel the worst was that the farmer and wife kept them overnight and fed them squab for breakfast. Ah! Me! I still regret losing that opportunity of eating squab.

On account of a haze and the Fort Wayne Airport being closed to contact flying, we turned back to Marion, Ohio, where we stayed two days waiting for better weather. We would have made it from West Palm Beach to Ann Arbor in two days easily as we had a tail wind, if the mist had not held us up. Flying certainly develops one's patience. We hope the Gulf Refining Company keeps up their good work as I would like to make the races again this year.

## CHAPTER VII

### PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIG WESTERN TRIP

In the winter of 1940-41 I did not fly very much. It was cold, the runways icy or wet, so I waited for better weather. While waiting I thought I would have to do something to get back my enthusiasm for flying, so I got the idea if I planned a trip it might give me the desire to keep at it. My father, who is ninety-one years old, lives in Bellingham, Washington, and I had not seen him for six years. If I could navigate well enough, I might make him a visit, but there were many obstacles in the way. Mr. Rufus and I talked it over. There were the finances to consider. I could hardly estimate what the expense would be, but Mr. Rufus said that if I could keep within \$500.00 it would be O.K. I didn't know until I had made the trip and returned home that he had another \$500.00 set aside for emergencies.

Well, what to do first? The engine had over 500 hours on it. That meant it must have a major inspection, which does not cost, but getting it ready to be sure it will pass inspection takes the money. Our men were too busy with the federal program at Ann Arbor to give it an overhauling. I wrote to the Continental Factory at Muskegon, Michigan, for the price, - \$95.00 and replacements. A man at Detroit City Airport was recommended, so I flew down there and talked it over. He would take it on for \$65.00 and replacements of parts. No hangar rent was to be charged. Finally the work was finished and I went down to get the plane. The total cost was \$85.00. I took off but the engine heated up higher than it should, so I turned and landed again. A man tested it and they told me it would be

all right but to watch it. I kept writing back to them that it got too hot.

While I was taking my test I had to stop on account of the engine temperature going up to 200°. I telephoned the man who overhauled it and asked him what I should do. He said he had sold out and was leaving for Washington at one o'clock that afternoon, but to bring it down and his successor would take care of it as he was supposed to complete the work left over. I did. It was there several days when he telephoned me it had a scored cylinder. We knew that when I took it back. The new man would not touch it. There it was, all apart, and we had to wait for the first man to return. He did not come for several days and the new man said I would have to pay hangar rent. A new cylinder had to be sent for and the Cub agent would not order one until he had a deposit of \$50.00. We were up against it. Finally we gave them \$50.00 for the new cylinder, paid the hangar rent, and took the plane home. \$150.00 was rather a big sum for an engine major. I had written to the factory and they said it was a fault in the over-haul. I learned my lesson. Hereafter our engine would be majored at the factory.

Before taking off from Detroit, I checked out in the weather room. I was told to hurry and I could make Ann Arbor before the snow storm struck. Well, I have found that flying cannot be hurried. I got within seven miles of Ann Arbor when the snow came thick and fast. I was over a road but did not know what road it was and I could scarcely see right or left. I came to a farm house beside the road and decided to come down in a field by the barn. It looked like a cow pasture, a long field the right way of the wind with a ditch on one side. Over the barn I glided, slipped, and onto the ground, with a fourth of the field left. I turned and taxied through the snow to the side of the house where the farmer's wife was motioning me through the window to come in. The man came out and we got stakes and

roped the wings and tail down as the wind was blowing hard. I went to the door and the lady said, "Tell the other one to come in also." I told her there was no other one. She thought I misunderstood her question and put it in another form, but finally she understood I really was alone and then she invited me in to a turkey dinner.

When I finished helping her with the dishes, I found I was on the Ford Road, one and a half miles from the Plymouth Road, only seven miles from Ann Arbor. As the farmer said it looked like a three-day storm, I felt I must get the plane home if possible. When the storm let up a little I went out and looked the field over for stumps or bumps and decided to follow the road home. I took off with no trouble and by flying low was able to follow the road to Ann Arbor. The visibility was so bad I took the Saline Road instead of the Airport Road and had to turn around and find the Stadium, then the right road to the airport. I circled twice to be sure I had the right runway as the wind was blowing very hard. I landed right side up and the boys ran out to help me in. My, was I glad to get that plane in the hangar safe and sound. When I told my experience to the boys in the office they all jumped and wanted to know where that farm house was, and if the turkey was all gone. They said that would be worth a forced landing. I wouldn't tell them. That was really my first forced landing, although my engine did stop once near our airport just before the fence. The only thing I had to do was to nose it down to get up enough speed to clear the fence. I do not like such experiences.

Another time before my 500-hour inspection I had engine trouble when I was going to Traverse City via Flint and Saginaw. My engine did not sound right. I looked around for a landing place and found that I could make the Flint Airport. I landed and they cleaned a spark plug or two which had rusted, and then everything worked fine. Then

came a one-hundred hour inspection of the plane which means all the parts except the engine had to be looked over. A pulley had to be replaced; also some bushings, and many little things were done to make the fuselage, under-carriage, and wings safe for flying. That cost \$54.00. But I did feel much safer knowing a licensed mechanic had gone all over the plane. That fixed me up for some time.

I began planning my Western Trip. Mrs. Britton of Ypsilanti advised me to leave here in May so as to escape the hottest weather of the South, and return North after the snow storms were over about the middle of June. Clothes were the first thing for me to think about. In April I began sewing. The sewing room looked like a young factory. I made what I thought was necessary for the trip. Mrs. Britton was kind enough to loan me her sectional maps. I laid them all out on the floor and they covered most of the space in the house. Then I went to work to plot my trip. I worked days, yes, weeks, studying my course to the coast. It was all fascinating. Maps intrigue me.

When I found what course I really wished to take, I flew over to Wayne County Airport to buy maps so I could return the borrowed ones. That airport is one mile square, but with all that space, when I landed a student nearly ran into me. I sat there watching him coming. How I wished a plane had a backing attachment! Then on he came. I had visions of a smashed plane and no western trip. He recovered just in time and flew on past me. I made up my mind not to land again at that field while they were training so many students. It was a closed field a short time after that experience.

I secured my maps and started to work, burning the "midnight oil" many nights. First we rule in a straight line from one airport to the next, marking this line off every ten statute miles, which will take from seven to ten minutes to fly, according to the wind velocity. After that the protractor

comes into play and the compass course is plotted and recorded. The wind velocity must be found at each airport. This is where my ground school work came in. We get the wind angle, then the drift, to work out the compass course. How I struggled to learn that and now I wonder why it was so hard. At each airport I visited the Weather Room, spotting the high and the low pressure areas and the direction they are traveling. The men at the weather bureaus were very kind and helpful after they really believed I wanted information for a private ship, but always started out as if I was only an inquisitive passenger on an air liner. I always got information at each airport on the terrain, climate, surface conditions, altitude, and the best route to take. With all this information from maps and people, one runs up against puzzling things at times where you have to make a snap judgment. I sent for a 1941 Airport Book. It gives the name, obstructions, miles and directions from town, altitudes, etc. I found a few mistakes in the book, e.g., an airport had been closed or moved to another location, but it was a big help. I don't know what I would have done without it. It surely was worth my dollar.

The gas tank holds sixteen gallons of gas, giving me three and a half hours of flying. Fearing I might get lost I decided on two and a half hours at the most, before landing, leaving one hour leeway in the air to find myself, if the sun went astray. That means airports with day service (I did not fly at night) must be within the two and a half hours, so I could go down to gas. Only once did I go too long before landing. I did not like to get down to less than four gallons of gas, which I did that time.

My plotting done, I turned to getting my house in order to leave. I had no idea how long I would be gone. Many gave me farewell parties. I really had to watch or I

might add to the conversation, "from Topeka to Tulsa, S 7<sup>o</sup>, W 9<sup>o</sup>, variation 8<sup>o</sup>, deviation?" At one party the ladies gave me a mascot of a little yellow plane to tie to the ceiling of the Cub. It's still there. They all want it, but it will always be in my plane. ,

I closed my social affairs by giving an Oriental feed to the Music Section of the Faculty Women's Club. Forty-six women sat down to tables in our recreation room just two nights before I left on the trip. It was hard to believe I was really going. The engine and plane were in perfect condition, thanks to our airplane mechanic. The course was laid out, the stops planned, clothes all made, and the house spotless; I was ready for my trip.

## CHAPTER VIII

### TO THE GREAT SOUTH WEST

The eventful morning came, the first day of May, 1941, - a perfect morning. Family and friends were down to see me off. When I said good-bye to them they had peculiar smiles, but waved a fond farewell. Newspaper reporters sensed a "human interest story" and gave much publicity to the "Sixty-Year-Old Aviatrix" who started her solo flight to California and up to Bellingham, Washington, to give her 91-year old father his first airplane ride. Illustrated Associated Press items from the Atlantic to the Pacific carried the sensational story, many with additional flourishes. The *Detroit* *Abend-Post* contained this interesting titbit: "Es is heute nicht mehr so einsach, viel Spass zu haben, bemerkte sie kurz vor Beginn ihrer Lustreise."

On the take off for the first lap of my western trip I had some misgivings. Although I had done a good deal of cross country flying, I was lost once just going from Ann Arbor to Lansing, - not a good feeling. I followed my compass course through the Irish Hills to South Bend, Indiana, and hit it right on the nose. Then I changed my course to Valparaiso but couldn't find the airport. Looked and looked. I thought that I might as well go back home if I was going to get stuck so soon, but I gritted my teeth and continued to hunt. Finally I decided to get some gas, and spotted a field near a wholesale gas station. I flew around the field, at one end of which a cow was peacefully grazing. Everything looked pretty good, so I came down over a ditch, a pavement, another ditch, and into the field, making it nicely. The cow objected to my landing with only one moo. The



**Taking Off (Courtesy of Friend's Magazine)**

man came over with five gallons of gas and told me the airport was only a mile the other side. I took off for Chicago with field to spare.

I found I had to depend chiefly on my watch for my gas consumption as the gauge was not plain and I was always fearful of misreading it. The next plane I buy will have a different way of telling how much gas is in the tank. One has enough worries without adding gas.

After that cow pasture, the Chicago Municipal Field looked so big and inviting, I made up my mind to go down. While I was taxiing a big army plane came toward me. My, I felt little beside it. I had the boys take off the Cub's pants thinking it would be better if I ever had to come down in a muddy field. While this was being done I had a chat with a captain of Northern Airlines and asked his advice about the trip through the northern Rockies. He said it was feasible but didn't seem very encouraging. Dr. and Mrs. Esson Gale, formerly of Shanghai, now of Evanston, met me at the Sky Harbor Airport. No hangar space, so we had to tie the plane out. I had met an air stewardess at the Chicago Airport, who looked so cute in a blue military cape and beret, that I decided I should have an outfit like hers, So Mrs. Gale and I started out to shop. We found one just like the model, but when I put it on, for some reason it didn't make me look cute like it did her, so I gave it up. Something must have been the matter with the cape and cap. (I weigh 162.) When the airport attendant emptied my gas cup he found sediment in it, so he put a new cap on and wired it. I felt much safer. I always watched my gas to see if it kept clear.

Our sectional meeting of the 99 Club met at Des Moines, Iowa. What fun to see one plane after another come in! and out steps a girl you haven't seen since the last meeting in Cleveland. All so enthusiastic and happy! The Petticoat Girls, organized with hopes of becoming 99ers, met

us at the airport with cars to take us to the Fort Des Moines Hotel. Girls from eight states met to discuss plans to further aviation among women. Some of us were invited to go to the Register and Tribune radio station, where a few of us spoke over K.R.N.T. I was scared with all those old-time fliers listening to me, but one of the girls who had tuned in said, "Your speech was grand," so I guess I passed. After a Sunday morning breakfast and our business meeting we were escorted again to the field to take off. The girls going east were allowed to leave, but a low was traveling from the west and would cross my path as I was heading southward, so I was advised to stay overnight. I was glad I did for I was delightfully entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Moore and daughter who took me out to the field the next morning and waited to see me take off.

Now I felt I was really on my way and on my own. Compass course to Topeka. An adviser said Topeka instead of Kansas City as it would be better terrain. I wish he could see some of the stuff I went over later; he surely would think any of this region was excellent. A storm cloud came up and I turned the ship around toward a small town then came to, when I realized that town couldn't help me. I resumed my course and let the rain with a rainbow in it go by on the left. The rain evidently hit Topeka for the field was a mass of mud off the runways. I tried to keep to the side of the runway for fear another plane might come in. I ran one wheel off into the mud and couldn't budge it, so a man came and helped me out and back on the runway. I was ashamed of myself. I gased as quickly as possible and took off for Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Here is an illustration of the helpful spirit I met everywhere on my trip. Several days after my stop at Tulsa I received a friendly letter from one who had helped me out at that place. Here is a brief excerpt. "I ran into the news item of the Associated Press and was very much

impressed when I happened to remember that I was the lucky person that gave you a lift one evening from the Municipal Airport at Tulsa to the city that you might catch a bus to an uptown hotel. The thing I remembered most was your telling me of your trip west to visit your 91 year old father and your desire to get him to ride with you when you arrived." I received many letters from new friends, who sent them to Ann Arbor and Mr. Rufus forwarded them to me.

Here is another interesting result of the publicity I received. A press item regarding my take off from Ann Arbor appeared in a paper at La Junta, Colorado, and the name attracted the attention of a boyhood friend of Mr. Rufus. Dr. J. C. King wrote to him inquiring if it was possible that Professor W. Carl Rufus was the William Rufus he knew back in the 90's. He had been in Colorado since 1897 and this press item renewed a friendship interrupted by forty-four years.

At night in Tulsa I was tired but happy for I had enjoyed a grand flying day. At the hotel in the evenings I would go over my maps and study the course for the following day. My next airports were Oklahoma City and Wichita Falls. On the sixth day after all my stops and delightful visits on the way from Ann Arbor, I was headed for Midland, Texas.

On account of federal money for improvements, many airports were all torn up. It made it difficult for me as I had to decide quickly which would be the best place to land under very difficult circumstances. Runways were plowed up and there were many trucks on the fields. At one port a siren was blown so the truck driver would know a plane was coming and then pull off to one side.

So far I was proud of my navigating, but pride comes before a fall. I think I had not been five miles off course since I left Ann Arbor (forget the cow pasture). Within a

few miles of Midland, I found an underpass on a railway track on the map. I came across one on the course, but did not find the town I was headed for, so flew at least five miles off course to read a name on a silver tank. Then I found the place on the map and headed right. After that, underpasses on railway tracks were strictly out.

It was getting pretty hot so I kept close watch of the temperature gauge. It went up nearly to 200° and I was rather concerned about it. I planned on flying very early in the cool of the morning if it went up too high. All through this part of the country were many oil tanks which look like ghosts from the air. Some towns are marked with oil tanks on the map and some are not, so that does not help much in contact flying.

Wink, Texas, was the next place to gas. I flew from Midland to Wink by a pipe line and had my radio on also. Pipe line flying is easy, as a slightly raised ridge on the ground marks the route. Pipes are laid by the shortest course, so one does not go out of the way by following the line. But that is not the case with winding railways and roads. I had a nice chat with a man at Wink who told me of the country in bygone days, - the wild and woolly southwest. Wink was a boom town in 1927 and during those days a man's life was held very cheap. There were killings every day. No law or order was maintained.

The West Texas Ranch Company was made famous by Judge Roy Bean, who lived at Pecos, a town south of Wink. One can still see the Judge's original cabin. Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan played in Judge Bean, a famous picture in 1940. At one time Wink had the biggest oil fields in the country; many are now worked out.

In Texas are found crosote bushes, mesquite, tumbleweed, and ragweed. On account of these weeds many people find it hard to live in this region on account of hay fever and other allergies. I had been told by Mrs. Boswell of

Cleveland to be careful of cactus spines down here. Well, I had to land to get gas, and therefore I did get spines in my tires. They were full of them. I asked what I could do about it, but they told me nothing, so nothing I did. I kept wondering, however, when those tires might let me down on a difficult landing. No use worrying.

From Wink I started to climb for my first mountain pass, called the Guadalupe Pass, in the Sacramento Range. I planned to start my ascent miles back from the pass, so I would not notice the height too much. When I came near the pass, to my right was El Capitan, 8850 feet high. I was up 8600 feet. It was not as terrifying as I expected. Really I was enjoying it immensely. I noticed as I went higher the sound in my ears became different. When I reached 5000 feet my altimeter refused to go farther; so I went up by faith and by sight until the instrument caught up with me at 8000 feet. That was the only time it did not work on the whole trip.

I find in flying it is not good to depend on instruments entirely, especially in depth perception. Here I was, over my first high pass. I flew over the Salt Lakes to Salt Flats, where I landed to get my breath after being up so high. Salt Flats airfield was all torn up. Although it was terrible to land in, I made it without difficulty. I had the compass course to El Paso, Texas, but followed the pipe line between two mountain ranges. A crowd of soldier boys stood on the porch of the office at El Paso and when I flew in they saw skirts. They were all eyes and wandered around to see who would be first, - and I stepped out. All heads turned the other way. I said, "Too bad, boys, I just can't help my age. Wish I was younger." How they laughed. On the field were ten big bombers, which were to be sent to England. At El Paso I had been warned about flying over the border into Mexico, so I was very anxious not to lose my bearings. A man told me a pilot had his plane confiscated over the bor-

der, another crashed on account of mountains, another was taken to prison, and so on until I was rather anxious to keep my course in the U.S.A.

Leaving El Paso I flew between two high cliffs, one the Franklin Mountains, the other a range coming up from Mexico. Beyond the pass there were terrific cross winds, so it was all I could do to keep my wings level. I tried to look at my map and use my computer, but did not even dare pick them up. It took me a little while to get my check points and compass course as I was being blown around so. At the airport they had told me to find the third railroad track beyond the pass and follow it for a mile until I got my compass course to head on. It proved satisfactory for I nosed into Rodeo with no trouble. My course was laid out via Douglas, Arizona, but a lady flier with a big plane (my, what gas she bought) being serviced at Rodeo drew a new course on my map with her pencil. She said I would cut off many miles if I followed her directions; so I did with fear and trembling. I struck right out to go around this mountain and that one, and cross this and that, and find a town called Cochise, then to intersect a railroad. I just could not use the compass or anything, but follow her directions, and as luck would have it, I came out all right. I was paying such close attention to the mountains, I nearly flew over the railroad I was looking for without seeing it. It was miles of anxiety, though, as one would hate to be lost in this kind of country.

Thirty miles from Tuscon I could see the airport, but not the city. The atmosphere is so clear and the sand so white that one does not need the guide book to find an airport. Once or twice I made a mistake from a distance, thinking I saw an airport which turned out to be a sea. On the map it would say river or sea named so and so, and when I would look for it, there would be only a river wash or a lake bottom without one drop of water. As there were

so many of them it was confusing to take a river or lake as a check point. It was through the desert that I saw so many sand spouts. At first I did not know what was happening until someone explained them to me. They are like a funnel reaching up at times 1000 feet. I heard that a plane was caught in one and the pilot could do nothing about it and crashed. I kept watch for them after that. I saw many, some miles away and others near by, but I was lucky enough not to encounter one.

When I was alone in the desert, miles away from habitation, a big plane flew over my head, perhaps 3000 feet above me and the pilot turned on and off his lights. I saw him wave his wings also. My, it gave me a feeling of safety, of not being so alone away off there by myself. Probably it was one of the boys I had been talking with at the airport. I really do not know what he could have done for me if I had been in trouble, but it was a good feeling anyway. He may have been out scouting me, for I saw very few planes in the air in this part of the country, although I saw many at the airports. Tuscon has an excellent airport, one of the best I have seen.

I had an experience at Tuscon just the opposite from the kindness generally shown me. I got up at five to try and get an early start. I asked the hotel man to call a taxi and find out the price. It was to be \$1.00. "Are you sure it is to be just \$1.00?" "Yes, that is what they charge to the airport." The taxi came and we reached the city limits when the driver turned and said, "You understand this is to be \$1.50 to the airport." I asked him if the hotel clerk made arrangements to take me at the regular price of \$1.00 and he said, "Oh, that was to the Air Lines." I said, "O.K." and opened the door, grabbed my little suit case and maps and stepped out. He said it would be 25 cents this far. I answered, "Try and get it," and walked on. He said it was three miles to the airport. I said, "That's O.K. with me."

A workman came along and saw my predicament. He took me as far as a corner of the airport and turned to the factory on the other side. I crawled under a wire fence and walked across the airport to the hangar, where I was to pound on the galvanized wall to awaken the boy to turn my propeller for me. He did and I was off. On the way to Phoenix I flew the beam and there was also a railway in sight, which is always a comfort to have underneath. It would be a rather bumpy landing, however, if one had to go down in an emergency. At Phoenix six girl fliers were just starting a 99 Club. At each stop now I would pick out spines from my tires but it seemed hopeless as there were so many.

From Phoenix to Desert Center was rather a hard course to navigate as I had to change my compass course three times; first it was 271<sup>o</sup>, then 302<sup>o</sup>, then 272<sup>o</sup>. I tried to pick out Saddle Mountain, O Big Horn, and Lone Mountain, but they all became rather confused. When I saw a rotating beacon and a landing strip, I thought I'd better go down and see if I was right. I landed and taxied up to a little building and wondered if I should turn off the engine. I decided not to for fear no one was there. We do not have anything in the plane to blow on or make a noise, so I yelled as loud as I could. As no one came out, I kept the prop rotating and waited for a few minutes. I had never turned the prop alone and didn't know whether I could or not. I learned later that a man comes to this beacon only once every five days. My, I was glad nothing happened to the plane there, or I certainly would have been stuck. There was nobody in sight and nothing that would be a help. Well, nothing happened, so I came out all right. This is another of my husband's comments, "Providence helps babes and fools."

I looked at my map, taxied back and took off. In the air I had a feeling of being alone with the cactus, flowers, and sand beneath and mountains all around. Not a sound or a moving thing in sight, until I came to a road where soldiers were driving trucks from one camp to another, miles of them. Each truck had a cannon hitched behind on wheels. Then for a long time I just flew over range after range. That was about the loneliest part of the trip. All through the desert I saw many water holes for cattle, but little water and few cattle. I kept at a pretty high altitude, about 7000 feet, to glide as far as possible, for if one had to come down in that region, they might never be found. Lone Mountain was my check point, but all those mountains looked lonely to me.

## CHAPTER IX

### DOWN IN THE DESERT

I was advised not to stop at Blythe, California, but to go on to Desert Center. I had plenty of gas to get to that place, but it had been rather an anxious ride over this section. When I broke over the last ridge, Black Mesa, and passed Dome Rock, I saw the Colorado River, which had some water in it for a change. I was so exhilarated I had the feeling of possessing all I surveyed. When the little town of Blythe showed up, looking so peaceful and inviting, I decided to glide down the 7000 feet to see it at closer range. The landing strip looked fair and I was tired, so I decided to land. The runway was deep sand and I stopped in a short space. Taxied up to the building which was a weather station. I parked and went in. A man said I could get gas. I thought I would fill my tank and walk around a bit, then be off. One gets rather cramped sitting in one place so long, although I tried not to be up too long at a time.

The attendant said he would prop the Cub, as it would be easier to taxi than to push it. The perspiration was running off his face and I was about ready to drop in this 110° heat. I taxied to the gas and when he started to prop it for me to go up he discovered a little hole made by a stone in the lead edge of the blade in my Burnham propeller. I was just sick over it. Here in this heat, and a bad propeller. He told me a man here owned a plane and a garage man took care of his engine. He telephoned the owner of the plane only to find he was out of town for a few days, but

his wife gave us the name of the mechanic who looked after his plane.

So I went toward the highway to try and get a ride into Blythe, that peaceful, little town. But inside I did not feel very peaceful. On the road I saw my first truck with smoke streaming out. I thought it was on fire, but was told that it was a Diesel engine burning oil. My education had been neglected. I saw many of them after that. No one stopped to pick me up, so I went back. The weather station inspector came and said if I would wait until he got through with his day's work, I could go in with him. I fussed around, feeling sorry for myself that I did not know enough to take advice. Mourning did no good now as the damage was done. Such a little nick, about the size of half a cent, to cause me so much trouble. Perhaps boys might tape it up and go on, but not this ladybird. I want my plane and engine as perfect as they can be made.

At last the inspector was through and he took me into town. A nice little place, very quiet, but much too hot. I found the mechanic and he advised me to go and telephone Air Craft Associates at Long Beach for a new blade for my Burnham prop which has adjustable blades. I sent the name and number and everything necessary for them to forward the blade. To my dismay they said it would be sent in three days. I pleaded and begged for them to send it sooner and all they would promise was to do the best they could. The new blade was to cost \$20.00. Well, that didn't seem too bad and I settled down to have a good time in the heat. I found a place to stay, then called on a minister to see if he had anything to suggest as to my filling in my time while there. All I got was, that there was a choir practice, which did not interest me in the least. The minister and his wife gave me a ride back downtown; then I cast around for something to do or to learn.

The Blythe paper gave me quite a write up including mention of the damaged propeller. This caused great consternation in Ann Arbor. Local papers carried items with startling headlines, - "Accident Delays Mrs. Carl Rufus," "Flying Grandmother Grounded by Accident." Mr. Rufus was besieged by eager questioners, some of whom never expected to see me return alive. They were relieved when he relayed my message, "At Blythe, a bad airport, sandy, the man asked me to move the plane. A stone flew up and nicked a blade of the prop, so here I am until I get a new one." A message was sent to members of the Michigan 99ers to correct the wrong impression given by the press.

I found that about 175 transient truck drivers stayed in Blythe each night. It seemed to be a popular stopping point, or perhaps just necessary. I sat up to the counters to eat with them and did I learn a lot about them and their work and the country they travel through. Most of them drive trucks with Diesel engines. I saw two that looked like hearses, but found they were loaded with movie films. I went to a filling station to inquire about Gila monsters, reptiles of the desert. I was told I probably flew over hundreds of them, as I came over Gila Mountain and Gila River where they live. I couldn't find anyone willing to take me out and hunt for one as everyone seemed to be afraid of them. I made up my mind I would see a Gila monster some place if not in their natural habitat. I probably had seen some of them in zoos but had forgotten it.

The hotel where I roomed had an air-cooling system. This is the way that it was made. Two frames covered with a one-inch wire mesh are filled inside with excelsior and placed in the upper half of the windows. In front of this is an electric fan. Above the frame a hose is placed to drop water on the excelsior. It is surprising how this simple contrivance will lower the temperature of a room. It made me think of India where they have something simi-



**Gila Monsters**

lar, only a boy throws pails of water on reed mats, which has the same effect but requires more manual labor. This desert country would be a good place for an air-conditioner salesman, when the prices come down where the people would be able to buy them.

I thought I was going to make Los Angeles from Des Moines in three and a half days, but now I was grounded. This is the place where I have time to catch up on my log and notes. We have to keep track of our time in the air. It is recorded in our Pilot Flight Record, our Aircraft Log and our Engine Log. Our bookkeeping is quite important for one must know when to have inspections. I found landing in this hot climate just as I had been told. The first time I tried to land in the heat I overshot, so tried again and landed just over the fence, but rolled nearly four times as far as usual, near the fence at the other end. I learned my lesson which I kept

in mind afterwards when coming down into a hot small field. I never had to gun it and go around again.

At the hotel I found the home-made contraption at the window made me take cold and I sneezed and sneezed. I wondered if I was getting hay fever. The heat kept my nose bleeding. Well, I was having a grand time anyway. I looked in the airport book to see what it said about Blythe. "No Service." So you see I had no business landing at that place.

The first evening the inspector and I walked downtown, a regular western town. Saw five cow-girls. They had check shirts, big hats and boots, - the real thing. I was told movie stars stop here at times. Also serve "Chicken in the Rough." That's not so much, though; in Ann Arbor we can get "Chicken in the Rough" at Metzger's. The inspector said I should be P-Xed out each time. That means making out a flight plan at an airport including the time of departure and approximate time of arrival at the next stop. This plan is left with the airport authorities and teletyped to the point of destination. I know I should have done this, but had not so far. Without this precaution one might go down on the desert and not be found for months, if ever.

I learned the names of some of the flowers I flew over on the desert. Some kinds of cactus grow to twenty-five or thirty feet high. The acatilla cactus grows to ten feet and has a red wax-like blossom. The sagaware, a giant cactus species in southern Arizona, is being killed by an insect. The germ was found in the larvae from the eggs of a fly which lays them on the surface of the cactus. They rot the plant which bleeds and is so weakened that it falls. This species is found near Yuma. The organ pipe cactus is found near Picacho Peak. The desert flowers are beautiful.

I went down to see the inspector to find out if my plane was all right. How I hated to have it stand out in that awful heat. The mechanic kept telephoning the bus line

and depot to see if the blade had come. Each day a disappointment.

I was sitting up to a counter eating my lunch when a big rancher with a ten-gallon hat came in and sat next to me. He told me all about his ranch and how he was lonely but had plenty to do with. I got suspicious, paid my bill and disappeared. I would prefer the Stinson to the ranch. I guess I talk too much. Saturday night in Blythe is a gala affair. From 10:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. it was so noisy I did not venture out, nor sleep very much.

In the hotel is a green cala lily, the first of that color I had seen. In the sitting room I started talking again, this time complaining about the heat. I told one of the men I had been in India when it was 120°. He said he had worked on the outside of a building at Phoenix at 128°. I enticed him to tell me stories of the country. He said that a Mr. Ruth of Detroit about ten years ago went to a town called Apache in Superstition Mountain to look for gold. He was found dead. "It's like Hell on Earth around here." He told me about his uncle, Rev. A. S. Williams, of the Methodist Church, a circuit rider in Kentucky. There was a feud between the McCoy, the Hatfield and the Purnell families. Jim Purnell, a hog thief and a horse thief, had murdered a family when he was coming through from Virginia in a covered wagon. This was about 1885, which was just five years after I was born. Rev. Williams found this outlaw in a hut and prayed with him. Purnell was converted and wanted to live a good life the rest of his days. Since his crime the United States Government had been looking for him. In order to escape detection and live a changed life, Purnell had to disguise himself. He let his whiskers grow and moved to Benton Harbor, Michigan. He became the famous King Ben. Many years later the Government sent for Rev. Williams to go to Benton Harbor to identify King Ben as Purnell the murderer. He recognized him even with his long whiskers by the bird

shot in his eye. He was arrested and two weeks afterward he died in his cell. The end of King Ben. This nephew swears this is a true story.

My story-teller said he saw an animal called a chotmhims. What a name! Also a store here takes gold for groceries. He boasted that the largest rock in the world is found in the mountain at Van Horn near El Paso: I let this pass without checking. Another story: "Why, you must have flown over Devil's Den." In 1907 train robbers hid out among the rocks. They were supposed to be starved to death in there. The den was dynamited, but there was one body that was never found. The den in the rocks is the tomb of that robber.

He told the bloody story of Ruth Judd, the trunk murderer, called the Velvet Tigress of Phoenix. Locked in the Florence prison, she escaped. She was retaken and is now insane in a hospital. My landlady said Ruth had done her hair many times, just as a friend. John Dillinger also hid out in Phoenix after escaping from Gary with a soap gun. I also heard the story of Billy the Kid, who killed twenty-seven men before he was killed in New Mexico.

On a big ranch near Blythe they raise cantaloupe and alfalfa. Around here the ranchers help consists of migrants. They are also called fruit tramps. Several boys in the hotel were migrants and very fine specimens. I asked them if they had seen "The Grapes of Wrath." They had. When asked if it was true to life, one answered, "Yes," and another, "Yes, but it is exaggerated."

A truck driver came in the hotel who had been bitten by a Black Widow. He had to return after starting out as his leg was terribly swollen. He was laid up for several days and very sick, but was much better when I talked with him. Another man came in who had been bitten by a diamond back rattler. He nearly died.

One story-teller boasted there were more drunks in this town than any other, but I must confess I saw no one drink while I was there. I was also told that after the Civil War camels were imported from Port Said for labor. They were turned loose to multiply. Camels can go a long time without water, but this part of the United States was too arid for camels and they all died. I had heard so many interesting stories that I finally thought I should reciprocate, so when asked to write one for their paper, I did.

The mechanic had received word from Long Beach that they were sending a new propeller to help me out, as they could not secure a blade like mine; also for me to come to Long Beach and they would see what could be done. I was presented a bill for \$68.11. I looked at the prop, a second-hand one with flaws in it. What could I do? I gave the mechanic a check for the \$68.11 and he put on the prop. He said, "We fliers must stick together." We did to the tune of \$5.00 for his services. A man who just arrived from Phoenix said seven 75 H.P. Burnham blade propellers had been grounded. The mechanic pointed out the defects of the propeller I was to depend on for the trip to Long Beach over desert where it is almost impossible to find a landing spot. Also I fussed about that \$68.00 check for a poor propeller. And now what to do with my old propeller. We figured out the end with the hole could be put in the exhaust pipe at my feet. It worked, but it also let the heat blow on me. It was terrible even with the windows open. I tried to get my mind on other things than that awful heat and those three days at 110° temperature. Once I looked from a safe height and saw a forest of Judas cactus trees pointing their arms at me as much as to say: "Come down, if you dare! We'll wreck your plane and you too!" My, they looked formidable.

Passing ranches I had a yen to land on one and see what ranch life was really like, not a dude ranch, but the

real thing. I didn't get a chance here. I flew over Desert Center and saw a nice big airport. Why didn't I land here instead of Blythe? Perhaps providential in some way. At least, I wouldn't have heard the characteristic stories and got soaked in the spirit of the West.

After this flat country I came into mountains, flying between Cottonwood Mountain and the Orocopia Mountains. Then I passed Salton Sea which is twenty miles long and looked good because it had some water in it. I planned to stop at Palm Springs for gas. I saw the town but mistook it for Cathedral City and went on to Palm Springs Station where I discovered my mistake and went back a little way to Palm Springs. I went down on an intermediate field, which was in good condition. After taxiing to the hangar two young men who had just landed before me came up and introduced themselves: Mr. Jimmy Joseph and Mr. Andy Zlaket from Ontario, California. The boys informed me the town we were in was called Little Hollywood and is the winter resort of Hollywood stars. We looked around the hangar, peeked in, and saw the smashed plane that a Miss Baldwin and her instructor were killed in two days before. Not so good!

The town was about three-quarters of a mile from the airport so we all walked in and the boys pointed out this house where Shirley Temple lived; Mary Pickford in that one. Bryan Aherne, Harold Loyd, Charlie McCarthy (Ha! Ha!), Charlie Butterworth, Charles Farrell, - all came in turn. It was such a picturesque town with its one-story buildings with white walls and red tile roofs. There were about fifty private pools in the town, well kept lawns, and lovely flowers and trees. To add to all this the setting was at the foot of San Jacinto Mountains which rise to 10,805 feet at the peak. The town is all closed up in the summer. Too hot. It was May when I was there and the stars had left, but some of the stores were still open. It is closed from

May to the first of October. The town is just like a toy village with doll houses like a dream of my little girlhood. So dainty and sweet.

We reached Main Street where the boys knew a Japanese flower-shop keeper. He was very nice to us. His wife pinned a gardenia on my dress. After we had a cup of coffee he took us in his station wagon back to the airport. People are so kind everywhere. We bade the Japanese good-bye and he went back to his shop. Before the boys took off, the instructor advised me not to leave Palm Springs until 11:30 A. M. as it was always hazy near the coast. Recalling the experience of the stone at Blythe when I did not heed advice, I quickly said, "I'll wait." Had a couple of hours to fill in with only an old "sour puss" at the airport. He didn't even know how to empty my gas cup which had some sediment in it, so I walked uptown again.

I crossed fields, rather lonely. A funny looking man crossed a field in front of me. I was rather concerned as the papers were full of the Violet Webb and hunchback murder case in that locality, near San Bernardino. They were scouring the country for the murderer as he was very dangerous. Through jealousy he had killed his sister-in-law on the desert and placed her live baby on her dead body. He thought he had killed her girl companion also, but she was able to crawl away. He made off across the desert and when I saw this man in the field the culprit had not yet been captured. That old desert could adopt him and he could live on herbs and barrel cactus juice for a long time. The man in front of me walked on and I felt better. Guess I had heard so much I was just a little jittery.

In town I asked a policeman who could empty my gas cup, and he referred me to a mechanic at a gas station. I asked him what he would charge to empty the gas cup, which ought to take about five minutes. He said it would be \$2.50. I told him I would call him by phone if I de-

cided to have it done. A boy who just landed said he thought it would be perfectly all right to go on to Long Beach, so I kept the \$2.50. I was so glad I stopped at Palm Springs as it was a spot of beauty and a great contrast to the lonely desert which I had just flown over.

## CHAPTER X

### CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME!

Looking down from Coachilla I saw my first orange and grapefruit groves of the trip, miles of them, and they looked good after so much parched land. I passed mountains with snow peaks, I saw one ridge with hollows which resembled craters on the moon. The sun was just in the right direction to cast shadows, making one of them look like Copernicus. Of course, I would put an astronomical interpretation to it. I did not have to let my imagination run wild to think of that, as it really looked like a picture of the moon.

I had read of the difficulties fliers had in finding the right airport at Los Angeles. There are many of them. Also so many little towns it is very confusing. I went down in one and found the airport offices closed. Not even the restaurant was open and I was hungry. It was very hazy. I called a boy and taught him how to turn the prop. He did it well, and off I went to Long Beach where I telegraphed our bank to hold the check given at Blythe until further notice.

I reached what I thought was Long Beach Municipal Airport and flew around to the left, per book instructions. I saw in great big letters on the roofs of several hangars, Army and Navy. I was scared, thought I had made a mistake and got over a Federal Airport. So I started off again to see if I could find the Municipal. I just could not see a thing that looked like an airport, so went back to the Army and Navy and decided I was tired enough to go down and tell them I just had to land, Army or no Army. It was rather

trying to fly around the field as I had, on account of the big oil tanks and many, many oil derricks. It seemed as though there were hundreds of them all pointing their spires at me, as if daring my engine to quit, compelling me to find room enough between them to come down. It just could not be done. It was a relief to be free from them and go back to the other side of the field where they were lacking. When trying to plan what part of that immense field to land in, I spied a lot of little red and yellow planes over to the right by smaller hangars. I landed and taxied up to them. There I found the Aircraft Associates where I was to complete that propeller business. I asked them to hangar my plane and I would stay overnight and be out early in the morning to see about the prop and twenty-five hour inspection.

A young man asked if I would like to ride uptown. He had a lovely new red Buick, so of course I said I would be very grateful to go with him. He took me for a ride up Signal Hill. A wonderful view from there: the city below, and beyond was the old Pacific, so peaceful. One gets such a feeling of prosperity when he turns to the right or left and sees those oil derricks, some pumping away, pulling up the black, oily substance we use in so many ways; others standing like sentinels waiting their turn or ability to draw from mother earth. I should have remembered this young man's name as he was so kind to me. He took me right up to the Y.W.C.A. building where I secured a room. It was one of the finest Y buildings I had ever seen. Every facility to make a working girl or elderly lady comfortable and happy. It had two tennis courts on a roof, a sewing room, a place to press, and a fine cafeteria. I really felt as though I had returned to civilization once again, especially when I got that good hot bath in a nice clean tub. At night, as it was Sunday, I went over to a church for the evening service. In the morning the desk lady gave me a dollar bill

and said she had made a mistake in my change. A surprise to me.

I was informed I could take a bus to the airport, so I sat on a bench at a corner for one hour watching the people of Long Beach go by. I asked several regarding the bus. Yes, it stops here, take the so-and-so bus. Well, at last I got tired waiting and asked a bus driver who told me no bus was running to the airport, but a taxi would be 25 cents. Then he called one, but I had to pay 35 cents. Everyone thinks I have money because I own a plane, so they all tack on a little extra. I met Mr. H. N. Martin of Aircraft Associates. He was very fair in our settlement of the propeller account. Now I don't know why I worried over it at all. He gave me back a check for \$68.11 less the amount for express to Blythe and we talked it all over, and I decided to buy a new Sensenich propeller for \$38.00, instead of two new blades for my Burnham, which would be \$34.00, and might be grounded as the 75 H.P. props were. I telegraphed Ann Arbor to honor the check given at Blythe. The Burnham was taken apart and I put it back in the baggage compartment of the plane. I left the plane at Aircraft Associates to be serviced for inspection, which was a very good place to have it done. I had confidence it would be in good condition after they went over it.

I met a Mrs. O'Donnell, who wanted to make a date for me to speak in Long Beach. She had been a 99er but was not at present. She was very helpful and I was sorry not to speak for her.

I telegraphed ahead to Los Angeles to Dr. and Mrs. P. B. Exelby, friends of ours of college days in Albion. Then I boarded a train as the Cub was not yet ready to fly. On the trip to Los Angeles a coat was comfortable, quite a relief from the heat of the desert.

In Los Angeles I received a telegram from Mr. Rufus forwarding one from my father and family of Bellingham,

Washington, who were worrying about me. The telegram dated May 12 read: "Would like information about Maude. Associated Press item that she left Ann Arbor May 1st. Give us license number and trip plans please." Signed, Luella. I had not notified them that I was coming as I did not want them to worry about me. I had no idea when I would arrive. After expecting me for days my sister said she could thumb her way to Bellingham faster than Maude was flying there. I telegraphed them it would be weeks before arriving and I would let them know. They had the idea that the Civil Aeronautics Authority could let them know of my whereabouts, but I had not made out a flight plan at the different airports. Perhaps I should have. Then they would have known just where I was on all the trip by telephoning the Civil Aeronautics Authority in Bellingham. I was sorry I had not done so. However, if I had P-Xed out at an airport I was leaving I would have to reach the next airport on time or get to some place where I could notify the Authority or they would go out scouting for me thinking I was lost. It really is the best thing to do, but mighty inconvenient at times.

At Los Angeles I telegraphed Mr. Rufus that I would return home if the trip was costing too much. He replied, "Don't give up the ship nor trip. Pine Ridge sold thousand down." I felt better after that telegram. A cordial welcome was given me in the Exelbys' home. The first day in Los Angeles, Mrs. Exelby and I visited Chinatown and the Mexican village. We felt like real tourists as everyone goes there first. We had a Chinese dinner, of course, down along Gin Ling Way. In the Mexican village is an adobe house called Avila Adobe, marked the oldest American Headquarters, dated 1847. Occupied by Com. Robert Field Stockton. This marks the spot which he took from the Spaniards. Also on a plaque, "Kit Carson helped give California to the Union." There are about 2,500,000 Mexicans above the border. California is second to New York in number of aliens. An in-

teresting time was spent at the Methodist Center for Mexicans, which has a Church and a dispensary with a nurse. Dr. Exelby has given one day a week for twenty-two years to this institution with no remuneration. Real missionary work.

One would hardly think a railway station a place to have a siesta, but that is just where we went for an hour to rest. A beautiful new building with comfortable chairs and so quiet and restful. At the travel bureau I had secured seats to the broadcast, C.B.S. It was a beautiful theater. About one thousand in the audience. In the center of the stage a desk with a silver camel, an ad for cigarettes. On the sides two large control rooms. Al Pierce came on for his program with his old brown hat. If the audience laughs, they know it is going over with their radio audience. Al Pierce is very funny with his, "I hope, I hope, I hope." After the program I met a flier who proceeded to introduce me to one of the program men. Mr. Huntley asked if I would be willing to go on the air. He wrote out a script and I looked it over so I would not stumble too much. It was all quite exciting.

I was anxious to see as much as possible of Los Angeles this trip, so I went down to the office with the doctor in the mornings and then looked up some interesting places to visit. Across from Doctor's office is Pershing Park where there is a Curtiss P-40 on exhibition. The boys were very good to explain everything to me. Shooting between the blade of the propeller is a puzzle as those blades revolve so rapidly. My, those babies go fast. One day I strolled over and there sat a dove on the wing beside the gun. Figure that out for yourself.

I had inquired of my host and hostess if it were possible that Los Angeles Zoo had a Gila monster. They didn't believe it had; they had never heard of one. So I explained what the animal looked like and how I had flown over many

of them but had not seen any. One day downtown I saw a sign, Tourist Information. Walked in and asked the girl if she knew of such a thing as a Gila monster. I described its appearance. She took down the telephone receiver and dialed. Yes, they had two at the Reptile Farm. She gave me directions by street car and I went miles out in the country. The conductor asked me if I had a pass. I didn't know what he meant. It was a ticket. I was rewarded for there were two beauties which the keeper brought to me. They were about twenty and twenty-two inches long, a beautiful coral pink with black markings, clean looking. They snap with their mouth and clamp, never to let go. They also ooze out a poison. When I put my hand on their backs it felt like small beads, tiny little bumps. They are not dangerous excepting when attacked. A man at Blythe told me he had put his mattress down on the desert to sleep and they ran around him but would not come too near unless scared. The Indians still use the markings on their backs as patterns for rugs and shawls. There are never two alike. The Gila monster eats birds' eggs in the spring and stores up enough fat in his tail to last for months.

The old alligators are not so clean looking. They are great fighters. There are more than one thousand of these amphibians on this reptile farm. Their age is known by measuring the width of the jaw. One veteran 500 years old came from Okeechobee, Florida. Some had a foot lacking, one with tail bitten off, one with both front legs chewed off. Another was blind from fighting. They shed their teeth many times and new ones come in. One 200 years old, well trained, had been used in the movies five hundred times. He makes all the motions of being ferocious. The keeper winked at me and said, "Tricks in all trades." Evangeline, 325 years old, the show girl, demonstrated the trap in her mouth, which is to keep her from drowning while in the water.

There is also a membrane which comes down over her eyes to keep the water out.

The keeper puts leaves, grass and dust in the pens in June. The reptiles make mounds of this and dig a hole in the top with their tails in which they lay their eggs. Then the eggs are taken from the nest and put in an incubator to hatch. One incubator will hold six hundred eggs. The alligator skins are used to make wearing apparel; also some of the animals are sold alive. They also have an iguana and a tegu about three feet in length. The latter is found in South America and its peculiarity is that it hears through its long tongue. Generally a keeper of animals becomes fond of his charges, but I was told one never becomes attached to reptiles. They are so sluggish and lazy. I appreciated the time and patience the keeper displayed in answering my numerous questions and explaining the habits of his pets.

I went across the road to Lincoln Park Conservatory where the wall was wired to hold moss where ferns of different kinds were growing. One tree fern came from New Zealand. Maidenhair ferns and many other kinds make a beautiful background for the rest of the plants. When I returned and told my friends I had seen my Gila monster, they said, "Well, I guess you see what you set out to." The funny part of this story is that when I returned to Ann Arbor I was told I did not need to go to all that trouble as there were two Gila monsters in the zoo right in my home town. That was a joke on me. It was an interesting experience just the same. We received a caller, a lady I had not seen since she was a little girl in Korea. She looked surprised when she first saw me and said, "Not a day older, the same snap in your eyes." I told her I did not feel that young.

I drove all over Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Beverly Hills with Doctor on his calls, which gave me a good chance

to see and learn a great deal. "What is that balloon up there for?" When the studios are making sound pictures they send a balloon up five hundred feet to notify fliers not to come too near. This happened to be over the Fox Studios. Good thing I learned about that, although I never plan to fly over cities any more than necessary. Many times it is unavoidable when taking off or landing. We drove past Cartha Circle where "Gone with the Wind" was previewed and the stars were introduced in person. Seats \$10.00. As there had been more rain this spring (1941) than in fifty years, Los Angeles was very beautiful. It is a thriving city with its million and a half people. An evening drive with Dr. Exelby was thrilling. After his calls he took me up Baldwin Hills to see the beautiful panorama of lights of the city.

I also spent a happy day with friends of the University World Cruise of fifteen years ago. It was like meeting long lost friends. We discussed that wonderful trip pro and con. Mrs. Porter took me to the May-day luncheon at the Wilshire Church where I was introduced. In this church Deanna Durbin was married two weeks before. I do not think I have ever seen a church luncheon with the room and tables more beautifully decorated. The town of Wilshire is the Fifth Avenue of New York.

When I returned to the house, Aircraft Associates had been trying to get me by phone. It was too late to get them, so I had the night to wonder if they had found something wrong with the plane. I had planned to take off early the next morning to go North. Instead of that I telephoned to Long Beach. The Authority asked me to bring my Operator's License. I had received it from Washington a short time before I left on the trip and didn't pay much attention to it but filed it away with other papers in my desk. I pleaded with the Authority to let me send it to him from Ann Arbor. No, he said he had to have it to license the propeller. I telegraphed to Mr. Rufus to send the papers.

That meant three or four more days, so I settled down to have some more interesting times.

We were invited to dinner by Dr. Exelby, Jr., at Whittier. In the evening they drove us up Rose Hill, past where the Olympic boys and girls were housed, also Chapman Christian College, the University of Southern California, and Mack Sennett's original studios where Mabel Norman made pictures in early days. We had another beautiful view of the surrounding country. On one of the mountains I saw a large white cross and was told that a Pilgrim Play was given there each year. When I looked at the range I had to fly over and it was shrouded in mist, I hoped it would be entirely gone before I had to tackle those mountains.

I found out one can live in an old people's home in Los Angeles for the rest of life, with a wonderful climate, with beautiful surroundings, for only \$3000.00, and in some others in this vicinity for just \$1500.00. If one has more money he can be quite independent, go on vacations and have a grand time, with an ideal home. When I get old I will think about a home like that.

I read in the paper of the big storm in the Middle West. Chicago alone lost forty planes and many hangars. I am thankful it did not happen when I was at Sky Harbor Airport, Evanston, for my plane was tied out and surely would have blown away.

Again I sauntered over to Pershing Park to see the Curtiss pursuit plane, which had an ace of spades on its fuselage. They shoot the four guns from a button on the stick. Two of the guns are fifty caliber on the motor and two of thirty caliber on the wings. The sight is on the windshield. It cruises at 350 miles per hour. The boys said there were one hundred like it on the Red Sea at that time. Hundreds of people were going up the steps at the side of the plane. I stood aside and saw Bulgarians, Mexicans, Irish, French, Japanese, Chinese, and many other na-

tionalties looking it over. I heard two men talking. "The Pope is back of all this war." "It is a human trait to be a sacrificial person." "We will not go over and fight." "The foreigners of this country are not with us for an aggressive war. However, if an enemy came to the American shore, most of them would fight in defense." It was interesting to hear the conversation around that Curtiss P-40. For example, "I hope Hitler stubs his toe."

I found out from the boys telling me about the plane, that I could not accept their offer to become a Flying Cadet. One rule I cannot get around, even barring age and sex. One cannot become a cadet if he has lost masticating or incisor teeth. I hemmed and hawed. Then they saw my predicament and offered me an honorary membership in the Flying Cadets of Los Angeles.

People wondered why I was so scared while riding in an auto in Los Angeles. To tell the truth I was petrified most of the time. Don't let Los Angeles people know I made this statement, but I always breathed a sigh of relief when I got out of a car. Everything was coming at me from every direction. My, it was awful! Doctor was a good driver, but everyone else in Los Angeles seemed to be such poor ones. Me for a plane where it's safer. Many a time in that city I had all the sensations of a crash without actually having one. Would it not be "the irony of fate" to fly out to California in a small plane and then get smashed up in a car.

On the way to lunch one noon I passed a W.P.A. work project, where women were sewing for 50 cents an hour, eight hours a day, so I was told, which makes it hard for housewives to get help in their homes. The men also receive good wages in the factories, making it unnecessary for some wives to work.

As I was delayed on account of my Operator's License, it gave me the opportunity to accept the invitation to go up

to Lake Malibou, Dr. and Mrs. Exelby's mountain home, for the week-end. We bought our groceries, but no lemons, as I went out in their yard and picked all we needed. We stopped at a gas station where Doctor put fifteen cents in a slot and out came twenty-five pounds of ice all wrapped in heavy brown paper. Dry ice was mixed in to make it keep well. We drove up, and I mean up, for thirty-eight miles into the mountains. Some turns were nearly as bad as on the road to Mt. Wilson, where the big 100-inch telescope is located. Passed Hollywood Bowl, Clark Gable's and Carole Lombard's, and many other notables' homes. At last we came in sight of beautiful Malibou Lake, comparable with the Swiss lakes we have seen. One cannot see all the lake from one spot. One mile in one direction, then about a mile in another, nestled at the foot of mountains. What a climb to the cottage! Glad we had good brakes. I was enraptured with the view from the porch. Peak after peak, some with firebreaks the CCC boys had worked over. Deer were plentiful. In the front yard were mountain quail with funny little headgears and a black bib with a white border around the neck. Cute little birds. I asked about the absence of flies and was told there never were flies or mosquitoes. Wish I could say as much for our Crooked Lake at home.

I was startled by a loud voice echoing in the hills calling a doctor's name. Asked what it was all about. Just telling the doctor by loud speaker he is wanted at the club house 'phone. Back to Los Angeles he goes to see a patient or sign papers or what not. On each mountain one can see these loud speakers. All of the sixty cottages are connected with civilization.

I went out on a mountain side to investigate. Yuccas are six feet tall. The poetic name for Yucca is Our Lord's Candle. Close to the ground it has bristling, bayonet like leaves, each one to three feet long, terminating in a slender spine. The stalk grows ten to fifteen feet high. On half

its upper length it has a panache of creamy-white fragrant, pendant flowers. The flowerstalk is roasted and eaten by the Indians. As on the desert, here we find the Joshua Tree, some with just a trunk and no limbs, sometimes with an odd limb or two, as tall as twenty or thirty feet. The spongy, fibrous wood of this tree is suited for the manufacture of artificial limbs and surgeon's splints. In the 1914 World War great quantities were cut and sent to hospitals in Europe. Much of it was cut in the Mojave Desert which I would be flying over soon. This tree is also found in Nevada and southern Utah. One kind of cactus spines was used for fish hooks by the Indians and another kind by white men. Some kinds for gramophone needles. The hedgehog cactus growing about a foot high has purple blooms two and one half or three inches across and opens only when the sun is shining. The prickly pear cactus has a fruit that is edible, though seedy.

I climbed a mountain side to see if I could shoo out a deer. Guess they were all asleep, so I went fishing with Mrs. Exelby while Doctor cut wild oats around the cottage. We caught three bass and one bluegill. My, they tasted good, fresh out of that cold, clear lake. Um-m-m! Home-ward bound we tried to use our imagination and see the sleeping lady on Paramount Ranch where they make pictures. We saw Warner Brothers movie set, a walnut grove, Harold Lloyd's and Mary Pickford's homes on Beverly Hills. Back, after a most delightful week-end house party.

I was getting anxious to take that stick in my hand again, so telephoned Long Beach about the plane and found everything set for a take off. I received a phone message from the Long Beach Times asking for a picture and a story. I never yet had been able to get an early start and knew I would not that morning, although we were up at 5:00 A. M. to be taken by the Exelbys to the airport. On the way we passed the new Douglass Factory just being built. We were

told it will be the largest plant of its kind in the world. Hundreds of cars parked near by. Quite a sight! We arrived at the airport in Long Beach and I went in to pay my bill. I had visions at first of that little stone costing me a twenty dollar bill, but it was raised to forty-three dollars. Getting the plane ready for inspection was forty-four dollars. At home the boys asked me to keep track of the expense of the trip, I suppose to see if they could afford to take such a jaunt. Of course, I realize a boy might get through on less, but I was just as economical as a woman pilot could be.

Mr. Martin of Aircraft Associates was very nice in my dealings with him, as all the boys were. Very helpful in every way. I soon finished up the business part. Then, out for the reporter. Told him I would sue him for damages if he took as terrible a picture as most reporters had. I know I'm not as bad looking as some of the pictures make me out to be. I've seen other women, some big shots, who do not show up any better in pictures than I did on that trip. I'm trying to make that a comfort when I see one of them. Good-bye, Los Angeles. You have given me a grand time, never to be forgotten.

They told me there were four lanes leading our from Los Angeles to San Francisco. I figured out my course, but the wind was quite strong, so I had to be careful not to get the wrong way over the ridges or I would have to turn back and try again as the mountains are not movable. I looked the landscape over. There was Beverly Hills. As soon as I saw in great big letters on a mountain side "Hollywood" I knew I was headed right to hit the pass through the Sierra Madre Mountains. I expected from the map and what they told me that I would go over a range or two and then be in a valley. I kept in mind the up and down drafts of mountains and went much higher than I was told, and it was a good thing, for I would be over a range, and down I would

go like a bursted balloon. It took all my attention to keep the plane right side up on account of the drafts up and down the valley, although it was said to be a perfect day. All this time I had been crabbing into a cross head wind.

On top of a ridge I would decide on a spot where I would turn back or glide forward if anything happened to the engine. That was a hard hop. It seemed like hours, instead of a little over one hour. Then out into a beautiful green valley to Bakersfield with Mt. Whitney to the right. I had heard so much about the Mojave Desert I was glad my course was to the left of that. I had had enough of the desert. I landed at Bakersfield to stretch. Coming in I looked down on a nice big field with a plane on its nose, wings smashed, with its tail in the air. I circled twice to get my bearings and see what it was all about. I stopped just beyond the wreck where the police car and many people were fussing about. When I taxied to the airport and got out, I heard a boy say, "Look what's coming. And she came all the way from Michigan." He turned to the other boys, "Can you figure that one? And we have such a time learning. Darned if I can understand it."

When I went back to the plane to get some darning thread to fix a runner, I discovered Aircraft Associates had forgotten to put my Airworthy and Pilot's Licenses back in their places in the plane. I wondered if I would be held up again. I telegraphed to Long Beach for them to be sent to Oakland and received a reply saying they had been sent to Bellingham, Washington. I suppose I should have looked to see if they had been put in before I left Long Beach, but I had asked the boys not to forget them, then dismissed it from my mind. Now the problem was to get to Bellingham without the papers. I just put something over the gaping containers and hoped not one wou'd check too thoroughly. Beyond this point I thought it would be hard to get lost. Sierra Nevada Range to the right and the Coastal Range to

the left. I mentioned that to an official, and he proceeded to tell me of an old pilot with a passenger who got lost in this region, ran out of gas, and when they were found they were six hundred miles off their course on the shore, and all smashed up. I guess the theory is, when you get too cocky about flying, someone thinks it necessary to take it out of you.

However, I found it very easy to fly up that San Joaquin Valley to Fresno, where there was a crowd of young people who were very friendly, gave me a good time and kept me busy answering questions. A Mr. Jerome introduced himself. He was on the Cavalcade to Miami the first year we went down and knew my son very well. It was like meeting a long lost friend. He wanted to be remembered to Mr. H. Bender of Toledo, so I'm doing it this way as I may not meet him for some time. The Fresno Bee representative reported that "The fliers and other airport attaches gathered admiringly when Mrs. Rufus descended from her plane." "I'm strictly a fair weather bird" she told the other fliers. "I stop overnight and stay on the ground in bad weather." When asked how she got along crossing the Tehachapi, (choppy is right) she said, "I pay no attention to the altimeter. I just climb up until the mountains look small enough and then I go over them."

On the next hop it was very hot and I got thirsty so dropped down at Modesto for a drink. Bought a bottle of Coco Cola and felt refreshed, so up and on again, via a little town of Mantica where I had to change my course to N.W. over many canals and waterways, through a pass in the Diablo Range, then up a valley to Oakland Airport. There was the first hotel ever built on an airfield. My, these big airports look good after landing on the pocket handkerchief ones. The flier sails down with such a grand feeling.

When I rolled to a stop I was met by a policeman who said the Tower wanted me. He took me to a 'phone.

I was shaking like a leaf, scared to death. I told the Tower my name. He asked where I was from and I said, "What have I done that is wrong?" and added, "This is the first time I have ever been bawled out." He said, "Lady, Lady, you are not being bawled out. I only want to tell you to wait for a white light before you cross the taxi strip, so you won't get bumped into. Then start on the green, or wait on the red." Well, I knew about the red and green light but never heard of the white one and told him so. He then explained that it was a local rule. Well, my teeth stopped chattering when I found no one was to take my license away from me, for I did not want to be stranded on the Coast without a license. I thanked him and went on to find a place to hangar my ship.

I went in one hangar and they wanted \$1.50 a night, but they were crowded and not anxious to put in the plane, so I walked out and cast my eyes around for another hangar down the line. I found one where the men were all busy working on planes. They did not pay any attention to me, so I asked, "How much do you charge to hangar a plane?" One of them answered, "Someone out there can tell you." I walked around a little and asked another man, "How much do you charge for putting a plane in for the night?" He turned and said, "I don't know." He acted so strange that I looked down to see if my dress was awry or something the matter with me. Then I caught on and stamped my foot and said, "Believe it or not, I want to know what you charge for putting a plane in for a night." Another one asked what I wanted to know for. Then I was ruffled and said, "Believe it or not, I have a plane out beyond that hangar and I want to know if you will put it in for a couple of nights and what you charge." Well, they stopped working and came to see what it was all about. I took a boy out to my plane and we rolled it in front of the hangar and the whole atmosphere changed around there. They were as attentive as could be

and charged me \$1.00 a night for hangar space if I stayed two or three nights. I couldn't blame them for not paying attention to me at first; I suppose they do waste time with people asking foolish questions.

I was standing around wondering how I was to get transportation to Berkeley where I had written my friends I would arrive in a day or two. Miss Margery Marlow came up and offered to take me downtown where I could get a bus to Berkeley. She was learning to fly and was just at the stage all fliers pass through. She had soloed and was on the way for her private. When she let me off uptown she said, "You have been an inspiration to me." She was so enthusiastic about my flying. I thanked her for my ride and hope she will fly to Ann Arbor some day so I can reciprocate.

## CHAPTER XI

### NORTHWARD BOUND OVER MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS

The auto and street car to Berkeley were a relief after sitting so long in the plane. The object of my stop-over here was to visit our friends and neighbors of Korea, China, and Japan, who had recently been advised by our government to return to America on account of conditions in the Orient. I stayed at the Chateau de Lomprey, a beautiful place. Mrs. Lomprey arranged a reception for me where I met fifteen of our former friends. Several were awaiting appointment to different parts of the world. Mr. Billings, who was to leave for Manila, said, "When I return I will expect to see all you grandmas flying around like angels."

My hostess was kind enough to drive me all around Berkeley and over to San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge is the longest suspension bridge in the world. On the way across the bridge we saw a French vessel tied up. We also saw Alcatraz Prison, and Treasure Island where the Exposition was held last summer. The buildings were being dismantled, but I got a pretty good idea of how spectacular it must have been with the lighting which was said to be most beautiful. Of course the magic carpet had lost its magic. We also drove down to the dock. The whole island is to be turned into an airport for clippers. A brand new clipper was docked there, which seats eighty-four people. That afternoon at four it would take off on its maiden flight with twenty-five passengers. Its route would be a night flight to Honolulu, then by day to Wake, Guam, and Manila, making the whole trip in eighteen hours.

We saw the Methodist Church called the William Taylor Memorial, which cost \$3,000,000, and Methodism lost it. A magnificent building but too expensive for a church. We went to the top of the Empire Hotel to get a view. There we counted sixty-seven yellow cabs parked on the roof of a building. We left the auto and went up to the Cliff House by street car. I had seen the seals several times before, but they are always interesting. There are one hundred eighty of them. We took our plate dinner out where we could watch their antics. Great lumbering beasts but how they glisten in the sun. They swim over to Fairline Island in June to mate and come back to the rocks in January. We walked down to the beach where I made the remark, "That must be a soft bed." A woman was stretched out on a stone entrance to the bathing beach. A bather answered, "That woman is as drunk as a lord and a disgrace to the Beach."

On our way out to the Cliff House, Mrs. Billings said in dismay, "Is this Wednesday? I have to speak at a Presbyterian Church this afternoon at two." It was 1:30 then. I felt it was my fault she would be late, but she said she did not feel badly because the last time they asked her to speak at that meeting they kept her waiting. They had a business meeting, several solos, etc., and called on her to speak when everyone was restless and it was time to go home. A nice time to ask a person to give a talk. That is a regular way they have in some churches and clubs. They invite a guest speaker, then expect her to hold an audience's attention when it is time for them to go and put on the stew or to see little Johnny who must be home from school by that time. At the end of such talks many come up and say, "Oh, why couldn't they have given you more time, it was so instructive and interesting." I told Mrs. Billings something should be done about it, but what? She left me to go to that church, just an hour and a half late.

I was left alone to follow my own inclinations so visited the aquarium. I was about to cross the street when two old men sitting on a bench hailed me. One said, "Don't cross the street, it's too dangerous, go by the tunnel." I wondered what they would have said if they knew I flew out in a plane from Michigan. There were fish in this aquarium that were very colorful. The sapphire blue damsel, found in the waters of Ceylon and the East Indies; the electric ray, found from San Francisco to Santa Barbara Channel, which has an electric organ at each side of its head and gill chambers. The electricity it discharges can magnetize an iron bar. Also there were turkey fish and many others, all interesting and very colorful. At 4:00 P.M. I was to meet a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who formerly lived in Korea. Their daughter joined us and we went in to the news movie, where Mrs. Steven's husband who is in the Consular Service in Japan, was seen on the screen for a moment. It was quite exciting to watch the children's faces when they saw their father's picture.

The next day as we drove around Berkeley we saw where Helen Wills Moody practiced her tennis. Also passed the Del Monte factory. We visited International House. Sixty percent of its residents are foreign, the rest Americans. A very pleasant home for the students. We visited the University of California which has an enrollment of 54,000 students. They said it was the largest university in the world, putting out the most outstanding men. I thought our University of Michigan put out the most famous men. On the campus there are many eucalyptus trees. I puzzled how that species got to America and was told Bishop Taylor of the Methodist Church sent seed from Australia. These trees give an oil used in nose drops. Now there are many eucalyptus trees in California from those first seeds. I thought it strange that the campus was open to visitors to drive in only on Saturdays, Sundays, and vacation days.

We drove through Oakland around a lake which contains salt water. This lake is a bird sanctuary. They come from all over to this protected spot. In front of the city hall in San Francisco is a small park, in the middle of which is an old oak tree called Jack London. The author wrote here. The thing most remarkable about this tiny bit of ground is that it is valued at \$1,000,000. One still sees the effects of the earthquake in San Francisco.

The flowers everywhere in Berkeley are lovely. The dew at night is so heavy, the flowers and trees have enough moisture to make them luxurious. The Japanese plum tree is very much admired. Hedges of geraniums, calla lilies six to eight feet high, a sight to behold. The last evening in Berkeley we drove over to see a lady whose son was learning to fly. To my surprise it was a sister of Joe Satterthwaite of Tecumseh, Michigan, a former member of my Wesleyan Guild Orchestra, now an American consular officer in Bagdad, Iraq. Then we sent back to receive Reverend and Mrs. Henry Appenzeller of Seoul, Korea, who were among the recently returned missionaries. They are going to Honolulu to work with the Koreans in Hawaii.

The next morning Mrs. Lompfrey took me to the Oakland airport. A local reporter wanted a picture and story, so I took my plane out to a corner where I thought I would be out of the way of the Air Lines and told him to shoot. His description of me was much truer to life than one that appeared about the same time in a San Francisco paper, where I was referred to as "an amazing lady of 60, her white hair concealed by a flying helmet, wearing glasses and a blue silk polka-dot house dress." It's all true excepting my hair is not white, usually it is flying in the breeze, I had no helmet, do not wear goggles and do not possess a polka-dot dress. Another reporter referred to me as a "slip of a girl of 60." My husband remarked, "What a slip!" Remember my 162 pounds.

On the field who should come out to hail me but my kind inspector of Blythe. Like seeing one of the family. It is so easy to become pals in this flying business. It was foggy, so I had to wait for permission to take off. I waited from 7:00 to 11:10 A.M. Said good-bye to my friends and started on another lap of my journey. My plan was to go back a few miles to Stockton to see some friends, Dr. and Mrs. Noble formerly of Korea. From the Oakland airport I had to go through a pass the first thing and on account of the haze I had to hunt to find it. Planes were flying around me, some doing spins and stalls above me, while I was trying to hurry to get out of the mess and over the first ridge. I finally found it through the mist. I had been told it would be clear as soon as I got over the coast-ridge and I found it so, although it was not a perfect flying day. On the way I had to go back through the mountains I had flown over three days before. Approaching Stockton I flew near a large Federal Airport at French Camp, then around the city to Orange Brothers Airport, where I left the plane and a boy kindly took me uptown to the Nobles' residence.

How delighted I was to see them! They were our neighbors in Pyeng Yang, Korea, from 1907 to 1911 and later at Seoul. New friends are good, but the old ones are precious. Mrs. Noble is as peppy as ever. She was one of this year's Regional Gold Mothers, having four sons, all of whom are Ph.D.'s. It hardly seemed right that Dr. Noble was not tramping miles on his districts as superintendent of a large section of Korea. They both seemed very happy, just as veterans should be after devoting their lives to Christian service. How blessed it is to go down the path of life in sweet old age with a smile such as theirs! A few hours spent with the Nobles' family were delightful. All drove out to the airport to see me take off.

Some of the hardest part of my journey was still ahead. I was very careful to study my maps well and get

all the local information I could. To Sacramento it was easy. I had a tail-wind and made excellent time. I could not make out the reason, when I flew over rivers and canals, why there was no feeling of being over water. Generally, there is quite a different sensation. There was no beam here, so I could not make use of my earphones. From Maryville my course changed to N.W. to Reding where I gazed before taking to the mountains. We looked the plane over to see if everything seemed all right. I figured it out I would not get anything to eat that day as there were no lunch counters at these airports.

One of the boys told me if I went up to 8,000 feet I could cut across the ridges, head for Mt. Shasta, and I would come out all right. Well, I studied the map some more and inquired about the valley trip. Yes, it would be a little farther. I told him I thought I better stick to the valley. "Yes," he thought that might be better. He said it was hard to advise people as he did not know just how capable they were. The last man and wife who flew over the ranges had never been found. After he told me that, I said, "You take the high road, I'll take the low road, and I'll get there soon enough."

I was flying along peacefully at a height of 7000 feet, feeling quite safe as a road was below me and if I had to land I would make a bee line for it or near it. Then I looked down and as far as the eye could see front and back that highway was covered with trucks driven by soldiers. The road would not be much help under those conditions. I learned afterward that 3,500 soldiers were moving from one camp to another. During all the flying hours of that day there was hardly any place to land if one were forced down.

When I came in sight of Mt. Shasta I threw up my hands in delight, then came to, as I realized I was flying a plane and had to keep hold of a stick or I might go down,

not up. It was a sight to behold. I have always loved Mt. Shasta from the first time I saw it thirty-five years ago. A thing of beauty, awe-inspiring. I did not feel like two girls on the train who were awakened to see the mountain at an early hour. They came to the observation car, looked out, and one said: "Let's go back to sleep. We can say we saw it." No; I watched it for several hours, gleaming in the sunlight. It is 14,162 feet in height. It did not look so high while I was flying near it. Of course, I was up 7000 feet. From Mt. Shasta I flew the beam to Medford. Among these mountains there are emergency fields. The trouble is, a flier might not be where one was accessible at the right moment, but it was a comfort to know there were some.

I had been told when I got to the Sacramento Valley it would be easy, but I did not find it so. I was not yet accustomed to the mountains as I was later, so had more awe of them, not exactly fear, but concern, always looking, looking, for a place to land, and there was none. Finally I came through to a more level spot, Medford, where I went down to gas and to get advice again. I used all the advice I got and had to muster up a lot of common sense and then strike out. I always looked the plane over to see that everything was as near right as I knew. Often I wished I knew more about the engine, although she purred along like a kitten all the time so far.

I had planned to go by Klamath Falls and fly over Crater Lake in Crater Lake National Park, but that would mean not seeing some Korea friends, so for old friendship's sake I gave up this beautiful side trip. The next stretch was through a long pass called Grant's Pass. Everyone seemed to speak with something like fear of this pass. Immediately on leaving the ground I had to be up about 3000 feet before I fairly got started. The altitude didn't matter so much; but such awful terrain. I gritted my teeth and tried to forget what they had said about it, and stuck to the

stick. A river, a road, and a railroad were down below. They were as twisty as any snake could make a path. Between Grant's Pass and Cottage Grove, I think it was, I was flying along following a railroad track when all of a sudden it made a loop. I found myself nosing into a mountainside. I looped with the track, looked around in the round pen I was in and never did figure out about that track.

I flew around until I saw an opening over a cliff, thought my course could not possibly be that way, but I had room to turn, so flew to the edge where it was many feet straight down; and off in the distance I saw a town, so I knew that opening was the right way to get out. There was nothing I could find on the map that indicated all this. That railroad was picked up later. There must have been some place up there that I did not see, where it had wriggled out into the valley below. My, it was lovely! Mountains, mountains, everywhere!

Eugene, Oregon, was my next stop, where I had written to Dr. and Mrs. Norton, formerly of Hai Ju, Korea. I was met at the airport by Lucy, their daughter, who was at her parents' home with her baby, while her husband is in consular service in China. While I was having such a grand time with Mrs. Norton and Lucy, Dr. Norton was chatting with my husband in Ann Arbor. Irony of fate! I did want to see him also as we were all such good pals in Korea. Never mind, he at least left his rose garden for me to see. It was a beauty. Doctor had won prizes for his roses.

His son, Henry, who is also an M.D., had just bought a new plane. I went out to see it and there the poor thing was with its wing all smashed in. A farmer boy was curious and turned on this and that in another plane to see what it would do. It started up and banged into Henry's plane right in the hangar. Moral: Boys, leave planes alone. It is that spirit of undue curiosity that gets boys into trouble

even after they learn to fly. Some boys just have to find out what a plane will do under this or that condition. That means trouble for all pilots, for rules are made at headquarters that would be unnecessary if it were not for just such reckless fliers. Poor Dr. Henry, I felt sorry for him with his brand new plane. I told him he would some day be telling this story to his grandchildren with a smile. I saw no smile that day.

Next morning at 8:00 A.M. I took off from Eugene for another stretch. Turned back and landed again as it was too soupy for me. Waited an hour and the weather man said it would be O.K. I was rather dubious about starting out; but many days local conditions would be like this and when I got beyond the city and out into the valley it would be clearer. So on I went, when quite suddenly a cumulus cloud came down and enveloped me. For a short time I was concerned, but not scared, as I knew it would pass quickly. I let go of the stick and trusted the stabilizer to bring me out, which it did. I had been flying at about 1500 feet as the ceiling was low. I had been cautioned about low ceiling and the danger of cumulus clouds flying low, so I did not enjoy that experience very much.

At Albany it cleared completely and I went blissfully on my way. Clear sailing to Portland where the Columbia River makes a bend from the north around Portland to the east. I had charted my course by compass to Seattle. When I neared Portland I checked for gas and found there was plenty. On account of the wide river being all chopped up into little lakes, I got mixed up and thought it better to go by compass entirely and not by contact. Unless one knows the river and those many, many lakes close together, it is hard to pick out the right course. I turned to the compass course, but started out with the feeling I was wrong. I kept looking at the compass, but Old Sol was not in the right place. By this time I was in the River Canyon and could

not turn around without diving more than I enjoy, so I went on and came to a beautiful place, sheer rock walls on both sides and the river below. I knew I had plenty of gas, so set out to enjoy the scenery. Mt. Hood to the right, Silver Star and Lookout to the left.

The plane began to lose altitude and I couldn't bring it up. I went down several hundred feet and wracked my brain to think what was wrong. Then the engine gave a little whine. In a second I went over all that I had learned that would make an engine do that in a place like this. Then I recalled what I had learned about freezing. It was hard to believe that anything could freeze, as it was so warm; but I pulled the carburetor heater out to try it. The engine gave a cough and responded to the stick immediately. I was concerned, though, for a few minutes. I knew perfectly well that if the temperature and dew point are within  $6^{\circ}$  of each other the carburetor might freeze. Well, that was another lesson learned without any serious trouble. But that did not solve the problem of the sun being out of place. As my husband is an astronomer I realized it must be me and not the sun going wrong; for a little astronomy has soaked in after all these years living with a professor. I came to a town, or a few houses on the side of the river, and went down close enough to read a name on a building and found I was going east up the Columbia River, instead of north. (Bless those names on buildings and water tanks.) Then I found a hole on one side of the gorge, turned around and went back. My compass read SSW and I was sure it had gone bad on me. What could I do about it? When I got to the next port I would have it corrected.

When I came out from that beautiful canyon, I looked at my map and found an airport near the river. Just a field with a small building. I did not expect to find gas at the field, but a village was within a mile, so I decided to go down. It was a one strip field, but the wind was about right

for landing. No one there. I was looking around to decide what to do when a little plane flew down and landed. I expected to find out from the pilot what to do, when he turned and took off again. I followed a road up an embankment and saw a woman in a field and called to her. She yelled back that she would telephone the town for someone to come out to the field with gas, so I wandered around for a while. Then two boys came with ten gallons of ordinary gas. Well, that was another problem. I had always been able to get aviation gas so far and hesitated to put in any other. Yet, I could not do any better, so I told the boys if they could get a strainer they could put it in. They got a key to the little house and found the strainer and we put in the gas.

I took off for Long View paying no attention to the compass, but went by my watch, the sun, and contact. At the Kelso Airport at Long View I told the boys I thought my compass had gone bad. They said they would find out by bringing one of their planes around by mine and pointing their nose in the same direction. They knew their compass was right. To my dismay, they both registered straight North. So what? One boy said, "I know, you didn't allow for variation and deviation." I looked at the ground and said I forgot to do that. My, my, I was not proud of myself at that moment. We took my sectional map and went to work. At Portland the variation is about  $22^{\circ} 30'$ . Adding the deviation of my plane made about  $25^{\circ}$  correction. Well, that cleared up the problem, but wasn't I chagrined. A photographer was at the airport and took my picture. He wrote an article for the Long View Daily News and sent me a paper. It was the best picture taken, of any I had seen on the trip.

I had a feeling of nearing my destination. I did not stop at Tacoma, but perhaps I should have, as they claim to have the largest hangar in the world. I flew near the bridge that swayed, then crumpled, and was so spectacular

in the newsreel a few months ago. Only a short distance remained to Seattle. I had no trouble in finding Boeing Field which I had read so much about. I was quite thrilled when it came in sight. A beautiful field. Then I flew around to the left as usual, and was startled when I saw a lot of bomber planes coming toward me from the right. Couldn't make out what it was all about. I thought of turning and joining them but was afraid it was a squadron in war manoeuvres and I might be joining the army. I tuned in on 278, received instructions from the tower and landed. I looked up to the tower and the men were all looking at me. I expected to be met by a policeman again, but no one came. I waited for a moment before taxiing for fear I would be doing wrong as I did at Oakland. They threw the green light on me and I taxied in. A man came out and said I had done well but to go to the right around the field when the wind was from the north. Another local rule.

I wondered why they all acted as though they were spying on me. I found later that my family at Bellingham was keeping track of my location since they had received a telegram from Mr. Rufus giving my NC license number. My, I was tickled I had made a very good landing, when I found I was expected. Everyone was kind and helpful. The first thing I did was go in and talk with men at Northwestern Air Lines about the route back east. Would they advise going by Yakima Valley or by the Columbia River. They advised going by the airline route by Snoqualmie Pass then up to Spokane. I guess they hesitated to advise me, but said small planes did fly this route sometimes. I figured out that if other small planes could do it, I certainly could try. I decided to map out my return route that way, as I had waited for local advice from someone who knows more about the West than our people back in Michigan.

## CHAPTER XII

### BELLINGHAM, MY DESTINATION

At last I took off from Seattle on my final lap for Bellingham. My father and family had been notified in advance that I would arrive about 5:00 P.M. It was easy navigating. The mountains were on one side and Puget Sound on the other and I was flying over the most fertile valley I had recently seen. As I came near Bellingham, I found by the map I would have to fly over bad mountains or over a wide stretch of water. Which should I take? I turned around once or twice to look over the landscape. I saw the road leading up into the mountains and decided to follow it up to a safe 4000 feet, but it all looked terrible underneath. Finally I came out of the mountains and saw Bellingham nestled snugly at the foot, with miles of water beyond.

A man at Boeing Field had cautioned me about the only landing field in Bellingham. He said he had landed there just a few days before and it was bad. There was a gravel pit on one side, wires on three sides, trees and houses, big tall smoke stacks, and many drafts. I had considered leaving the plane at Boeing Field, but he said he thought I could make it, if I had come all the way from Michigan. He cautioned me to go around the field twice and look it over well. He put a cross near the shore where it was located, as it was not on the map, although it was in the airport book. I had no difficulty in locating the field, but I did see that it was a bad proposition. There was no sock, so I looked at the smoke stacks. Out of ten or more, no two of them sent smoke in the same direction, which was confusing to say the least. I had to make up my mind about

the drafts of the mountains and decide which way the wind was coming. As luck would have it, I chose right, and landed with one-fourth the field to spare. The grass was long so the plane did not roll far.

There was no one at the field but a high school boy who is crazy about flying and meets the few planes that come in, even though the field is closed. Bill kindly took my suitcase and we started out to the bus when we met my people coming in the car. They were so disappointed not to have been there when I landed.

When we reached the house, the first thing I did was to go to Papa's room where he had been resting. He opened the door, "Have you heard from Maude yet?" And there I stood. It was a happy meeting. He is very well, goes down town by bus alone. The police are very kind and help him all they can. He is fully recovered from an automobile accident in his 90th year. He is now 91 years of age, a good stalwart man for all those years. How glad he seemed to have me there! We had many nice walks together and he kept me busy chauffeuring for him. A Methodist preacher all his life, he is still very active in religious work. He preached in the Detroit Conference for thirty years, then moved West and joined the Puget Sound Conference. After preaching fifty-four years, he retired in 1927. Since that time he has carried on evangelistic campaigns, and has occupied many pulpits in the State, not only Methodist but others. He never misses preaching to celebrate his birthday. He has also been a great promoter all his life, especially in Assemblies and Chautauqs. He organized one at Park Island, Lake Orion, Michigan, which is continuing to this day on Assembly Island. My sister and I played in the orchestra there for several years. Gilberta was an excellent cornetist, while I was only a roustabout, filling in with almost any instrument as needed, which was not conducive to good work on any one. Papa is now trying to pro-

mote an old people's home. He says when he gets old he may wish to have one to live in.

On account of the Bellingham field being in poor condition, I was permitted to land and take off only at my own risk and I did not like to take people up. I did take my sister, Florence Rae, up once. The hangar was full of gravel trucks, so I could not get my plane housed. I staked it out at the end of the hangar where it was partly protected from the wind. It bothered me some, leaving it out in the open, but I could not have it housed at Boeing Field or any other field near Bellingham on account of the Federal using them. I would have taken many others for a ride in the plane if it had been a good field.

The chief object of my visit was to take Papa for his first airplane ride. I just could not make up my mind to take him from that field, so my sister drove him to Boeing Field, Seattle, where we took him for his first adventure in the air. Quite a thrilling time! A reporter of the Post-Intelligencer took pictures of Papa in the plane and one when we were in the air. Very good pictures. I had Papa strapped in and the engine started, so when the photographer finished we took off. I don't think Papa knew when we left the ground or when we landed as I was very careful. When we came down the reporters asked him how he enjoyed it and he replied, "Great! But glad to feel the ground." He did very well for 91 years of age.

I asked the tower if they cared if I took some of my family up and they kindly said to go ahead. There was very little traffic at the time. It was fun to get the reactions of the children on their first ride. One boy spied the Kalakala on the Sound. Everyone seems enthusiastic about that boat, as it is the only streamlined ferry boat in the world. It just glistens in the sun and is very pretty from the air. One said, "There is where we swim." "There is our cabin cruiser," and so on. Children are so interesting in their

reactions. We staked the plane out as there was no hangar space, leaving it for a twenty-five hour check and inspection at Northwestern Airlines.

There was a breezy item in the Seattle paper about our visit at Boeing Field. The caption read, "Who's Flying That Plane? It's Grandma." Then the column began: "Well, looky here! Isn't that Grandma stepping out of her own plane? What's the world coming to when women of sixty fly hippety hop all over the nation!"

We had a grand overnight party on my sister, Zeta's, cruiser. From Lake Washington we cruised into Lake Union, then through the Lake Washington Ship Canal locks which are second to Panama in rise of water, then into Puget Sound. It was a beautiful trip among the islands over to Bremerton, a Navy shipyard town. A boat in that locality means so much as there are miles of lakes, as well as the Sound. Here nearly all light planes have pontoons instead of wheels.

The next day after arriving in Bellingham, a Sunday morning, Dr. and Mrs. Keys came to see me. He is a fellow flier with the same make of plane as mine, but with pontoons. I was thrilled when they asked me to go out to Lake Whatcome, which I had seen from the air, and the place where they keep their plane. It was the first time I had a ride taking off from water. The doctor was kind enough to take me out over the Sound, all around islands where men were fishing for salmon. We swooped down to see if we could see any fish in their boats, but I was so engrossed in the beautiful scenery I forgot to look for the fish. We flew around Orcas, Whibby, sixty miles long, Cypress, Blakely, Summi, and many other smaller islands. We returned by Anacortes, a lumber town on Fidalgio Island, where a few days later we went by auto. We had left Mrs. Keys at the hangar so long I felt she must be looking for us, but when we returned to Lake Whatcome, there she was,

smiling. She did not seem to have been anxious. A good sport.

During the two weeks I was in Bellingham I was kept busy seeing the sights. One evening the girls took me out to the Bay where we watched a crowd roller skating and dancing. All I had to do was to speak of a place and in a few minutes I was there, they were so anxious to give me a good time.

I mentioned the Peace Arch, half of which is in British Columbia, and half in the United States. The men there were nice to us and said we could drive around it. We got out of the car to investigate. I was especially anxious to see it as my father was one of its promoters and sat on the platform when it was dedicated. The Arch commemorates one hundred years of peace between the two nations. The gates are always open. Above are inscribed these words, "May these gates never be closed." I went to the Normal Library to learn what I could of this Peace Arch. A pamphlet said it was the only one of its kind ever erected in the world. It is sixty-seven feet high and its length at the base is about equal to its height. On the American side is inscribed, "Children of a common mother." On the Canadian side, "Brethren dwelling together in unity." It is built earthquake proof. On top are two spruce flagstaves with the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack floating on the same breeze, making us feel united in the interest of international good will.

An interesting thing about the Peace Arch is that the money on both sides was raised by school children giving from one to ten cents, not more, and the teachers giving not more than twenty-five cents each. Moreover, all contributions had to be free-will gifts. After walking around this arch and admiring its 420 lights of many different colors, we started back to Bellingham. We were followed a few miles by officers. I could see why they were watchful, because it would have been very easy for us to smuggle in

one or two people or a box of goods in our car. I guess they finally took it for granted that we were good, honest, American citizens and let us travel on without convoy.

One evening was spent at the Boeing School in Bellingham, where we were met with crashes of sound at the door. I was acquainted with several of their teachers who were very nice in explaining the object of this Defense School. If I am correct in the telling, a bomber has 296,000 different parts. One of the teachers had worked on the "Flying Fortress" of 8000 horsepower carrying 11,000 gallons of fuel. What a plane! One of the departments made the wing tips of the stratoliner that was built at Boeing Field and cracked up near Tacoma in the mountains. I suppose I flew near there. My! It had ten of their best mechanics when it crashed, killing all on board. It stalled at 25,000 feet and was pulled out of it too fast. Down it went among the trees. Not so good! One of the teachers at the school is a crack rivet driver. He has driven thrity-five rivets in one minute. An expert at it. Riveting is a skilled job which takes six months practice in this school before going to Boeing to work on the big bombers.

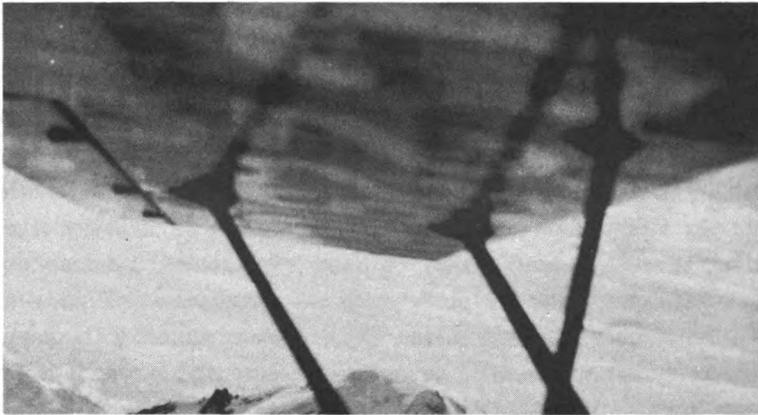
In talking with a private flier I learned that some had flown up and over Mt. Baker. This mountain is almost worshipped around here, something like sacred Mt. Fuji in Japan. Mt. Baker is majestic with its peak 10,750 feet high always covered with snow. I figured if boys could make that height in a small plane perhaps I could. The desire grew until one morning I decided to go out early and try it. At 7:00 A.M. I was on the bus for the airport. Bill, the high school boy who was at the field when I first landed, was there and wanted to go with me. I asked him if he was afraid and he said he might shake some as he had been up only once since he cracked up in a plane. We talked it all over. The sky was not clear so I decided not to try it that morning but said I would be out the next day if clear.

I asked Bill's parents if they were willing for him to go up. They said they knew he was to be a flier and were willing he should go with me. He was delighted. He took his camera along. I knew I should be at least 1500 feet above the peak in order to get pictures of it. We climbed over several ridges and in the intervening valleys I tried to gain altitude. Up, up, we went, with throttle open. When we were high enough we circled it to the top. At the back of the mountain was the only time I was concerned, because if the engine went bad, we would lose altitude enough to make it hard to glide to the front and over the ridges to a valley.

My, what a sight! At the back of the mountain were several lakes; some of them I was told were inaccessible. The government stocks them with fish by putting them in containers like milk cans, then dropping them into the lakes from airplanes. The jolt when they hit the water makes the covers come off and the fish are free. In three years they are big enough to swim to the ocean, and then, during a certain month, they go back to the lakes to spawn. As far as the eye could see was ridge after ridge covered with vegetation and crowned with snow. As we sailed around to the southeast, I felt as though I could reach out and pick snowballs off Mt. Shuksan and Twin Sisters, they seemed so near. Glacier Peak to the north seemed but a few miles away. Even Mt. Ranier, about two hundred miles to the south, appeared near by. Think of a perfect morning, not a cloud in the sky, looking at all these mountain peaks from 12,000 feet in the air. No words can express the glory of it all!

We had used so much gas in climbing that we thought it was time to descend. Going up I did not have a coat on, but as soon as we began gliding down our feet became very cold and Bill put my coat around my shoulders. We were shivering in a few minutes, but perhaps it was partly from the excitement of accomplishing our aim. We were pleased

with our effort. Bill had taken some pictures. One we were proud of. He shot at the top of the mountain and at the same time I tipped the wing. When the pictures was finished, there was my N.C. number 22910 and the peak on the same plate. I can prove I have been above Mt. Baker. If I had been alone I think the plane would have climbed several hundred feet more. It did take some time to reach the necessary altitude and we felt that the engine would not go much higher with the weight of both of us. One boy said he had made his light plane go 19,000 feet. Well, I'd say that was high for a 2S plane also without oxygen. I would like to go up alone



Wings over Mt. Baker

some day to find out how high by 65 horsepower will take me. I understand the service ceiling of my Cub is about 16,000 feet.

After our trip I took the bus to Papa's. Alone in the bus, the driver and I entered into conversation. He knew my plane was out that way and asked if I'd been for a ride. I told him where I'd been. He asked me if I had seen any of the bodies or not. I was shocked and asked what bodies? The year before twenty-six college students took the annual hike up Mt. Baker. The usual plan was to leave the cabin,

which is at the snowline, very early in the morning, about three o'clock. On this trip he said they were late in starting. On the Saddle Back the path leads up to what is known as the Roman Wall. Above this are huge fields of deep and treacherous snow, subject to slides. All parties are supposed to ascend and come back over this wall before the sun shines long enough to do any melting, that is, before one o'clock to be safe. On this day they were later. Even a shout, a snowball, or a footstep may start an avalanche on a steep mountain slope. Something happened and down came a snowslide, covering the students. Some were able to struggle to the side and were safe. Six could not escape. Two bodies were found, but four were buried so deep they have made their grave in the snow in a most beautiful spot. I was glad I did not hear that story before I went up as it might have marred our pleasure in the beautiful scenery.

The next day the Bellingham reporter took Papa's picture in the plane. He did such good work we had the negative retouched and prints made for relatives and friends. I'm very proud of the picture we had taken of Papa and his first and only airplane ride. I was rather doubtful about his enjoying his trip until he wanted me to give some of his cronies a ride also. I did not like that field well enough to take any others. I would rather offend by refusing than to run any risk.

Another sister, Elizabeth, and family, drove over from Ellensburg where Mr. Kiby teaches. They were anxious to give me a good time, so they drove me part way up Mt. Baker in their car. A great big snowplow was struggling to clear the road to the top. As we followed the road with our eyes, I just couldn't see how a snow plow could possibly dig its way through. Away up 6000 feet were beautiful little lakes; also different kinds of wild life, but I saw only a chipmunk. We picniced in a beautiful spot in the virgin forest. CCC boys were fishing in a stream near by. Fish must taste extra

special out of that cold mountain stream. We did not realize how we had climbed until we turned back to go down the mountain. That was a beautiful auto ride!

In addition to sightseeing I filled several speaking engagements that Papa had arranged for me in various clubs and churches. He seemed to be very proud of me and of course I was glad to be able to respond. He wanted me to tell all about our missionary work in Korea and also to describe my many experiences in flying. He usually attended every meeting and frequently made the introduction. "She will give her experiences above the clouds. She won the sky races in Detroit. She flew her plane over two miles up," etc. In the churches it was, "The flying evangelist, the sky pilot, a missionary in Korea for ten years." etc. etc. I was always concerned lest he use all the time and once I pulled his coat tail so I could have a chance to speak.

When I was called on to broadcast at the Normal College station, the script was prepared in advance and an announcement was to be made. Papa wrote a notice which he sent to the announcer and expected it would be used. His lengthy and flowery introduction was evidently pigeon-holed for a briefer and more prosaic statement regarding the Flying Grandmother.

Papa and I had grand times together during my two weeks' visit. Friends say we are very much alike in many ways. I only wish I could do as much good in this world as he has accomplished during his ninety-one years of active life. As the time drew near for our visit to end I realized that it might be the last time we would be able to enjoy this sweet companionship and I dreaded to see the day arrive when we would have to say good-bye.

## CHAPTER XIII

### HOMeward BOUND OVER THE ROCKIES

The day came that was set for starting back to Michigan. I had studied my course and knew I was up against a hard proposition getting home. A crowd came to the field to see me off. Tears came to Papa's eyes when I kissed him good-bye. I knew he enjoyed having me there and hated to see me leave.

I started for Seattle where I was to meet another sister, Cora Mae, and also have a twenty-five hour inspection of the plane. The morning was clear and the weather report favorable for the day, but south of the small town of Everett I encountered low cumulus clouds. When I saw them coming I turned around and found a cow pasture which I felt sure I could get into. The clouds flew swiftly by so I thought it safe to go on. Suddenly down came more of those feathery balls and completely enveloped me. I let up on the stick and the stabilizer brought me out in sunshine again. I went back over that cow pasture three times thinking I would have to land. Finally I managed to dodge the clouds and wriggle out to Mukiteau, a large Federal field on the shore. This big airport was all torn up except one long runway. I went into a building where the workmen had just finished their lunch. They asked me if I had eaten. I told them I had been chasing clouds during my lunch hour. Then they got busy. One of them made me two cups of coffee in a silex, another contributed a sandwich, another a cake, and so on from their nearly empty lunch boxes. Wasn't that nice of them? I thought so. One of the workmen said he had seen my picture in the Seattle papers, so knew who I was.

I started twice for Boeing Field but returned as it was too soupy for me. Finally we received word from Seattle that the ceiling was high enough and visibility three miles, so I started off and got through safely. I learned that this locality is noted for just this sort of experiences. There seems to be a pocket where this type of clouds collect. Now you see why I have the desire to get an instrument rating.

My sister and I spent the time seeing Seattle, which is built on seven hills. It is beautiful at night with its myriads of lights. We saw it from all angles, from the sea, the land, and the air. As I looked at Mt. Ranier, I longed to see if I could make the top, 14,402 feet. But I made up my mind I'd leave that for next time. Northwestern Airlines pronounced the plane fit for the trip to Michigan.

Now that my destination was home, I just couldn't get there fast enough. Over the Cascades! Those high peaks all around me. What a beautiful sight! I felt like going up and flying over all of them. The Cascades are not very wide. It took me only one hour and a half from Seattle to the other side of the range by the Air Line Route. I flew by compass, but kept the river in sight some of the way. There were snow sheds over the railroad track, and several tunnels. Even lumber mills are marked on the map to help one locate his position. There were several beacon lights and one airport half way through. I was flying around a point where I had to make a sharp turn, got in a down draft, and commenced to lose altitude. Then I went to the other side of the gorge and found an up draft that started me up as fast as I had come down. I must have lost 500 or 600 feet.

Out into the open again to look for Ellensburg where my sister, Elizabeth, and family live. I had to come down from 7000 feet to the plain. I thought I was mixed up in the towns so flew back about two miles to get a name and found I was O.K. Landed and stayed overnight. In the morning the children were taken for a ride, then I soared away to

another high spot of the trip, Grand Coulee Dam. It was a desolate country with no landing places, but everything was working fine. Dry Falls, Soap Lake, Blue Lake, Steamboat Rock, then the town of Mason City, built to materialize that great project, Grand Coulee Dam. What a feat! There was more cement poured in this dam than in any other place in the world.

I looked for that auxiliary field. It was there all right, but what a strip! Diagonal with the river. I flew around trying to figure out a way to get onto it. Waste gravel piled high, looked like a small mountain. Wires and trees. I had enough gas to get to Spokane, but didn't want to be downed now. (I mean I did want to get down.) I knew others had made it and I could at least try. I flew up the river a little way trying to think the thing out. No sock, so had to figure out the wind direction. Thought of the polar winds coming down from the northwest. Very little wind, no smoke. I realized this would be the hardest landing I had ever made. Short runway, down hill and narrow, drop off at the end, and tons of concrete ahead. I took myself in hand and down over the trees I went, slipped good and plenty, and landed with the sky above and the earth beneath and a tiny bit of that runway left. Wow, what a landing! It turned out to be a three pointer, but before I struck the ground I could not have said whether I would be right side up or not. Glad to be safely down.

A man was building a small hangar. His wife kindly took me down, I mean down, to the foot of a winding road to the grandstand, and into a building to see the replica of the dam. What engineers can do! Seven years of hard labor and not finished yet. The Columbia River, which feeds the dam, is 1214 miles long, has many sources, cuts its way southward, then westward through beautiful mountain scenery and has a fall of two vertical miles. Read more about the dam, this eighth wonder of the world, in the National Geo-

graphic of July 1941. I thought of the Pyramids of Egypt, especially that colossal undertaking of King Cheops, which took one million slaves thirty years to build, and is still a great mystery to our engineers.

I realized it would be easy to take off as I would be rolling down hill and my 65 Continental just boosts me out of any tight place. I did wonder if I could get lift enough to take me over the masonry they were working on. I cleared it without a great deal to spare and steered for Spokane. I learned that pilots are used to fight forest fires here. A parachutist drops and then by radio sends word of the location and extent of the fire. This must be a great help to conservation.

Here is where I had to get my grit up for the Rockies; it looked such a long way through those mountains. It was the only way I could get home, so I just petted the nose of the plane and aksed it to take me through safely. I P-Xed out to Missuola, Montana. My radio was working well, so I used it. The surrounding mountains did not seem very high. They were about 7000 to 8000 feet, but I flew only 6000 between them. On many high spots were beacon lights. They looked friendly, but offered very little space if one had to get down, about like our back yard. All the way between Couer D'Alene and Missoula, there were only two landing places on my map. A boy marked in one more. I thought this would be the most difficult part of the Rockies but it was easy flying and I was enjoying it to the fullest extent. Of course, it would be tragic if anything went wrong. I forgot about that. All I though of was that glorious scenery, God's handiwork. I came out of the mountains and there was the city of Missoula in the sunshine beckoning me to land. I spent some time there visiting the University and stayed overnight.

In the morning I took off for Helena where I was told to call the Authority which I did. He told me the Hotel

at Missoula teletyped them and said I had left my new notebook in the lobby. I gave my Ann Arbor address and they promised to send it but it has never come. I have sent postcards of inquiry, but no notebook. It contained notes only from Bellingham to Missuola, so no matter. I again P-Xed out as it would be very bad country for a long way. One man said it would be compulsory to P-X very soon. Still in the Rockies. My, what country! Sometimes it seemed as though my wings would hit, I was so close to the rocky walls in places.

I was not out of the highest part of the formidable old Rockies until I reached Billings. I landed and went in to eat. A gentleman and lady came in and sat next to me. The lady said, "You caused a lost of consternation among the boys when you landed." I laughed and said, "I suppose they were thinking of dates for the evening and were disappointed." Her husband, an M.D. from Chicago, was driving through the west. He took some movies of me and the Cub and I hope to see them some day. I have met so many wonderful people on this trip. Sometimes we almost lose faith in humanity, then come up with a bound when we find people of the finer qualities of life. Drink flows freely from coast to coast. It may be the downfall of our country yet. The pitiful part of it is that it starts in our high schools and gradually goes on until many fall by the wayside as drunkards. Life gets me. I cannot understand it all. Then I repeat:

Flower in the crannied wall,  
 I pluck you out of the crannies,  
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
 Little flower - but if I could understand  
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
 I should know what God and man is.

- Tennyson.

At Billings the boys were very kind to me. Again I decided to change my route and go into the Black Hills instead of farther north and the men all turned in and helped me. They gave me my compass course from a wall map by a unique device of finding it quickly. Terrible terrain from Billings on. Makes me shudder as I write about it. South to Sheridan, Wyoming, where a cowboy who owned a Luscombe (and cows) helped me stake my plane out as they wanted \$1.50 to house it. I have tried not to pay over \$1.00 for hangar rent and have succeeded in all but two places, where I had to pay \$1.50, which I think is too much. After we roped it down he took me in his truck and let me off in town as he went through. My radio went bad again, but as there was no wind, my compass took me straight to Gillette, Wyoming, over about as rough a piece of geography as was ever seen from the air. When I broke over the last elevation and saw the little town of Gillette I decided to go down and rest awhile. I found no one at the small airport. In taxiing my prop stopped, which gave me some concern, as it was the first time. I learned afterward that others were having trouble in the same way. I was still using my carburetor heater occasionally. The condition of the air was giving some trouble.

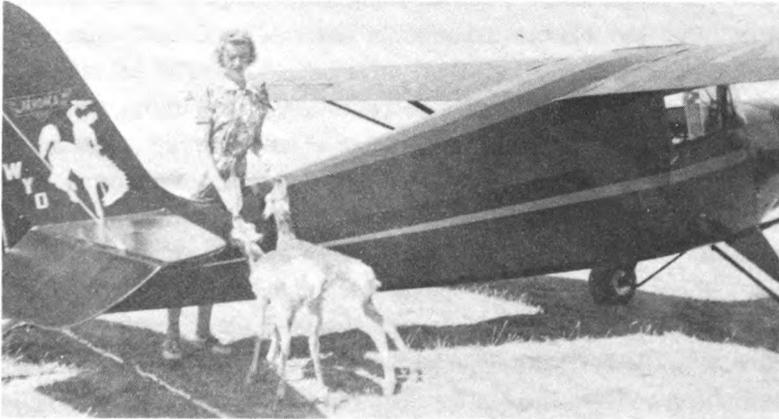
I cast around for help. Walked across a field, then a golf course to a road and hailed a truck farmer. I asked him to notify the airport man of my arrival, which he did. The manager put the plane in and took me to town. I got a room at a place called the Mrs. Lewis Teepee. I asked her what there was to see and learn in Gillette. She thought a moment, and said, a coal mine. Well, I had seen many coal mines, but she said this is no ordinary one. She called a man to take me out about five miles to see it. It was very different from any I had seen. The country, about three feet underground, is layered with coal. All they do is scrape off some dirt, and there is the supply. Wyadak Coal Mine pro-

duces lump and egg coal from a vein eighty-five feet high at one end and tapering off to the other. I was told it cost thirty-five cents a ton to blast out, and this mine produces one and a half million tons a year. The coal mined here is used locally and by the Burlington Railroad. I was taken to different places where there had been coal fires underground and CCC boys had put them out, leaving a red shale which is used for road building. The farmers laugh at the CCC being able to put fires out as combustion simply starts up in another place.

On returning to the Teepee, the lady said it would be grand for me to fly to the "Little Buffalo Ranch." I was all excited about that and when I learned that the airport manager, Mr. Fulkerson, goes out there often and could tell me how to get there, I immediately went back to the gas station and talked with him about it. It ended in his flying me to the ranch forty-five miles south in my plane. No more bubbles in the earth, but one grand plateau, with hills and a few rough spots, but one could get down almost any place. What a grand feeling after days of searching, hopelessly, for a spot to make an emergency landing. He told me to watch and we would see antelope, so I looked while he flew close to the ground, about 500 feet high. The sun was shining and made a dark shadow of the plane on the ground. I nearly jumped out when we flew over the first three antelope, running from under the plane. So pretty and graceful. The noise seemed to confuse them and they did not know in which direction to run. Soon we scared up more and more of them. I was fascinated.

After a short time I knew we were near our destination as there ahead was a herd of buffalo, thirty of them, some big brutes and some calves. We landed on their private airfield near the ranch house and were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Marquiss and family, two boys and a girl. Mr. Marquiss was a member of the House of Representatives

of Wyoming. These people took me in and could not have been more hospitable. It was decided the son, Quinton, would fly Mr. Fulkerson in my plane back to Gillette so I could stay at the ranch overnight. Rachel, the daughter, and I got baby bottles filled with milk and fed ten little motherless lambs, also Jack and Jill. Now, Jack and Jill are darling baby antelopes which were found on the ranch. They run like a shot when called to dinner. The babies were all so hungry, they cared not if their brothers or sisters shared in the feed. It was one grand scramble and such fun.



Rachel Feeding Jack and Jill

We took a trip by auto out to see the buffalo. We drove up quite near and got out, but I had no desire to get too close. My, what big things! The calves look like Jersey cows, only with shorter necks. They are not dangerous unless one gets between a mother and her calf, then they are very much so. They were losing their winter coats, so looked rather shaggy. I found the ranchers were very proud of their buffalo, which had full range of the 30,000 acres fenced in. Also herds of antelope have fee range of all these acres. There are more antelope in this part of the United States than in any other like territory in the world.

There are also about 5000 or 6000 sheep and lambs, tended by three herders. They produce 30,000 pounds of wool a season. At the price of wool, they ought to be well off. I saw how they press the wool in large burlap sacks for shipment. In the tool-house was a branding and a tall-cutting machine. Poor lambies! There were many mallard ducks; but it seemed strange not to see any chickens.

I was told Little Buffalo Ranch was true to its name, i.e., not a very big one, in spite of its many acres. Although it isn't the largest, I would like to see one better kept. It was all very clean and neat, with its shady wind-break for the spacious house in the midst of well-trimmed grounds.

In the morning after a restful night, Quinton, who is a student in the University of Laramie, took me in his Aeronca twenty miles away to see a burning coal mine where smoke was coming out of holes in the ground. In the distance in all directions could also be seen the sheep wagons. Perhaps the modern house-trailer is a descendant of this old vehicle, which is furnished with a bed, a stove and cooking utensils. It is drawn by a horse to a good grazing spot for the sheep. Then the herder with his horse and his dog keeps the sheep safe from the coyotes and from straying away. Each animal is branded to identify any stragglers. The country is very different now from years ago when there were thieves and quarrels resulting in bloodshed.

On the way back we passed Rattlesnake Den and landed at another old ranch, where one of the boys is interested in collecting old relics. He has two buffalo skulls, one of which contains a metal arrow-head signifying the arrival of the white man. Wild buffalo roamed this region sixty years ago; but now are almost extinct. He had many buffalo horns, an Indian stone war club and some petrified wood. At one time this land was under water as there is a stratum of shells at or near the base of the buttes. He

also found an old six-shooter, with six barrels, cap and balls, which must be a very early type. He knew of only one other like it, which is in the Museum at Salt Lake City. He had heard of another perhaps quite similar in the Yellowstone Park Museum.

We returned to the ranch. On the way I told Quinton I was worried about my tires on account of the spines. He said he had cactus proof tires on his Aeronca.

We had our meals in the cook house. I was sorry I mentioned wanting to stir up a rattlesnake nest as the cook's wife became very sad. They had lost a little girl from a rattler's bite. The serum at the ranch was old and evidently had lost its effectiveness. The cook was O.K., for the frozen antelope meat was done to a turn. About eleven-thirty we proposed going to Gillette and on to the Black Hills. Rachel was enthusiastic about a trip there, so we decided to pick up a lunch and miss the buffalo meat dinner and ice cream. Rachel is a pilot also and is familiar with that part of the country, so I did not foresee any difficulty in navigation. She became responsible for the map reading and I did the piloting. We started out with the family waving us good-bye.

The last words were "Be careful of thunder storms." I had previously been warned many times about storms. We had no difficulty until we were in the foot-hills and then it became very dark, right in the direction we were headed. We talked it over and flew around a good looking field, but decided to keep going a few minutes more. It thundered and lightened, so I picked a road beside the pavement just inside a farmer's fence and landed with no trouble at all. We nosed up to a fence by a gas station. The man came out and said we did right to come down. We staked down the plane and went inside. The man here was a collector of stones of that region. He gave me a bag full of them, some of which I thought were tektites, a rare kind of rocky ma-

terial whose origin is uncertain. Mr. Rufus secured some in Manila and published an astronomical theory regarding them. While we were down it hailed a little, but not to do any damage. I had heard that hailstones came down here as big as hens' eggs. We lost time, of course.

Soon the storm blew around us and we all decided it was safe to go on. My, what hills! All covered with trees. We followed a road between peaks and were quite discouraged of finding the four faces carved on the mountain-side at Rushton, - Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. I said, "If we do not find them on this side, we will have to turn back for it will be too late to reach Gillette before dark." As luck would have it, on the next bend there were the big stone faces standing out in plain view. We flew in front of them just once, as we felt so hurried. The faces appear so different from the air than the road. On the way back I thought we should have gas and stopped at a small airport. Luck was "agin' us" as no one was there. We sent word to the town. A man came out and how he hustled to give us that gas. He said we could make it by dark if we hurried, and did we hurry!

We reached the Gillette airport just before the sun went down. I knew it would be dark soon after the sun dipped below the horizon in that part of the country, but we made it. The airport manager was worried and had started out to look for us, so we had to get someone else out to give us a lift into town. The plan was for us to stay in Gillette if we could not make the ranch that night. Mr. Fulkerson was afraid Rachel's mother would worry, so he whisked her off to the ranch that night, and I stayed in Gillette, so as to take off early the next morning, after one grand and glorious two-day break in the trip. After arriving in Ann Arbor, I received word of a new diamond on Rachel's finger, hence the great concern regarding her safe return.

From Gillette to Casper I was advised to take the Platte River instead of compass course, as it was rough country. I looked to the right and to the left of the river and thought it was pretty good looking country compared to some I had seen; but I followed the advice, although the route was longer. I came down at Scott's Bluff on a wet runway and couldn't turn around on account of a flat tire. At North Platte I landed intending to spend the night. When I found hangar rent was \$1.50, I pulled out for Grand Island where it was just \$1.00. Why the difference? Tire was flat again, so ordered it fixed. Taxi driver wanted sixty-five cents for the short ride to the airport. A man heard him and took me out for nothing. It was rather early in the morning. I waited for the tire to be fixed and was nonplussed when I was told that it would not cost anything. They had mended the tire and picked out about 200 cactus spines. They were very nice to me.

To Omaha, Nebraska, next, where some 99ers had invited me to stay overnight. But, after a month and a half away from home, I just pushed on and didn't even call the girls, which was rather inconsiderate. At Des Moines I circled the field and saw a plane on the runway with its tail in the air, also policemen and cars, so I circled again before coming down. No one paid any attention to me as I taxied up. I thought the boys were all concerned about the smashed plane, so I parked and went in the office. I couldn't get any attention and wondered what I'd do. Would I have to prop myself when I took off? The atmosphere was charged with something, I couldn't make out. At last a 99er came out of the hangar and I asked her if it was the wrecked plane that was causing all the dejection. She said, "No," and then sorrowfully told me about the girl who was murdered in Washington the night before. She had learned to fly on this field and all knew her so well they just couldn't get hold of themselves and do any work. The field must have been

practically closed as all planes were lying idle. She got a boy to prop me and I started off for Davenport, Iowa.

I was glad to have such a jolly time here as the dejection had settled on me also. I filled up with gas and the boys waved me off for a town up the Mississippi River. I was going up and up when a plane dashed in front of me. I was startled, as I knew something must be wrong. I thought of wheels, strap and whatever could be awry, when he came to the side and held up my pocketbook. Well, was I chagrined! It was a parting present from my daughters-in-law when I left Ann Arbor. I turned around and we flew back side by side. The boys all came out to meet me and wanted to know what I would have done without money (ask any flier), and I said, "Oh! I'd get along one way or another. I have pocketbooks strewn all over the world." They laughed and one said, "I'll bet you would." My rescuer said he never had such a time catching any girl in his life. He wanted to know how high I would have gone if he had not overtaken me. I told him, "I always try to fly 3000 feet, especially over rivers and lakes so I can glide a long way." He replied, "Wise lady."

Again I tackled the old Mississippi and headed for Chicago Heights, Illinois. I could not find the landing field, so went to Homewood airport. There I asked why I could not find the Chicago Heights field and they said no one could. It is only a golf course. I had seen that but did not make out a landing field, perhaps because I was so high. I was quite near home, but I had to stay over another night. The next day I got mixed up at an army field near Elkhart which I did not see until I was right over it. Then I circled and got out as fast as possible, so I wouldn't get called down for flying over a federal field. I haven't heard from it, so guess I didn't get too far in. I had sent a telegram to Ann Arbor that I would be in between 3:00 and 4:00 P.M.

I kept track of my time so I would not arrive too early and reached Ann Arbor airport right on the dot at 3:00 P.M. After circling around a time or two, I saw my husband on the field. Wasn't I tickled to see his silver hair and feel his arms around me when I got out of the plane. We were glad the picture men were a little late so they didn't get the first welcome. Relatives and friends crowded around me; some of them appeared quite surprised that I had returned alive.

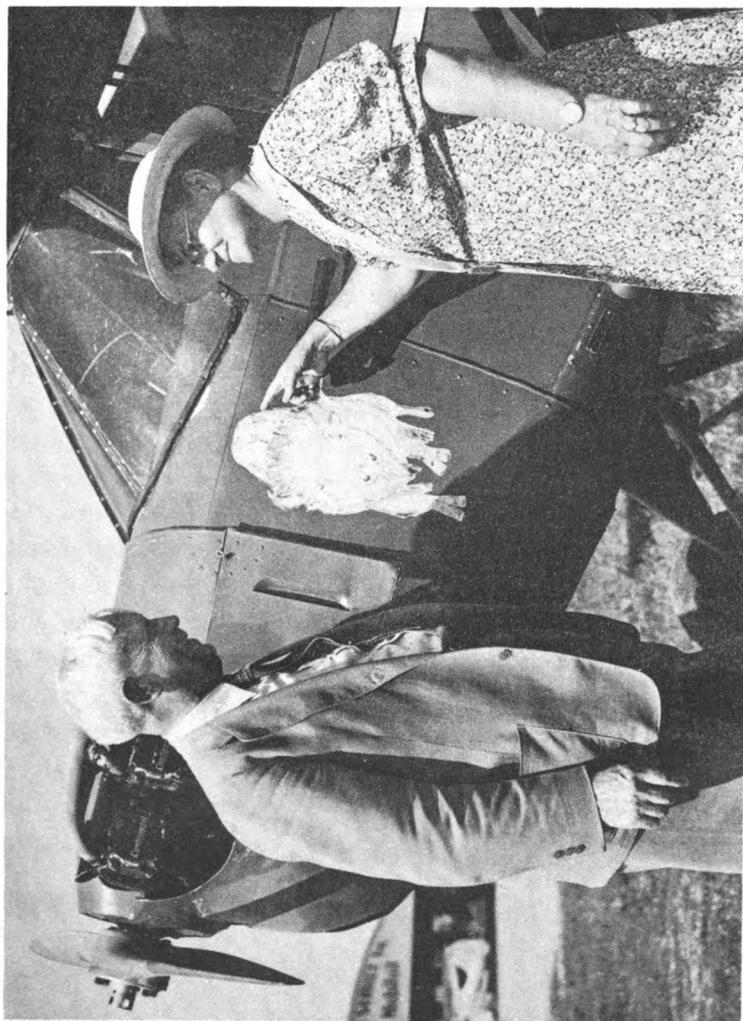
Finally we broke away from the crowd and drove first of all to see our grandsons: one had the whooping cough when I left and another had the measles when I returned. That is the reason they were not at the field. All three gave me a most hearty welcome and I began to realize I was back in Ann Arbor. We then drove home where I was kept busy answering the 'phone. "Yes, I am back alive." "Yes, I had a fine trip." "Yes, I will tell you all about it." A Detroit reporter called and Mr. Rufus said, "I'll take care of him." He arranged for an interview in the lobby of the Michigan League at 6:00 P.M. Then he turned to me, "We can have dinner down there. Probably you have forgotten how to cook."

While the interview was in progress two friends came into the lobby. After greeting them I said, "Can't you wait a few minutes and we will have dinner together." Others joined and it was a complete surprise party on me. The airport force, the aeronautics department, and many other guests assembled to give me a rousing welcome home. Of course there was much merriment and repartee. On one thing I was disillusioned. While I was away a good friend of mine asked Mr. Rufus if he didn't worry. "What about?" he wanted to know. "Why," came the reply, "She might not come back." To which he retorted, "There are many others." "Oh! but not like Mrs. Rufus," she continued. Then he concluded, "Thank the Lord for that."

Our local paper announced that "Ann Arbor's famous 'Flying Grandmother,' Mrs. W. Carl Rufus, was back on the social circuit of teas and parties again today - but not for long, she hopes." And I was quoted as saying; (when will I ever learn not to talk so much), "The round trip to the west coast was so refreshing I'm ready to be off again as soon as I can afford it." Of course, that did not surprise anyone. One of my telegrams on the return trip ended, "Home, sweet home, no more to roam." When Mr. Rufus read it to some friends he added, "Until the next time."

In addition to the welcome home, hosts of friends have sent congratulations. Before me is a heap of fan mail, letters and telegrams from all over the United States waiting to be answered. Some flying acquaintances said they didn't see how I made the trip with so little trouble. Even my instructor thought I might be concealing some of my experiences, but I assured him I was not holding out on him. I chose the right time of the year, the month of May, for the southern route before it gets too hot, and June is quite ideal to go through the Rockies after most of the snow and hail storms are over. I was very careful of my engine and had inspections at the proper time and by the best mechanics. I always visited the weather rooms at every airport and obtained local advice from experienced men everywhere I went.

One experienced Michigan pilot who recently made a trip to California, said he turned completely over when he struck a down draft on a mountain side. Well, I might have known what to do in such a case but it would probably scare me so I might not do the right thing. I had plenty of down and up drafts over ridges and mountains, but I always went 1500 to 2000 feet higher than the airport men advised me to. I think that helped, although I did get into some terrible down drafts that took all the wits I had to keep the plane going straight. Then again it would be so easy I hardly had to hold the stick. But I did. My longest day in the air was

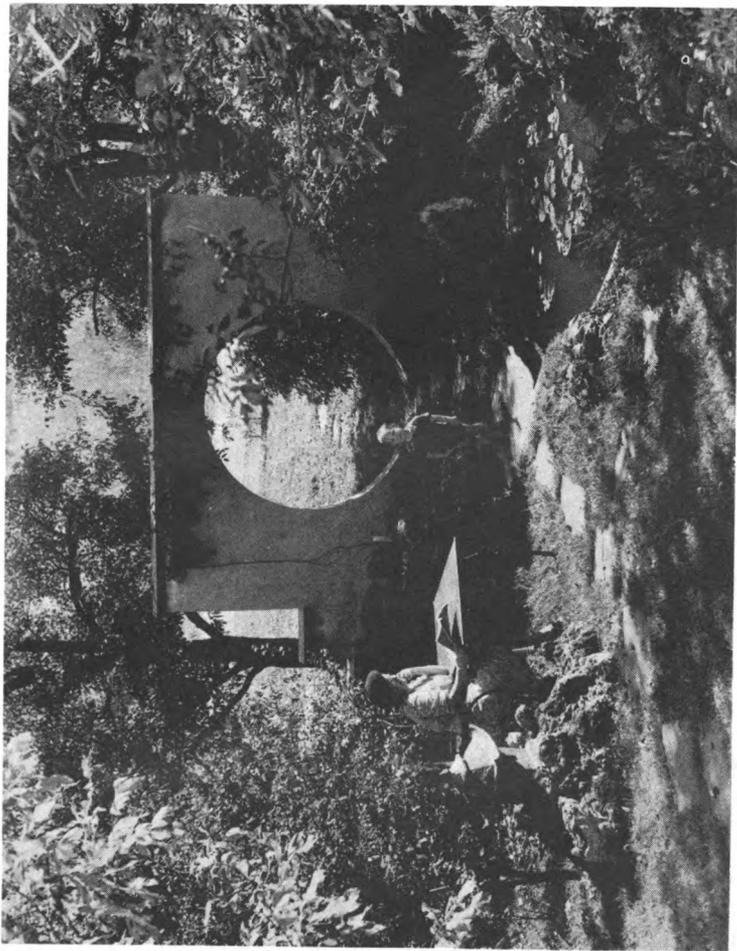


**Home Sweet Home**

eight and a half hours. I planned to stay up not more than two and a half hours at a time, leaving about one hour leeway in case I got lost. If one has sectional maps, a good compass and a receiving radio, good navigating should be possible. But I say that under my breath fearing someone will tell me something to bring down my ego.

Looking back over the entire trip I wish to record my appreciation of the kindness and courtesy everywhere extended. The airport people especially were very friendly and cooperative. The boys are a fine lot of young gentlemen. Only once was a disrespectful and ungentlemanly word said to me and that could be excused on account of the circumstances. Life has been greatly enriched by the friendships renewed and by a host of new friends and acquaintances who are greatly appreciated.

The notes of this trip have been written on my knee in the plane while flying, in hotels, in friends' homes, and on street corners. Writing this story began on our son's Chris-Craft while enjoying a two-weeks' cruise on Lake Huron and now is being completed in our front yard, back of the moon-gate, by a pool with white and pink water lilies, gold fish, wild bunnies and flitting birds around me.



**The Moon Gate**

## APPENDIX I

### Expense of Western Trip

Gas and oil	\$106.80
Personal expenses, hotels, taxis, etc.	84.50
Telegrams and phone calls	5.00
Hangar rent	11.00
New propeller	38.00
Express on prop	3.00
Putting prop on at Blythe	5.00
Air Associates, Long Beach, getting plane ready for inspection	44.00
Northwestern at Boeing Field, getting plane ready for inspection	<u>34.72</u>
Total Expense	\$332.02

Several states have a tax refund on aviation gas as we do not use roads in flying. I found, however, that the cost of securing the refund amounted to more than the refund in some states, for they demand that the papers be notarized. If one pays 50 cents for that and includes the cost of paper and stamps, it is not worth while bothering about. The Authorities should work out a better system in each state, for it is unfair for a flier to pay a highway tax.

## APPENDIX II

I will list a few things I learned from experience on the western trip.

Before starting a trip the route should be thoroughly planned. I found sectional maps satisfactory.

Local advice at each airport is valuable, e.g., sand storms, sand spouts, thunder storms, etc.

Clouds should be avoided if possible. If caught, the stabilizer is more dependable than the stick. Of course instrument equipment and instrument rating would be preferable.

High altitudes over mountain ranges or through passes decrease the difficulty of up and down drafts.

In a gorge a down draft on one side may be corrected by an up draft on the other.

On a short field when the temperature is high, as the ground speed tends to be faster, the landing should be very near the beginning of the runway.

Landing on a field at high altitude, on account of the low density of the atmosphere, the plane loses altitude rapidly.

Names on top of tanks instead of the side could be read at higher altitudes and prevent flying too low over villages.

Location signs or village names should be painted on main highways, visible at five hundred feet.

The following are a few things I felt would make my light plane safer and more comfortable.

Better visibility from the cockpit.

A backing attachment while taxiing.

A mechanical starter.

Automatic device to keep carburetor from freezing.

A gas gauge easier to see and read.

Cactus-proof tires for use in desert.

An adjustable seat.

A sending as well as a receiving radio.

A device to enable a slow approach to a field.

A method for a safer take off.

Emergency landing strips at the side of intersections of main highways.

More durable covering for a plane.

More durable material than pyralon.

Greater horsepower for light planes.

Before it is possible to make light plane flying popular we must be able to take off and land in our back yard and prices for everything should be much lower.









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