

# The Mount Airy News.

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## LOST WORLD AVIATOR RETURNS TO AMERICA

### Saw Water and Thought It Was The Pacific—Heading South the Airman Suddenly Collided With the Mountain Side.

### Bottle of Condensed Food Called "Why" Saved them From Starvation. Martin was Injured. But Harvey Escaped

Bellingham, Wash., May 25.—Major Frederick L. Martin, original commander of the army globe encircling flight, whose plane was recovered on the Alaska peninsula April 30, arrived here this morning with his mechanic, Staff Sgt. Alva L. Harvey, on Pacific American fisheries steamer Katherine D., from Port Moller, Alaska. The fliers stepped ashore amid the cheers of 2,000 persons.

The major and his mechanic were under orders from General Mason M. Patrick, chief of the army air service, to proceed to Washington, D. C. without delay.

Mrs. Martin and her eight year old son, Bobby, met the major at 8:30 o'clock this morning at Lummi island, about 10 miles out from Bellingham. The Katherine D. stopped there an hour earlier to permit newspapermen and photographers to come aboard. The family was re-united aboard the cannery tender, Nile, which carried the major's wife and boy. It was a joyous meeting, the boy tackling his father's leg while Mrs. Martin embraced him.

A mirage was blamed by Major Martin for his misfortune after leaving Chignik. "Shortly after leaving Chignik I saw what appeared to be water and thought it was the Pacific," he said. "I traveled toward it for some time and finally it disappeared. Then I realized it as a mirage which I had been following. It had taken me off my course in a northwesterly direction.

"The weather was foggy and the clouds were low, probably 500 feet between the snow-covered ground and the clouds. I changed my course, heading south, but suddenly hit the north side of the mountain. Had we hit 10 feet lower we would have struck an abrupt cliff and would probably both have been killed, but as it was, we crashed on a gradual slope of the mountain and the plane slid up about 100 feet, tearing it to pieces.

Harvey was uninjured, but Martin broke a small bone in his nose and one eye was slightly injured.

"It would be impossible to state with accuracy," says the Major, "the amount of time that elapsed between the moment that I first saw the mountain before us and the time of striking. It was all in an instant.

"The plane struck, although I had elevated it as much as possible by human effort in that brief space. The fact that we were soaring slightly upward when the crash came is, perhaps, the one incident which saved us from death."

"Had it not been for Sergeant Harvey I do not believe we would be here receiving the welcome of friends today," said Martin. "Besides being the best man I have ever flown with, Harvey is, beyond doubt, a real he-man. He proved his stuff during the ten days that we wandered. There was never a murmur of discontent. He was always cheerful, and when our hopes of reaching aid were lowest, the night of May 6, it was Harvey whom I inwardly thanked for our few comforts.

"We were camped in the meagre shelter of a canyon in a clump of snow-laden brush. Beds were made with wild grass piled on the snow and a fire, the first good one we had since leaving the wrecked plane, afforded us warmth which permitted us about four hours' sleep at intervals."

Harvey told of killing ptarmigan. He killed two and Major Martin shot another, although with difficulty, as both men had suffered with their eyes and ammunition was scarce.

They had only two clips of shells, he said. The ptarmigan constituted their only food other than the concentrates which were carried in three bottles.

The men told of wandering, sleepless, for three days striking out on the trip which led them to a upper's cabin. They thought they were on

the Pacific side of the peninsula instead of the Behring sea side and their charts did not tell them of a cannery at Moller.

### "Why" Saved Them

Owing to a bit of good fortune at the time of the crash a bottle of condensed food called "why" two spoonfuls of which are sufficient for a meal, escaped breaking although most everything else was demolished. With this food supply available they reached the unoccupied trapper's cabin in they found more food. They also noticed a milk box with the lettering "Paf, Port Moller" upon it. This clue gave them much encouragement as it indicated Port Moller was not far away.

Harvey said he was slightly snow-blind the first few days following the wreck but recovered. Major Martin also suffered from snow blindness, which grew steadily worse and the last three days Harvey broke trail through the snow, leading Major Martin to the beach along which they followed to the cannery.

While the two men were out in the open, snow-covered country, there was no wind, no snow and no rain fall for eight days but it stormed fiercely one day when they were in the cabin and on the day of their arrival at Port Moller.

### Modern Magellans

With the American aviators safe in Japan, "the worst behind them," as they believe, the world learns that A. Stuart MacLaren, flying under the British flag, has had an accident somewhat similar to the one that dashed the hopes of the French Capt. Doisy.

These misadventures emphasize the advantage of adequate preparation and a fleet of planes in such an effort. The American chances of success are vastly improved by the mere fact that four planes made the start. Three are still in the flying, and if more than one finishes the attempt may be considered more than successful. The one-plane entries are gallant gambles with fortune, but the odds against them are heavy indeed.

In the first circumnavigation of the globe, Magellan started with five ships. Only four got into the Pacific. His flagship was wrecked, and only one ship the Vittoria, completed the journey. Of the 270 or more men who started, only thirty-one returned in the Vittoria. Magellan himself had worse luck than Major Martin, for he was killed in the Philippines, and his title as the first circumnavigator rests on the fact that he had already crossed the remaining meridians on an earlier voyage.

Magellan's expedition frequently encountered hostility when he sought to land, and it is indeed a strange commentary on how slowly the world advances that the Americans also were warned off when a storm forced them to alight in the Russian harbor on Bering Island.—New York World.

## Highway Commission to Build 1,400 Miles of Lawn

(Raleigh News and Observer)

Beginning as soon as seed enough can be found for the business the North Carolina highway commission will become the proprietor of the biggest lawn in the State, being approximately 1,400 miles long and 20 feet wide, according to plans approved by Commissioner Frank Page and directed to be put into effect immediately. The work has already started in the fourth district, and is ready to begin in other districts.

The "lawn" will be sowed along the shoulders of the 1,400 miles of paved roads in the State system, the ten feet of soil on either side of the paving being set in some tough grass that will resist erosion, and not be hurt by automobiles that leave the paving in passing or for other causes. It is believed that the entire program will be well under way before the end of the summer, and much of the mileage completed.

Primarily, the plan is to simplify the problem of maintaining the dirt shoulder of the paving slab. Trouble has been experienced everywhere in keeping a smooth surface on them, due to the fact that traffic leaves the pavement and a heavy rain will score

## MRS. J. E. JOHNSTON DIES

### Widow of Late R. J. Reynolds—Son Born May 20th in New York Hospital

Mrs. J. Edwards Johnston, of Winston-Salem, widow of the late R. J. Reynolds, died in a New York hospital last Friday night where she had been a patient for two months. The day preceding her death reports had been received from her bedside that both she and her infant son, J. Edward Johnston, Jr., who was born on May 20th, were resting well. The remains were brought to Winston-Salem and the funeral held Monday afternoon at her home at Reynolds. It was attended by a large crowd and the entire route from the home to the Salem cemetery, where interment was made was lined with a solid flank of friends as the funeral party passed by. All industrial activity ceased and all stores closed in the city during the service.

Mrs. Johnston was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Smith, of Mount Airy, and first married R. J. Reynolds in 1905, to which union were born four children. Mr. Reynolds died in July, 1919, leaving his widow one of the richest women in the land.

In 1921 she married J. Edward Johnston who was at that time teaching school at the Reynolds estate besides her husband and children Mrs. Johnston is survived by her parents, two brothers and three sisters, E. G. Smith, cashier of the First National Bank, of Mount Airy, Matt Smith, Miss Irene Smith, and Mrs. Chas. Lucas, of Mount Airy, and Mrs. Jas. Dunn of Winston-Salem.

The death of Mrs. Johnston has brought a widespread wave of sadness over the entire country. Already she was lending her ability and contributing large amounts of her fortune to various causes for the up-building of the country. She had just seen completed a memorial building in her home city to be used in connection with the city school and she is said to have expended nearly a million dollars in its construction.

Here in our midst her memory will be cherished and honored for the good work she had done in the building of the splendid house of worship for the Salem Methodist congregation three miles north of this city. In this work she contributed about \$20,000. The church has been in use only a few weeks and the congregation had planned to hold a dedication service some time in June and having Mrs. Johnston as honored guest.

### American Potato Bug New Fear of Germans

Berlin, May 25.—Germany has begun guarding her frontier against a hostile invasion of the American potato bug, which is reported to be overrunning parts of France. The pest is said to have been introduced into France in the region of Bordeaux by the American Expeditionary Forces during the war.

As a preventive measure the German Government has prohibited importation of potato, tomato, gooseberry and similar plants.

## BOTTLE CROSSING ATLANTIC WAS CUPID'S MESSENGER

### But Girl Who Cast Message into Sea 42 Years Ago Now Is A War Widow and No Longer Romantic

New York, May 16.—A dark green bottle, tightly sealed with wax, was picked up at Rockaway Beach a month ago. Inside was a pencilled note which indicated an eighteen-year-old-girl, with whimsical romance in her heart, had cast it into the sea at Kingstown, Ireland, Dec. 4, 1882 hoping "some nice boy finds and returns it to me."

There are few authenticated cases of such kind on record but yesterday came apparent proof that the bottle actually did ride the waves of the Atlantic forty-two years. It is vouchered for by the girl who wrote the note that winter day in 1882.

She is sixty now and the romance of youth has bowed to the misfortunes of life. In her words:

"I am no longer romantic but a poor widow with only a small pension allowed me by the British Government."

The "nice boy" she found long before the bottle turned up was gassed in the war and died of tuberculosis.

The message found in the bottle at Rockaway Beach was as follows:

"This bottle is cast into the sea at Kingstown, in the County of Dublin, Ireland, on the 4th day of December, 1882, by Elizabeth Kinch, Pave Lane, Kingstown, age eighteen years.

"Hope some nice boys finds and returns it to me."

Reading this message in newspaper accounts, Mrs. William Ryan of No. 62 10th Avenue, who comes from Kingstown, remembered that she once knew the name "Kinch," although she is much younger than the writer of the note. Out of curiosity she wrote to "Elizabeth Kinch, Pave Lane, Kingstown," telling her of the finding of the bottle.

Mrs. E. Kinch befine replied, saying she was the writer of the old note and that eight persons in this city had written to her about it. Her letter resembles the forty-two-year-old not in general character of handwriting, according to the persons who have seen both. It says in part:

"I will relate the history of this letter as well as I can remember, first telling you I am no longer romantic, but a poor widow with only small pension allowed me by the British Government. My husband died few years ago of consumption contracted during the big war. He was on a ship and got gassed and never got better and died in prime of life.

"As a young girl myself and a companion were very fond of sailors, at that time very frequent in Kingstown Harbor, all the big ships calling there. We made it up that both of us would write a letter and bottle it up and cast it out to sea.

"Well, you know the result of mine. I don't know where the other was found. Although I am getting old now I have been joked about this letter by my friends and my poor old father says I was always too fond of the sailors for his taste.

"I received eight letters from New York, but I am only answering yours, and although Pave Lane is no more new houses and new names taking their place, if you will address letter here I will get it alright."

### Leaves Asylum to Be Tried For Murder

Taylorville, May 23.—Carl White, who, it is alleged killed his wife and children at their home about seven miles from here on the Taylorville-Lenoir road, nearly seven years ago will be brought back and tried for murder at the September term of the Alexander county Superior court, according to a statement issued at the sheriff's office here. The accused man has been in an asylum for the criminal insane since the killing occurred. Though the grand jury returned an indictment against him charging murder, no action had been taken to bring him to trial until recently when Sheriff Robinson went to Raleigh to bring the man back to this county.

It was decided by the sheriff and asylum officers that White should remain there until time for the trial.

Previous to the tragedy, it is said that White had shown no signs of insanity but his friends claim that he had always acted peculiarly. He is said to have killed his wife and two children with a shotgun by beating them over their heads.

## KIDNAPPERS SLAY SON OF CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE

### OBSTACLES TO OIL SEARCH IN ALASKA

### Standard Crew at Kanatak Battles Sub-Zero Weather and Solid Work

San Francisco.—Of all the difficult jobs of drilling for oil undertaken by the Standard Oil Company of California in this country and in foreign lands, the hardest ever attempted is the well being sunk back of Portage Bay, Alaska, it was explained recently at the company's executive offices here.

The crew drilling in Alaska has encountered innumerable difficulties during the year that operations have been under way. The hole has been driven through solid rock, a sandstone formation so hard that at times it has turned the edge of steel and required repairs in the drill. Inch by inch the unyielding substance has been pierced. Some days the progress was not more than five or six feet. The end of the year in March found the hole 1,495 feet deep, with the sandstone persisting.

There can be no chance for oil until the rock is pierced. The company's geologists, on whose recommendation the spot was selected for drilling, declared it was the longest stretch of hard formation that they had ever encountered.

Frequent delays have been caused by the exceptional severity of the winter. Temperatures of 24 below zero have been encountered. Often it was necessary to thaw out the pipe lines to the boilers.

The company of drillers, sent from San Francisco, reached Alaska in the summer of 1922, carrying all the equipment for drilling and making a camp. Portage Bay, where the party landed, is a wilderness without a settlement. The place selected for the well was seventeen miles inland. To haul the apparatus it was necessary to build a road crossing two mountain ranges and several miles of swampy ground. So difficult was the task that actual drilling could not be started until the following March.

The region, which has been subjected to something of a stampede because of the hope that oil would be struck, is known as the Cold Bay Oil District, though the oil still is hypothetical. The little town of Kanatak has sprung up not far from the Standard Oil Company's operations.

Owing to the severity of the winter, the Californians were without mail from October to January. With a high powered wireless station near the drilling rig, however, the men were in constant communication with the outside world. Broadcast programs are picked up there from points as distant as San Francisco.

The Alaskan operations are part of the general quest for new oil fields which has taken the company's geologists and drillers into Columbia, Ecuador, Argentina and the Philippines.

"We are anticipating the time when our producing wells will be exhausted," explained an official. "New petroleum fields must be developed."

### Mrs. Wilson Hurt in Fall

Washington, May 23.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson fell and fractured slightly a small shoulder bone while visiting friends in Virginia recently.

Mrs. Wilson regarded the mishap as of little importance at the time, but as it became more painful consented to having an x-ray photograph made, which disclosed the fracture. As soon as the swelling subsided she will go to a hospital for a day and have a plaster cast applied. Aside from the painful swelling, the widow of the former President is suffering no inconvenience.

### Body of Chicago Boy Found Naked in Water as Father Awaits Call to Pay \$10,000 Ransom

Chicago, May 22, An attempt to trap a band of kidnapers caused the criminals to kill Robert Franks, a fourteen-year-old boy, who had been held by them for \$10,000 ransom.

The lad, son of Jacob Franks, President of the Rockford Watch Company and one of the wealthiest men in Chicago, was seized on the street yesterday soon after he left the Harvard school. He was carried off in a motor car.

The kidnapping was so quickly accomplished that witnesses could furnish but little details. With the boy in their power, the kidnapers despatched a special delivery note to Jacob Franks, demanding \$10,000.

The letter, posted at 2 A. M., informed him that his boy would be returned upon payment of the ransom, provided the police and other authorities were not notified. The letter was well phrased as if by a person of more than ordinary education.

"Your son is in safe-keeping," it began. "You must follow explicitly every stipulation of this letter.

The \$10,000 demand was the principal stipulation. Following it was the warning:

"If you have notified the police or other authorities do not carry the matter any further or we will kill your boy."

A final sentence said Frank could expect "further instructions at 1 o'clock."

Previous to delivery of the note, Mr. Franks had placed the affair before Samuel Ettleson, his attorney. Franks said he was waiting for his boy at home when he received a telephone message saying: "Your boy has been kidnapped. He is in safe custody. You will hear more from us in the morning."

Through Ettleson, Mr. Franks arranged to have the telephone line leading into his home tapped in hope of connecting with the kidnapers in that way. But at 8 o'clock this morning he received by special delivery another letter that caused him to change his plans.

A trap was evidently set for the kidnapers but this feature is yet unexplained.

The boy's naked body was discovered by a laborer at mid-day in a culvert under the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at 118th street on the far south side. It was floating in two feet of water. The only identification mark was a pair of glasses which hung about the head.

Two penetrating wounds in the skull had entered the brain. Capt. Wolfe sent his detectives out to investigate but they could not fix the identification or find the clothing. This afternoon the family heard of the finding of the body.

Mr. Franks had decided to pay the ransom, rather than risk the life of the boy by calling in the police. He had prepared himself to meet all the conditions set down by the kidnapers. For that reason he could not believe his boy had come to harm. Only when friends became insistent did he consent to let Edwin M. Graham, his brother-in-law, go out to look at the body.

"It's Robert," the uncle cried, as he entered the Morgue on Houston Avenue.

## Coolidge Inhales Chlorine Gas 45 Minutes For Cold

Washington, May 20.—President Coolidge experimented this afternoon with the new chlorine gas treatment for colds, which Secretary Weeks found effective a short time ago and recommended to the President as a cure for his bronchial infection.

Mr. Coolidge motored to the army dispensary and sat forty-five minutes in the gas chamber, while Lieut. Col. M. A. De Laney, attending surgeon of the army medical centre, directed

the gas supply. The President apparently thought well of the treatment, as it was said he may try it again within a few days. He was accompanied to the dispensary by Brig. Gen. Sawyer, White House physician.

Use of chlorine gas for colds was taken up after it was noticed during the war that those engaged in working with it did not suffer in the general influenza epidemic of the army.