

# Flying the States



LT. COL. GEORGE R. HUTCHINSON



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FLYING THE STATES







*The Flying Family*



# *Flying the States*

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By

LT. COLONEL GEORGE R. HUTCHINSON

Author of

*The Flying Family in Greenland, etc.*

*Illustrated with Photographs*

JUNIOR PRESS BOOKS  
ALBERT  WHITMAN  
& CO  
CHICAGO

1937

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T. L. 721  
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*Printed in the U.S.A.*

NOV 15 1937

OCIA 112025

38-3140

I dedicate this book to Henry Ford, with the hope that he will some day produce a family Air Flivver within reach of the average American family budget. Thus, may he lead the way in the air as well as on land—for American family pleasure and American air defense.

*George R. Hutchinson.*



## FOREWORD

When I was a youngster I longed to travel, to explore, to see the far-off, out-of-the-way places of the world. I know now that if my father had been financially able to make my dreams come true, I would have been a most grateful and happy youngster. When a generation passed and I found myself filling his shoes, I made aviation my business, so that my children might enjoy real adventure with me. Thus, for years and years Janet Lee and Kathryn have been flying all over the world, with me as their pilot and my wife as their teacher. The plane has been their Flying Home and Classroom in the Skies, with the earth below always a picture subject.

From the book, *FLYING THE STATES*, our readers will understand how we have seen America first, as all Americans should, if and when the opportunity arises. The airplane of the future will bring about many changes in the world's transportation picture, so until all of us start keeping the Family Flivver behind the house, let's follow the adventures of the world's first Flying Family in flying the states.

*George R. Hutchinson.*



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Geo. H. O. Hunt

ARIZONA  
Governor  
Harry Connell

ARKANSAS  
Governor  
A. C. Kays

CALIFORNIA  
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W. H. Adams

COLORADO  
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William L. Hoar

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Governor  
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MARYLAND  
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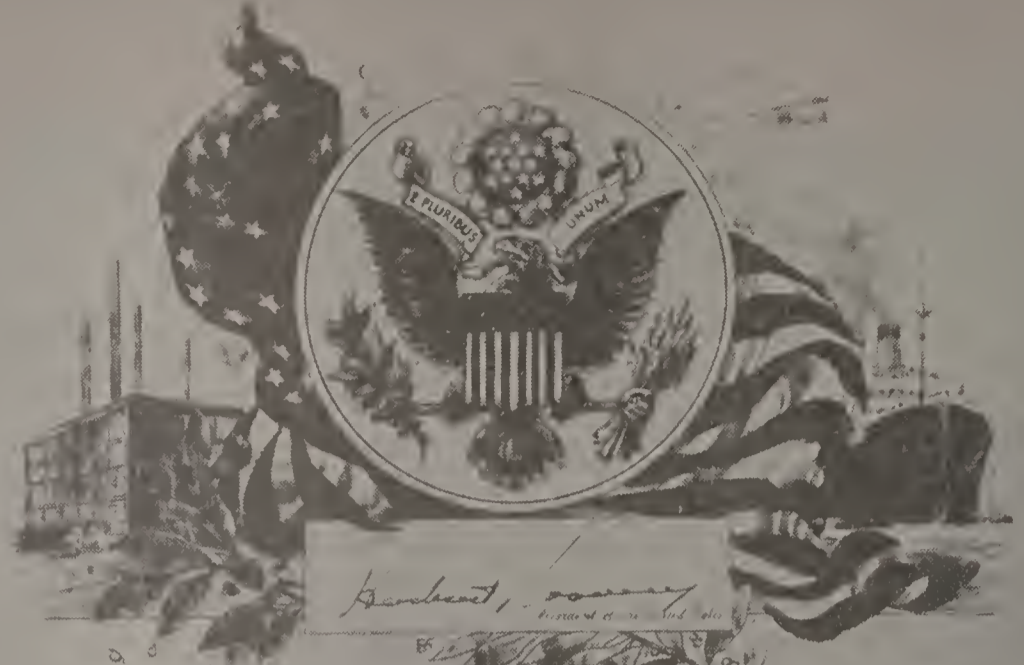
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MISSOURI  
Governor  
John F. Walker

MONTANA  
Governor



## The Spirit of '31

**M**arking back to the times that tried the souls of the founders of our republic a century and a half ago, we, the President of the United States and the Governors of the forty-eight states composing this great nation, call upon the American people to make 1931 a year that will go down in our history as marking the greatest "come-back" ever staged by the business men, the farmers and the working folk of the United States.

**T**hings looked dark to General Washington at Valley Forge. But it was the darkness just before the dawn of American liberty. Conditions have been depressing during the last year and the great heart of our people has been stirred to the speedy and effective measures aimed at ameliorating the hardships of those caught unprepared in the economic storm.

**N**ow the clouds are breaking, the corner is being turned. With our financial institutions sounder than ever, with our leaders of industry, agriculture and labor eager to co-operate in the good work, the wheels of our mighty and unequalled machinery of production are beginning to turn faster and will soon be spinning at full speed.

**C**onfident in the wonderful natural resources of the United States, in the creative ability of its people, and in the democratic institutions under which we live, we, the chosen executives of the States, herewith resolve to redouble our efforts to banish the evil spirit of pessimism from our land and to clear the way for the joyous return of the spirit of optimism that made the word "American" one to conjure with the world over.

**J**ust as the airplane outclasses all other methods of transportation in the matter of speed, so do American capitalists and workers outrank all others in enterprise and productive ability.

**L**et us all help them under the guidance of President Hoover, rout the specter of want and uncertainty and make this country the permanent abiding place of a happy and contented people.

Witness our signatures

NEBRASKA  
Charles M. ...

NEVADA  
F. B. Balyun

NEW HAMPSHIRE  
John S. ...

NEW JERSEY  
Myron J. ...

NEW MEXICO  
Arthur ...

NEW YORK  
Franklin D. ...

NORTH CAROLINA  
C. Max ...

NORTH DAKOTA  
Geo. S. ...

OHIO  
George ...

OKLAHOMA  
H. W. ...

OREGON  
Robert ...

PENNSYLVANIA  
John S. ...

RHODE ISLAND  
Zeman ...

SOUTH CAROLINA  
J. G. ...

SOUTH DAKOTA  
Harvey ...

TENNESSEE  
Henry H. ...

TEXAS  
R. S. ...

UTAH  
Gott ...

VERMONT  
Stanley ...

VIRGINIA  
John ...

WASHINGTON  
Robert ...

WEST VIRGINIA  
W. S. ...

WISCONSIN  
Philip A. ...

WYOMING  
Frank ...

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## Chapter I

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### A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM THE SKY

It was Christmas morning in Wayne, Michigan. At the big airplane factory the night-watchman was just making his last scheduled round of the building before knocking off at seven A.M.

Outside it was still dark and a heavy snow was falling. As he put his key in the last time lock to end his night's work, he was startled to see a man step out of the cabin door of a brand new plane which was facing in the direction of the wide sliding hangar doors.

"Who's there?" the watchman shouted, as he reached for his gun in its holster.

"It's only me, Tom!" answered a voice with a strong southern accent.

In the dim light from the single electric fixture, the watchman could not at first distinguish the figure that approached him.

"It's me, Tom. What's the matter with you, too much Christmas spirit?"

"Oh, it's you, Colonel Hutchinson," replied the elderly watchman. "I didn't recognize your voice. Kind'a gave me a scare there for a minute."

"Took me for a burglar, eh?"

"You just surprised me, Colonel. I just didn't know anyone else was around but me. How'd you get in here anyway?"

"I've been here all night."

"You have?"

"Sure. I stayed on after all the boys left last night. Thought probably it would clear and I could get an early start this morning for New York and home."

The watchman stared. "Gee, Colonel, have you been asleep in the new plane all night?"

"Certainly have, and I slept well, too."

"Say, Colonel Hutchinson, you won't report this, will you?"

“Report what, Tom?”

“Me. You know how it would sound if the boss heard his night watchman — well — wasn’t on the job.”

“Don’t you worry about that for one minute. Your boss knew I’d planned to stay around all night. Anyway, it was my fault for not telling you when you came on duty last night. Guess I slept pretty sound, Tom.”

“I’ll say you did, Colonel. I never heard a peep out of you, not even a snore! Well, it doesn’t look as if you’re going to get the new air wagon home for Christmas after all.”

“I don’t know about that. I’ve waited three days already. Two while the boys put on the finishing touches, and one for weather.”

“Um—too bad. A Christmas in Wayne isn’t so good—especially if you’re a family man and the family’s not with you.”

“You’re right there, Tom, and that idea settles it. I’m going.”

“In this snow?”

“That’s it—in this snow. Christmas is a big day for my two little girls and believe me, snow or no snow, I’m flying through.”

In spite of Tom's arguing, worrying, advising, and pleading, Colonel Hutchinson was determined. Together, they rolled the new plane out into the snow as the sky was breaking into daylight. The snow was still falling and it was bitter cold.

The plane had been gassed the day before. Already Colonel Hutchinson, together with the factory pilot had thoroughly tested the plane in flight. The usual minor adjustments following this check flight had caused some delay and was followed by this bad weather. With his grips and Christmas packages carefully placed, Colonel Hutchinson bade good-bye to Tom, and gave him a welcome Christmas present as he climbed in the cabin of the sleek, shiny, black and yellow monoplane. He switched on the ignition; three shots with the primer, a step on the new electric starter and the 425 horsepower motor started hitting on all nine cylinders.

For nearly fifteen minutes Colonel Hutchinson sat quietly behind the wheel on the left side of the wide roomy cabin, as he slowly revved up the motor and checked the various instruments and radio equipment. Meanwhile, Tom had closed the big, sliding doors and gone to the front office from which he could see the take-off.



Colonel Hutchinson locked the brakes, gave the motor full throttle and smiled as the tachometer registered steady at 1725 R.P.M. As he released the brakes the plane sped down the snow-covered, two-way runway, making deep tracks in the soft snow as it gathered momentum. He held it on the ground until it had plenty of flying speed. He then slowly eased back on the wheel and the plane left the ground as gently as a bird.

Tom peered through the office window and watched the plane disappear in the falling snow, headed eastward. He waited exactly ten minutes by his watchman's clock, he then lifted the telephone, dialed Western Union and gave the operator this message:

MRS. BLANCHE HUTCHINSON  
HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON  
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO MY THREE SWEET-  
HEARTS. MEET ME NEWARK AIRPORT ABOUT  
NOON. BRING CHILDREN, HAVE GREAT SUR-  
PRISE. DON'T WORRY.

LOVE  
GEORGE

Then Tom hung up and spoke aloud to himself,

“Well, sir, I’ve followed your instructions to the letter. I hope you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy Landing.”

\* \* \* \* \*

In her hotel bedroom in New York Mrs. Hutchinson was wakened by the loud ringing of the telephone.

“Yes, this is Mrs. Hutchinson. A message for me? All right, go ahead. Read it, but wait a minute until I get a pencil.”

She reached in the night table drawer and picked up a small pad and pencil. “Now will you read it, please?”

As she wrote down the last words: “Don’t worry, Love, George,” she hung up the receiver and stared rather anxiously toward the windows across the room. It was snowing heavily.

At that moment the door from the adjoining bedroom opened. A blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl about eight poked her head through.

“What is it, Mother? I heard the telephone ring!”

Immediately a blonde head also appeared. Tousled, sleepy, pajama-clad, the two little girls peered into the room.

“Well, Mother, what is it?” Katherine asked again.

“It’s a telegram from Daddy, children.”

“Read it to us, Mother,” said Janet Lee, as she jumped on the bed beside her mother, followed almost immediately by her older sister Kathryn.

“Keep still now, and don’t jar the bed and I will read it. It says: ‘Merry Christmas to my three sweethearts. Meet me Newark Airport about noon. Bring children. Have great surprise. Don’t worry. Love.’”

“Whee—e. Oh, boy, oh, boy! Wonder what the surprise is, Mother?” Kathryn cried.

“Golly, I’ll bet it’s a—it’s a bicycle!” chirped Janet Lee.

“Oh, no, Janet Lee, maybe it’s that white Indian headdress I wanted. O-o-h, that’s what it is, I know.”

“Maybe it’s something for me,” suggested their mother.

“Look, it’s snowing,” said Janet Lee as she made a hop, skip and jump toward the large window looking down on the avenue, thirty floors below.

“Yes, it’s snowing,” their mother repeated, and instantly both little girls caught the note of anxiety in her voice.

“Why don’t you sound happy, Mother?” asked Kathryn.

“Well, children, don’t you realize your daddy is flying a brand new plane nearly a thousand miles in bad weather just to be here with us for Christmas?”

“That’s nothing, Mother. Daddy can fly anywhere, in good weather or bad weather. It’s easy for him,” returned Janet Lee, who had every faith in her father’s power.

“Sure, Mother, Daddy’s a transport pilot, you know,” Kathryn added.

“I know all that, children, but it’s winter time and he has to fly over those awful Allegheny Mountains in a snowstorm.”

“But, Mother, Daddy said in the telegram not to worry, didn’t he?”

“Yes, Mother, he did,” put in Janet Lee quickly, “and right away you are starting to worry!”

“Well, I guess your daddy wouldn’t want us worrying or unhappy on Christmas, would he?”

“That’s so, it’s really Christmas! Merry Christmas, Mother!”

The two children curled up on the bed, to chatter eagerly about Daddy, Christmas, presents, the snow and their plans for this Christmas day.

Listening to their happy voices, Mrs. Hutchinson felt her own heart gradually lighten, her anxiety give way before their childlike, untroubled faith.

\* \* \* \* \*

It required a good half hour of skillful flying before Colonel Hutchinson climbed through the heavy snow clouds. At times the snow would pile up on the windshield, and he would have to open the side window and reach ahead with his gloved left hand to wipe it off. The outside temperature was about ten degrees above zero, as he topped the clouds and leveled off at 13,000 feet. Inside the cabin it was comfortable and warm. At this altitude he flew an easterly compass course directly toward Newark, New Jersey.

For those who have not experienced all the trials and joys of flying, it is hard to realize that one can be flying along smoothly at 160 miles an hour, 13,000 feet in the air, in a warm roomy cabin, with the sun shining and the sky the clearest of blue, while below a terrific snow storm is raging. Such was the weather as Colonel Hutchinson's new plane skimmed over rolling masses of clouds while he skillfully guided her toward home and his family.

With radio ear phones clamped over his head he listened to the Christmas programs being broadcast from different cities. First Detroit, then Cleveland, then Buffalo, each fading as the plane flew out of range. Then he would tune in the next station ahead on his route, or pick up the aviation band for weather information from air line operation offices.

Watching his air speed, judging his wind drift, and watching the clock while flying by the directional gyro, kept him busy calculating and estimating his position. Not being able to see land with its ever-present check points, it is always difficult for a flyer to ascertain his correct position at all times. A strong wind drift, a slight error in setting the directional gyro, any slight miscalculation, is enough to put him far off course in a very few minutes.

By radio Colonel Hutchinson learned that the snow storm was general, with heavy snow falling all along the Atlantic Coast, as far south as Richmond, Virginia, and as far north as Portland, Maine.

Nearly two hours passed before he decided to check his position by sight. He slowly headed downward, 10,000 — 9,000 — 7,000 feet, blind — blind — blind. Clouds were everywhere. Like a blanket they completely obscured the view below. At 1100 feet the plane passed under the clouds and into a heavy

snowfall, but the altitude meter registered 500 feet before he was able to determine his exact position by sighting a familiar formation in one of the Finger Lakes in New York State.

He checked this point on his map and again climbed up through the clouds, topping them this time at 14,000 feet. As he flew eastward, cloud formations began banking up ahead, forcing him to climb higher and higher. At 18,000 feet his head began aching and he felt the need of oxygen. As he was not equipped for high altitude flying, naturally he must fly blind or go down. So down he went again, this time to 500 feet above the ground. But here a blizzard was raging, buffeting the plane about and making safe flying impossible. Again he climbed to 10,000 feet where the air was more steady. At this altitude he leveled off and settled back for several hours of the dreaded blind flying.

\* \* \* \* \*

Following a light breakfast, Mrs. Hutchinson unlocked the living room door to disclose the Christmas preparations for Janet Lee and Kathryn. A beautiful tree rose from a mimic landscape, with presents piled high beneath the boughs. A miniature loco-

motive made its way over bridges, through tunnels and around the garden. It was loaded down with small packages of Christmas cheer.

For the next few hours the children and their mother entered into the joy of Christmas—opening their presents, playing with games, trying on ski suits and scarfs, reading Christmas cards, and the countless other things that happen only on Christmas Day.

Soon there were callers, old friends, new friends, and acquaintances, and the presents kept piling up. When the telephone rang for the 'teenth time Janet Lee eagerly cried out:

“Answer it, Mother, quickly. I'll bet it's some more presents—hurry!”

“Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Hutchinson.”

“This is the City Desk, New York American. We heard that Colonel Hutchinson is flying in from Wayne, Michigan, landing at the Newark Airport. The radio operator reports very hard snowstorms along this entire route and says he's having a hard time getting in touch with your husband. Are you going out to the airport to meet him?”

In a rather nervous voice Mrs. Hutchinson told the reporter of Colonel Hutchinson's wire and of their plans to meet him at noon.



The reporter offered to drive all three of them out to the airport, promising to pick them up in ten minutes.

Christmas was almost forgotten in the excitement. The children were well bundled up, and in five minutes Mother, Janet Lee and Kathryn were on the elevator descending to the main lobby. They were hardly through the revolving doors when the reporter drove up in his car. He immediately recognized the family and introduced himself. He then hustled them into his small sedan. It was 11:45 A.M. by the Pennsylvania Station clock as he made a U turn and raced down the avenue.

Taking advantage of the leniency of the police on Christmas Day, he violated more than one traffic regulation on his way to the Holland tunnel. Once through the tunnel he sped directly toward the Newark Airport, taking all the side street short cuts to save time.

Little was said as the car sped along.

It was only a few minutes past twelve when they hurried into the radio room at the airport. Just as they entered the operator was speaking over the microphone:

“Calling N.C. 491 Y—Calling Colonel Hutchin-

son — Calling Colonel Hutchinson — N.C. 491 Y.  
Come in Hutchinson — come in Hutchinson, we're  
waiting. Come in Colonel Hutchinson”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Hello Newark—Hello Newark—Newark! Why  
don't you answer”

It seemed like hours since he had spoken with the operator at Newark and try as he would, he could not now get a reply. For nearly two hours Colonel Hutchinson had been flying blind, and after the first hour, blind flying is really nerve-wracking. Now, on top of this he could not raise Newark on his radio.

Outside the temperature was rising and the snow was wetter, causing ice to form on the windshield and leading edges of the wings. Anticipating a possible forced landing, due to the weight of the ice that seemed to grow thicker on the wings each minute, he made as steep a glide as he dared, down, down until he reached 1000 feet. At this altitude he could occasionally get a glimpse of the ground, of houses or of large buildings. He watched carefully for an emergency landing field and eased back on the wheel and throttle. He judged that his stalling point was anywhere from 85 to 90 M.P.H., due to the ice

on the wings. Levelling off at 500 feet, he gave the motor full throttle to maintain flying speed. Suddenly a voice over the radio fairly shouted in his ears:

“Come in Colonel Hutchinson — Calling N.C. 491 Y—Newark calling Colonel Hutchinson—Come in Col. Hutchinson. Your family wants to speak with you”

Snatching up the microphone he fairly shouted: “Hello Newark—Hello Blanche—Merry Christmas Janet Lee—Merry Christmas Kathryn—I’m having a sleigh ride up here. Give me ceiling, wind and ground conditions, Newark—Come in Newark”

At that very moment Colonel Hutchinson spied a familiar landmark—a high smoke stack, belching forth a heavy column of black smoke. He saw immediately that he was only about five miles southwest of the airport and the direction of the wind would not make it necessary to circle the airport before landing. He listened as Newark came in with:

“Wind N.E. 15—Ceiling 500 feet—Ground covered with six inches of snow—Obstruction, landing and runway lights are on—East-west runway safest—Hold on Colonel Hutchinson”

A few seconds of silence followed, then a sweet little voice came over the radio:

“Merry Christmas, Daddy—This is Janet Lee—Can you hear me? Mother, Kathryn and I are all here waiting for you—Hurry up—down”

In a few brief moments the plane’s motor could be heard and the family and radio operator peered through the window. They saw the new ship fly into clear view from the southwest. Another moment, and it had landed.

As the little family clung together in that first glad moment, there were tears of love and happiness in their eyes. Janet Lee was the first to speak.

“What’s the surprise, Daddy?”

“Why the new plane, of course,” replied the Colonel.

“Oh, shucks, Daddy, we knew all about the plane. That’s no surprise,” chirped up Kathryn.

“Teasing already? Will you ever grow up, George?” said Mrs. Hutchinson as she clung tightly to his arm.

“Well, children, if you both will climb up on the back seat and look behind it you’ll see the surprise,” laughed their father.

With the speed of a jack rabbit the children made a mad scramble to the back seat, peering over to see what was behind it. As their eyes rested on the

surprise Christmas present, they shouted in chorus:

“Mother, Mother, it’s only a *cat*—a spotted cat!”

“It’s a cat all right—a little 25-pound African pussy, commonly known as a lion cub,” said Colonel Hutchinson, laughing heartily.

“Goodness, Kathryn, a real lion for a Christmas present!” exclaimed Janet Lee as she stared at their new acquisition in amazement.

Colonel Hutchinson took the lion cub from its specially built cage behind the rear cabin seat, fondled him in his arms and stroked his soft fur. The cub retorted by licking the back of the Colonel’s hand with his rough tongue, while the children and their mother looked on in amazement at the gentleness of the new pet.

On the way back to the hotel, Mother, Janet Lee, and Kathryn each took turns petting their strange Christmas gift, gaining courage as they marveled at a lion being so nice and tame.

Needless to say, the cub caused quite a commotion at the hotel. The obliging reporter friend had already telephoned for photographers and upon the arrival of the family, the lobby was crowded with motion picture and news cameras. The cub was photographed; registering his paw prints, being held

by the children, and in many other scenes, such as being put to bed and given a bath in the tub of a modern New York hotel.

So the African lion cub which was flown from Wayne to New York on Christmas Day became the children's best Christmas present, as well as a mascot and pal. Toys, clothes and other presents—even the new plane—dwindled in importance compared with the joy and happiness the new playmate brought them that day, and for a long time to come.



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## Chapter II

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### WORKING FOR THEIR COUNTRY

For several years the Hutchinson family had been flying throughout the eastern part of the United States, touring the country by air as other families would tour by automobile. These family air jaunts had gained them the name of The Flying Family and being America's first real flying family, that name became a national news story wherever they went.

Colonel Hutchinson received numerous invitations to speak before service clubs, student bodies, and public gatherings in the interest of aviation. But these invitations very shortly included the entire family, because the real interest was in the "family

who flew," rather than in Colonel Hutchinson himself as a pilot.

Janet Lee and Kathryn had been practically reared in and around airplanes since they were tiny tots. Some part of each day had been spent flying or playing around their daddy's plane, or at the airport.

Colonel Hutchinson operated one of Pennsylvania's early airports, carrying on charter service, plane sales, student instructions, and air taxi work. Great crowds would gather at the airport to witness aerial acrobatics, single, double, triple and mass parachute jumping, delayed jumps, sky writing, night flying and formation flying. Professional jumpers have earned as high as \$500.00 for one jump taken for a silver offering. Over \$2,000.00 in a single day had been taken in for plane rides. Six, eight and often ten planes were kept constantly in the air on Sundays and holidays. Special police were needed to regulate the automobile traffic. The hot dog stand did a great business along with the popcorn and soft drink concessions.

From the start Janet Lee and Kathryn learned about airplanes. Often they would accompany some timid uninitiated person taking his or her first flight. Flying in all types of visiting planes, viewing the



cabin and instrument panels, meeting famous pilots, watching students from instruction to solo time, all these experiences brought the Hutchinson children first-hand lessons in aviation.

To Janet Lee and Kathryn the airplane was home, classroom and picture theatre. The word fear was erased from their vocabulary and at six and eight, respectively, they were air veterans, having spent more time in the air than the average transport pilot. Their mother and father taught them history, geography, spelling, art, arithmetic, reading, and music in their classroom in the skies. The earth and its history spread out below them, made school a game of knowledge loaded with surprises, fun, and genuine interest.

Christmas had passed. The winter weather was at its worse. Snow-fall was far above the average and each day had been bitterly cold. On December 30th, around eight o'clock in the evening, a gentle knock on their living-room door aroused both Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson. The Colonel was busy writing letters preparatory to a scheduled lecture tour. Mrs. Hutchinson was deep in a new novel.

"Come in," said the Colonel as he laid down his pen.

The door opened and a short but strongly built middle aged man entered. He had very dark features and his sparkling white teeth showed in a warm generous smile.

“Hello, Blanche—Hello, George,” he said as he extended his hand to Colonel Hutchinson.

“Why, Mr. Canter, how are you?” Blanche quickly laid aside her book, arose and took his hat, overcoat and gloves. “It’s nice to see you. How are Fay and Jimmy?”

“Fine, Blanche. Yes, we’re all well and have had a most pleasant holiday,” he replied.

Fay was his wife and Jimmy, his son; a fine son, who had honored his father by entering Columbia University at fifteen with highest honors. The two families had been friends for several years.

Janet Lee and Kathryn had already retired, and following a friendly conversation regarding the weather, Christmas, the Canter and Hutchinson families, Mr. Canter said: “George, how would you like to do a great job for your country, for aviation?”

“You know me, Mr. Canter, nothing would suit me better than to do something worth while. Flying is my life.”

“Tell us your plan, Mr. Canter,” asked Blanche. It sounds thrilling, to be doing something for your country. Especially for me, as I’m only a woman.”

“That’s one of the points, Blanche,” replied Mr. Canter. “In this day and age, adventure, business, sport, and in fact most everything is open to both men and women. And for the Hutchinsons it means a real job for the whole family—Janet Lee, Kathryn, you and George.”

“You’ve got me mighty anxious, Mr. Canter,” said George, as he drew his chair closer to his friend.

Settling himself comfortably in the deep arm chair, Mr. Canter continued:

“Well, I’d better start from the beginning. I love this country—America, the United States of America. The very words breathe life, freedom and happiness for everyone. I’ve seen New York City grow and grow, until it is overcrowded. I’ve seen the cement sidewalks laid and roads paved, buildings built up, story upon story. I’ll wager there are children here in New York whose bare feet have never touched the soil, the real soil of America.

“Why, on a hot Sunday afternoon at Coney Island a million people will congregate on the beach, massed together like sheep or cattle—yet, 50, 100, 200 miles

from New York there are mountains, brooks, lakes, forests. Three thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, another fifteen hundred miles from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, forming thousands upon thousands of square miles to be developed, cultivated and used by the people of America.

“Yet, there are millions of people right here in New York who have never set foot outside of the metropolitan area — whose bare feet have never touched the real soil of America, as Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn did.”

After a moment he continued:

“Now when Henry Ford developed his famous ‘Model T’ Ford, and sold it at a price within reach of the average family pocketbook, he did a great job in the progressive development of the United States. Mass production of automobiles quickened the pulse of American transportation. Of course, with the automobile, the task was simple. Within a few hours anyone with average mentality could learn to drive an automobile.

“Now, George, I believe that within a very few years man will be able to fly to any point within the boundary of the United States in a very few hours. And, when this time arrives the airplane will revolu-



*Reception in New York*



tionize American business, industry and pleasure, just as happened in the beginning of the automobile era.

“America would never have been settled unless men, women, and children had dared the crossing of the wide Atlantic in tiny wooden sailing vessels.

“The far West never would have been developed unless men, women, and children had dared the hardships that confronted the prairie schooner, the covered wagon, and the early settlers.

“So, on the sea and on the land, it was the family that pioneered, the family that became the backbone of a new and great nation.

“Now I want you both, with the children, to lead the way in the air. To set the pace to challenge the old, and accept the new—to pioneer in the air!”

“You’re talking my language, Mr. Canter,” broke in Colonel Hutchinson, “what’s your plan?”

“As you both know,” continued Mr. Canter, “the average person has a fear of flying—of high altitudes, and the safety of the airplane. This must be overcome, but not through long years of airline operation, because despite all precautions there always will be a few accidents, comparable to those we experience on railroads and ships at sea.

“With your family, a real modern American family, we want you to fly from the President of the United States and from the capitol in Washington, D. C., to the capitals of each of the forty-eight states. You will be given a scroll bearing a message of good will, and each Governor will receive you and the family and will affix his signature to the document. You and the family will complete the flight together and return the document with its forty-eight signatures to the President in Washington. You will be ‘Family Ambassador of Good Will.’ ”

For a moment husband and wife were speechless, then as though to himself, Colonel Hutchinson repeated: “The President’s message—the family—the forty-eight states—we’ll be making history—”

Blanche broke in: “Oh, Mr. Canter, does the President really believe we can aid our country?”

“Yes, he does, Blanche. Only yesterday, a man very close to him with whom I discussed the whole idea, said, ‘If in America there were 10,000 or 20,000 privately owned airplanes, our country would be second to no other in national defense, because each plane could easily be converted into a defense weapon of war in times of emergency. If the Hutchinson family’s long record of safe flying can encourage



other families to See America First as a picture from the sky, to encourage private plane ownership, then the everyday flights of the family bearing a message from the President will be a benefit to the nation and to the development of aviation.'

"Well, Blanche—George—will you do it?" asked Mr. Canter.

"Will we do it!?" they exclaimed together. "Of course we will, Mr. Canter!"

"That's fine," replied their friend, whose smiling face expressed his complete satisfaction. "I'll arrange all the financing and details for your reception by the President; the document and schedule. By the way, when this trip is completed we want you each to make all the talks you possibly can before the schools. Janet Lee and Kathryn, especially, are to talk. Let them inspire other children with ambition through their ability to speak in public. You know it is the younger generation who will reap the benefits of your work, through the gradual development of aviation through years to come."

So the work of this modern family was to be recognized by the President of the United States. Both Blanche and George certainly felt proud of this honor that had been arranged for them.

Before leaving, Mr. Canter tiptoed into the children's room with Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, just to see the two little girls he thought so much of, and whom he hadn't seen for several months. But he received a real shock when he saw the lion cub stretched out at the foot of their bed, sound asleep. While Mr. Canter looked on in amazement the cub turned over, opened his eyes, looked at each of them as they stood in the light of the doorway, yawned and went back to sleep again.

To satisfy Mr. Canter, Colonel Hutchinson carried the cub into the living room, fondled and petted him, then gave him a large pan of milk, just to convince their friend Canter that this wild beast was all right as a pet for Janet Lee and Kathryn.

Mr. Canter promised to arrange all necessary details on the morrow, and left them.

Soon all arrangements were completed, and at 12:45 P.M. on January 3rd, 1931, the Flying Hutchinson Family was ushered into President Hoover's White House office. Here he welcomed each member of the family, gave each of them fatherly and friendly advice, encouraged their enterprise and wished them Godspeed as he affixed his signature as President of the United States to the Scroll.

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## Chapter III

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### ON THEIR WAY

Ever since Mr. Canter had laid his plans before Blanche and George, the family had been busy. There were new clothes to be bought, trunks to be packed and stored; credit arrangements made for gas and oil; a general check on the new plane and motor; flying routes to be planned and more school books for the children.

When the family flew to Washington each was attired in neat, brown flying togs. Both Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson belie their age. They could hardly be taken for parents old enough to be the father and mother of Janet Lee and Kathryn.

Immediately following their reception by the President the four members of the Flying Family became live national news copy. A battery of camera and newspaper men was constantly on their trail. To add to all this, there was the lion cub, now called Governor, the Flying Lion. Kathryn had christened him Governor because, since the family was flying to visit the forty-eight state governors, she thought that name most appropriate. So Governor, sometimes shortened to "Gov," became the mascot's name.

Because of an engagement made to see Governor Ritchie of Maryland in Annapolis the following day, Col. Hutchinson arranged for the family to spend the night in the Hotel Washington. The plane was hangared at Bolling Field.

There seemed to be no objection to Governor stopping in the hotel with the family, so a bed was made for him in the bath tub. Colonel Hutchinson had purchased Governor from the Detroit Zoo a few days before Christmas and so far he had behaved as well as a puppy or a kitten. The children adored him and he followed Janet Lee everywhere she went. Each member of the family took turns feeding him, because a lion seems to become attached to those who feed him regularly, and very wisely all wanted

the cub to like rather than dislike them. Teaching him tricks was no simple task either. To keep him healthy, his coat fluffy and shiny, eyes bright and body not too fat, his diet must be carefully regulated. Cod liver oil, mineral oil, raw eggs, milk, liver, raw beef, beef bones, and salmon were a few of the items that made up his diet.

Then there was his bath and combing. Governor, like all members of the cat family, didn't like water—that is, to bathe in. A stranger couldn't give him a scrubbing without tying him up. Up to now he had had only one bath since Colonel Hutchinson brought him home, and it was quite an experience. The Colonel was, of course, elected for the job, and the children helped, especially with the drying and combing. It was a big job getting Governor in the water, and he just wouldn't sit or lie down. There he would stand in the tub, with water up to his middle, and howl and howl as though he were dying. His bath was more fun than a circus, but he liked the drying part. In fact, he'd help by rubbing his head in the towel as someone held it. After his bath his nails had to be trimmed. Altogether, the new mascot was somewhat of a problem, but the laughter he caused with his antics made up for all the trouble.

So on this January night in Washington, Governor was put to bed in a strange bath tub, in a strange city, in a strange hotel, and there left alone in the dark. A note was pinned on the closed door warning the maids, the bell boys, reporters, or management not to open the door. When all this was done the family went out to dinner.

Following a delightful meal in Washington's most famous restaurant, they returned to their suite, planning a long night's rest for all, only to find lights burning brightly, the bathroom door wide open, the water running full force in the tub, all the bed covers and pillows piled in a heap under one of the twin beds, and Governor lying in the middle of the soft bed covers on the floor.

What a sight, and Governor looked so innocent! It seemed that the maid had come into the room to leave some extra bath towels. Either anxious to see the tub, or failing to see the sign on the bathroom door, she had switched on the room lights and opened the door. Governor naturally jumped out of the tub and ran under the bed. The maid, scared to death, ran out into the hall and slammed the door, never coming back. And then Governor started to explore the room and build a soft bed for himself.

For all this trouble the cub received his first whipping from the Colonel and was put back to bed in the bath tub.

Early next morning the family was at Bolling Field, the famous Army, Navy, and Marine air field at Washington, on the northeast bank of the Potomac River. While Colonel Hutchinson warmed up the motor the family made themselves comfortable in the roomy cabin. Governor, none the worse for his night in the bath tub, settled down safely and quietly in his specially built compartment, behind the rear double seat.

Ten minutes later on this beautiful Sunday morning the family was enjoying an air view of Washington, the most beautiful city in the land. The Lincoln Memorial, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the White House, the Capitol, the Senate Building, the wide Potomac River, the Washington Monument—all were below them. There was a city of great white buildings with hundreds of beautiful parks and residential districts, laid out like a great wheel with the Capitol Building as the hub—Washington, truly a splendid city, representative of a great people.

Colonel Hutchinson guided the plane toward Annapolis, at the mouth of the Severn River, the capital

of historical Maryland, and the proud home of the United States Naval Academy with all its traditions. Landing on the parade grounds, the family was driven to Governor Ritchie's private offices in the State Capitol building, where the genial Governor warmly welcomed the first family of the air, affixed his signature on the Scroll and wished them Happy Landings all the way.

Governor Ritchie was a great power in Maryland and National politics. He was entering his fourth four-year term as Governor of Maryland, and was a true, representative Democrat. With Janet Lee and Kathryn he was like a father with his own children, eating sticky candy with them as he asked them questions about flying and going to school in the air. When the family took leave of this handsome, gray haired gentleman, it seemed like parting from an old friend.

Even on this Sunday morning, crowds gathered to follow the flying family everywhere. The cub mascot added to the keen interest. Back toward the flying field they drove through the narrow, winding streets, passing St. John's College and many quaint houses, some over a hundred years old. The signature of the President and the first Governor had been



secured. Two forty-ninths of the job was completed.

Another hour found them winging their way northeastward toward Dover, the capital of Delaware. Across the wide Chesapeake Bay to the eastern shore of Maryland, famous for its oysters and fertile lands; Chester, the Chester River emptying into the bay, Queenstown, Centerville, and so over the Maryland-Delaware state line almost within sight of Dover, the second state capital on the program.

There was no airport or landing field in Dover, according to the maps, so Colonel Hutchinson circled the city a number of times before selecting a large pasture in which to make a landing. Once on the ground the plane sank in the soft earth and it required nearly full throttle to taxi the plane back to the end of the pasture near the highway. The weather had been extremely wet in this section of the state, and all the fields were soft and muddy.

No sooner had the plane landed than crowds began to arrive, eager to see the plane, family and lion. As it was late in the afternoon the family was driven into town and registered at the Hotel Richardson, an old residence converted into Dover's leading hotel.

The evening was spent in meeting and chatting with many friendly and interesting residents of Dover. The family retired early and since the only rooms with bath in the hotel were already occupied, Governor had to be put to bed on the rug at the foot of Colonel Hutchinson's bed.

About two A.M. Colonel Hutchinson was awakened by a terrible wind and rain storm. He quickly dressed, awakened the hotel manager and together they drove out to the field where he had left the plane. It was fortunate that they did, because the wind was rocking and swaying the plane wildly. With some difficulty they managed to stake it safely down with long ropes and secure the controls by tying. Despite the driving rain, the inside of the cabin was dry. After satisfying themselves that the plane was sufficiently secure to weather this unusually severe storm, the men returned to the hotel and a well-earned night's rest.

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## Chapter IV

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### THREE STATES ON A RAINY DAY

Before eight the next morning Janet Lee and Kathryn were up and dressed in their flying togs, all neatly cleaned and pressed. Pooling their resources they counted exactly \$2.36 between them, as they walked out of the hotel lobby. Along the main street the stores were beginning to open for the day's business. The children peered into this window and that, roaming from one side of the street to another.

Finally they came to a florist shop. A young colored boy was sweeping the floor and an elderly man was removing flowers from a large ice box, as the

children walked in the wide double doorway. The sky was overcast, the storm had evidently passed out to sea. Although it was just after eight A.M. daylight was not fully upon them this mid-winter morning.

“Good morning, Mr. Florist,” said Kathryn, Janet Lee repeating the same words after her in parrot-like fashion.

“Good morning, young ladies,” replied the elderly gentleman, “what brings you two ladies out so early this damp morning?” he continued.

“We want to buy some flowers. Lots and lots of flowers,” Janet Lee added. “The prettiest ones you have for \$2.36.”

“Well now, you don’t say! A whole two dollars and thirty-six cents worth? Going to buy me out, I take it,” replied the old gentleman with a twinkle in his eye.

“Can we really get all these flowers for \$2.36—can we really?” seriously asked the younger sister as her eyes wandered over the bunches of roses, carnations, sweet peas, and violets.

“Well, I guess the two Hutchinson children can,” he replied.

“How’d you know us?” asked Kathryn.



*Kathryn and Janet Lee*



“Everybody in Dover knows about you two youngsters by now, especially after seeing a picture of you all on the front page of this morning’s paper,” answered the florist. “Besides, those flying togs are strange costumes for Doverites,” he added.

“Mr. Florist,” said Kathryn, “today is our mother’s and daddy’s wedding anniversary and Janet Lee and I want to surprise them with a present, so we thought flowers would be the nicest present we could buy for \$2.36.”

“Well, well, well, now let me see.” The florist considered the matter gravely as he looked over the stock of flowers.

“Can we have red roses, Mister?” asked Janet Lee.

“American Beauties!” broke in Kathryn.

“You surely can have American Beauty Roses,” replied the florist in a firm voice, “and plenty of them, too!”

So the old gentleman made up a beautiful box of three dozen American Beauty roses, with green fern mingled among the long stems. He took care to make even the outside of the long box look attractive, with red ribbon tied in a big bow. He charged the children exactly \$2.00. Actually he would have liked to give them the roses free, but wisely felt they

would get more real satisfaction from spending their savings on this particular occasion.

Excitedly Janet Lee and Kathryn took turns carrying the long box as they hurried back to the hotel. They ran up the stairs to their suite on the second floor. Here they made their presentation to their mother and father.

So the day started on a very happy note. The family felt in extra high spirits as they set out at about eleven o'clock for the private office of the Governor of Delaware, Charles D. Buck. This tall distinguished gentleman greeted each member of the Hutchinson family individually, and in a most genial manner. He told Janet Lee and Kathryn humorous stories about the town jail and the famous whipping post, while Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson listened with keen interest. When the Scroll was presented, the Governor read it most carefully and then affixed his signature as the second state governor to sign.

The court house, State building, and most of the Government buildings face the park square and it is in this square that public whippings are still given to those found guilty by the court for malicious crimes, such as wife-beating. Delaware is about the only state that maintains a public whipping post.



From the state's low crime record, it can be inferred that the whipping post is most effective.

For the first time in their lives the children saw the inside of a jail, when the family was shown through by the County Sheriff. Governor went along too, and the prisoners, who were about ninety per cent Negroes, seemed to be particularly happy that iron bars separated them from "this yere African wildcat," as one big Negro called him.

The family climbed into the plane about two o'clock that afternoon, in the midst of a heavy rain. Colonel Hutchinson had delayed their departure from the hotel after lunch, thinking the downpour might let up. But the rain kept coming down steadily, so he decided to try and reach Harrisburg, the Capital of Pennsylvania, in spite of the downpour.

The pasture which had been selected for a landing field was very muddy. The Colonel warmed up his motor while slowly taxiing through the mire toward the west end of the field for a take-off, heading into the easterly wind.

In reaching this far corner of the field he locked the brakes, gave the motor full throttle and pushed the wheel forward to lift the tail before the plane started to roll. As the brakes were released the plane

shot forward, slipping and sliding in the mud, but once in the air, gathered flying speed safely under full control.

Hardly 500 feet off the ground the plane was barely visible in the low-hanging, misty rain clouds. And still, it rained—a steady downpour. At times the Colonel was practically “hedge hopping,” that is, trying to keep the ground in view rather than fly blind the comparatively short distance to Harrisburg. Fortunately Delaware is fairly level and the family found little danger, even in the rain. They crossed the Chesapeake Bay at its narrowest point and flew over the famous, mile-long, two-deck toll bridge that spans the Susquehanna River, between Havre De Grace and Perryville, Maryland. Here, on a clear day one can see the Government hospital buildings at Perry Point, and the Aberdeen Proving Grounds. Following this historical river from its mouth, where it empties into the bay, the plane flew steadily northward, over country that gradually became rolling and hilly.

Soon they reached the famous Conowingo Dam, a giant power project that supplies electricity to a number of large cities within a 150-mile range.

Janet Lee was cutting out paper dolls and Kathryn

was playing with Governor, dangling a piece of paper tied to a string into his private compartment. He would lie on his back and play with the paper as a little kitten would do on a living room floor.

As they crossed over the dam, Mrs. Hutchinson, who was sitting beside her husband, watching the scene below, said:

“Well, George, flying over this spot should bring back some—shall we say, pleasant memories.”

“Now, Blanche, you shouldn’t remind me of accidents in this kind of weather,” he answered.

But they both remembered the time some years back when Colonel Hutchinson, flying from the races at Laurel, Maryland, to Philadelphia, flew over this very spot. The three men who accompanied him were anxious to take some snapshot pictures of the dam from the air. So he made a number of wide circles as he kept the plane very low. At the worst possible moment the camshaft in the motor broke in two, the terrific vibration loosened the motor in its bed, and the entire motor fell out of the plane into the water below.

This, of course, made the plane tail heavy, but Colonel Hutchinson, thinking fast, rushed his three passengers forward as he adjusted the stabilizer and

worked the controls. In this manner he partially balanced the plane and managed to set it down in a wooded area on the north bank of the river. Undoubtedly it was a miraculous landing without the slightest personal injury, but the plane was a complete wreck, twisted and torn by tree branches.

Since that accident, however, both planes and motors have had many improvements, and today the family felt secure in their latest model of closed, cabin monoplane.

Listening in on the radio, Hutchinson learned that all mail planes had been grounded in the eastern Pennsylvanian area. Rather than alarm the family unnecessarily, he kept this information to himself, and guided the plane along the course of the Susquehanna River, barely 200 feet above the ground. With the heavy rain beating on the wings and windshield, they followed the river closely as it wound its way toward Harrisburg, the capital of the Keystone State, Pennsylvania.

Late on that miserable afternoon in January the family landed on the very wet Harrisburg Airport, on the south side of the river. The airport attendants were surprised to see any plane at all during this weather, and especially amazed when the two

children, followed by Governor, stepped out of the monoplane.

Anxious to be on their way, the family was driven immediately to the mansion of Governor John S. Fisher, where the Governor and his lovely grandchildren greeted them warmly. While the children were entertained by the lion cub, Colonel Hutchinson and Governor Fisher retired to the library where the Governor read the Scroll and signed his name as the third chief executive.

Governor Fisher's daughter, Mrs. Hutchinson, and the three grandchildren, with Janet Lee and Kathryn laughed at the funny antics of the lion mascot, as he maneuvered round a bowl full of goldfish, trying to figure out just how he could get one of his big wobbly paws into the small bowl to catch one of the darting objects. He cocked his big head from side to side and switched his weight from left to right. Then he put the finishing touch to his performance by thrusting his big paw squarely in the gold fish bowl just as the Colonel and Governor Fisher returned to the room. Everyone roared with laughter as the lion cub quickly withdrew his wet paw and shook it vigorously, while the fish darted furiously about the bowl. But the bowl didn't overturn.

The Colonel quickly snapped the leather leash to the cub's harness to avoid a possible accident. Janet Lee and Kathryn had released Governor purposely to show how perfectly well-mannered he was, and gentle too, but this time he nearly proved otherwise.

The family was just about to leave when a number of news and camera men arrived on the scene. This meant posing for pictures with Governor Fisher and his family, the lion cub included.

When the picture-taking was over, the Flying Family left this friendly governor and his family in their lovely home on River Drive to continue their flight. Taking only enough time to eat a hearty meal, they returned to the airport, and in a few minutes they all were winging their way toward Trenton, the capital of New Jersey.

And still it rained. The time passed and dusk was upon them as they circled the Mercer County Airport. No sooner had they landed and taxied to the Administration Building than a man brought Colonel Hutchinson word that Governor Larsen was ill at his home in Perth Amboy and had asked that the Scroll be brought to him there.

So without leaving the plane the family once again took to the air, this time headed for Newark. Flying

over Washington's Landing, the historical site where General Washington crossed the Delaware, the plane headed northeast into the rain and darkness. Flying low, guided by compass and the lights of moving automobiles on the highways below, Colonel Hutchinson piloted the plane on a true course over New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabeth, and the wide soft meadows surrounding the very busy Newark Airport, which they reached twenty minutes after leaving Trenton.

Newark Airport is the eastern terminus of all the major airlines and is probably the busiest airport in the world. On this rainy night the arrival of the Flying Family in their plane, carrying a Scroll from the President of the United States to the forty-eight state governors in their respective state capitals, added another historical event to the Visitor's Registry of this great air center.

On landing, the family was driven immediately to Perth Amboy and to the home of Governor Morgan F. Larsen.

Here, welcomed by his young and attractive wife, they were ushered into the Governor's bedroom, where he lay propped up in bed, recovering from a severe attack of influenza. When he learned that the

cub had been left out in the car with the chauffeur, he insisted that he be brought up, too. So once more the comical antics of the family pet brought a great deal of fun and laughter to everyone, including the patient. This time it was on account of the lion's interest in Governor Larsen's feet, moving under the bed covers. He was determined to investigate, it seemed, so Colonel Hutchinson placed him on the bed beside the Governor, who stroked him very cautiously. But the cub's interest had to remain unsatisfied, for whether purposely or no, Governor Larsen did not move his feet all the while the lion was on the bed.

So the fourth Governor signed the Scroll. And the family with their unusual mascot returned his kindness in receiving them in his sick room, by leaving him smiling as a result of their efforts to cheer him up and help him forget his ills.

Back in Newark, following a welcome dinner, George, Blanche, Kathryn, and Janet Lee were soon fast asleep in their hotel beds, with Governor sampling his fourth bath tub bed.



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## Chapter V

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### A CLASSROOM IN THE SKIES

Next morning the family lost no time in getting under way, and shortly after 9:00 A.M. the plane was winging its way northward to Hartford, the capital of Connecticut.

On this clear cold day, little Janet Lee and Kathryn had to go to school like other children, but instead of the usual brick school house they were taught their lessons in a Classroom in the Skies.

The family monoplane seats five people comfortably, two up front, and three behind, as in most automobiles. Wide glass windows that roll up and down are on each side of the cabin. In front, is a

large glass windshield, affording clear vision. Behind the rear seat is the baggage compartment and the lion cub's private cage, with its special window shaped like a ship's porthole.

Directly over the baggage compartment, attached to the rear wall of the cabin, is a series of large pull-down maps, operating on a roll together with a five-foot blackboard. These are used for school work.

The cabin is about six feet from floor to ceiling, affording ample head room. A small aisle separates the two front seats and there is considerable space between the front and rear seat. The latter is really one wide seat, where if desired, the children can stretch out for a nap side by side. But most of the time they are kneeling on the seat, facing to the rear, where they drop pieces of paper tied to a string into Governor's cage, playing with their pet lion as they would play with an ordinary kitten.

The instrument panel is a most fascinating sight with its array of varied instruments, from radio to directional gyro. The plane is operated with dual control wheels, but Colonel Hutchinson has had the controls on the right side removed to make more room for Mrs. Hutchinson or the children when they occupy the seat next to him.

The seats are all finished in soft, brown leather. Fawn-colored broadcloth covers the side walls and ceiling. Safety belts are fitted to each seat and, of course, there are the usual fire extinguishers, flares, and first aid kits.

“Well, Mother, don’t you think we’d better begin school?” Colonel Hutchinson asked his wife, who was sitting behind him this morning with Janet Lee and Kathryn at her side.

“Yes, I do,” she replied. “I’m only waiting for you to start the morning exercises.” So Colonel Hutchinson lowered the windows on either side of the cabin, and in spite of the bitter cold and roar of the motor, began his regular deep-breathing exercises, in which the family joined. Kathryn quickly moved to the seat next to her father and the family began their morning setting-up exercises, 5,000 feet in the air. While he counted — one, two, three, four — Blanche, Kathryn, and Janet Lee each followed his movements in rhythm. This lasted for ten minutes, during which time Colonel Hutchinson guided the plane with his feet on the rudder, only once having to touch the aileron control with his hands to offset a sudden gust of wind.

Following the setting-up exercises, came singing.

They started with *My Country 'tis of Thee*, followed by *The Star Spangled Banner*, *Killarney*, *Polly-Wolly Doodle*, *Dixie*, *Pack Up Your Troubles*, *Happy Days*, and *Happy Landings*, the whole family entering heartily into the spirit of the songs.

Even singing plain scales, time and time again, which also was a part of their daily singing lesson. The Colonel had spent many years as a choir boy, so he made a good teacher and song leader.

For the next half hour Mother took the part of teacher, reading aloud from history and geography books, taking care to select subjects concerning the country over which they were flying. This time it was about Peter Stuyvesant, Hendrick Hudson, Manhattan Island, the Hudson River, and the Indian tribes. She dwelt briefly on each topic, taking care to point out the towns, rivers, lakes, population, areas, products, and industries.

Maps of New York, Connecticut, and the eastern half of the United States were in turn unrolled and the flight of the plane followed. Towns were marked as they were passed, and their population, area and chief industry, all clearly explained to the children, as a picture from the sky.

As they neared Hartford, Colonel Hutchinson

took a hand, asking rapid fire questions, such as:

“After whom was the Hudson River named?”

“What is the largest city in the United States?”

“Where is it?”

“What is its population?”

“Where is the source of the Hudson River?”

“Which Indian tribes were hostile and which were friendly to the settlers of eastern New York?”

“Name three cities on the eastern bank of the Hudson River.”

“Three on the western bank?”

Then to conclude the morning lesson Janet Lee and Kathryn drew as nearly as possible from memory, on the blackboard, the route they had just followed, noting the names of the most important towns, mountains, rivers, lakes, etc. And so during this short flight from Newark, New Jersey, to Hartford, Connecticut, each member of the Hutchinson family added to its knowledge. Obtained in such an interesting and entertaining manner, it would forever be indelibly impressed upon the mind of both teacher and student.

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## Chapter VI

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### CONNECTICUT—RHODE ISLAND— MASSACHUSETTS

Landing at Brainard Field the family, plane, cub, and all were given a rousing welcome. With little loss of time they were driven to the State Capitol building and ushered into the private office of Governor Wilbur L. Cross, one of the few Democratic Governors ever elected to the highest office in the State of Connecticut. Governor Cross, on this his first official day in office, was in a most happy and friendly mood. For him, the visit of the Flying Family will long be remembered, as the setting of his signature on the Scroll was the first time he had signed his name as Governor of Connecticut.

Anxious to be on their way, after the usual taking of news photographs for the press, the family said good-bye to the Governor and hurried to a waiting automobile.

On their way back to the airport Colonel Hutchinson stopped at a butcher shop to buy a large bone and several pounds of raw beef for the lion cub's daily ration.

Upon reaching the field, Governor's lunch was served to him in his private compartment, while the family plane once again took wing, this time headed for Providence, the capital of Rhode Island, the smallest state in the Union.

It took only twenty minutes flying time, from Hartford, the insurance capital of America, until the plane landed at the What Cheer Airport in Pawtucket, the air base for Providence.

Here at the State Capitol building, Governor Norman S. Case signed the Scroll as the sixth Governor on the program.

Governor Case, a tall, dark gentleman with a trim mustache, had just been re-elected to office and was today starting his second four-year term as Governor of Rhode Island.

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As the various states were visited, and the signatures on the beautiful Scroll begin to multiply, the real purpose of the family's flight to the forty-eight state capitols became more and more impressed upon not only the Hutchinson family, themselves, but upon everyone with whom they came in contact. The governors and their associates, the people and the press all gave friendly praise and Godspeed to these family ambassadors of goodwill. Meanwhile, in Janet Lee, Kathryn, Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson the flight had developed a spirit of sportsmanship, like the playing of a game, with the goal the successful completion of the Scroll.

So with each fresh signature they were anxious to hurry on to the next state and the next governor, trying to make as many states as possible each day. Boston was the next capital on the list.

It may seem hard for those not accustomed to the speed of the airplane to realize that within fifteen minutes of leaving Providence the Hutchinson family had landed safely on the East Boston Airport, where a great crowd extended a hearty welcome.

Once again, they were rushed off to visit the third Governor in one day.

With a police motorcycle escort leading the way,



the family drove to the beautiful Copley Plaza Hotel, where Governor Joseph B. Ely, the new Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, had his private suite and where he was giving an informal buffet supper to a number of friends, following his official inauguration.

Janet Lee, Kathryn, and the cub immediately became the center of attraction among the Governor's guests, while Governor Ely conferred with Colonel Hutchinson relative to signing the Scroll.

In these few short weeks that the cub had been a member of the family, he had grown considerably and had become quite attached to them all, particularly Janet Lee. Probably this was because she fed him on the sly, apart from his regular one meal a day.

Janet Lee and Governor would wrestle together almost as though he were a puppy. Sometimes he would take time off to rest, sitting on top of Janet as she lay on the floor. It was a queer sight to see the cub trail after Janet Lee everywhere she went, without even a leash.

At the reception Janet Lee and Governor were in the mood for a good rough-and-tumble. One minute he would have all four of his big, wobbly paws wrapped tightly about one of her legs, gnawing and growling and refusing to let go, until she was down

on the carpeted floor with him. Each time she attempted to get up, he would grab one of her legs again and back on the floor they would go, rolling over.

The heavy, whipcord material of Janet Lee's flying breeches, together with boots and leather jacket, made a suitable attire for this rough play, and both the lion and the little girl were having a grand time.

The odd expressions and cute poses of the cub made him fascinating to watch, particularly when he cocked his big head from side to side, with his ears straight up as he studied some movement, noise or object.

The laughter and play were interrupted when Colonel Hutchinson and Governor Ely entered the room. Immediately a more serious hush fell on the gathering as the Governor told of the family's mission and read aloud to his assembled guests the message written on the Scroll. In the presence of his friends he affixed his signature as Governor of the historic state of Massachusetts, the seventh state governor to sign.

As with Governor Cross of Connecticut, this was Governor Ely's first official signature as Governor of Massachusetts.

As nightfall had already fallen, putting an end to further flying for that day, the family remained for a further pleasant visit with the Governor's family and friends, until the children grew tired and bedtime drew near.

Then, another night, another hotel, another bath tub for the cub, ended that day's adventuring.



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## Chapter VII

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### THE LION GOES TOBOGGANING

The morning papers carried pictures of the family with Governor Ely. As the Hutchinsons had taken rooms in the Copley Plaza for the night, they had the pleasure of meeting him once more in the lobby after breakfast, as they were leaving for the airport.

Governor Ely has the honor of being the first Democratic Governor of Massachusetts in 18 years. He is a sincere man with strong character and personality plainly written on his scholarly face. Having grown children of his own, he seemed deeply impressed to see an entire family performing a progressive task in the interest of their native land.

As he walked to the door through the hotel lobby, with the Hutchinson family, he told of having to sign extradition papers late the previous evening for a man accused of murder in another state. This part of being governor would always upset him, he said, and he added how much more pleasant it was to sign the Scroll than papers that were only stepping stones to the taking of the life of a fellow being.

He patted the children's cheeks and wished all four of the family happy landings, as he hurried toward his waiting automobile, while the family entered their car to be driven to the airport.

On their way they passed the beautiful buildings of one of the greatest technical schools in America, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. On over narrow bridges, they went, along the waterfront with its many vehicles of all description, the noise of street and harbor traffic all adding to the strange music of the busy metropolis on this cloudy morning.

When they arrived at the East Boston Airport, Colonel Hutchinson lost no time in bundling the family into their Flying Home, and away they went toward Concord, the capital of New Hampshire.

Up to this time Boston had extended to the family their heartiest welcome. The weather, which at this

time of the year is apt to be aviation's greatest handicap, had so far been not unfavorable. From now on almost any kind of treacherous weather might be expected in this far northeastern part of the country.

So it was not surprising to Colonel Hutchinson to see the ground covered with snow as the plane flew still farther northward. Soon more snow began to fall. First lightly, then more heavily. Fortunately the snow fall was steady with no driving wind. The distance from Boston to Concord is comparatively short, so Colonel Hutchinson elected to fly through the storm. Flying in a heavy snowfall has its thrills, and naturally, Janet Lee and Kathryn kept their faces pressed against the windows, watching the snow beat against the wings and struts.

In this kind of weather school lessons were put aside, and Mrs. Hutchinson checked off each ten miles on the maps as her husband busied himself with instruments, radio reports and the actual piloting of the plane.

Flying only a few hundred feet off the ground, the Colonel fortunately found time to relax, even under these trying conditions, since railroad tracks led straight into Concord, passing the airport there. Ever since flying began, railroad tracks have been a god-

send to all pilots. Of course, in later years pilots have been taught to rely on their instruments, much to their advantage. But in a case like this the double check of both instruments and railroad track gave the father of this flying family a feeling of double security, as the plane each minute drew nearer to Concord.

Flying in a snowstorm is a strange experience. The world about one seems quiet and everything within sight has a feeling of softness, or rather gentleness. Even the noise of the powerful motor sounds like a gentle purr. Giant snow flakes hit the windows and slid off into space, as the plane roars onward.

The short distance from Boston to Concord was covered without incident. Colonel Hutchinson was careful to circle the airport several times, studying the ground conditions of the snow-mantled airport.

He brought the plane in as slowly as possible for a gentle landing. As the wheels touched the top of the snow, he realized that it was deeper than he estimated. He let the tail hit first, then slightly gunned the motor and the plane rolled only a short distance.

Even with full throttle the plane would not budge, once it had settled in the deep snow.

The airport attendants, anticipating such trouble,

had a tractor ready for just such an emergency, and in a very few minutes the plane was towed into the hangar.

Governor was very amusing, as he romped in the snow, rolled over and over on his back and spit out one mouthful of snow after the other. To see an African lion cub with his whiskers and face covered with snow is a very funny sight. At first he stepped very cautiously as he came in contact with this strange substance, lifting up his paws one after the other and vigorously shaking the snow from each one in turn. But, as soon as he became confident that the snow wouldn't hurt him, he started to race like a dog in the woods.

As it was only mid-morning, little time was lost in reaching the Capitol building, where John S. Winant, the Governor of New Hampshire, welcomed Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson together with Janet Lee and Kathryn, each in turn.

After the Governor had signed the Scroll, Colonel Hutchinson could not help but comment on the small, neat and most unusual signature. Governor Winant told briefly of his work as a professor at Harvard University and of how he had taught several of Colonel Hutchinson's friends. This led to gossip of



the Colonel's boyhood days in Virginia and of mutual friends who had later studied at Harvard.

The Governor carefully explained the history of the numerous flags that adorned the halls of the great Capitol building, while Janet Lee and Kathryn were awed at the stories of great battles in which many of these flags had played historical parts.

With the feeling that they had gained from this scholarly gentleman not only a lesson in history, but also in how to be really human and still maintain the dignity of high office, the family bade adieu to the Governor of New Hampshire.

Back at the airport the Colonel learned that the snowfall had been so heavy around Montpelier, Vermont, their next stop, that it would be impossible to land a plane without skiis on the airport there. The highways, too, were almost impassable.

In order to lose as little time as possible, the Colonel hired an open biplane equipped with skiis, borrowed a heavy fur-lined flying suit and took off alone for Montpelier.

Left behind with at least three hours to spend as they wished, the other members of the Flying Family, together with Governor, accepted an invitation to go tobogganing, and the fun began.

There is a very steep hill not far from the airport where all lovers of sledding and skiing usually gather.

On this winding mile-and-a-half snow slide, Janet Lee and Kathryn had the time of their lives, whizzing down the steep incline with six other youngsters on one long, flat bamboo toboggan. Meantime, Mother held Governor on a leather leash at the top of the hill.

Because of the heavy snow, schools had closed for the half day and the hillside was packed with boys and girls. Some grown-ups too, mingled among the crowd.

Naturally the presence of the family and the cub was an added attraction, so as the time wore on more and more people came to watch, or coast on the hill.

Janet Lee and Kathryn, after a great deal of pleading, finally persuaded their mother to let them take the cub down the slide with them. This would be loads of fun to all the youngsters on the hill. Right away everyone stopped sliding and waited at the top ready to follow on their own sleds, as soon as the big, flat toboggan started down with its eight passengers and the lion.

Governor seemed unwilling at first, but when Janet Lee sat down on number one seat and pulled

the cub between her legs in a half sitting position, he seemed perfectly satisfied.

Kathryn sat directly behind her sister, while both children held tightly to the cub's leash.

Hardly had the other six youngsters taken their places when some one, without warning, gave the big toboggan a strong push and away it went down the hill, with every other sled on the hill darting after it. Halfway down the lion decided there was too much wind in his face, and the screaming of the children on the toboggan with him, besides those on the other sleds, started him roaring, too.

What a sight—an African lion cub tobogganing in Vermont!

But there was too much speed for Governor. So he started to climb back toward the rear of the toboggan, growling and roaring. He scrambled roughly past Janet Lee, then Kathryn, as they both tried to hold him back on the leash. In all this excitement Janet Lee fell off the toboggan, dragging her sister with her, letting go of the leash as they fell. The other youngsters deciding it might be pleasanter to hit the ground than to wrestle with a lion on a flying sled, each rolled off the wild riding toboggan into the soft snow.

By the time the toboggan reached the bottom of the hill, it was empty of human cargo. But the Flying Family's mascot was sitting up perfectly straight, squinting his eyes in the wind, patiently waiting for the new-fangled contraption to come to a stop.

All the children in Concord seemed to be in the crowd that walked back up the long hillside, pulling their sleds behind them, listening to the eight youngsters who rode with the lion as they dramatically told how they had rolled off the speeding toboggan.

When Kathryn and Janet Lee reached their mother at the top of the hill, she already knew most of the story and everybody joined in the laughter.



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## Chapter VIII

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### SNOW—SNOW—AND SNOW

Winging his way over the rugged Green Mountain country, Colonel Hutchinson guided the open bi-plane toward Montpelier. Flying in an open cockpit was quite a contrast to the warm, comfortable cabin of his own plane.

Taking off from the snow-covered airport at Concord on skis had been a new experience, but he handled the plane with ease. As he sighted the hangars on the Montpelier airport, he wondered if landing on skis would be as simple as the take-off, particularly here where the snow was much deeper.

To insure a safe landing he circled the small airport

several times, skimming over the ground only a few feet to make sure of rises in the ground, or objects that might be covered by the snow. The third time around he made a long, slow glide to a perfect landing.

Following his wired instructions, an automobile waited to take the Colonel to the State Capitol. In spite of the slippery highways and the falling snow, little time was lost in reaching the Governor's office.

Stanley C. Wilson, the newly elected governor, welcomed Colonel Hutchinson to Vermont. Knowing that he was anxious to return to New Hampshire before nightfall, the Governor promptly affixed his signature to the Scroll.

The Governor's secretary copied the reading of the Scroll in shorthand, together with the Governor's interview with the Colonel, so that the story might be given to the press.

Wishing him Happy Landings and praising his courage to fly in the snow, Governor Wilson bade the Colonel good-bye, while his secretary telephoned the airport to have his plane gassed and warmed up upon the Colonel's arrival.

A half hour later Colonel Hutchinson was well on his way back to Concord, while the winds grew

stronger and more gusty, and the snowfall became heavier. Head winds slowed down the plane's cruising speed. Even with wide open throttle it was impossible to average over seventy-five miles an hour.

Tired, cold, but mentally relieved, the Colonel landed at Concord just as the family was driving up to the hangar entrance in the airport manager's automobile.

As the plane taxied up to the hangar, Janet Lee hurried out of the car and ran to tell her father all about Governor's sleigh ride. As she forgot to close the automobile door in her haste, the cub quickly scampered off the back seat where he had been sitting, and followed his young mistress in the snow.

Seeing the cub and Janet Lee running toward the plane, the Colonel cut the switch to make sure the lion would not get mixed up in the whirling metal propeller.

Running up to her father as he jumped down from the cockpit, Janet shouted with excitement:

"Oh, Daddy—Daddy—Governor went down a big hill about a hundred miles an hour, and all us kids fell off and he stayed on the big sled just as easy as pie!"

Partly because of bad weather and the feeling that

he had enough snow flying for one day, the Colonel decided to spend the night in Concord. So the family added to their hotel experience, and Governor passed another night in a strange bath tub.

All during the night the snow continued to fall and when the family reached the airport the next morning, it appeared unlikely that any plane on wheels could possibly take off from the deep snow.

But the Colonel was determined. With the help of the airport attendants, three triangular snow plows were rigged up from a pile of lumber, stored in the corner of the hangar.

In fan-shaped fashion these crude wooden ploughs were hitched behind the tractor and drawn back and forth across the runway in the direction of the wind.

The family and everyone present stood on the ploughs to weight them down, so that the snow could more readily be brushed aside. This was fun for the children. In fact, everyone entered into the spirit of the task, singing as they balanced themselves on the slow moving ploughs.

It took several hours to clear a runway suitable for a take-off, and this was packed down by driving several automobiles over and over the pathway the plows had cleared.



By the time the family was ready to leave, quite a crowd had gathered at the airport to see them off. When the plane shot down the narrow runway, a great cheer went up as the Flying Home took the air. The trim monoplane banked and made a tight circle over the Concord folk waving from the airport grounds, dipped its wings and disappeared in the snow-filled skies.

And the snow continued to fall, steadily. The children were seeing more snow than ever before in all their lives.

As the plane sped northward toward Augusta, the capital of Maine, Colonel Hutchinson wondered just how he would land on the small Augusta airport.

To keep this worry from his mind until he reached his destination the Colonel started to sing aloud:

“Here comes the Flying Family,  
The Flying Family,  
We’re in the air once again.  
Just hear our motors roaring,  
While we are soaring  
To show the way to boys and to girls  
So that some day you may  
All have your fun and play,  
While flying high over the good old U.S.A.”  
“Come join the Flying Family,  
The Flying Family and see the  
World from the skies.”

Singing to the tune of *We'll Make a Happy Landing*, all four of the Hutchinsons joined in the song, as their covered wagon in the skies flew one hundred and fifty miles an hour through the snowstorm.

When he reached the Kennebec River, a few miles east of Augusta, the Colonel turned westward and followed the river, and in a few minutes was circling for a landing in the tenth state capital.

There was not a wheel track of any kind on the National Guard parade grounds, used as an emergency airport. The long and heavy snowfall had made the snow on the ground here deeper than in any other place where the family plane had landed up to now.

In Montpelier the task of landing had been simple with a ski-equipped plane. To land a cabin plane in deep snow, with his own loved ones' safety depending upon his skill, caused the Colonel to become more cautious than ever before. As the plane circled and circled the field, crowds began to hurry from all directions toward the parade grounds. The air was tense with the excitement of anticipating an accident. An accident to an airplane would indeed be a new thrill for most of them.

In the plane, Colonel Hutchinson warned his fam-

ily it was possible for the plane to turn over on its back. So he made sure the safety belts were securely fastened about each one.

Presently he said: "All right now, we're going to try it. I'll set her down as easily as I can. Don't be afraid. Just relax. If we do turn over, the plane may be damaged, but none of us will get hurt, so don't be frightened. Here we go, down. . . ."

The big plane slowly, very slowly approached the ground. It came nearer and nearer to the high tension wires surrounding the field.

To the people on the ground it appeared certain that the plane was going to hit the wires. A great cry went up from the crowd, as a sudden gust of wind dropped the plane suddenly, just before it reached the wires. The pilot jammed open wide the throttle, and pulled back on the wheel in time to shoot up and over the high-powered electric wires.

A great sigh of relief went up from the hundreds who by now had reached the field.

Again the black and orange monoplane circled and slowly glided towards the field.

"I'll come in higher this time, Blanche," said the Colonel to his wife. "I guess I slowed her too much that time."

“Do be careful, George.”

“Don’t worry about Daddy, Mother,” said Kathryn, her voice fully expressing the unfailing confidence she had in his ability.

“Gee, this is some thrill!” broke in the youngest member of the family. “Do you think we’ll turn over and over, Daddy?” she asked, as though it would be fun.

“Cross your fingers, Sister, and we’ll soon find out,” answered her father, as he kept his eyes on the wires just ahead.

This time the plane cleared the wires by at least twenty feet, then it went into a quick, momentary steep slide slip, straightened up, and landed ker-plop in the deep snow.

Slowly the nose went down and the tail came up. It looked as though the plane would go over.

“There it goes—there it goes!” shouted the crowd, as if one voice had spoken.

“It looks as if we’re going. Sit tight. We’ll be all right,” said the Colonel to his family reassuringly, as he cut the switch.

The propeller blade struck the snow and the plane for a split second poised in a diving position. Quick as a flash Colonel Hutchinson snapped off his safety

belt and jumped over his seat into the back of the cabin, holding on to the seat for support. The weight of his 160 pounds was sufficient to throw the balance of the plane in the opposite direction, and it settled back in a normal landing position, without any harm or damage.

“Oh boy! That was something, Daddy!” cried Janet Lee.

Everyone on the field rushed toward the plane, joy and relief on their faces.

No other plane had landed in Augusta for more than a month, and this was the first time in the history of the city that a family had flown to Augusta in their own plane.

Once more a tractor had to be used to tow the plane to the back of some Government buildings at the end of the field, where the motor was covered and the plane staked down. As there were no hangars, the plane had to be left out in the open, with the rear of a building affording the only shelter.

A new experience awaited the family in the form of a horse-driven sleigh, in which they were driven to the home of William Tudor Gardiner, the Governor of Maine. This was also a novel experience for the cub mascot and the horse.

While his young son and daughter looked on, Governor Gardiner affixed his signature to the Scroll. Then while the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson talked with the Governor, the children of both families frolicked with the lion.

And so the tour of the North Atlantic states was completed, without mishap.



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## Chapter IX

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### THE ELEMENTS HAVE THEIR VICTORY

Once more the Colonel faced the problem of getting the plane off the ground. This time he elected to make a take-off from the highway, which had been packed down by constant automobile and foot traffic.

On each side of the highway telephone and telegraph poles supported many strands of wire. Several private houses and places of business were also located along this thoroughfare. The slightest misjudgment, or swaying or sliding of the plane would surely spell disaster.

All these obstacles—the condition of the roadway,

the height of the poles, the width of the street, the length of run required before a take-off could be made, were carefully weighed by Hutchinson as he taxied the plane along the highway.

Again the people of Augusta began to gather as word spread that the family was ready to fly away.

The snow was still falling, but not so heavily.

After taxiing about fifteen hundred feet west on the highway, Colonel Hutchinson locked the right brake and swung the plane around to face the opposite direction, with a blast of the motor. Heading into the wind, he locked both brakes and gave the motor full throttle while he checked the various instrument readings.

Satisfied that everything was mechanically in order, he pulled out the throttle and turned around in his seat and spoke to his family.

"This is going to be a new experience—taking off from a public highway, especially one covered with snow."

"Gee, Daddy, you can do it all right," broke in Janet Lee.

"I know I can, Sister, but you all must help me by keeping perfectly still, and keeping those safety belts snapped tight."





*The Hutchinsons on their way*



Mrs. Hutchinson was a little uneasy, but already her belt was buckled and she was willing to trust the safety of herself and children to her husband's hands.

To the children, however, the hazardous take-off was just another thrill.

"All set, here we go." And with those words the Colonel opened wide the throttle, the motor roared and away shot the plane, gathering speed as it headed straight as an arrow down the center of the highway.

Hardly more than five hundred feet were needed to gain sufficient speed to fly. As the plane left the ground the people lining the roadway waved and shouted.

Once off the ground the plane shot almost straight into the air, and much relieved, the family unlocked their safety belts and made themselves comfortable for the flight to Albany, the capital of New York.

But their good luck had been overtaxed. Not more than a half hour out of Augusta, the snowfall became heavier and heavier. The wind grew stronger, buffeting the plane about. By radio Colonel Hutchinson learned of a blizzard raging between them and Albany. Already they had flown into the outer edge of the gale.

Knowing that it would be too dangerous ahead,

he banked around toward the east and headed for Portland, Maine, the nearest city with adequate airport accommodation. Flying at full throttle, they kept just ahead of the oncoming storm.

Once again they all but hugged the railroad tracks that lead into Portland, the largest city in Maine.

Passing moving trains, watching people run out of their houses, attracted by the roar of a motor skimming over their roof tops, feeling the speed of the plane more than ever before as it virtually shot by stationery objects, the children were thrilled by this race to safety from the elements.

Having experienced so many landings and take-offs from the snow during the past few days, the Colonel came straight in for a landing, once the Portland Airport was sighted. Making a fast landing he was able to keep up his speed on the ground sufficiently to reach the hangar. Once inside, the storm seemed to break into full force as though in fury at the family's escape to safety.

Inside the hangar the storm and experiences of the day were forgotten as the airport attendants and the family watched Governor trying to teach manners to a curious Cocker Spaniel who seemed just a little too inquisitive.

Portland was not on the family's itinerary. So no hotel arrangements had been made. The leading hotel objected to Governor sleeping in the bath tub, so the family went to another hotel whose management was a trifle more humane, if not so highly polished.

Dinner was followed by an evening in the movies, a well-deserved relaxation from the flying trials of the past few days. Then to bed, and peaceful well-earned sleep.

During the night the snow had turned to heavy rain. When the family reached the airport next morning a snow plough had already cleared a runway for their take-off.

Little time was lost in leaving Portland, and the next hour was spent at school in the flying classroom.

As they neared Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the motor began to sputter. To Colonel Hutchinson it sounded as though water was in the carburetor or gas line. Almost directly over the town the motor quit entirely. "Quick, Blanche! Buckle on your safety belts!" shouted the Colonel to his family as he snapped on his own belt.

The ground was covered with deep snow. The

night rains had not been sufficiently heavy to melt the snow in this part of Massachusetts.

With no airport in sight, the Colonel slide-slipped into a small rolling field for a landing. But the family luck gave out this time.

When the plane hit the snow the wheels sank in deep and she nosed straight up—the propeller striking the earth, badly bending the blades.

The plane looked as though it had nose-dived into the earth. The tail was straight up in the air with the propeller partly covered in the snow.

It was quite a jump for the family to get down from the plane in this position, and they had to wait until the crowd, now rushing from all directions, reached them before they could get out of the plane.

Answering question after question, Colonel Hutchinson managed to gather his thoughts together sufficiently to throw a borrowed rope over the tail and right the plane. He then removed the metal propeller, covered the motor with its regular hood, locked the cabin doors, and drove into town with the Chief of Motor Vehicles, family, lion and all.

Once in the downtown section they heard newsboys shouting “Extra, paper! All about plane nose-diving on Foote farm!”

In Pittsfield they boarded a train for Albany, New York, just 36 miles away. Once in Albany the Colonel sent the family to a hotel while he drove out to the Colonial Airway on the Albany Airport with the bent propeller, to get it straightened.

Unfortunately the Airway Company was not equipped for this job, so he had to retrace his steps to the city. To avoid all possible delay he expressed the propeller direct to the manufacturer at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, after a lengthy talk over the telephone with the company officials.

So for once the weather won a round over the Flying Family, who found themselves grounded for several days until the necessary repairs could be made.

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## Chapter X

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### FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

The plane had to remain tied down in an open field in Pittsfield until Colonel Hutchinson could return with the straightened propeller. Meanwhile, the family and the cub would stay in Albany until it was possible to set out once more.

This business of flying forty-eight states in winter was proving to be quite a task, with wind and weather conspiring together to make it as difficult as possible.

Meantime, the family's adventures and progress each day were rapidly becoming national news, and the name "Flying Family" a household word.



The news of the nose dive was flashed over the radio and was carried in the newspapers everywhere. It brought the family a flood of telegrams and letters—some good and some bad.

With a day of rest ahead, Colonel Hutchinson caught up on his mail and made a detailed report to Mr. Canter on his adventures and misadventures to date, while Mrs. Hutchinson, Janet Lee, and Kathryn, each in turn were able to write to their many friends throughout the country.

New York, the eleventh state to be visited, had presented the most difficult problem so far in the family journey. But this experience was child's play in comparison to what lay in store for them later.

On the morning following the forced landing, Guernsey Cross, secretary to Governor Roosevelt, arranged an eleven o'clock appointment for the family to meet the Governor. This was in the days before Mr. Roosevelt became President, and while he was still holding office in Albany.

This smiling gentleman, a family man himself, welcomed each member of the Hutchinson family with true sincerity. Questioning little Janet Lee and Kathryn in detail, he learned all about the family's adventures and experiences, not only on this trip, but since

they began to fly. When they told him their birthplace was Baltimore, and that Mother and Daddy were from there too, this fact made a still closer link of friendship.

The Governor told the family of his friendship for Van Lear Black, a Baltimorian, who had done so much for the advent of aviation. He spoke of his close association with several large banking houses there, and of his friendship for such outstanding citizens as Paul Patterson and Joseph Blondell, officials of the great newspaper, the *Baltimore Sun*. He even knew Mrs. Hutchinson's family and held in the highest regard the genial Governor of Maryland, Albert C. Ritchie.

Stroking the lion cub's head as he talked, Governor Roosevelt praised the family for their work in the interest of aviation, and the progressive advancement of transportation. He told then, how refreshing it was to see an entire family, parents and children both, performing such a service.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's genial expression, warm smile and soft voice commands every one's respect. His great sincerity and democratic manner seem to place his listeners on an equal footing with him, in his service to his state and country.

After reading its message, Governor Roosevelt signed the Scroll and gave the family his blessings and wished them Happy Landings, as they prepared to leave. Just at this moment Lieutenant Governor Robert L. Lehman entered the office, and like everyone else, young or old, was attracted by the family mascot.

While the Lieutenant Governor summoned up sufficient courage to stroke the lion, sitting beside the Governor's chair, Mr. Roosevelt briefly told him of the family's great work and the reason for their presence in Albany.

The day was clear and cold. Men were busy cleaning snow from the streets and sidewalks. To the family, the clear skies were a welcome relief from the bad flying weather they had experienced the past few days. But now that it was clear, they were held up for repairs. Just how long, they weren't sure.

The afternoon was spent seeing the historical moving picture *Abraham Lincoln*.

After dinner, while Mrs. Hutchinson was shampooing the children's heads, Colonel Hutchinson sat down in an easy chair in the hotel living room. He reviewed to himself the parade of events since leaving Washington.

Flying in the dead of winter, the family had covered eleven states, pushing through snow, rain, high winds, all kinds of weather, both good and bad, landing in muddy fields and snow-covered airports, taken off from highways lined with poles and wires, all safely and without complaint.

At times the family plane had to be staked out in open fields, in rain or snow, which often meant his getting up in the middle of the night to secure it more firmly, as a safeguard from strong night winds. Draining the oil in sub-zero weather with the wind blowing the oil all over his clothes, filling the gas tank from cans while standing on top of the wing, bracing himself against a wind of gale force—all was just a part of each day's flying for Colonel Hutchinson.

Flying a few hundred feet off the ground, darting around grain elevators, water towers; following railroad tracks in blinding snow; flying over towns, mountains, rivers, lakes, broad meadows, and valleys; landing sometimes by day and sometimes by night.

Telling the same story over and over; eating anywhere, sleeping anywhere; living under different conditions day by day. Always trying to be polite, say-

ing and doing the right thing, meeting people in all walks of life—This was the task he had undertaken.

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Early the next morning Colonel Hutchinson was feeding the lion cub raw meat, from his hands, bit by bit, together with a pint of rich milk and two raw eggs. As the lion ate, a bell boy brought the Colonel a telegram, to say that the propeller would arrive in Albany about eleven that morning.

By noon he had obtained the propeller and was on his way by train to Pittsfield. Once there, he lost no time in having a tractor clear a runway in the snow for a take-off, while he replaced the propeller, filled up the gas tanks, and changed the oil.

The landing of a cabin plane in Pittsfield had turned out to be quite an event, especially since it arrived in such a sudden, unheralded fashion.

When the news spread that the plane was ready to take off again, crowds began to gather to witness the event. Fortunately a strong wind was blowing and the Colonel had little difficulty in getting the plane into the air, although the motor was rough.

Many of the people of Pittsfield had befriended the Colonel and his family. One family by the name

of Page, served Mrs. Hutchinson and the children a delicious dinner on the evening of their unexpected arrival, while the Colonel worked on the plane. Young men and boys had helped to clear the snow to make a runway, turn the ship around, fill the gas tanks, change the oil, take off and replace the propeller. One youngster even acted as a night watchman. The Hutchinson family will be forever grateful for the friendliness of those in Pittsfield, who aided them in their plight.

Once off the ground, the plane climbed quickly, banked around over the field, circled, dipped its wings and headed westward toward Albany, as the crowd waved and cheered.

Twenty minutes later the plane landed at the Albany Airport, where Mrs. Hutchinson and the children met the head of the family as he taxied up to the Colonial Airway Hangar.

Leaving the plane for a further overhauling, the family returned to their hotel, planning to leave Albany early the next morning.

Back in their hotel rooms they were surprised to find the lion sound asleep on the bed. Evidently some one had opened the door to the bathroom, allowing Governor to seek more agreeable quarters.

Anxious to make up for the time lost, the family retired early for a long night's rest, in preparation for new adventures on the morrow.



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## Chapter XI

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### THE AIRPLANE FACTORY

Bad weather returned the next morning in the form of low-hanging clouds, ready to drop more snow almost any minute over the already snow-blanketed earth.

Last minute repairs delayed the take-off from the Albany Airport until eleven A.M., when despite the low ceiling and unfavorable weather ahead, the Colonel lifted the family plane from the one runway cleared of snow.

Headed toward Buffalo, two hundred and sixty-eight miles westward, they made slow progress, because of strong, shifting head winds.



Flying over this rough, hilly country in poor weather keeps a pilot busy, checking his drift and position.

The farther west they flew the rougher the air became, and the plane was buffeted about like a cork on the ocean.

Occasionally skaters could be seen gliding over the surface of the many lakes dotting Central New York State.

The rough air was a little too much for Janet Lee. She was the first member of the family to become airsick on the trip. Aided, however, by some fresh air and a remedy always present in the first aid kit, the little girl was soon resting comfortably on the rear seat, with her head in her mother's lap.

Kathryn was sitting next to her father, checking off ten-mile intervals on the maps as they were passed. Colonel Hutchinson always lays out his course on the map before starting any flight. Each ten miles he draws a line and as these mileage points are passed, they are each in turn checked off on the maps. In this manner, he always knows exactly where the plane is, provided, of course, he can see the ground.

After they had passed Geneva and the five Finger

Lakes, the air became smoother and it began to snow very lightly.

It took nearly three hours to reach Buffalo on account of the strong headwinds. The city covered by snow was unimpressive in its mantle of white. Even beautiful Lake Erie lost its natural beauty from the sky on account of the snow. A brief landing at the Buffalo Airport to refuel, and once again the family plane was off.

This time they followed the Canadian side of Lake Erie, headed for Detroit and Wayne, Michigan. Flying low on a 265° compass reading, they made very fast time, principally because the wind had shifted and was now a tail wind. Flying directly over Lake St. Clair and across Detroit, they landed on the grounds of the Stinson Airplane factory at Wayne, Michigan, where the family plane had been built.

The wheels had hardly hit the snow-covered runway when the light snow, which had been falling, stopped. It seemed that it would snow only when the family was in the air. It had taken over five hours to make the flight from Albany to Wayne, and now on this mid-winter afternoon, darkness was nearly upon them.

All the factory executives were agreeably sur-

prised to see the family and the lion, especially during such a stretch of bad weather.

Edward Stinson, one of the first airmen of all times, and president of the company, gave the children and their mother a real treat by personally escorting them through the factory. He showed them how the fuselage is built in a metal jig and they watched the expert welders join the hollow steel tubing together.

Then they passed on to the wing construction department, and saw the workers join the metal ribs to the spars and metal edging. Each wing when completed is sent to the covering department, where strong linen is drawn tightly over the metal skeleton construction. From here the wing is sent to the paint room where airplane dope draws the linen tighter and tighter until it appears like the head of a drum. Then it is painted the desired color.

The stabilizer, rudder, and fin are each made separately, together with the ailerons, all passing through the same construction stages.

The fuselage too, is covered, doped, and painted. The upholstering department covers the walls and ceiling of the cabin, with selected materials, and also the chairs which are made of welded steel tubing

by the chair department. While planes are built in line production, most of the work is done by hand and the workers, especially the welders, must be expert in their work.

The undercarriage, wheels, and tail wheel are joined to the fuselage, and the body of the plane is then ready for instrument installation, electric wiring, and complete assembly.

Naturally control units, brakes, window glass, navigation, and landing light wiring, etc., are installed before the plane is covered. Once the fuselage is painted, sanded down and highly polished, it is passed along for motor, propeller, and cowling installation.

Following complete assembly, a final detailed inspection is made and then the plane is sent out for flight test.

The flight test affords correction for nose, tail, left or right wing heaviness. Then there may be adjustments to the vertical fin, stabilizer, ailerons, rudder, flaps, wheels, brakes or controls. All these things are found out by the test pilot while in the air and while taxiing on the ground.

A good test pilot can tell almost immediately what is needed to bring any plane into perfect balance.

Most of the large airliners of today are covered

with metal instead of linen. This type of construction is held together by rivets. Hardly without exception, any plane below the \$20,000.00 class is covered with linen.

The controls in a Stinson plane are wheels operating on roller chains. Brakes are fixed to the rudder pedals and operated by pressure on the heels.

The motors are built entirely separate by any one of ten airplane motor manufacturers. They are in turn sold to the plane manufacturer, who installs them according to the choice of the purchasers.

Mr. Stinson, known to the world as "Eddie," gave Mrs. Hutchinson and the children a valuable lesson in plane building, and nothing could have been more interesting than to hear this great airman talk on the subject he knew so thoroughly.

While the tour of inspection was going on, Colonel Hutchinson had been supervising repairs and a general check on the family plane, following its recent minor accident.

Although the children had flown many thousand air miles in varied types of planes, this was their first visit to a plane factory. When the family finally left the factory to spend the night in their hotel, Janet Lee turned to Eddie Stinson and asked:

“Mr. Stinson, just what do chord, torque, dihedral, and incidence mean?”

Such a question from such a little girl caused everyone to laugh heartily. But she had picked up a tag on which was printed each of these words, and naturally she was curious to know what they meant.

“Well, Janet Lee,” replied Mr. Stinson, “when you learn how to pronounce dihedral, incidence, chord, and torque properly, you ask your Daddy and he’ll tell you.”

But Janet’s father broke in: “Don’t tell her that, Eddie. I have enough trouble now answering simple questions like: ‘What is water made of?’ ‘Where does steam go to?’ If you put any more questions into her head, I’ll just about go crazy!”

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## Chapter XII

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### GOVERNOR EARNS A REPUTATION

The flight to Lansing, capital of Michigan, was made in the short space of twenty-five minutes. The family had left Wayne before nine A.M., and by ten o'clock, was shaking hands with Wilber M. Brucker, the new Governor of the State of Michigan, in his office.

After affixing his signature as the twelfth state governor to sign, he told the family how happy he was to know that the plane in which they were making this historical flight was built in Michigan, the automobile center of the world.

Somewhat intrigued by the massive carved desk

behind which Governor Brucker attended to the affairs of state, Kathryn unconsciously started to sit in the Governor's chair, but suddenly realizing that she shouldn't sit down while her parents and the Governor were standing, she jumped up in a great hurry.

The Governor noticed her actions and said, "Well, little lady, why not sit in the Governor's chair and assume the responsibilities of his office for a spell?"

"Oh, may I, Governor Brucker?" she replied, and immediately sat down behind the big desk.

"Kathryn," continued the Governor, "now that you are in my chair and for the moment are the Acting Governor, how does it feel?"

She reflected for a moment and then picked up a fountain pen from an odd shaped, marble stand, and said, "Do they blame everything that goes wrong in Michigan on the Governor, as they do on the President?"

This brought loud laughter from the Governor, as he answered, "Pretty nearly everything, Sister, but, of course, if all goes well and the people prosper under his administration, he receives lots of credit, too."

When the family started to leave, the Governor suddenly walked over to his chair behind the desk,





*The Flying Lion at play*



which Kathryn had just vacated, sat down and in a most official manner, addressing himself to Kathryn, asked:

“Now that I am Governor again, I want to know if it is true that this husky mascot you have here came from Detroit, too?”

Somewhat bewildered, she answered, “Yes, sir, he did.”

“And is it true that he now has a reputation as the Flying Lion?” continued the Governor.

“Yes, sir, I guess so,” she stammered in reply.

“So the plane and the lion too came from Michigan. Well in that case, I think now that you’re in Michigan, I’ll confiscate the lion and put him back in the Detroit Zoo, so that everyone that comes to Detroit can see the famous flying lion,” suggested the Governor.

At this awful threat, Janet Lee and Kathryn both stood open-mouthed, ready to burst into tears, but the Governor only laughed and he winked at Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson.

“You don’t really want that old cub lion, do you?” he asked jokingly.

“Golly, he’s the best pet we ever had, Governor,” broke in Janet Lee.

And Kathryn drew a deep breath of relief. "My, I'm glad you were only fooling, Governor Brucker," she said.

Still smiling, he shook hands with the family, patted the lion's head as Janet Lee held him on a leash, and spoke to Colonel Hutchinson. "But when you're through flying the forty-eight states, I would like to have the lion loaned to the Detroit Zoo, so that the people could see him. It would be a curiosity and very interesting. Besides, lions grow very fast and you'll have to find some place to keep him when your work is done."

Promising to think the matter over when the flight was completed, Colonel Hutchinson exchanged thanks and good wishes, then hurried the family back to the airport.

Another difficult take-off from the snow, and the plane was winging its way toward Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana. But again old man weather started making trouble.

Before they reached Battle Creek, it started to snow. At Sturgis the snowfall was so heavy that the Colonel decided to land, but because of the heavy snow, he was unable to locate the airport.

Continuing southward, only about a hundred feet

or so off the ground, he finally picked up a single railroad track running in the same direction, and decided to follow it.

At Lagrange, Indiana, the storm had grown worse and for the first time on the entire trip the Colonel was worried.

The snow was wet and the large flakes froze on the windshield. Mrs. Hutchinson, sitting beside her husband, opened the side window and reached around to wipe off the windshield on her side of the plane; while the Colonel, flying with one hand, had to do the same thing on his side.

Janet Lee and Kathryn were playing checkers as cheerfully as though they were at home in their own living room, and Governor was sound asleep in his cage.

Heavy static made radio reception almost impossible. The wind shift, Colonel Hutchinson estimated, was a little north of Indianapolis. If he could get through the shift, the storm would diminish as he passed the storm center.

On they flew, hugging' the single railroad track, pulling up, banking over to the left, then to the right, avoiding grain elevators, windmills and rolling hills.

The leading edge of the wing was now taking on

ice rapidly, and the plane becoming sluggish and heavy. They must get down—they *must*.

At last they reached Fort Wayne, Indiana, where a large airport was shown on the map. The storm was by now a raging blizzard. Over housetops, around and around they circled, trying to locate the airport.

Nearly a half hour of this, and then suddenly, the Colonel spotted the airport with its flashing beacon light.

He side-slipped straight in for a fast landing, afraid to circle longer for fear of losing the airport in this terrific storm. Luckily the plane landed on the runway; the depth of the snow slowed it down almost at once, but it did not nose up on end.

Airport attendants rushed out to help push the plane into the hangar, a hard job in this wind of gale force.

Once inside the hangar the men were astonished to see Mrs. Hutchinson, Janet Lee, Kathryn, and the lion cub.

“Holy smoke, the mail can’t get through, but you do!” said one of the men as he helped the children and the lion from the cabin.

While the cub entertained everyone around the

airport with his amusing antics, the Colonel brought his diary up to date.

By five P.M. darkness was upon them and the snow stopped falling. Here and there stars appeared through paths of scurrying clouds.

After the tractor had cleared a runway, the family took off in the darkness, heading for Indianapolis.

Flying 200° the plane reached its destination within an hour, without incident. A big contrast to the daytime flight in the blizzard.

Because of the late hour, it was impossible to see the Governor that night, so the night was spent in a hotel.

Needless to say that the lion continued to be a chief attraction everywhere. Waddling across the hotel lobby, riding in the elevators, walking on the streets or sitting in automobiles, he drew the crowd. Some had the courage to pat his back; a very few would gingerly touch his head. But all in all, he was a fascinating animal, especially when he trailed after the younger member of the family, just like Mary's little lamb.

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## Chapter XIII

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### PRAIRIE STATES

Harry Guyer Leslie, Governor of Indiana, the Hoosier State, greeted the family and signed the Scroll in his office at the State Capitol early the next morning, making the thirteenth signature.

The Governor was very depressed, having had to turn down a reprieve for a man who was to be electrocuted for murder. There had been a long session debating the advisability of the reprieve, and evidently some pathetic angle to this unhappy picture had saddened the Governor's heart.

The Flying Family and the cub managed to buoy up his spirits a little. They left him smiling with



the thought that there are ninety happy endings for every ten unhappy endings, among the true life experiences of each day.

Anxious to make up for all their loss of time, Colonel Hutchinson headed toward Springfield, the capital of Illinois, where Abraham Lincoln once lived.

Flying a 270° compass course they covered the distance in less than an hour and a half. Near the Illinois border the snow on the ground had gradually disappeared, and by the time the plane landed at the Springfield Airport, there was no sign of snow anywhere.

Several hundred people awaited their arrival at the airport, newspaper photographers among them. Now that the family had visited thirteen states, their flight had become nationally known. Today, however, few people knew the exact time of their arrival, due to an irregular schedule.

After the photographers had taken a number of pictures, the family was driven directly to the Executive Mansion, where they were welcomed by Governor Louis L. Emmerson, and his young granddaughter.

While Janet Lee, Kathryn, and Betty Lou, the

Governor's three year old granddaughter played in the garden with the cub and Betty Lou's big Great Dane, Colonel Hutchinson with his wife and the Governor retired to the study, where the Governor read the Scroll and signed his name as the fourteenth State Executive.

When the older people joined the children in the garden, they were surprised to see tiny Betty Lou sitting on the porch step, holding the big lion cub on her lap, stroking his head. Janet Lee and Kathryn were telling her how their mascot traveled in the plane with them.

It was comical to see the Great Dane standing far down the end of the garden, afraid to come any closer to this unfamiliar animal.

One of the Governor's servants led a smart-looking Shetland pony into the large courtyard and for a short while the children took turns riding the pony and holding the lion.

But the family had to be on their way, so they left the genial Governor and his granddaughter at the gate of his beautiful mansion, to return to the airport.

While the Colonel attended to the refueling of the plane, the children walked with their mother to the end of the airport to look at a pen full of

young pigs, belonging to a farm adjoining the flying field.

Twenty minutes later the plane was winging its way over flat country, dotted with farm and pasture lands, toward Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri.

For the next hour the children attended to lessons, with Mother as their teacher.

Over this level country the plane flew at about 500 feet and the noise of the motor often sent the cows and chickens running to cover. It was pleasant to sit back and watch the black shadow of the plane as it fled steadily over fences, orchards, buildings, and ground.

The farther west and south they went, the more sparsely settled the country appeared. Quite a contrast to the many towns, cities, and villages dotting the eastern part of the United States.

Within an hour they came in sight of the Missouri River. Following its course for a few miles, they came to Jefferson City. A quick trip to the office of the Governor, the usual exchange of friendly greetings and Governor Henry S. Canfield of Missouri affixed the fifteenth signature to the Scroll.

From his office window the Governor pointed out the beautiful Missouri River valley spread before

them in all its glory, as he told of the early settlers and the covered wagon trains of not so long ago—how weeks were required to travel the same mileage the family had just flown in one hour.

By two o'clock the family was well on the way to Topeka, the capital of Kansas. Taking advantage of the ideal flying weather and flat country, the Colonel made excellent time and by 4:30, they were received by another Governor, Harry H. Woodring of Kansas, who welcomed them to the great Prairie State.

Today the family had secured three governors' signatures and made excellent time, both in the air and on the ground. One-third of the flight was now completed.

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## Chapter XIV

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### HEAD WINDS

During the next three days, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota were covered.

Each day's progress, now that the weather was clear, was more or less routine flying.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, Charles W. Bryan, brother of the famous statesman and orator, William Jennings Bryan, added his signature as number seventeen. In Des Moines, capital of Iowa, Dan W. Turner signed as the eighteenth Governor. The family flew here at night and although the sky was clear, the airport was covered with snow.

In Madison, capital of Wisconsin, Phil F. LaFollette, the youngest governor in the United States affixed his signature in the hotel coffee shop while at lunch, so that the family could hurry on to St. Paul.

In St. Paul, tall, handsome Floyd B. Olson, Governor of Minnesota, was the twentieth Governor to sign.

In Minneapolis, twin city to St. Paul, the family was taken through one of the great flour mills for which the city is noted. Here, in some unexplained manner the lion cub fell into a large barrel of flour. When he finally clambered out all covered with white flour he was a sight to see.

“Holy smoke, Mother, Governor looks like a ghost lion!” cried Janet Lee. She brushed and brushed the mascot with her tiny hands, while a cloud of white flour filled the air.

“Don’t do that, Janet Lee,” replied her mother, “wait until we get outside and then we’ll all help brush him off.”

As the lion, shrouded in white, followed the family through the remainder of the giant mill, the people working there looked at the cub in amazement, wondering what kind of animal he was.

Flying from St. Paul, the home of the Northwest



*An official reception*





Airways, Colonel Hutchinson circled the Twin Cities several times so that the family could see the many beautiful lakes and the great Mississippi River.

Headed for Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota, they met with a wind of gale force, holding their flying speed down to sixty miles an hour. When they finally reached Bismarck it was only to find the hangar and a number of planes completely wrecked. Several hours before the family's arrival, the same wind which they had been fighting all morning struck the airport at Bismarck with such intensity it left buildings and planes twisted and reduced to wreckage.

By now the wind had died down considerably, but the Colonel took the precaution of tying the plane down and leaving several men to watch it, while the family drove to the Governor's office.

The damage at the airport was the second disaster that had visited the city in the past few weeks. A great fire had destroyed the Capitol Building and Governor George F. Shafer welcomed the family in his temporary offices in the Post Office Building.

From Bismarck the Colonel piloted the family plane toward Pierre, South Dakota. Following a 158° compass course along the Mississippi River, they covered 200 miles in one hour and twenty-five minutes.

Pierre, the twenty-second state capital, was the smallest capital city the family had visited so far, running a close race with Dover, the capital of Delaware.

From the air the huge State Capitol Building made a picturesque sight, its dome, granite structure, and great size forming a big contrast to the other smaller buildings of Pierre.

The noise of the motor as the trim monoplane circled the city attracted nearly everyone who could possibly get away from home or business, to see the Flying Family land on the Municipal Airport.

By the time Colonel Hutchinson taxied up to the hangar, car after car had driven up to the airport, and the family was given a rousing welcome.

At the St. Charles Hotel the Hutchinsons were given the same rooms occupied by Colonel Lindbergh during his visit to the city.

Governor Warren Greene, with his grown son and daughter, greeted them in his office, and following the signing of the Scroll showed the family over the great Capitol Building, with its wide corridors, stairways, legislature, and committee rooms, and famous paintings.

That night Janet Lee and Kathryn were quite

thrilled, sleeping in the same bed Lindbergh had once occupied, and wondered if it would be all right to tell people.



THE AIR AMBULANCE

As they drove toward the airport the next morning the family saw hundreds and hundreds of dead birds lying on the ground in all directions. No one knew the cause, unless it could be the storm or cold weather, which seemed unlikely. Whatever the reason, some unknown doom had fallen upon all the birds during the night and up to the time the family left, this strange mystery was still unsolved.

On this beautiful January morning the plane headed southwest toward Cheyenne, capital of the great State of Wyoming, three hundred and fifty miles away.

During the next two to three hours Janet Lee and Kathryn attended their classroom in the skies, where both pupils and teachers absorbed a great deal of knowledge, as they looked down on the ever-changing picture below.

Following the usual order—exercise, singing, then the combination of geography and history, Colonel Hutchinson listened as his wife told the children about the many Indian reservations over which they were now flying, how the great Cree, Crow, Cheyenne, and Blackfoot tribes once roamed this part of the country; how the coming of the white man, subsequent wars and civilization, are slowly but surely bringing to an end the race of people known as red men, or Indians.

The children's mother told stories of great deeds by both white and red men, of bloody battles, massacres of white women and children; and of the gradual conquering of the Indians, and the effort to educate and make useful citizens out of those who survive and those who are being born into this new era of peace.

As Janet Lee and Kathryn listened and looked out from the windows of the speeding plane, their fresh minds visualized all the tales their mother told them

as actually happening on the rugged country spread out below.

They imagined themselves riding wild Pintos, shooting guns from the backs of fast-moving horses, while the Indians attacked them with bow and arrow. To children there are few subjects more interesting than American history.

Mrs. Hutchinson teaches her class in the sky in such an interesting manner, that her husband is often more anxious to attend school than the children. But when examination or test time comes it is usually Colonel Hutchinson who asks or prepares the questions. He feels that in this manner the answers will develop from understanding and reasoning rather than from memory. If Mrs. Hutchinson prepared the questions, a familiar phrase or repetition would immediately bring to mind the exact wording as memorized from their mother's teachings. With Colonel Hutchinson phrasing the questions, Janet Lee and Kathryn have to put on their thinking caps to puzzle out how, when and where Mother told them about this battle or that mineral, this river or that mountain.

Thus the children spent the early morning in school, while their daddy flew toward Cheyenne.

Within fifty miles of the capital of Wyoming, the Colonel was attracted by a column of smoke rising from the ground a few miles ahead. As the plane drew nearer they saw, from a 500-foot altitude, a small ranch house in flames.

Circling and circling the burning house, they could see three people doing all they could to put out the fire. Someone was lying on the ground a short distance back from the burning house.

The Colonel could not make out if it was a man, woman or child.

Off in the distance three horses were scampering away from the raging fire. As far as eye could see in any direction, there were no signs of habitation.

Feeling a moral obligation to land and do what he could, the Colonel selected a smooth stretch of barren ground and made a quick landing.

Taxiing as close to the house as he could, he jumped from the plane, shut off the switch, and rushed over to the person lying on the ground.

Mrs. Hutchinson and the children followed, watching the three men frantically trying to put out the fire with buckets of sand and water.

Colonel Hutchinson at once saw it was impossible to save any part of the building. He reached the

young woman lying on the ground. Her hair was all singed and burnt and she was holding a cloth soaked in some liquid preparation to her face.

Realizing she was badly injured, he ran back to the plane as fast as his legs would carry him. He returned immediately with a first aid kit. With the help of Mrs. Hutchinson, he bathed her face in olive oil and then smoothed a soothing ointment all over her burnt skin. This treatment brought some relief to the courageous woman, who had insisted that her husband and his two brothers continue to fight the fire while she doctored herself.

Between sobs, while Mrs. Hutchinson trimmed her hair and helped the Colonel bandage her face, she haltingly told how a small gasoline stove had exploded as she was preparing a late breakfast, how the three men smothered the flames on her hair and dress, during which brief time the house became a mass of flames. Attending to her injuries herself, she made the men leave her to fight the fire. Then, as if in answer to her prayers the plane appeared, bringing relief to her suffering.

Seeing how useless their efforts were, the three men, each the picture of utter fatigue and dejection, flung themselves on the ground beside the injured



woman. For several minutes no one spoke, while Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson continued to make their first emergency patient as comfortable as possible.

Some of the house furnishings had been brought safely out and had been dumped in a heap about fifty feet from the front of the rapidly crumbling building. There were also two wooden sheds, a chicken coop and a small outhouse.

The men told the Colonel that the nearest town was Albin, Wyoming, about ten miles away. There was no telephone or means of quick communication between the ranch and the town. There was, however, an old dilapidated automobile and the cow path called a road, which was a regular quagmire in spots, owing to recent heavy rains.

Since there was no further use in staying there, Colonel Hutchinson had the men write a note to their friends in Albin with instructions what to do. Then he wrapped the note around a small block of wood and promised to drop it on the front steps of the general store. Under the circumstances, Colonel Hutchinson did not think it wise or safe to attempt to fly an additional passenger in the plane, especially taking off from such rough ground.

As long as they left her a fresh stock of bandages and dressings, they felt that the young woman wouldn't need any further medical attention, thanks to the olive oil and ointment. The burnt out homesteaders could shelter themselves temporarily in the shed, which was untouched by the fire. After the fire had burnt out, they probably could salvage the wood stove, and set it up in the shed as protection from the cold.

Through tear-filled eyes the young woman thanked Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband for helping, thanks in which the three men joined wholeheartedly.

For a moment Mrs. Hutchinson was frightened at not seeing either Janet Lee or Kathryn, neither of whom had been missed during all the excitement, but she soon caught sight of them, each leading a tiny goat back toward the still smoldering house. It took a very brief time to get them back to the plane, and fifteen minutes later Colonel Hutchinson dropped the note on the steps of the general store at Albin, Wyoming. He then circled round until he was sure that the note had been found and the news duly spread among the town's forty-one inhabitants. Then he dipped his wings and headed for Cheyenne.

As the flying family raced through the cloudless skies, he turned to his wife and said: "For heaven's sake, Blanche, we didn't even get the names of those unfortunate people!"

There could be no more school that morning. Janet Lee and Kathryn were overflowing with excitement over this most unusual adventure. Probably both Mother and Daddy were just as well satisfied.

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## Chapter XVI

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### JANET LEE ON HORSEBACK

Cheyenne is 6200 feet above sea level. When Colonel Hutchinson brought the plane in for a landing at the busy United Airport, he was surprised to see how fast the plane landed at such high altitude.

Counting the time spent at the burning ranch house, five hours had passed since they left Pierre.

They drove straight to the State Capitol Building and were welcomed by Frank C. Emerson, the re-elected Governor of Wyoming. He signed the Scroll as number twenty-three.

While the Governor and Colonel Hutchinson talked, the lion was surprised by a small fox terrier

dog, who scampered into the room and jumped upon Governor Emerson in friendly greeting. The cub suddenly gave a quick jerk and before little Janet Lee knew it, he had pulled the leash from her hand, and was racing all over the governor's office after the dog. The fox terrier was frightened to death, running, hiding, and barking while the lion clumsily tried to catch him.

The chase was most amusing. Everyone was trying to catch the lion or the dog, as they darted under chairs, over the davenport, crossing from one side of the spacious office to the other. Finally the Governor captured the fox terrier and held him in his arms while the cub sat back on his haunches, waiting for the dog to come down.

With an afternoon of beautiful weather ahead, the Colonel was anxious to make another state, so the family started on their way with cheers and good wishes ringing in their ears.

While warming up the motor, Colonel Hutchinson sent Janet Lee to the airport restaurant to change a ten-dollar bill.

She returned to her father and gave him nine silver dollars and the balance in dimes.

“What's this, Janet Lee! For Heaven's sake, who

gave you all these cart wheels?" asked the Colonel.

"They're swell, Daddy! Real silver dollars. The woman in the restaurant gave them to me. She called them 'Blands'. Everybody uses them in Wyoming, she said."

"Who ever heard of a man carrying a pocket full of silver dollars around with him?" continued the Colonel, turning to his wife who was straightening up the rear of the cabin.

"Why don't you send them back, George?" said his wife as she laughed softly.

"Let me see them, Daddy," broke in Kathryn, as she entered the plane with the lion, and caught part of the conversation.

Her father handed her all nine silver dollars.

"I've never seen more than one dollar like this at a time, back east. Nine of them would load you down all right," she continued.

"Suppose you take them back to the cashier in the restaurant, Kathryn, and tell her I'd prefer paper money," said the Colonel.

"All right, Daddy," she replied as she handed the lion's leash over to her mother, jumped down out of the plane and ran around the back of the family air carriage in the direction of the restaurant.

The Colonel revved up the motor, checked his instruments, and turned the plane around slowly just as Kathryn returned.

“She could only give me two paper dollars, Daddy,” Kathryn shouted, as she climbed into the cabin somewhat out of breath.

“What do you know about that! I never heard of such a thing,” said her father. “But I guess I’ll have to make the best of it, now that I have the silver,” he added, as Kathryn passed the handful of money up to him.

He gave the airport attendant one of the Blands for taking care of his plane. All fuel bills are paid by check, once a month, with the Colonel presenting a credit card, issued by the oil company whenever gas and oil is needed.

It required forty minutes to cover the one hundred and thirteen miles to Denver, the capital of Colorado.

The flight southward was uneventful, except for the natural beauty of the rugged mountain range, forming a majestic wall between the prairie lands and the high peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

Governor William H. Adams, the most elderly of the governors they had called on so far, welcomed the Colonel and his family to Colorado. Although

his nervousness was reflected in his quavering signature, he proved to be a most interesting conversationalist.

He told about gold and silver mining, cattle raising, farming, and other industries of the state. He spoke of the great State Hospital and private Tubercular Institution in Denver, and other points of interest. Governor Adams was a true part of the state's colorful history, of which he is justly proud.

With the precious Scroll becoming more valuable as each signature was added, the flying family took leave of the twenty-fourth Governor.

The document was now half completed.

As they could not reach the next capital before nightfall, the family remained in Denver over night. Now that they were in this high, mountainous country, the Colonel thought it wise to restrict family flying to daytime only, especially since it was winter. If, however, long distances separated two capitals, and they were on regular air routes, with well-lighted airports, night flying would then be as simple as day flying. But when it came to landing in small cities with inadequate air traffic accommodation, it was wiser to play safe.

After driving about the city with its unusually



wide streets and beautiful homes with spacious gardens, the family in answer to little Janet Lee's request, was taken to see one of the great cattle ranches.

Here Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, Kathryn, and Janet Lee were mounted on four beautifully marked Pintos, with decorated western saddles.

Accompanied by three cowboys, each outfitted with wide-brimmed western hats, leather chaps, shining spurs, and all the trimmings of the western cow hand, the family set out to view the ranch in regular cowboy style.

Ordinarily each member of the Hutchinson family is a fairly good horseman, but today, in the horseman's paradise, they found themselves in the role of "tenderfoot." All easterners are tenderfoots in the eyes of the real western cowboy.

First the Colonel, in trying to adjust the length of his left stirrup, while his mount was moving at a pretty fast clip, buried the high saddle pommel in his solar plexus. This, of course, knocked the wind out of him and everyone had to wait while he lay on the ground recovering his wind.

After this, Mrs. Hutchinson lost her hat on two separate occasions, and each time it blew off in what

seemed to be, at the moment, the worst possible place. The first time it landed at the bottom of a fifty-foot ravine. One of the cowboys recovered it with a lariat. One of his spurs was attached to the end of the lariat to hook it up by.

Thirdly, Kathryn would frequently run her horse upon the heels of the pony ahead of her, which is an unpardonable sin for a good horseman.

As a climax, little Janet Lee's mount threw her and she rolled under the horse's hoofs. Everyone rushed to her side and dismounted, but she picked herself up and insisted on riding some more.

No, she didn't want to go to the hotel, she wanted to ride. She whispered this to her father as he brushed off her dust-covered flying togs. And so in spite of her fall, the tour was completed.

All afternoon while the family was out, the cub mascot was locked up in his bathroom boudoir.

When they returned to the hotel rooms they had taken after leaving Governor Adams, the Colonel, with the children's help, gave their pet a warm bath, which he did not like at all.

Following this, each one took turns drying him. This he liked very much, but when Mother, Janet Lee, and Kathryn each held one of his big paws,

while the Colonel clipped his sharp claws, Governor growled, yelled and roared. In fact, he roared so loud that the noise was reported by other guests, and the manager and two bell boys rushed to the family suite. Once there, however, they too, joined in holding down the lion. The job was finished with everybody laughing heartily.

After Governor's toilet had been completed the Colonel fed him a big juicy steak, nice and raw; two raw eggs, a pint of milk, and two tablespoons of cod liver oil. The family mascot spent the balance of the evening gnawing a bone and washing himself all over again with his rough tongue, in cat fashion.

When it came to Janet Lee's turn in the bath tub, her mother was shocked to see the skin covering her ribs on the left side all scraped and covered with dry blood.

"Why, Janet Lee, what in the world happened to you?" asked her mother as she lifted her into the half-filled bath tub, and started to bathe the injured side.

"I guess the horse kicked me when I fell off, Mother," replied the youngest member of the family.

"But Janet Lee, why didn't you tell us, so we could have bathed it right away?"

“I thought if I told you then, Mother, maybe I couldn’t ride that Pinto again. Maybe you wouldn’t let me ever ride any horse again. And Mother, I love horses. I’d *never* tell on a horse, no matter what he did!”

Janet Lee’s courage surely proved her love for horses. It proved something else too, even more important: her real courage and self control.

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## Chapter XVII

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### THE LION AND THE WRESTLERS

Next morning the weather continued perfect for flying, and taking advantage of the ideal conditions, the family started early on their way to Rock Springs, the next stop.

In this high, mountainous country the Colonel flew at 12,000 feet in order to clear the high peaks. From this great height, Mrs. Hutchinson gave the children a lesson on mountain peaks, and ranges, pointing out each range as she named it, and giving its height, while the children looked down.

She told how each mountain derived its name; of the rivers, and valleys, the various types of mining,

roads, and railroads. There was plenty of subject material for the day's lesson as the family covered the three hundred odd miles between Denver and Rock Springs.

The mountains were covered with snow, with snake-like highways here and there, winding their way between passes in the great ranges. Long freight trains with their engines puffing columns of smoke labored with their heavy loads. Occasionally a lake or a tiny town was all but buried in a deep valley. A mountain goat was silhouetted against the sun. All these things made up an unforgettable picture as the Colonel guided the covered wagon of the air westward.

Over Rock Springs he slowly lost altitude and landed on the local airport to refuel. Somehow, although mountain flying is awe-inspiring and beautiful, one always feels relieved to touch the ground again, or to fly past the giant range into the country where the terrain is flat and safe for emergency landings.

While the plane was being refueled, the cub, as usual, was allowed to run about loose, while the children kept an eye on him. Usually everyone else did too.

The pilot of a mail plane just in from Salt Lake City told the Colonel there was fog ahead, and Salt Lake City was covered with snow. He thought the going would be pretty bad, especially landing through the fog.

Deciding to take the chance, the Colonel and his family set off again, headed for Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah, the Mormon State.

They made fast time, flying high, and saw no sign of fog until they passed over the giant range that forms the western wall to the great City of Salt Lake. Then they found that the city itself, lying at the very foot of this great range, was entirely shrouded in dense mist.

The Colonel circled around above this mass of vapor, vainly looking for a hole through which to descend.

Dreading to risk it, he very slowly entered the fog, gliding carefully and slowly downward. All four of them had their safety belts tightly buckled.

Within three hundred feet of the ground he spotted the gold dome of the great Mormon Temple, shining through the fog. From this point, skimming over roof tops, he headed west in a straight line for the airport and in two minutes the plane landed,

coming to a stop almost immediately in the deep snow.

A small crowd was on hand to greet them. Few people expected any plane to land in Salt Lake City in such weather. Even as the family alighted, the fog settled on the ground and the visibility was zero. They had landed in the nick of time.

The steady drone of a motor was heard as the family entered an automobile to be driven to the Capitol Building. Closer and closer came the noise of the motor; then it would roar as the pilot gave it more fuel and again the noise faded in the distance. Evidently the pilot was trying to make a landing. Time and time again he came in for a blind landing, but each time would make another circle in order to try again.

At last he came all the way down with a heavy thud. Everyone rushed across the airport to find the plane standing straight up on its nose, with the undercarriage torn from the fuselage. The pilot jumped down from the open cockpit of the mail plane, very much relieved to be down safely. The plane had nosed-up after hitting the soft snow off the runway. The strain and tenseness of the crowd, so apparent as the plane time and time again sought to land,



changed to relief as everyone gathered round to congratulate the fortunate pilot.

The high altitude flying affected the hearing of the family to such an extent that even after landing, ordinary voices were hard to hear. In a few hours, of course, this temporary deafness disappeared entirely.

The Governor would be absent from the city until the late afternoon, which meant an overnight stay in Salt Lake City for the travellers. So the family, lion and all, registered at the Utah Hotel.

In the hotel lobby they made the acquaintance of Ira Dern, a professional wrestler and a cousin of the governor. Mr. Dern gave Colonel Hutchinson tickets to the wrestling match, scheduled for that night, and urged the family to attend.

Later in the afternoon the governor returned and received the family in his private office, where the Scroll was duly signed.

Following a delicious dinner, the Colonel decided to take the whole family, lion and all, to the wrestling matches. This being a new experience for the Hutchinson family, excepting the Colonel, they looked forward to it with keen anticipation.

Carrying the lion in his arms, the Colonel arrived with the family soon after the matches had started,

and they were shown to their ringside seats in the semi-darkness. Curling up on the seat between the Colonel and his wife, the lion took a nap, unnoticed by anyone. Those few who did see him in the dim light, probably mistook him for a dog.

Just before the main event between Ira Dern and his worthy opponent, while the wrestlers were removing their robes in their respective corners, the announcer made a short speech about the Flying Family and invited the Colonel into the ring to say a few words.

Climbing through the ropes, the Colonel was about to acknowledge the applause when who should scamper in the ring beside him, but the family mascot.

Immediately the referee, wrestlers, and their handlers jumped over, under and through the ropes, while the cub scampered all over the brightly lighted ring.

To see giant wrestlers, who, for the next hour would manhandle one another, suffer intense pain and possible injury, flee from the presence of a fifty-pound lion was a most amusing sight.

The audience roared with laughter as the wrestlers gathered on the floor below the ring, while the cub let out a victorious roar.



*Janet Lee and Governor*



To add to the general amusement, Janet Lee suddenly appeared in the ring, picked up the cub in her arms and struggled under her heavy load to get safely out of the ring and back to her seat. Long after, the crowd still continued to call for the lion, and even when the main event started, people in the audience would shout:

“Feed him to the lions!”

“The little girl could throw both of you bums.”

“Look out, the lion’s coming up there again!”

“The big pussy cat will get you if you don’t watch out.”

To top it all, in the middle of a terrible hold, when one of the wrestlers was suffering severe pain, the family mascot let out an unusually loud yawn!

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## Chapter XVIII

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### FOLLOWING LINDBERGH'S TRAIL

Next morning fog still hung between the mountain ranges, though weather reports recorded clear weather at Boise, capital of Idaho, the next scheduled stop. But climbing upward, topping the high mountain peaks, the Colonel headed northward as the plane finally rose above the fog and emerged into cloudless sky.

For the next hour there was nothing to be seen but the blue sky above and the gradually thinning fog below. Soon, between holes in the thin vapor, flashes of earth below came into view, as the plane sped steadily northward.

Then the fog suddenly ended and bright sun lit up the earth below.

This sparsely settled country, with its deep ravines, mountains and barren waste land, gives the air traveler a sense of loneliness and of the vastness of the nation's undeveloped land.

Near Boise another ground fog could be seen rapidly rolling in from the West.

The Colonel gave the plane full throttle in order to reach his destination ahead of the deadly ground fog. He was lucky to get in just in time.

The plane had hardly touched ground when the great mass of rolling mist settled over the airport and the surrounding country. Ten minutes later, and it would have been impossible to make a safe landing on the Boise Airport.

The driver of the automobile that took the family into the city had to proceed cautiously at a snail's pace in order to keep on the highway, because of the denseness of the fog. Twice he drove off the road-edge and once he had to apply his brakes suddenly to avoid hitting a cow standing in the road.

That short drive to the Capitol Building from the airport caused more thrills than all their flying adventures. The family felt far safer in the air.

C. Ben Ross, the tall genial Governor of Idaho, welcomed the family in his private office and added his signature to the Scroll as number twenty-six.

The Governor had a copy of the document made and while his secretary typed it out, he led Janet Lee to the governor's chair and told her to sit there.

He answered the children's question about Idaho potatoes, how they derived their name, how they grew so large, and why everyone asks for baked Idaho potatoes.

The Governor's wife joined the party and while the two family groups posed for news photographs, the Colonel and the Governor conversed on capital punishment, a law he bitterly opposes.

As the family was retiring to the awaiting automobile, a huge hound, seeing the lion cub walking beside the children, started running toward him.

When he came within ten feet of the family pet, he promptly put out his paws, skidded several feet, turned around and ran as fast as his legs would carry him in the direction he had come from. About a city block away he turned around, cocked his head sideways and looked back as if to say, "What was that, anyway?"

Evidently the hound thought Governor was just



another dog, until he caught his scent, then decided that discretion was the greater part of valor.

The family wasted several hours around the airport before the fog lifted sufficiently for a safe take-off.

The airport attendant advised the Colonel to fly to Helena by the way of the Snake River, telling him no one but Lindbergh ever flew straight across the worst stretch of mountains in the country, lying between Boise and Helena. All of the pilots go around by the river.

But the Colonel decided to follow the trail blazed by the great airman, Charles A. Lindbergh. So he climbed through the lifting ground fog, climbed and climbed until the altimeter read 16,000 feet, then headed straight across the Bitter Root Range, for the capital of Montana.

Mrs. Hutchinson snapped a number of photographs of these high mountains with the family kodak, as the plane passed over the dangerous flying country. Any kind of a safe landing from the air would be almost impossible in this section between the two state capitals.

For the next two hours the family saw more mountains than they had ever seen before, some wooded,

others a mass of rock, and all covered with snow.

To keep his mind off the possibility of a forced landing, Father led the family in song, singing one after another, all their familiar favorites. Meantime, the plane passed over the Continental Divide, a little south of a direct line course, so the Colonel checked his directional error and shortly Helena, the capital of Montana, came into view.

Somehow, in landing directly into the sun on the sloping airport, the Colonel nearly overshot the field, because of the blinding light in his eyes. Luckily he managed to stop the plane from running into the hangar by applying the right brake with all his might, thus forcing the plane into a ground loop.

Governor John E. Erickson greeted the family in his home, where he added the twenty-seventh signature to the Scroll.

The Hotel Placer was crowded that night, so the family had to be content with one room without bath. The lion very contentedly slept at the foot of the children's bed, as a change from his usual bath tub.

In this sparsely settled part of the country the family was finding the weather and airport accommodation less inviting each day. Up to now they had

been very fortunate in getting through some trying situations by the proverbial skin of their teeth.

The flight to the forty-eighth state capital was rapidly becoming a flight against time, with everyone helping the family to hurry on their way. Snow, fog, mountains and strong wind—all obstacles of nature were in turn safely surmounted.

The lion continued to be the cause of much amusement, both to the family and to those who saw him. The toboggan episode, the many hotel experiences, his appearance in the prize ring, and the gentleness he displayed toward Janet Lee and Kathryn, were just a few of the things members of the family liked to tell everyone about.



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## Chapter XIX

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### A TEST OF COURAGE

Fueling the plane at the airport the next morning proved to be quite a task because of the stormy wind and bitter cold. With the exception of the one bare hangar there were no accommodations. Colonel Hutchinson had to have aviation gasoline sent out in a regular gasoline truck. Straining the gasoline through a chamois while he stood on top of the wing was a slow job in the biting wind. Draining and refilling the oil tank took four times as long as usual, the oil barely flowing in the intense cold.

Two hours passed before the family got under way after reaching the flying field. During this time the

children romped and played with the lion cub. Gradually people began to gather at the airport to see the family off, and by the time the plane rose smoothly in the air, several hundred spectators were waving good-bye.

On a 286° compass reading the plane climbed slowly to 10,000 feet, where the Colonel leveled off and headed for Spokane en route to Olympia, capital of Washington.

"I'm certainly glad to be in the air again, Blanche," the Colonel said to his wife, sitting beside him.

"So am I," she answered, "and it's far more comfortable in the plane than it is hanging around the airport in this cold weather."

"Even at 10,000 feet the heat from the exhaust keeps the cabin plenty warm, doesn't it, Blanche?" replied her husband as he guided the family plane westward.

Janet Lee, spotting a great herd of cattle far below, exclaimed as she pointed, "Look, Daddy, can those things moving down there possibly be cows?"

Looking in the direction she was pointing, he replied,

"Yes, Sister, I think they are."

"From 'way up here, they look like tiny ants, don't

they, Daddy? Must be a million of 'em down there."

"Not a million, Janet Lee, but over a thousand, I guess."

Kathryn, who was sitting beside her sister on the rear seat taking in the scene below in silence, now broke into the conversation.

"Daddy, when the cowboys circle around and around a big herd of cattle like that one below, is that what you call a roundup?"

"Not exactly," the Colonel replied. "You see, Kathryn, great herds of cattle graze upon the plains, depending entirely upon the grass for their food. Sometimes the cow hands herd them to other grazing section, or to parts where water is more plentiful. But the real roundup comes when the animals are herded together and driven into the narrow opening of the corral. Here they are sorted, selected and made ready for shipment by rail to the great stockyards of the country."

"How do they get them to the railroad, Daddy?" asked the older child, very much interested in her father's description. She pictured these events as actually taking place with the big herd they had just passed.

"Oh, most of the large ranches have railroad spurs,

or a siding nearby. If they don't, the herd has to be driven to the nearest siding or station where the cattle can be loaded."

Her father went on to explain all about cattle, how they are fed and used for food, meat, butter, milk, hides, and other things. He told of the great meat packers and how the animals are slaughtered in the great stock-yards, using the Chicago Stock-yards as an illustration. He told about the way meats are canned, even for dog food; and how every single part of the animal was used, from its hide to its brains, and even its long tail.

Occasionally the plane passed over hundreds upon hundreds of acres planted in wheat. And again Daddy became teacher and told the children how the giant threshing machines worked at harvest time; how the wheat went to the great mills, such as the one in Minneapolis, where the cub fell into the flour barrel; how the wheat was made into flour, the white and whole wheat used to make our bread; how many cereals come from the golden grains of wheat.

He told, too, of great fires where accident or carelessness have caused thousands of acres of wheat to be destroyed by fire.

As the family flew over this tremendous state of

Montana, they saw as a picture from the sky, its great riches—wheat, cattle and minerals.

Passing over the range of mountains known as the Cabinet Range, the plane passed close to a high mountain peak. In fact, the peak was so close it seemed that the wing tips might scrape its sides.

Janet Lee spied a small herd of Rocky Mountain goats, and was wildly excited.

“Look, everybody! Look quick! Billy goats away up here. Can you imagine that. Billy goats!”

The Colonel banked around quickly as he urged his wife to try and snap some pictures of this unique scene—the snow-capped mountains with the big horned goats were silhouetted against the sun. But by the time the camera was made ready, the noise of the motor had frightened the white animals away.

Once over the range, bits of cloud and fog began to appear in the valleys walled in by high mountains. The farther west they flew, the more prevalent the fog. Occasionally only the high peaks of mountains rising nearly three miles above sea level jugged out above the white mist.

“Just think, Daddy, mountains three miles high! Suppose you had to climb them on foot?”

“Well, Kathryn,” replied her father, “not on foot,



but we have to climb over them right now.”

And the Colonel gave the family air chariot more fuel as they climbed to fifteen thousand feet.

Two hours had passed since leaving Helena. Mrs. Hutchinson, like all people who fly, strongly dislikes fog, and as she watched the mist become thicker and thicker below, she turned to her husband, saying:

“George, if the fog spreads out much more, we won’t be able to see anything below us.”

Even as she spoke, the plane passed over another high range, and the fog grew denser.

Two widely separated mountain peaks jutting above the fog attracted Kathryn’s fancy.

“See, they stick out like islands in the ocean, don’t they, Mother?”

“Yes, they do, Kathryn,” replied the mother as she turned to her husband, saying:

“George, do you think we should turn back?”

“Why, are you beginning to worry, dear?”

“Not exactly worry, George, but this is a mountainous country, not flat prairie lands where we could easily make a forced landing.”

“That’s right, Blanche, but we’re away above both the mountains and the fog. It’s clear enough up here. Look how bright the sun is and how blue the sky!”

“Yes, I know all that,” replied his wife a little impatient, “but suppose we *had* to land.”

Kathryn, who was listening to her mother and father’s conversation, joined the discussion, saying:

“Oh, Daddy, Mother’s right. You couldn’t land here.”

“There’s always some place to land, Kathryn,” replied her father, as he patted her hand resting on the back of his seat.

“But there isn’t time,” continued Blanche. “Why, you can’t see the ground at all. “If you tried to come down here you’d probably fly into the side of those mountains buried in the fog.”

“Here, you two, let’s not worry now. We have several hundred miles to fly before we can even think about a place to land. And when that time comes, we’ll probably have passed entirely out of this fog area. Come on now, Blanche, smile and be happy,” said the Colonel, using all his persuasive power.

“All right, Mr. Pilot, you’re the boss. I’m smiling,” replied his wife as she showed her pretty teeth in a somewhat forced smile.

“There, that’s better!” said her husband.

To keep the family busy, the Colonel planned to give them each something to occupy their minds.

First he handed the radio earphones to Kathryn, telling her to tune in for weather reports around Seattle and the Northwest. She had often done this before, and was proud to help him in his work.

“When you hear them leading up to the weather in this area, Kathryn, give the phones back to me.

To his wife he gave the task of estimating where they were, figuring the time, air speed, direction, starting point, wind, and drift.

To Janet Lee came the task of combing and brushing the lion cub. This made her happy and Governor too. He was always pleased to leave his cage and sit beside his young mistress while she carefully groomed him.

But the wind drift was much stronger than the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson estimated and all this time the plane was being driven farther and farther off its course to the north, unbeknown to the pilot.

A dense cloud loomed ahead and in a few minutes the plane was hurtled about as the strong wind currents and heavy rain simultaneously struck it. The rain was brief and the plane soon came out into the open again. But below there still remained the dreaded fog.

“Maybe the rain will clear it away,” said Blanche

to her husband, momentarily looking up from her work.

“I don’t think so,” he replied, “the rain only covers a small area. Look, you can see the blue sky everywhere in all directions.”

At this moment Kathryn shouted:

“Oh, Daddy, Daddy, the radio stopped.”

The Colonel took the ear phones from his daughter and tried to tune in on the various stations, but without success. Occasionally faint murmuring voices could be heard, but that was all.

“Did you do anything to the set, Kathryn?” he asked, as he checked over the tubes, batteries and wiring.

“No, Daddy, I only touched the dials and ear phones.”

Janet Lee, standing in the aisle between the seats, was intently gazing out of the window at the passing scene. Suddenly a dangling wire caught in the wing strut attracted her attention.

“Look Daddy, there’s a wire hanging down,” she said.

Turning in his seat, the Colonel saw the loose wire and knew immediately the aerial had snapped off at the point where it led into the receiver. Their brief

encounter with the rain and cloud only a few minutes ago had probably been the cause of the damage.

From one glance he knew it would be impossible either to climb out on the strut and recover the wire, or reach the other end attached to the vertical fin.

“What can you do, George?” asked his wife.

“Nothing, Blanche. It just looks as though we will be without radio until we get down,” replied the Colonel. Turning to Kathryn, he continued:

“Kathryn, did you get my weather report at all?”

“No, Daddy, that is, not around Seattle. I caught part of the Salt Lake City report though.”

“That’s a little too far south to do any good, Kathryn,” said her mother.

“You’re right, the Salt Lake report wouldn’t help much, so we’ll have to forget the radio until we get to Spokane.”

On and on flew the plane always westward. But the Colonel didn’t know that the strong wind from the south was carrying them farther and farther north. Of course, he was allowing for some wind drift, but above the clouds with no check point, such as a mountain, river or anything stationary from which he could sight and estimate their drift, accuracy was impossible.

Near the end of the fourth hour, the Colonel began to really worry, knowing he had a four-hour gas capacity, and there could only be a few more minutes of fuel left in the tank.

Frantically he began searching for a hole in the fog, a rift in the mass of rolling vapor, anything from which he could judge the terrain over which they were flying. For hours now they had seen nothing but clouds and fog.

Realizing it would be safer to come down through the muck while fuel still remained in the tank, he pulled the throttle all the way out, allowing the motor to idle, then slowly glided downward in a wide circle.

At eleven thousand feet he straightened the plane and entered the thick fog.

“Oh, boy, I hope we don’t hit a mountain,” said Kathryn, as the plane plunged into the white mist.

“Maybe we’ll find a gold mine, if we do hit,” retorted Janet Lee.

The Colonel spoke lightly to the children, while he attentively watched the instrument panel with its many varied instruments.

“Janet Lee and Kathryn, we’re going to play a game.”

“What kind of a game?” cried Janet Lee.

“We’ll call it Finders-Winners.”

“Can Mother play too?” asked Kathryn.

“Surely, Mother and I, we’re all going to play, Kathryn,” continued her father, still keeping his eyes on the instrument panel and flying the plane at near stall speed.

“How, Daddy? How?” impatiently asked Janet Lee.

“Now, Kathryn, you look out of the window on the right side with Mother, and Janet Lee, you look out here with me on the left side. Keep looking for a hole in the fog, mountains, trees, ground, anything at all. The first one to spy anything at all on the ground wins a prize!”

“What’s the prize going to be, Daddy?” questioned Kathryn, as her sister asked the same question in parrot-like fashion.

“Anything you want, costing up to \$10.00, when we get down,” answered the Colonel hurriedly, “and Blanche, you keep your eyes ahead too, on your side. I’ll watch my side,” he continued, as all four busied themselves, staring out into the dense fog.

Diving the plane a little, to gather speed, then pulling it up to lose speed, Colonel Hutchinson gradually

and carefully lost altitude, slowly bringing the monoplane nearer to the earth in step-like fashion.

Slowly, slowly they descended, gliding, stalling, diving just a little, keeping the air speed around 60 M.P.H., gunning the motor occasionally to keep it from choking or clogging—9,000—8,000—7,000—down, down, down.

“Do you see anything yet?” asked the Colonel, addressing everyone in general.

“Not I, Daddy,” answered Kathryn.

“Just old white fog,” said Janet Lee.

“Nothing,” said Blanche despairingly.

“Keep your eyes wide open. Remember a ten-dollar prize to the winner.” The Colonel tried to speak gaily, feeling anything but gay in his heart.

Six thousand feet, five thousand feet, four thousand feet, and still no earthly object came into view.

During these fleeting minutes, Hutchinson thought how fortunate they were in not having flown straight into the side of a mountain already, or having had to pull up in some difficult maneuver to avoid hitting a great wall of rock, looming up suddenly before them out of the fog. He prayed silently that his gas would hold out until his loved ones reached the ground safely.



He gunned the motor several times to keep it hot and ready to answer with all its horsepower when the emergency came. The ball in the center of the bank and turn indicator, the arrow just below level on the rate of climb, R.P.M. at 200 on the tachometer dial, each told its story to the anxious pilot.

The rudder bar straight, wings level, nose slightly down, stabilizer set to balance, all these details kept eyes, ears, feet, and hands automatically occupied, the while his mind kept saying, "You've got to get down, you've got to get down."

Four thousand, three thousand, two thousand feet. "Please don't let the fog be on the ground." Inwardly the Colonel was talking to himself. One thousand feet—seven hundred feet.

"Trees, Daddy! Trees!" shouted Janet Lee, just as the arrow in the altimeter reached 500 feet.

"A hole in the fog, Daddy, on my side," shouted Kathryn almost immediately.

In that tense moment the Colonel banked to the right with all the speed and power of the motor under full throttle. Catching a glimpse of the rift, he dived down the avenue of thinning white mist.

"Back in your seats, everyone! Buckle your safety belts!" he shouted quickly.

Barely 200 feet off the ground, he caught sight of a small open space, surrounded by heavy forest.

Pulling back on the throttle, he put the plane into a steep sideslip with the left wing straight down, and skimming the tops of the trees as he cleared the last one, leveled off about five feet above the ground, then dropped the tail into the snow-covered ground.

But the family luck gave out. The plane sank in the snow, hurtled heavily over and badly wrecked, lay on its back, with what remained of the undercarriage pointing skyward.

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## Chapter XX

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### COMPLICATIONS

Fortunately the safety belts held, so all four members of the Flying Family were suspended head downward from what was now the ceiling of the cabin. The lion cub was flung out of his cage and sat dazed on what was now the floor.

Grips, books, pencils, paper, and other articles lay scattered all about the interior. Oil from the tank was seeping through the fire-wall into the cabin.

Colonel Hutchinson quickly released himself, helped his wife to her feet, and together they unbuckled the belts holding Janet Lee and Kathryn.

Rolling down, or rather rolling up the side win-

dows, the Colonel helped Janet Lee, Kathryn, then Blanche through the window out onto the wing, lying top downward in the snow, while he and the lion followed.

No one had cried, screamed, fainted or shown any outward signs of fear, but needless to say this, their first bad accident in years of flying was quite a shock.

Sitting together on the leading edge of the wing the family tried to collect their senses, as each made inquiry as to the other's hurts and discomforts.

Daddy had a bruised right eye, having bumped it on the control wheel. His right knee was also slightly cut, the injury showing through his torn trousers. Otherwise, he was all right.

Mrs. Hutchinson and the children seemed to be uninjured, with the exception of sore muscles and probably a bruise or two. The cub limped on his left forepaw.

The soft snow had probably prevented the accident from being a more serious one. The plane, of course, was badly damaged. The motor had been torn from its mounting; the undercarriage completely severed on one side, and badly bent on the other; both wings were warped and twisted. The cabin and fuselage, together with the tail assembly, were not

damaged, but the motor cowling and the propeller were badly bent.

Everyone was thankful that they were uninjured, but it looked like the end of the tour with the plane so badly wrecked.

The lion became very affectionate to Janet Lee, licking her face and hands with his rough tongue, and despite their terrible experience, this scene between Janet Lee and her big pussy playmate brought smiles to the family.

The Colonel had no way of telling where he was. The fog still hung low everywhere as far as the eye could see. Walking a half mile or so, in this direction and that, he could find no sign of habitation. He did, however, learn enough to be thankful that they were all alive. Only a miracle had brought them down safely in this small field.

Three hours passed, and no sign of a human being. Some birds twittered and once in a while the howl of a wolf could be heard, but otherwise there was no evidence of life around them.

Giant trees surrounded the small field in which they had landed, seeming to rise upward as though growing from the base of a mountain range, or foothills.

With only a few occasional words, each member of the family helped gather their belongings, piling them neatly on the wing.

The Colonel straightened the cabin and removed the motor from its damaged mount, after first removing the newly repaired propeller.

Mrs. Hutchinson and the children handed him various tools, held square nuts and T wrenches as he worked dismounting the damaged plane. They did anything to keep warm.

Taking care to mark their footsteps well in the deep snow, the children and their mother went in search of firewood with the cub tagging and limping after them. The damp cold was penetrating. Walking in the deep snow helped circulate the blood and warm the body.

The three of them were able to find only one small armful of wood in this snow-covered woodland, and with this they retraced their tracks to the plane.

With newspapers and the wood Colonel Hutchinson started to build a fire, but thought it better to drain some gasoline to give the firewood a good start.

On draining every drop of gasoline from the tanks, the Colonel learned the stark truth. There was exactly one quart left. Another minute of flying.

With the gasoline he soon had a bright fire burning and the family were thankful to warm themselves.

Dusk was nearly upon them when a noise from the clearing echoed up the canyon and startled them.

“Whoa there. Whoa there,” could be plainly heard in a man’s deep voice, shouting somewhere in the distance.

Colonel Hutchinson ran, jumping and staggering through the deep snow in the direction from which the sound came. As he neared the edge of the clearing, he saw a work horse drawing several logs roped onto sleds or runners, just emerging from the woods. A very tall man followed, holding whip and reins.

The Colonel introduced himself and explained his position, and the woodsman, giving his name as Redmile, offered to help.

So the Hutchinson children with their mascot and the family personal luggage were loaded on the log sleigh and driven into Kitchener, British Columbia, while Mr. Redmile, the Colonel and his wife walked beside the sleigh.

During the five-mile trek toward Kitchener, Mr. Redmile told about the town with its population of exactly fifty people, its hotel, general store, and post office, the nearby logging camps, his M.Y. Ranch and

his thirteen new-born pigs. He promised the children he would show the litter to them whenever the Colonel would let them visit his ranch.

Piecing the day's happenings together, Colonel Hutchinson realized that his misjudgment of the velocity of the strong south wind at high altitude had been his undoing. The wind and fog, together with the broken aerial, combined to defeat the family's purpose and bring about this first major accident. But here they were, 60 miles north of their course, and five miles over the Canadian border in Kitchener, British Columbia. All he could do was to make the best of a complicated situation.

At the door of the only hotel in Kitchener the strange combination of lion, woodsman, and flyers were welcomed by the proprietor, Mr. Johnsen, Canadian by choice and Swedish by birth.

Soon the whole village knew of the plane-wrecked family and the presence of the lion cub. Over the wires of the only telephone the proprietor of the general store sent the story of the misfortune to the Nelson newspapers, where it was flashed around the nation.

The evening was a busy one for the family. First a doctor looked them over to make sure the accident



would have no physical after-effects. With the exception of bruises, everyone was in perfect health.

Secondly, the Canadian Customs had to be satisfied, with affidavits and inspection. Third, the insurance agent, representing Lloyds of London, who wrote the insurance on the plane, had to be notified. Fourth, Mr. Canter had to be notified, as well as family relatives, who would undoubtedly be worried upon reading the news in the papers. Fifth, plans had to be made to complete the dismantling of the plane and the shipping of it to some airport for repairs.

All these things were completed before the Colonel retired for a much needed night's rest.

As he kissed the children good-night in their bed, Janet Lee whispered: "Daddy, I don't mean to worry you, because you've had so much trouble today, but—but don't forget I won the ten-dollar prize!"

And the Colonel chuckled to himself as he turned out the lights and returned to his room, looking forward to sound and welcome sleep. But no such luck was in store.

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## Chapter XXI

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### THE LION WANDERS IN THE NIGHT

In the center of the crude hotel lobby there stood a wood stove. Scattered about the room with its uncarpeted floors were a number of odd shaped rockers and straight chairs. In the rear there was a counter where the register lay ready to be signed. Behind this counter Mr. Johnsen could usually be found. On the left of the rather high-ceilinged room, a plain stairway led up to the second floor. Here was a hall with three bedrooms on each side.

The large kitchen range and the wood stove provided the only heat in the building, except for oil stoves, to be used in cases of emergency.

Because the lion disliked sleeping where it was cold, the Colonel left him tied to a chair beside the stove in the lobby. The family had retired to their two adjoining rooms on the left side of the hall on the second floor.

One by one the village people who had crowded the lobby left for their homes and soon the lights were out, with only the heat from the red-hot stove casting its glow on the sleeping lion cub.

Nearly midnight someone fumbled with a key in the hotel door, struggled and fumbled some more, then finally opened the door. An elderly man, staggering under a mild load of spirits, made his way up the wooden stairway in corkscrew fashion.

Hours passed and the fire grew dim and gradually died out. The room became cold. Cold air found its way under the ventilated bedroom doors, and down the stairs, blowing gently on the sleeping lion. He stirred restlessly and awoke.

Pulling, tussling, tearing and biting the leather leash, Governor finally severed his leash and immediately headed step by step up the stairs. He went first to the door leading into the children's room, but it was closed. He pushed it with his big paw, but it wouldn't open. He tried the Colonel's room,

and that too was closed. So he lay down by the door.

But the wind blew under the door sill from the open bedroom window; he couldn't stand the cold draft. He rose on his four big paws and slowly crossed the hall, passing from one door to the other. The last door at the end of the hall was open wide. He paused on the threshold a moment and then entered, his soft paws making no sound.

There were no rugs or carpets covering the rough wooden floor, but the bed looked inviting. Hadn't he slept in a bed many times before? Surely he had, with the Colonel and the children, too!

So he sprang softly upon the bed. Some one was in it sound asleep. He sniffed and sniffed, but could catch no familiar scent. A stranger's bed, but everyone liked to pet him, so surely they wouldn't mind if he curled up next to them, just to keep warm.

And there he settled down, fast asleep beside the man who had staggered up the stairs about midnight.

Governor was dreaming about lion heaven when his bed partner tossed and tossed, turned over and opened his eyes.

The movement roused the cub lion, and he opened his big eyes too, just to see how his strange bed-

fellow would like him. Everyone else liked him, didn't they?

But this man was different. In the darkness the lion's eyes shone as big as half dollars. He opened his big generous mouth wide, showed his teeth and let out a very friendly roar. This would surely win the stranger over. Didn't everyone always laugh when he did it?

But the elderly man froze in his tracks. His eyes blinked, he let out a yell, jumped out of bed, ran out of the room into the hall and down the stairs, hollering at the top of his voice. "Help! Help! Murder! Help! Help!"

Much upset, Governor thought he would soothe the old man, who was running about in the cold halls clad only in his flannel night gown. But the cub changed his mind at the head of the stairs and just sat there, while the elderly man peeked through the door as he stood with his bare feet in the snow.

Of course, all the commotion awakened everyone else in the house, and peace and quiet only reigned again when little Janet Lee took the cub with all his hurt feelings under the covers with her, in consolation.

THE PLANE RIDES THE TRAIN

At eight the next morning Colonel Hutchinson joined Mr. Redmile and four men the rancher had hired to help remove the plane to the railroad siding.

In a crude box sleigh, drawn by two horses, the men drove to the small field where the wrecked plane had been left.

The fog had disappeared during the night and the day was brightened by the winter sun. As the team slowly made its way along narrow winding roads and across frozen streams, Colonel Hutchinson had the opportunity to study his surroundings.

High mountains formed a natural wall to the nar-

row valley. A single track railroad followed the valley from east to west. Giant trees decorated the snow-covered mountains. He knew now, more than ever before as he looked about him, how lucky they were in landing on the only possible field within many miles.

Redmile, a fine specimen of outdoor manhood, soon had his crew dismantling the plane under Colonel Hutchinson's supervision. First one wing, then the other were detached from the fuselage. The flippers, rudder, vertical fin and stabilizer each followed in order.

The fuselage, after it was stripped, was carefully rolled over onto the box sled. Then the wings, motor, and other parts were packed and roped on the sled.

It was a long, hard job and great care was taken not to damage the plane further. The men took turns getting warmed up by the fire they had built a few yards from where they were working.

At last the load was completed and the six men followed the sled on foot toward the station.

Back in the hotel Mrs. Hutchinson remained in bed, nursing several bruises and some very sore muscles. The children were taking turns sliding down

the snow-covered hills in a large dish pan they had borrowed from the cook. The lion ran up and down the hill after them while the few village youngsters looked on in amazement.

By the time the strange contraption hauling the airplane reached the Kitchener railroad siding, the freight car the Colonel had ordered arrived. The engine had already left after switching the car to the siding.

The job of unloading the plane from the sleigh to the freight car was a difficult one. Great care had to be taken not to tear the fabric-covered wings and fuselage. The separate parts had to be packed so that they would not rub against one another or be jostled about while the train was in motion. The motor was wrapped in many pieces of old cloth. Nothing was left behind. Every single part, bent or broken, was loaded onto the car.

It was dusk when the job was over, and all the men were really tired from an unusual and hard day's work. The Colonel paid Mr. Redmile for his services and he in turn paid off the men he had hired.

Returning to the hotel, Colonel Hutchinson secured some hot water from the kitchen and went upstairs to wash and shave. He hadn't washed all day.



Somehow early that morning he couldn't muster up enough courage to wash in the icy water that filled the pitcher in his cold, cold bedroom. Now he felt very conscious of his heavy beard and dirty face and was anxious to freshen up a bit.

The day spent outdoors, in work for the Colonel and play for the children gave all three of them good appetites. That night at dinner the Hutchinson family certainly ate more than their share of food. Mrs. Hutchinson came down for dinner too. The day's rest in bed had done her worlds of good.

At the dinner table Janet Lee and Kathryn told about seeing a big cave up in the mountains where two big bears lived and how the bears were hibernating for the winter. The Kitchener children had told them all about the cave and the bears. Janet Lee had tried to make Governor go into the cave by himself, but he wouldn't go.

Meals were served around a long table where all the hotel guests sat together. Tonight, including Mr. Johnsen, the proprietor, fourteen people sat down to supper. Naturally, most of the conversation was directed to or about the family and all the hotel guests listened attentively as each member of the Flying Family answered questions and told of their

numerous air adventures thus far on their flight.

After dinner everyone assembled around the stove in the lobby where the talk on flying continued. Most of the local people came in during the evening to see the lion and to hear the news.

Mr. Bundy, the Canadian Pacific Railroad representative, brought the bill of lading and arranged the necessary details with Colonel Hutchinson for shipping the plane to Spokane. The proprietor of the general store brought a telegraph message concerning insurance on the plane, along with other messages from the family's many friends in the East. Mr. Redmile brought the Nelson paper, the whole story in bold print across the entire front page.

The lion also had his dinner, gave himself a bath cat fashion, and went to sleep beside the hote stove, while the others talked.

There would be no passenger train stopping at Kitchener before noon the following day, so the family retired early for a long night's rest. This time Governor slept at the foot of the Colonel's bed.

About midnight the Colonel was awakened by a banging and shifting of freight cars, and realized that the car carrying the plane was on its way.

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## Chapter XXIII

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### A LONG DELAY

Before train time the next morning Mr. Redmile called in his sleigh and drove the family out to his rustic ranch, a number of single-story log cabins, furnished in crude fashion.

Anxious to show Janet Lee and Kathryn the thirteen three-day-old pigs, he was shocked to see the old sow had killed four of them in the short time he had been away. Because of the intense cold, Mr. Redmile had taken the baby pigs inside the cabin to keep them warm by the stove during the night. The old sow in her animal reasoning would destroy her young rather than have them taken away. So Mr.

Redmile had to keep the remaining nine in the ranch house with him until they grew large enough for safety.

The children fell in love with Rex, the big black police dog. And a wonderfully trained dog he was, too—as gentle as a lamb, but a vicious protector at a single word from his master. He played gently with a Maltese kitten, rolling on his back while the kitten ran up and down his body.

The thought of a mother pig killing her own pigs had somewhat upset Janet Lee and Kathryn, but Rex and the kitten soon turned their thoughts on pleasanter things, so much so that they hated to leave when the time came to return to the hotel.

Shortly after noon the family boarded the local train for Yak, British Columbia. The conductor knew all about the family and the accident. He extended them every courtesy and introduced Mr. Ironsides, the railroad superintendent, and a number of the other passengers to the family.

The short run to Yak was soon made and here the family changed trains for Spokane, Washington. Nearly the entire population of 500 lined the station platform to see the Flying Family and Governor.

At Eastport, passengers and baggage had to pass

the Customs inspection and again the lion became the center of attraction, with the inspectors carefully avoiding personal contact with him.

The six-hour run to Spokane was without incident, and the scenery along the high Canadian Rockies won the admiration of the family. Today they could really enjoy its beauty. At one time or another everyone on the train was introduced to each member of the Hutchinson family and the family adventures had to be told over and over again.

In Spokane they registered at the beautiful but homelike Davenport Hotel, with its canaries, fountain, and lovely flowers lending enchantment to the spacious lobby. Here they faced a long delay.

The damaged plane arrived next day and was transported by truck to the airport, where the Mamer Air Transport Company would complete the necessary repairs.

But days passed into weeks, and more weeks. New wings had to be ordered, the propeller again had to be returned to the factory in Pittsburgh. The insurance inspector had to approve all vouchers for material and labor. There were delays in the shipping of parts. Wire after wire relative to finances, tracers, and numerous other details was sent across the con-

continent. All this time the family waited, the Colonel fretted, and the lion grew larger.

The family accepted many invitations to tell of their experiences before service clubs, civic organizations and the schools of Spokane. These activities brought them many new friends.

Because of their long stay in the hotel, a kennel was built for the cub upon the roof. If the Colonel had charged a quarter for each person who called to see the lion, the proceeds would have more than covered the cost of repairing the plane. Governor became a mascot for the whole city of Spokane.

Sometimes the Colonel or the children would take him out walking and it was most amusing to see the cub in his clumsy manner trailing behind. In the lobby he would always head straight for the fountain with its water lilies and goldfish, there to wait patiently beside the large, round, concrete basin, until some bold fish would show itself at the top of the water. Then, with all the cunning of a young cub, he would awkwardly slap the surface of the water with his big wobbly paw and stare in amazement at the result—usually a wet lion, water all over the granite floor and scattered goldfish. But the cub would always come back for more. Whenever he

was not on a leash, he would head for the center of the lobby and the attractive fountain.

Once he jumped up on the lap of a woman who was engrossed with the day's newspaper. He gave her such a start that she was for several minutes absolutely speechless, while Governor proceeded to lick her face with his rough tongue.

Then, he could do tricks too; sit up, roll over, carry the newspaper, box and wrestle with the children; fetch and carry a ball and play hide-and-seek. With a lion cub all these antics are very funny, and people would watch him play for hours at a time.

He disliked camera men who put black hoods over their heads when taking pictures. More than once he had jumped up or down from a posed position, to chase a bewildered photographer all over the place. Once he caught a camera man who was only half-afraid, and returned to the Colonel with a piece of the man's trouser leg in his mouth, which experience cost the Colonel a new pair of trousers.

Guy Toombes, the genial hotel manager, made the family perfectly comfortable, because of his occasional gifts of flowers, fruit and candy. He was one hotel man whom the children will always remember kindly. An atmosphere of complete satisfaction al-

ways seems to prevail about the friendly Hotel Dav-enport.

The fourth week rolled around, with its daily round of breakfast, plane inspection with the insurance inspector, ordering more parts, lessons for the children, lunch, feeding the lion, a short walk, keeping a diary, reading, supper, occasional bridge or a movie, and bed.

Once the lion nearly broke up a basketball game between Gonzaga freshmen and the local high school. A cougar is the recognized mascot of the Gonzaga College, so the boys borrowed Governor as a mascot for the night's game. Everything went along smoothly until the ball accidentally hit the cub. Then he grabbed the ball by the lacing and a merry chase was on.

The players of both teams and most of the spectators began to scramble wildly after cub and ball. Several times during the chase the lion would stop, put his paw on the ball, let out a young roar and show his teeth with mouth wide open "a la Tarzan." When he did this, everyone chasing him would stop too, hesitating until the bolder ones could muster up enough courage to approach.

Just as they were about to pounce on him, away



he would go, leaving the boys sprawling on the very spot where he had just been sitting. Under chairs, over chairs, along the side lines, across the court, everyone shouting, yelling, and laughing. Finally the cub was cornered, he made a snarling face, and squatted as if to spring on anyone approaching him. So terrifying was his expression that everyone stopped dead and a hush fell over the crowd.

One member of the team, more courageous than the rest, slowly, carefully approached the snarling lion. Everyone was tense, the lion prepared to spring. Someone shouted, "Get a rope," another, "Get a gun," but the young man crouching, moved forward. A foot from the cub he stooped to pick up the ball and grab the lion's collar, but at that very instant Governor made a quick turn about and the youngster fell flat on his face. The cub immediately jumped on the young man's back and started to lick the back of the boy's ears with his long rough tongue.

At this unexpected turn of events, loud laughter rang out over the Gymnasium hall. Of course, the game was continued and while the boys played, the spectators dubbed the lion's would-be rescuer Mr. Lion Tamer.

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## Chapter XXIV

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### MORE TROUBLE

During the fifth week of the family's forced stay in Spokane, the plane was completed. With new wings, cowling, undercarriage, and other minor parts, the Flying Home looked brand new again.

On a cloudy March afternoon the Hutchinson family made ready to leave, and all their many friends in the city gathered at the airport to see them off.

Once in the air the plane headed due west toward Olympia, the capital of Washington. But the jinx still pursued them. Half-way there, while crossing the Columbia River, the motor quit dead. Because of low clouds, the Colonel had been flying very

low and in this sudden emergency he had to think fast. Spotting an island in the middle of the river, he maneuvered for a landing, and brought the plane down safely without damage.

The island was uninhabited. Small trees grew at one end. The rest of the egg-shaped strip of land was covered with weeds and long grass. It was approximately 1500 feet long and about five hundred feet wide. The swift waters of the Columbia River bound in by high banks, flowed past the island on each side as it rushed onward toward the Pacific Ocean many miles distant.

For hours the Colonel checked the motor, but could not find the cause for the forced landing. While he worked, Mrs. Hutchinson and the children walked about the island exploring and considering the possibilities of reaching the mainland. The cub tagged along behind them.

Colonel Hutchinson disliked sending out a call for assistance over the radio, particularly when he felt that he could right the trouble himself. After checking the carburetor, the magnetos and plugs, he finally succeeded in getting the motor to run, but only for a few minutes, then it stopped again.

It was nearly dark, the Colonel was tired, dirty

and discouraged, when the family returned to the plane. Mrs. Hutchinson spoke to her husband.

“Well, George, if you don’t get the motor going, I don’t believe there is any way to leave this island, unless we swim.”

“What, no boats, or rafts, or logs or anything?” he asked.

“Nothing at all, Daddy,” broke in Kathryn, as her father dropped his grease-smearred hands to his side with a deep sigh.

“And the water runs awfully swift too, Daddy,” said Janet Lee. “Too swift for swimming, I bet,” she added.

“I judge it’s a good five hundred feet on each side to the opposite river bank,” continued Blanche, trying to present their position impartially.

“Well, if what you say is true, it looks as though we’ll just have to spend the night in the plane. I can’t get this motor running right, and even if I could now, I wouldn’t want to risk a take-off from here in the darkness,” explained the Colonel to his family. All four of them stood gazing at the motor with the cowling removed.

Long after dark the Colonel worked on the motor, while each member of the family took turns, holding

the several flashlights, passing various wrenches, or otherwise aiding the older member of the family in his work.

Chocolate bars, oranges, and a few apples made their evening meal. In a thermos, always carried in the plane, there were two quarts of cold water. This, of course, would last until morning.

About ten o'clock that night the Colonel decided to give up until daylight, when his mind would be fresher and he could more easily see the results of his labor.

With the back seat cushions, coats, and sweaters the family turned the plane into sleeping quarters. Janet Lee with her mother occupied the back seat, Kathryn spread out on the seat cushions which were laid on the floor between the front and rear seats, while the Colonel cramped himself in L-shaped fashion across the two front pilot seats.

The clouds moved eastward, stars appeared and by midnight a bright moon lighted up the earth below as the family slept for the first time in the plane.

Fortunately, for once the Colonel had not wired or radioed ahead of the family's coming, so there was no need to report, through the plane's radio, his present predicament.

The night passed while Mrs. Hutchinson and the children slept peacefully. The Colonel's sleep, however, was troubled, and often he looked at the radium dial of his wrist watch to check the time.

Dawn came eventually, and the Colonel climbed through the front window, dropping quietly to the ground so that he would not awaken the others.

With a safety pin he fashioned a fish hook and attached it securely to a ball of heavy twine, taken from the plane's emergency supplies. He then walked across the island to the river edge, where he removed his clothing from the upper part of his body and washed his face, chest, and arms vigorously, using the small bar of sand soap he had placed in the pocket of his flying trousers. After drying thoroughly he felt much better, and dressed quickly.

From a small bush he cut off a branch about seven feet long, and to this he attached the line and safety pin hook. Using a half dollar as weight, or sinker, and pieces of string cut into one-inch lengths as fly bait, he cast the emergency fishing tackle into the swift running stream.

Dragging the line slowly upstream, then letting it drift downstream, then up, then down again, his patience was finally rewarded with a bite.

Quickly he jerked on the line and pulled it toward him. The object on the other end struggled vigorously, but to no avail. The Colonel had caught his first fish in the Columbia River. In about an hour he added five more to his catch and with his prize he retraced his steps toward the plane.

On the way, he gathered bits of driftwood, leaves, twigs, and dried roots. About twenty feet from the plane he dug a hole a foot or so in diameter, and filled it with newspapers taken from the baggage compartment of the plane. Upon this he piled the debris he had gathered.

Returning to the water's edge he gathered a number of large, flat rocks and stones, together with another armful of firewood. Back at the fire pit, he walled it with rock and laid the flat stones around the edge. He then made a grate by crossing and recrossing many strands of steel wire over the fire pit in checkerboard fashion, attaching the ends by twisting the wire around four small key stakes.

With his pocket knife he then proceeded to clean and scrape the fish. At the south end of the island, under a cluster of trees he found a pool of clear water, evidently fed from springs, with its overflow following a shallow ravine to its end, where it emp-

tied into the Columbia River. Here he filled the thermos with fresh water, washed the cleaned fish more thoroughly and then returned to the fire pit.

Now he was all ready to take up the new duty of Chief Cook. But before he got that far, who should sneak up behind him but Kathryn, planning to startle her father as she put her small hands about his eyes while he stooped over the fire pit.

"Guess who?" she said in a fairly well disguised voice. The voice was her undoing.

"My, you scared me there for a moment, Kathryn!" he exclaimed. "I was so interested in preparing a surprise breakfast for you all, that I didn't hear you moving at all."

By this time the older daughter saw the fire pit, the fish, the tackle, and the improvised grate. In amazement she cried:

"For Heaven's sake, Daddy, did you go fishing this morning and do all this while we've been asleep?"

"Certainly have, Kathryn," replied her father, as he put a match to the fire.

"Gee, Daddy, let me do the cooking. Will you, please, Daddy, please?" asked Kathryn, pleading and all excited at the idea of outdoor camping and cooking.



“Do you think you can, Sister, without burning the fish?”

“Sure I can, Daddy, and it’ll be fun surprising Janet Lee and Mother. They’re not awake yet.”

The fire was soon blazing hot and Kathryn, under her father’s instructions and watchful eye, acted the part of cook.

It was a pleasant surprise for Mrs. Hutchinson when Kathryn opened the door of the plane and called:

“Breakfast is served, Madame! First call for breakfast, first call,” in train fashion. As Janet Lee and her mother sleepily climbed out of the plane, still clad in their flying togs, the aroma of broiling fish reached their nostrils. It smelled good too, and really appetizing.

Kathryn hurried back the few feet to the fire, her mother and sister at her heels. The Colonel greeted them with:

“Your chopsticks, Madame and Mademoiselles,” he said as he handed Blanche, Janet Lee, and Kathryn each two sticks. One was a straight twig about ten inches long, shaved of bark and sharpened at one end. The other was a slingshot pronged twig with the two prongs also sharpened to a point.

“Oh, I just love fresh fish for breakfast,” said Blanche to her husband. She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, took the so-called chopsticks he handed her and proceeded to spear one of the six appetizing fish from the grate.

Troubles were forgotten as they giggled and ate their breakfast outdoors on this tiny island in the Columbia River. It was a delicious breakfast too, the boneless white meat seemed to melt in their mouths and everyone was sorry that Daddy hadn't caught more. “At least two more, Daddy, then we each could have had two instead of one and a half,” said Janet Lee, who had been completely amazed at all the things her father had done that morning. “And, Daddy,” she continued, “the next time you go fishing you've got to take me. Promise now, promise!” she demanded of her father as she held her somewhat greasy little fingers away from her clothes.

“All right, Janet Lee, I'll promise — if you're awake.”

“You wake me up at any time, because I'd love to go fishing with you, Daddy,” she replied seriously.

The sun rose higher and its early morning rays lighted up the tiny island. Mrs. Hutchinson went to wash at the river's edge, and found, like the Colonel,

that the cold water was most refreshing. The entire family had slept in their clothes all night, so Mrs. Hutchinson put out a complete change for herself and the children, following their bath in the river.

While the girls and their mother cleaned up, the Colonel went to work vigorously on the stubborn motor. His untiring efforts were rewarded by finding a small amount of steel shavings wedged in the gas line leading from the left wing tank. This obstruction had blocked the free flow of gasoline from the left tank into the carburetor. The right tank drained empty and the block in the line from the left tank had caused the forced landing. The gas gauge still pointed to half full. The swishing of the gasoline in the left tank while maneuvering wildly for a landing evidently loosened the barrier partially. In this way the lines filled and the Colonel was able to start the motor. But when the steel shavings reached the opening from the tank into the gas line again, the motor sputtered and died once more. It was fortunate that it did so while the plane was still on the ground, because safe forced landings in succession are somewhat of a gamble. The shavings would certainly have blocked the gas flow again.

By draining the gas from the left tank into a five-

gallon emergency can, carried in the baggage compartment, the Colonel was able to transfer the gasoline supply into the right wing tank. After patient fishing in the emptied tank with screw driver and a hooked wire, he withdrew the steel shavings that had been carelessly dropped in some time during the repair work, and was the cause of all the trouble.

Once the dirty work was over, he followed the example set by the other members of his family and changed into fresh clothing, after another river bath.

Real skill was required in getting the family chariot safely in the air from the small island, with its high weeds and rough ground. But the pilot rose to the emergency and they were soon winging their way to Olympia, the capital of Washington.

With as little loss of time as possible the signatures of Governors Roland H. Hartley of Washington, Julius L. Meier of Oregon; F. B. Balzar of Nevada, and James Rolph of California, numbers 28, 29, 30, and 31 respectively, were added to the Scroll in the next two days.

Stops were made in Olympia, the capital of Washington; Salem, the capital of Oregon; Carson City, the capital of Nevada, and Sacramento, the capital of California.

The Colonei was trying to make up for lost time. Each day meant flying, eating, sleeping, and presenting the Scroll to as many state governors as possible without taking unnecessary risks.

The children as usual resumed their daily lessons in their flying classroom. Exercise and song were not forgotten.

From books and observation Janet Lee and Kathryn learned that Washington ranks thirtieth among the states in population. It is bordered by the Pacific Ocean, British Columbia, Idaho and Oregon in clockwise rotation. Its area of nearly 67,000 square miles makes it rank nineteenth in size. It has a population of 1,633,000. The Cascade Mountains divide the State into sections—eastern and western. Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, and Everett are the principal cities in the western section. Puget Sound, with nearly 1600 miles of shore line, is a distinguished feature of the western section. There is extensive shipping to Asia, Alaska, and eastward via the Panama Canal, from the state's many ports and harbors. Lumber is the principal industry and it leads all states in cut timber. There are also coal mines and great fisheries. Salmon, halibut, oysters and cod, are the principal fish upon which this great industry depends. Central

and eastern Washington are devoted to farming. Fruit predominates, with wheat, vegetables, and pasture lands in respective importance. Two great dams, Rock Island and the Grand Coulee, help irrigate the dry sections of the state.

Mt. Rainier, the highest mountain, rises 14,408 feet above sea level. Washington ranks first in apple raising; sixth in wheat; also producing potatoes, dry peas, peaches, hay and strawberries. It also raises a number of cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and mules. There are over twenty million acres of forest lands. The state comprises 39 counties, and the Columbia is the largest river.

In flying over Washington the Hutchinsons saw its great forests, orchards, wheat lands, ranches and farms. Its many waterways, ports, and harbors, high mountains, dams, and natural parks formed a clear picture for the children gazing down on the scene below, and they learned how the one and one-half million people earn a livelihood through the thriving industries of this great state.

Flying over Oregon the picture was again different. Here is a state much larger, with its ninety-five thousand odd square miles, ranking ninth in size, but thirty-fourth in population, with slightly over a mil-



*Mrs. Hutchinson with her daughters*





lion people. Like Washington, it too is divided by the Cascade Mountains and lumber is the principal industry. Oregon is second only to Washington, with its nearly twenty-nine million acres of forest land.

Flying over the fertile Willamette Valley, the family saw Oregon's great crop-producing center, a stretch of land extending 150 miles southward and 60 miles in width, bordered by the Cascade Mountains on one side and the Coast Range on the other. East of the Cascade Mountains the country is of table-land formation, with deep canyons and cone-like hills. From the Coast Range westward it is mountainous, hilly, and broken.

Away from the principal cities of Portland, Eugene, Medford, Salem, the capital, and the rich Willamette Valley, Oregon is rugged, rough, and mountainous country, covered with dense forests.

Janet Lee and Kathryn saw the unique Crater Lake, the scenic Columbia Highway, stately Mt. Hood; the Snake and Columbia Rivers, the Owyhee Dam, one of the highest in the world, the State University at Eugene, and the State Agricultural College at Corvallis. Oregon, with its thirty-six counties has a rugged beauty, but its rough terrain was no welcome sight to the pilot of the Flying Family.

For the last two days the weather had been ideal for flying. The children had time to study their lessons without interruption. Nothing exciting happened.

The Colonel did race with a mail plane between Portland and Medford, the family plane coming in ahead when it landed at Medford for gas. This was exciting as long as the planes were flying neck and neck, but when the Colonel opened up with full throttle, the race lost its competitive thrill for Janet Lee and Kathryn.

Nevada, the smallest state in the Union in population, with its ninety-nine thousand people, is a barren country to fly over. Its enormous area makes one realize how thinly populated the state really is. Boundary Peak, the highest mountain, rising 13,145 feet, does not seem very high when the entire state averages 5500 feet above sea level. A mountain rising at sea level to such a great height would be most impressive, but since the ground around the base of Boundary Peak is already over five thousand feet, the thirteen-thousand-foot peak seems small in comparison to lower mountains in other parts of the country.

The yellow Colorado River, a few lakes, and end-

less miles of desert land, tell the picture story of Nevada.

In minerals it ranks thirty-first, gold and copper being the principal ones. There is some farming, and about 377,000 acres of commercial forests.

Elko, Las Vegas, Lovelock, and Reno are the principal cities, Reno with its eighteen thousand people being the largest.

As the children saw the picture of Nevada from the windows of their flying classroom, it brought vividly to their minds, stories of the stage coaches, the pony express, and the gold mining days.

Beautiful weather continued to open the way as the plane cruised over the golden state of California. The Sacramento Valley, the picturesque shore line extending hundreds of miles along the Pacific Coast, rugged mountains, the great San Francisco harbor, the Golden Gate, the prison at Alcatraz, wide valleys, rolling plains, all formed a picture of color and beauty below them.

From Sacramento they headed for Los Angeles and covered the distance in short time. In the movie capital of the world the family made the rounds of the great studios and watched moving pictures in the making. They met many stars; Gary Cooper, Richard

Barthelmess, Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, George Brent, and others.

There was time to swim in the Pacific, ride horseback along the sporting bridle paths, and enjoy the amusements at Venice, Ocean Park, Long Beach, and Balboa.

Janet Lee and Kathryn picked oranges from the trees, and peeled and ate them as the family walked over some of the great fruit ranches. They saw lemons, oranges, lettuce, peas, and cabbage, all growing in early March. Green grass, beautiful flowers and green foliage added to the colorful picture of the Golden State of the West. Snow-capped mountains, swimming, and skiing in the mountains make it possible to combine many forms of sport and pleasure all within the radius of a few miles.

So much to see, so much to do, made the departure from California hard for all four members of the Flying Family. But there was still a job to complete—seventeen more states to reach, and seventeen more signatures to secure.

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## Chapter XXV

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### NAVAL MANEUVERS

Since they were so close to the San Diego Naval Air Base, and the great Pacific Fleet was anchored off the Coast, the Colonel promised to fly to Phoenix, Arizona, the next stop, by way of San Diego.

It was with sincere regret that the family left Los Angeles, their new friends, the city officials, and the Press, who had made their short stay happy, interesting and entertaining.

On another glorious morning of real California weather, the plane rose high in the heavens, passed over the great oil fields at Long Beach with its rows of giant oil shafts reaching skyward, and followed

the Pacific Coast lines toward San Diego. The short distance was covered in less than an hour and the Colonel brought the plane to a graceful landing on North Island, the great government air base.

The airport seemed almost deserted, only one plane was in sight, with two men working on its motor. All doors to the hangars bordering the airport stood wide open while inside the space was empty.

As the Colonel taxied up to the hangar nearest the Administration office, one of the men who had been working on the plane that was standing on the airport, started toward them across the field.

Kathryn, seeing the man approaching, turned to her father and said,

“It looks as if that man dressed in the flying suit is coming over to see us, Daddy.”

And Janet Lee added: “I think he’s carrying a camera with him, Daddy.”

Both Blanche and her husband were now looking in the direction of the approaching man.

“He probably is a reporter, George,” said Blanche.

“No, Blanche, that’s a motion picture camera he’s carrying,” replied her husband as he rose from his seat, opened the cabin door and jumped down to the concrete-covered ground.

Mrs. Hutchinson and the children followed the Colonel out of the plane. Janet Lee, the last to step down, reached her father's side and took hold of his hand as the newcomer approached.

"I am Lieutenant Hamilton," said the stranger, extending his hand to Colonel Hutchinson, in friendly greeting.

"Hutchinson is my name," replied the Colonel, as he shook hands.

"I'm stationed here at the air base," the naval officer continued. "As a matter of urgent necessity, will you fly me in your plane out over the Fleet?"

Before Colonel Hutchinson had time to consider or reply to this rather strange request coming from someone whom he had only that minute met, the lieutenant started to explain rapidly.

"You see, sir, I've been assigned to take movies of today's fleet maneuvers. The plane you see standing over there has suddenly gone haywire and every available plane at the base left the field just before you landed here, to take part in today's combined air and sea maneuvers. I was supposed to follow, but I'm still here. So can you spare your ship and time?"

"Under these conditions, I certainly can, Lieutenant Hamilton," said the Colonel heartily.

"That's fine, Hutchinson," replied the Lieutenant, who, in his anxiety over his job, had overlooked everything else, even the other three members of the Flying Family standing by his side.

"I'll run and get the rest of my equipment," he shouted as he hurried over to the other plane.

"What'll we do, Daddy?" asked Kathryn.

"Can't we go, too?" asked Janet Lee.

"I don't know, children; it depends upon how much room we'll have after he loads his equipment."

In a few minutes Lieutenant Hamilton, with the help of an enlisted man, brought over another camera and a number of cans of rolled film, loading them into the plane as fast as he could.

"All set, Hutchinson?" said the Lieutenant. "Let's go."

"How about my family, Hamilton? Will they be in your way?" asked the Colonel.

"Not in the least. If you don't mind flying them over the water they won't be in my way at all," was his reply.

So the family plane became the official photographic plane for the Pacific Fleet. Once under way, the lieutenant apologized for his rudeness in apparently overlooking the family, in his anxiety to get



matters arranged. When the officer learned who the family were, he realized he was among friends, all working for a common cause.

He explained that the Fleet had left only that morning with the planes following several hours later. He had the direction, position and time, all set down in official typewritten form. With the help of maps he had brought with him, the Lieutenant and the Colonel, working in cooperation, soon picked up the smoke of the fleet on the horizon ahead, as the plane flew out to sea.

Under full throttle the plane flew into camera range as the Lieutenant made both cameras ready for instant use.

During the next hour or more Janet Lee and Kathryn probably saw something no other children in the world have ever seen—a great navy in mimic warfare.

From ten thousand feet they looked down on the giant dreadnaughts, light cruisers, and destroyers, displayed in battle formation. Cannons were belching fire and smoke one after another, the roar of combined shooting, and then the smoke screen laid down by airplanes formed a wall of smoke that hid the entire fleet.

Literally hundreds of planes left the decks of air-

plane carriers, formed into perfect formation and dropped bomb after bomb on obsolete ships that were set in position as targets.

Lieutenant Hamilton was busy with his work, swinging from one side of the plane to another and training his camera in all directions, in all positions, as Colonel Hutchinson maneuvered the plane to keep it in proper camera range and sight. Anywhere from 100 feet to 10,000 feet they flew, up and down, banking, diving, and turning in their interesting and thrilling task.

From this high altitude it was just like watching toy ships move slowly in perfect coordination and formation, but at lower levels the roar of the cannon, planes darting by in all directions, the exploding of bombs on the steel targets below, ships speeding in and out of the heavy smoke screens laid so skillfully by both ships and plane; all this was like seeing real war; it made the passengers shudder to think of present-day warfare on land or sea.

The Lieutenant was just shooting the last of the 6000 feet of film he had brought with him, when the family plane was suddenly surrounded by a formation of nine naval planes.

The children, Mrs. Hutchinson and the Colonel

smiled and waved at the business-like formation surrounding them. But the begoggled men flying these ships of war did not return their smile. Serious expressions were on the faces of the pilots. The Colonel could plainly see the men in the open cockpits as the formation nearly touched his wing tips. Each pilot signaled for the family plane to descend by pointing downward.

With planes beside him, overhead, behind, and below, the Colonel realized that the formation was purposely trying to force him down toward the water. At that moment he was flying about twelve hundred feet.

“What does this mean, Lieutenant?” he asked, much puzzled.

“I don’t understand, Colonel Hutchinson. I can’t get any of them to recognize me and naturally they know your plane is not supposed to be in today’s maneuvers.”

“It looks as if they’ve got orders to bring us down,” said the Colonel.

Mrs. Hutchinson and the children were too excited to talk. All this scene of warfare, and now the formation escort made them feel that they were being drawn into this game of war quite seriously.

The Lieutenant tried in vain to identify himself to the two pilots nearest the family plane, but all he received in return from the officers flying on each side of them were negative shakes of the head.

All this time the plane was being forced down lower and lower.

“Where do they think I’m going to land—on the water?” shouted the Colonel indignantly.

“Oh, nothing like that,” the Lieutenant assured him. “They’ll want you to land on one of the airplane carriers.”

The formation forced the plane gently down in a direct line for the airplane carrier bringing up the rear of the line of ships. Just above the landing deck the escort planes pulled out to the sides and the family plane landed on the long deck of the great ship known as a mother to the airplane.

No sooner had the plane come to a stop when two sailors opened the cabin doors. An officer followed by four bluejackets marched up. Then the officer asked in a stern voice,

“Who is the owner of this plane?”

“I am,” replied the Colonel instantly.

“And who is responsible for the camera equipment?” asked the officer without waiting a second.



*Mrs. Hutchinson*



"I am, sir," replied Lieutenant Hamilton.

"Very well, you two men follow me," ordered the officer.

Knowing that the officer had no authority to do other than follow instructions, Colonel Hutchinson and Lieutenant Hamilton obeyed without offering an explanation. And between the sailors they were marched to the Commander's quarters below deck.

Two sailors were left to watch the plane. Mrs. Hutchinson and the children were not allowed to leave the cabin.

"What are they going to do to Daddy?" asked Janet Lee of her mother.

"Nothing, dear, after they hear his story," she replied. "Probably thank him," she added as an afterthought.

"This is the first time we've ever been on an airplane carrier. Gee, I wish we could walk around," said Kathryn, as she looked out through the windows of the plane.

"Is Daddy arrested?" Janet Lee wanted to know.

"They can't arrest Daddy," said Kathryn indignantly.

"I wouldn't say they *can't*, Kathryn," said her mother, "but if Lieutenant Hamilton is really the

person he says he is, then Daddy will be back with us in a very few minutes.”

And only a few minutes it was, before a group of officers with the Colonel and Lieutenant Hamilton came upon deck and strolled toward the family plane, all smiling and chatting in friendly fashion.

“It’s a good thing Hamilton was on official business and not a news cameraman, reporter or amateur photographer just fooling me, or I’d be sitting in the jug, cooling my heels right now,” said the Colonel to the group of officers as they neared the plane.

Instead, Colonel Hutchinson received official thanks from the ship’s Commander, and a radio thanks from the Commander of the Fleet. The family was introduced and shown over the great airplane carrier loaded with planes.

The morning had been filled with surprises, thrills, mystery, and fun. The final climax of being arrested in the air and brought to trial on a ship of war, made the day one to be long remembered.

Leaving their passenger behind, the family bade good-bye to the smiling officers and crew, who wholeheartedly wished them happy landings. Then the Flying Home for the first time rose into the air from the deck of an airplane carrier.



Circling the giant ships, the Colonel dipped his wings in salute and flew eastward toward the thirty-second state and the thirty-second capital on their tour of the states.

En route, Janet Lee and Kathryn had their usual lessons. This time the subjects were California and Arizona. The lessons were extra interesting, mainly because California had so many "firsts." This state leads all others in the raising of oranges, lemons, lettuce, grapes, prunes, dry beans, sugar beets, and peaches. It ranks third in barley, fourth in hay, eleventh in cotton, and seventeenth in wheat, not to mention other crops that contribute millions to its agricultural income.

Sheep head the livestock industry, which also includes cattle, horses, pigs, and mules. Although California ranks only tenth in the raising of chickens, she ranks first in the number of eggs produced.

Tuna, sardines, mackerel, flounder, salmon, rockfish, abalone, crabs, and crawfish form the yearly catch that runs over twelve million dollars.

Commercial forests cover an area of over seventeen and a half million acres.

The history of California is packed with drama, adventure, intrigues and thrills. From the time Balboa

first discovered the Pacific, until this state became a part of the United States, there was constant scheming and struggle for possession of its natural riches. Gold found in the streams and mountains brought thousands to the Pacific Coast and with them lawlessness and unrest. But time, the great healer of all ills, brought peace and riches to those who toiled and produced from the natural resources of the golden state.

California, the second largest state with its 155,652 square miles, and the sixth largest with its 5,639,000 people, proved to be the most picturesque and interesting state the family had flown over so far. Mt. Whitney, for instance, towers 14,501 feet in the air, while by contrast, only 70 miles away lies Death Valley, 276 feet below sea level. There is Yosemite National Park in the north, with its giant Sequoias, and the Sierra Nevada Range; and in the south the Coast Range, Dry Lake and beautiful Lake Arrowhead, each add its touch of beauty to semi-tropical California.

Flying across the eastern border of California into Arizona, a widely different picture patterned itself below. Fifth in size with its 113,810 square miles, Arizona ranks only forty-fifth in population.

Agriculturally speaking, Arizona offers little, although it is the second largest lettuce and cantaloupe producing state. Cotton seed, cotton lint, hay and other products rank far down the list. In minerals, Arizona stands twenty-third, with copper and silver dominating far over the other minerals.

To the observer in the sky, Arizona has plenty of natural beauty with hot springs, the gloriously colored Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, the Natural Bridge, Indian pueblos, and ruins of ancient cliff dwellings. The state's climate has given Arizona a worthy reputation as a health resort.

The family plane, leaving the deck of the airplane carrier, headed over San Diego Bay, Ft. Rosecrans, the United States Military Reservation, Coronado Beach, more mountains, valleys, deserts, and so across the California-Arizona state line.

The day had been packed with thrills and excitement. As Sky Harbor, the state capital airport, came into view, school books were set aside and conversation drifted back to early events of the morning.

Another hour, and the family was again in the air with the thirty-second signature added to the Scroll—that of Governor H. P. Hunt, the Governor of Arizona.

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## Chapter XXVI

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### THE CLIFF DWELLERS

High in the air over Arizona, Mrs. Hutchinson was reading to the children about the Cliff Dwellers, who made their homes in the side of the hills and mountains many years ago. The lesson was interesting and held the undivided attention of both Janet Lee and Kathryn.

Colonel Hutchinson too, was listening to his wife as she read of the habits and customs of these ancient tribes. Little effort was required to guide the plane toward Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, on this cloudless mid-afternoon.

With his mind on the strange people who built

their homes in the side of cliffs, the Colonel was suddenly surprised to see row after row of cave-like openings in the side of a mountain range they were rapidly passing.

As the country over which they flew was three thousand or more feet above sea level, they would quite often fly through valleys, past mountain ranges, or peaks that rose much higher than the altitude of the plane. And it was at one of those particular moments that they spied the homes of the Cliff Dwellers.

The Colonel suddenly decided to surprise the family, so without a word he banked slightly and circled in a wide arc, looking for a place to land. A broad smile lit up his ruddy face and a bright twinkle appeared in his blue eyes, as he spotted a wide plateau not far from the cliff dwellings.

The wheels of the plane were almost on the ground before the rest of the family knew he was landing. When they realized what he was about, Kathryn and Janet Lee shouted in chorus:

“What are you landing for, Daddy?”

“Is there something wrong?” asked Blanche anxiously.

Before he could answer, the plane was safely down.

He allowed it to roll to the very edge of the plateau, overlooking a sort of ravine, or valley about six hundred feet wide. Then bringing it to a stop, he turned around in his seat and said,

“Well, here we are.”

“In Santa Fé, already?” asked Kathryn.

“Is this Santa Fé?” said Janet Lee rather dubiously.

“You’ve been hearing about them for the past hour, and now here they are in fact—the homes of the ancient Cliff Dwellers,” said the Colonel dramatically, as he pointed to the ruins across the valley.

“Look—Kathryn!” cried Janet Lee, grabbing her sister’s arm.

“Just like what Mother was reading about in the book,” returned Kathryn, as she looked at the rows of caves, wooden ladders, and narrow ledges widening in some places into terraces.

Not a sign of life could be seen.

“Goodness, do you think Indians or anyone live there now, Mother?” asked Kathryn, as the family jumped out of the plane and stood on the edge of the plateau.

“Hardly, Kathryn,” replied her mother. “For all we know they may be ruins a thousand or more years old.”

“Let’s go over there, climb up and see them, Daddy,” said Janet Lee, tugging at her father’s hand.

“How are we ever going to get over there, much less up to the dwellings?” said Blanche. She tried to imagine the task it would be to climb down from where they were, cross the rock strewn valley, climb the ancient ladders or steps, and then retrace their steps once more.

“Well, if the ancient Cliff Dwellers could do it, we can, ’cause we’re supposed to be smarter, Mother,” Kathryn retorted.

“That’s right, Kathryn,” said her father, “we’ll find a way all right.” And off he went, leading the way down the rocky reddish cliff, with the cub following him on his leash.

They made their way safely down to the bottom of the ravine, then crossed to the other side and stood side by side looking up at the ancient dwellings.

From the floor of the valley, or ravine, there seemed to be no way up to the cliff homes, though from one level or row of caves to another, there were a number of crude ladders.

Farther down the valley they found a series of steps roughly cut into the rocky sandstone, forming a crude sort of stairway. Following their leader, the

family carefully climbed, step by step. Near the top Janet Lee ran ahead, reaching the first level of the cliff dwellings before the others. At the top she turned around and shouted back: "I'm up first, I'm up first!"

Mrs. Hutchinson, bringing up the rear, finally reached the level somewhat out of breath. With the family all together, the Colonel removed the leash from the cub and allowed him to run loose.

From where they stood, the nose of the plane could be seen resting on the edge of the plateau on the other side of the valley. The rest of the plane was hidden by a slight slope in the ground and by the fact that the family was now on a much lower level.

"Why did people live away up here like this, Daddy?" asked Kathryn.

"Mainly to be safe from sudden attack by their enemies, Kathryn. Enemies—beast or man—climbing up to fight, could be more easily repulsed with stones, bow and arrow, or long poles used to push or drive them back," explained her father. "Then too, they were safe from floods or dampness. Their homes would always be dry. By digging or hollowing out space in the side of a mountain, walls, floors, and



ceiling were obtained naturally and only the doors or windows had to be cut into the outside wall."

Janet Lee thought the Cliff Dwellers' homes were like little apartment houses after one reached the first level. A sort of front porch, a window, a door, then the roof of the house on the first level would serve as front porch to the house on the second level, and so on—level after level, each one dug deeper into the mountain side.

Matting woven from grass, rotted and covered with dust, hung in some of the windows and doorways, affording privacy to the ancient homes.

The Colonel went inside of one of the cliff houses. It was dark, so he struck a match. In the dim light he was surprised to see grotesque pictures painted in color along the walls—pictures of animals, people, birds, vases, bowls, and ornaments. He called Blanche and the children and showed them the drawings of these ancient people.

Some of the dwellings had more than one room and it was in one of these multi-room affairs that the family were startled by strange noises coming apparently from the room immediately adjacent to the one they were in.

The Colonel struck another match. Outside a

breeze was stirring and it whistled softly through the rooms, making moaning sounds.

The draft blew out the match, and in the darkness the rattling metallic knocking again came from the other room.

“Let’s get out of here, Daddy,” said Janet Lee in a somewhat frightened little voice.

“You can go out if you want, Sister,” said her father. “Mother’ll take you.”

“Aren’t you coming, too?” said Blanche as she made her way toward the dimly lit doorway.

“No, I’m going to find out what that noise is,” replied her husband, as he struck another match and entered the adjoining room.

“We’d all better stay together, Mother,” broke in Kathryn, deciding she’d rather be with her father in times of danger.

So the three more timid ones held on to their father’s coat as he entered the room, holding the match high over his head. The light flickered and went out. Again came the rattling noise, this time louder than ever, and with it a scuffling and scurrying.

“Some one’s moving,” shouted Kathryn.

“What is it, George?” whispered Mrs. Hutchinson in a startled voice.

“Oh, Daddy, I’m scared, I’m scared!” whispered Janet Lee.

Father quickly struck another match and cupped it with his hands to cast the light toward the corner from which the noises were coming.

The light fell on an object crouching in the corner of the room. It was Governor, the family mascot, gnawing on a bone, one of several lying in a heap at his feet.

“Why, you big African pussy cat, you nearly scared us to death,” said Kathryn in a relieved voice, as she took the leash from around her father’s shoulders and snapped it on the cub.

The Colonel was laughing as he stooped over to pat the family mascot, holding another match he had lighted in his left hand. But while in a kneeling position he glanced at the pile of bones. “For heaven’s sake, they’re human bones, skull and all!” he exclaimed.

This was too much. Kathryn, Janet Lee, and Mrs. Hutchinson made a hurried exit. The Colonel wasn’t so slow in leaving, either. but the match went out and before he could light another, he walked into the wall, bumping his head.

“Ouch!” he hollered, his voice reaching the family,

who by now was outside in the very welcome daylight. He was leading Governor.

“Daddy, Daddy, what’s the matter? Are you hurt?” cried Janet Lee, summoning enough courage to stop and look back through the doorway.

“I’m all right,” cried her father, as he came through the door, a big red mark on his forehead. “I just bumped my head.”

Needless to say, the family made very good time climbing down from the house of bones. They drew a breath of relief when they reached the plane again safely. Their visit to the long-deserted homes of the Cliff Dwellers had been interesting, until the human bones entered the picture. But Janet Lee and Kathryn both felt that as far as they were concerned, ancient ruins were best left alone and undisturbed.

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## Chapter XXVII

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### THE DUST STORM

The adventure with the human bones must have aroused the wrath of the Indian gods, because the plane had hardly left the ground when a strange force entirely new to the Flying Family reared its ugly head to hinder their progress.

Flying a compass reading of  $56^{\circ}$  toward the thirty-third state capital, the family plane entered into a low scattered cloud area. Although they were only a few thousand feet above the wide prairies below, the altitude meter pointed to 9000 feet, which meant that the country over which they were flying was 7000 feet above sea level.

On they flew. The clouds became thicker and it began to rain very hard. With full throttle the Colonel strove to reach Santa Fé before dark. Suddenly the rain stopped and the sky line ahead changed into an ugly brownish colored vapor, which seemed to form a wall straight up from the ground.

The plane broke through this wall, and immediately was enveloped in dust. The family realized now that they had encountered one of the deadly dust storms that had been ravishing the West for the last few years.

Through the open window dust poured into the cabin, and Mrs. Hutchinson quickly closed it.

Through the controls, engine and openings in the fuselage, the dust still seeped into the cabin. The family began to choke. The dust caused a dry and irritating sensation in the nostrils, and breathing was difficult.

In the few minutes before the Colonel had fully realized the seriousness of flying in a dust storm, the plane had penetrated miles into this whirling mass.

Coughing and choking, he quickly banked the plane around and tried hard to ride out of the storm. But the dust which had filled the cabin made breathing too difficult—he must land immediately.

Diving straight down, side slipping as the plane neared the ground, he made a swift landing on the sandy prairie covered with sagebrush.

With handkerchiefs to their mouths, eyes red and burning, the family jumped from the plane and following Father's instructions, lay flat on the ground, covering their heads with coats and towels while still holding the handkerchiefs to their mouths.

In a smothering dust storm, one has no desire to talk. So for minutes that seemed hours, the family lay on the ground under the wings of the plane, waiting in silence. The cub lion in his small cage was partially sheltered, although he, too, was experiencing discomfort.

The small area of the cabin had become so filled with smothering dust that it seemed better to take their chances outside.

As they lay huddled together, night crept upon them. Clouds overhead became darker and it began to rain—yes, rain—yellow, muddy, raindrops.

The rain partially cleared the atmosphere and the family was able to leave their shelter under the wing. Opening the cabin windows and doors, they managed to air and clean the dust-filled compartment. It continued to rain and rain.

The family mascot was included in the general cleaning and the dust fairly flew from his soft coat of fur, as Janet Lee and Kathryn combed and brushed him. Hard work began to make them all hungry.

“How about eating, Daddy?” asked Janet Lee.

“Yes, Daddy, I could eat a goat right now,” Kathryn said.

For the first time the family plane was without emergency rations. Even the thermos had not been refilled with water.

“What are we to do, George?” asked his wife.

“I don’t know,” answered the Colonel, “I know there is no chance for a safe take-off from here tonight. It looks as if we’ll have to go hungry through the night, unless we eat the lion,” he added with a smile.

“Daddy, don’t say such a thing!” said Kathryn in a most serious manner.

“You can’t eat African lions,” added Janet Lee.

Blanche suddenly caught sight of a light shining in the distance.

“Look, look!” she cried. “There’s a light!”

A half mile or more away they could make out what seemed to be a light burning in a window, toward the east.



The Colonel prepared to set out for the supposed house, and was putting on his heavy army raincoat, when the howl of many coyotes in the distance put an end to any idea of his going alone. Blanche and the children weren't going to stay on the prairie all by themselves at night. They would go with him. So the four members of the Flying Family, with Governor following on a leash, headed for the distant light.

It was slow going, over the sandy, brush-covered prairie in the rain. Once in a while one of them would trip over the sagebrush, or a big jackrabbit darting in front would startle them; and the continued howling of the coyotes hurried their steps as they stumbled in the direction of the light.

At last they reached a crudely built squatter's shack. Just four sides, with one door, three windows and a sloping roof covered with odd bits of tin extending over its edges.

As the family approached the door in the steady rain, it opened and a man holding a long, double-barreled shotgun stood on the threshold. Two women, one on each side, peered over his shoulders.

"Who's there!" he shouted, peering into the darkness.

“Don’t be alarmed,” Colonel shouted back. “We’re just a family in distress.”

At the sight of the family the stranger quickly set his gun back against the wall and with the two women, welcomed the party to the house.

Governor, of course, caused the usual excitement and explanation, but with these people of the prairies, there was little fear. The shack was a one-room, dirt-floor affair with a large double bed, a single cot, a wood stove, a table, and a number of odd wooden chairs. No conveniences such as bathroom or running water, not even a kitchen sink, were to be seen. Their host’s name was Howlett. He was a war veteran, living there with his wife and her sister.

The Government had deeded him squatter rights to a large acreage of wild prairie land, on which he was striving to eke out a bare living.

Mrs. Howlett soon prepared a tasty supper of bacon, eggs, and delicious hot biscuits, which they ate, sitting around the small table on makeshift benches and odd chairs.

The Hutchinsons and the Howletts each in turn had something of interest to tell one another, the adventures of a family who fly about the world and the adventures of a family living miles away from

any neighbors, seeking their fortune from the earth.

So the two families talked and talked. Janet Lee and Kathryn grew tired, stretched themselves across the double bed and were soon fast asleep.

If anyone could have looked in on the mixed gathering that night, they would have witnessed a strange sight. All four members of the Flying Family, together with Mr. and Mrs. Howlett, were stretched width-wise across the double bed, fully clothed, but in deep slumber. Mrs. Howlett's sister occupied the narrow cot.

Governor, with his leash tied about the leg of the double bed, lay asleep on the earth floor as close to the dying wood stove as the length of the leash would permit.

Along the wall, on one side of the room, thirty or more chickens, of all shapes, colors and sizes, were roosting on narrow wooden perches, extending the width of the cabin in step-like fashion. Several times during the night the lion attempted to snare a chicken, but his leash yanked him to his senses. Those he awakened went back to sleep again and the other chickens remained undisturbed.

Outside the rain beat down on the roof, the coyotes howled and insects made strange noises.

Such was their night on the prairies of New Mexico—six in a bed—the chickens, the lion, the coyotes, and the rain. But the night passed and the family slept soundly. Dawn was to bring new adventures.

The early morning sun was just lighting the sleeping countryside when there came a loud knocking at the door and a man's voice cried out.

“Open up! Come on, open up in there!”

The rapping on the door and the deep masculine voice awakened everyone. Howlett was the first one on his feet, and grabbing his shotgun he approached the door and asked loudly:

“What do you want? Who are you anyway?”

“It's the law,” came the answer. “We've got you surrounded, so come out with your hands high.”

“You're crazy,” returned Howlett indignantly, as he prepared to open the door.

Meanwhile Colonel Hutchinson peeped through the window curtain and was surprised to see a dozen or more men, each with long barreled guns. Some were dressed in the garb of sheriffs, while others were typical western farmers, or plainsmen. One of the men held two huge blood hounds on a leash.

“It's the law all right,” said the Colonel. “We'd better go out as they say.”

"Gee, Daddy, what have we done?" asked Janet Lee sleepily.

"Nothing, Sister, it's just a mistake," said her father, as they all stared at one another in bewilderment.

"Come on, in there. Hurry, and no tricks," again said the voice outside.

So the Hutchinson and Howlett families, with their hands raised above their heads, filed out of the door in single file to be immediately surrounded by a dozen armed men.

It didn't take long to clear the situation and the would-be bandit catchers seemed very crestfallen after they fully realized their mistake.

It seems that a bank robbery had been committed in Magdalena, New Mexico, the day before, by a band of masked men. Posses had been sent out in all directions, on foot, horseback, and in automobiles, to get the bandits dead or alive.

An airplane flying over from Albuquerque joined in the search and early that morning spied the family plane on the prairie. The pilot flew back to Magdalena to report his find, and men were immediately dispatched to catch the bandits before they could make their getaway in the plane.

Everything did fit in nicely—the robbery, the loot taken to this lonely shack in the prairie, to be divided, and then a getaway in the plane waiting for them. Here were real twentieth-century outlaws. But instead of outlaws, the law found the Colonel and his flying family spending their first night on the prairies.

So the Howlett family, the sheriff and his deputies, gave the Flying Family an official send-off from the bad lands of New Mexico. From the ground these stout-hearted men of the western plains waved their hats and cheered as the family plane rose from the ground, circled, wiggled its wings and disappeared toward the east.

All during the flight to Santa Fé the family laughed and joked about the adventures of the past twenty-four hours. School lessons, the country below, everything but the experiences of the morning were forgotten.

But it would be too much to expect the children not to tell the first person they met all about the bandits and the night in the prairie shack. And that first person was Arthur Seligman, the aristocratic-appearing Governor of New Mexico, who added signature number thirty-three to the rapidly filling Scroll.

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## Chapter XXVIII

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### NIGHT FLYING IN THE RAIN

A good meal and hot baths, together with the interview with the Governor, took up most of the morning and part of the early afternoon. Then there was the servicing of the motor after the dust storm. This, too, added to the delay. So it was rather late in the afternoon when the family plane took to the air for Oklahoma City, the capital of Oklahoma.

For the first hour, while the Colonel played hide-and-peek with one rain cloud after another, Mrs. Hutchinson acted as teacher to her small class. This time the subjects were New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma.

On they flew from scattered rain clouds into steady, heavy rain. In spite of adverse weather, however, they landed at Amarillo, Texas, in good time. Here they refueled, received an up-to-the-minute weather report and against better judgment took to the air again in the rain.

Harder and harder it rained and once more they followed the railroad track, winging their way eastward, barely two hundred feet above the ground. Dusk and then darkness fell, earlier than usual, because of the weather. The tracks were no longer visible.

The Colonel watched the radium dials of his instruments shining in the darkness, while Mrs. Hutchinson and the children sat quietly in the darkened cabin.

It was a heavy rain, and occasionally flashes of lightning lit up the sky.

Railroad tracks were no use now, he must depend on his compass and directional gyro; there must be no mistakes flying in the darkness. With a limited gas supply, Colonel Hutchinson knew he must keep in his course and hit Oklahoma City right on the head. Night landings anywhere but on an airport are dangerous, and in a driving rainstorm, doubly so.



As the plane sped on, clipping off a hundred and fifty miles an hour, the lights of widely separated small towns would flash by as the speeding plane raced eastward. Once in a while the Colonel would skim low over the house tops, to catch a glimpse of the name of the town or a railroad station, building or electric sign. In this manner he was able to check his position on the maps and although it was night, his keen eyes often read the signs he was looking for as the plane fairly shot by.

The rain beat against the windshield and the warmth of the cabin against the outside cold, made the glass windows and windshield misty. The Colonel managed to keep the glass on his side of the plane wiped clean, while Mrs. Hutchinson took care of the right side and rear windows.

Kathryn and Janet Lee fell asleep with their heads resting on their mother's lap, as they lay on each side of her.

It was nearly nine o'clock that night when the Colonel saw the lights of Oklahoma City, a dull glow in the distance. Wide open, the plane shot across the city and headed for the flashing beacon on the local airport.

They circled the field several times before coming

in for a landing. There were some red obstructive lights, but there were no green runway lights. Bringing the plane in on a gentle glide, the Colonel made a successful landing in the soft mud, sinking in up to the hub of the wheels.

The plane circling at night had attracted a number of automobiles to the airport. No sooner had the plane come to a stop than a small tractor left the hangar and drove across the muddy airport toward the mired plane. Despite the rain, a small crowd followed on foot. By aid of the tractor the mud-spattered plane was towed into the hangar. The airport attendants and the crowd were surprised to see the family and the lion emerge from the cabin. The Flying Family were the first ones to land on the airport in three days, as all planes in that section had been grounded because of the three-day rain and the muddy condition of the airport.

The long day's flight over New Mexico, across the panhandle of Texas, and into Oklahoma, had been trying to the pilot. He had flown steadily for over six hours in the rain and night.

That night, needless to say, each member of the family welcomed the good dinner, the warm bath and their long night's rest in comfortable hotel beds

in Oklahoma City. While they slept, the morning newspapers went to press, bearing these headlines:

“GUARDIAN ANGELS BRING FLYING FAMILY TO OKLAHOMA CITY” “FIRST FAMILY OF THE AIR LAND HERE SAFELY IN DRIVING RAINSTORM AT NIGHT.”

\* \* \* \* \*

By eleven the next morning, the thirty-fourth signature had been added to the Scroll. The family had been given a friendly reception by Governor William H. Murray, known nationally as “Alfalfa Bill,” and an official escort had taken them back to the airport.

The plane had been washed and serviced during the night and was all spic and span. Then the Colonel taxied slowly through the mud to the runway.

The rain had stopped during the early morning. A strong wind was rapidly drying the wet ground, aided by the bright sun, which showed itself for the first time in three days.

Once again it was school time for Janet Lee and Kathryn, as the family plane headed south for Austin, the capital of Texas, the largest state in the Union. Ranking fifth in population, Texas leads all states in the raising of cotton lint, cotton seed, onions, grapes, spinach, mules, and sheep.

Looking down on Texas as a picture from the sky, it was easy to see that stock and cotton raising, as well as the great oil fields with their many affiliated industries formed the chief industry of the Lone Star State.

They winged their way over Ft. Worth, Dallas, and still farther south to Austin, and the family plane made another stop on its historical flight.

Here the signature of Ross Sterling, the thirty-fifth state governor, was affixed to the Scroll. The genial Governor with his lovely wife showed the family over the Mansion and the children were thrilled to lie on Sam Houston's four-poster bed.

Colonel Hutchinson, with his wife and the children, signed their names in the historical guest book kept so neatly by Mrs. Sterling, and then once again set out on their flight eastward this time, and headed for Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana. With one stop at Beaumont, for gas, the plane soon left Texas behind. It flew over the great swamp lands of Louisiana, crossed the Mississippi River and landed without mishap on the Baton Rouge Airport.

Here Huey P. Long welcomed the family and added his signature as Governor of Louisiana, making number thirty-six on the Scroll.

A hurried flight was made to Jackson, Mississippi, where they learned that Governor Bilbo was at his summer home in Poplarville, and off the family flew to secure signature number thirty-seven.

In his newly built summer home, Thomas Y. Bilbo added his signature to the Scroll and after friendly good wishes all around, the family returned to Baton Rouge, where they spent the night in a hotel. There was another bathroom bed for the lion.

Over three-fourths of their task was now completed. The family had faced about every flying condition possible—snow, rain, fog—every conceivable form of good and bad weather. Despite mishaps and damage, they were still on their way.

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## Chapter XXIX

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### MAKING UP LOST TIME

During the next two days the family covered five states—Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia.

In beautiful spring weather, with the country below taking on its annual mantle of green, the family plane winged its way northward from Baton Rouge along the muddy Mississippi River to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, where Governor Harney Parnell was next to sign as the thirty-eighth signer.

Then they flew northeastward across the Great Smoky Mountains to Nashville, capital of Tennessee, where Governor Henry H. Horton added his name.

The plane sped northward, this time to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, where Flem D. Sampson became Governor number forty to sign.

Still further northward they went to Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Here Governor George White cheerfully welcomed the Flying Family, and affixed his name as number forty-one.

Eastward from Columbus, the party flew over the level farm lands of Ohio, into the rolling mountainous state of West Virginia. Here in Charleston, Wm. G. Conley was next in order as State Governor number forty-two.

Flying over the Central States was a wide contrast to flying over the thinly populated states in the far West. The level contour of most of the country made flying a pleasure to the pilot, with the knowledge that there were always safe emergency landing fields below. Frequent towns, cities, or villages made the checking of position on the maps quite simple. Then too, there were many more railroads and heavy traffic highways.

In their flying classroom, Janet Lee and Kathryn added to their knowledge as the natural color picture of these five great states unrolled before their eyes.

Arkansas, twenty-sixth in area, and twenty-fourth

in population, with its two million people; Tennessee thirty-fourth in area and fifteenth in population, with three million people; Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia—each state told its story of farming, industry, and natural resources.

The children really enjoyed going to school in the skies. It was loads of fun learning history and geography like a game. Kathryn and Janet Lee were graded according to their ability in listing each state's area, population, names of mountains, rivers, lakes, principal cities, principal industries, crops in their order of importance, and production; the name of the present governor, his length of office, the number of counties, the historical background of the state, including battle dates, prominent early settlers and nicknames of the various states. They had to know the state capitals, how high the mountains are, the source and mouth of each river, the minerals of each state, as well as the general weather and climatic conditions.

Then describing and guessing cloud formations was good fun, as well as naming the stars, and listing in productive order the states as they rank in the raising of cattle, oranges, potatoes, etc. An unusual education, and one that any boy or girl would enjoy.



Flying five states in two daylight days had been more or less routine work. Taking advantage of the beautiful spring weather the Colonel was now striving to make up for all the time they had been forced to lose since starting their flight through the states.

Meantime, Governor was growing not only in attractiveness, but in actual size. As the Flying Lion, he was making a reputation for himself, having already flown over twenty thousand miles and through forty-two states.

Another rainy morning found the plane flying over the woody, mountainous country between Charleston, West Virginia, and Montgomery, Alabama. Even under such poor weather conditions the Colonel kept on his course and covered the six hundred miles in four hours.

Landing at the Army Airport, the family was welcomed by another large crowd. Officially escorted to the Governor's mansion, they secured the forty-third signature, that of Governor B. M. Miller of Alabama.

The same day, as the skies cleared, the family chariot carried them to Tallahassee, the capital of Florida. Here Governor Daye E. Carlton in his home, affixed the forty-fourth signature to the Scroll,

Aided by a police escort to and from the airport, the Colonel was able to fly the plane from Tallahassee to Atlanta, the capital of Georgia, arriving there shortly after dark. Here, with another escort leading the way, the family completed another day of real flying by securing the third signature in twelve hours, that of L. G. Hardman, the forty-fifth chief executive to sign the Scroll.

Flying in one day over three of the great southern states—Alabama, Florida, and Georgia—with stops in each capital, gave the family a bird's-eye view of the tobacco and cotton country of the South. As usual, there were the day's school lessons, but somehow on account of the speed they were making and the tenseness in nearing the finish of a long and adventurous flight, the actual flying between capitals became a matter of routine.

Snow, high mountains, wind storm, even fog seemed to be forgotten as the near sea level southland was rapidly covered.

A good hot dinner, a warm bath and a long night's rest for each member of the family, including Governor, was another welcome routine to wind up the day's work.

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## Chapter XXX

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### THE JOURNEY'S END

At Chandler Field early the next morning, Colonel Hutchinson had just finished checking over the plane when he saw an autogiro coming in for a landing.

The rest of the family and the lion were sitting on benches outside of the Administration Building, until the Colonel was ready for them to climb aboard.

Of course, he had seen autogiros before, but not one like this. So Colonel Hutchinson walked over to the ramp in front of the hangar toward which the autogiro was now taxiing, following its almost vertical landing.

Janet Lee and Kathryn seeing their father's movement, immediately set out after him on the run, with the cub chasing after them.

The three Hutchinsons reached the plane almost together, just as the pilot climbed out of the cabin. Introducing himself and family to the tall middle-aged pilot, the Colonel began inquiring about the performance of this new cabin-type autogiro.

He learned that this four-passenger, nicely-upholstered cabin model was the first one manufactured by the Pitcairn Autogiro Company, and for the time being was still in experimental stages.

The fuselage of the plane was painted silver and so were the wings, while the vanes, of course, were natural varnished wood. Heretofore, autogiros had been built on the two-seat, open cockpit model. This one was the usual stubby wing type, but the four-passenger cabin replaced the conventional open cockpit.

The Colonel was much interested to see an autogiro that could carry four passengers, thinking it might be useful for his family travels of the future.

Accepting the pilot's offer, the children, the lion and the Colonel joined him in a flight over Atlanta. Hovering in the air almost in one spot, rising practi-



**HOOVER'S AERIAL MESSENGER**



**FLYING FAMILY VISITS IN ATLANTA**



**The Family Airplane**

WHEN it is stated that a family traveling carriage has made a journey of 20,700 miles over unimproved roads...

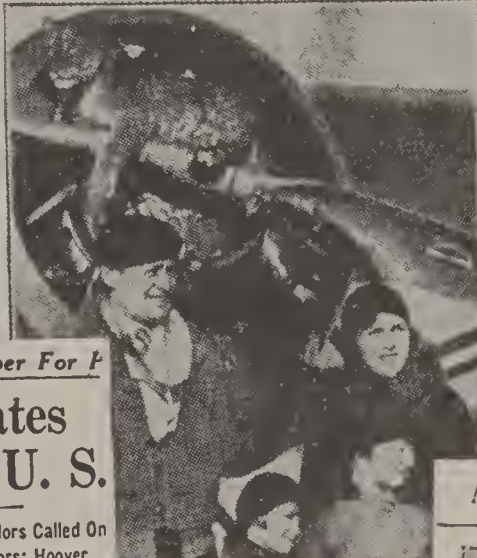
**Plan Air Tour of World**

FAMILY AND CUB VISIT 48 STATES.



BALTIMORE AMERICAN—'A Paper For P

**Overnight Stop at Airport Here Made By Flying Family Bearing Prosperity Message Hoover's Good Will Aviator in Albany After Making Forced Landing on Farm**



**America's Only Flying Family Visits Maine**

**Hutchinson Family of 4 Relates Delights of Air Tour Over U. S.**

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESD) Flying Ambassadors Called On All 48 Governors; Hoover

**FLYING FAMILY VISITS CITY Flying Family and Their Mascot**



**Gypsies of the Air**



**Children Complete 5000 Miles in Air Flying Hutchinsons Home With Mascot**



GEORGE R. HUTCHINSON MRS. HUTCHINSON

**America's First Flying Family Here With Hoover Message**

WITH a message of returning prosperity from His Excellency Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, America's first flying family dropped in Sunday at the municipal airport...

"Clinton" carries an ornate parchment scroll, signed by President Hoover, and to be signed by the governors of all the states of the union, epitomizing "the spirit of 1921"...

is a lecturer on aviation matters and has two planes, the Blinson, specially outfitted to carry the pet lion, and a Lockheed. The Blinson plane has compartments fitted out just back of the seats, and galleys in the sides give the young cub air and a place to look out at the curious at the various airports they visit...

They are as perfectly at home in a plane as on the ground. Fueling attended to, the proceeding was something as follows: "Mama, where are the children?" asks Captain Hutchinson. "Mama," who is scarcely distinguishable in size from Blanche Kathryn in the miffy brownish aviator's togs they all wear, finds them looking for "funnies" and herds them to the family air sliver. After posing for a picture they climb into the plane and the children settle down contentedly to watch the latest antics of Mum...



*The round trip is finished*



cally vertically, landing in several small fields, and taking off again, the pilot skilfully and convincingly demonstrated the safety and performance of the autogiro. Its only disadvantages were comparatively slow top and cruising speed and its load-carrying limitations.

After flying in the conventional type of airplane, it was really thrilling for the family to experience such remarkable take-offs and landings in this new type of aircraft.

The next hour found the family well on their way toward Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. While winging their way northward, Colonel Hutchinson pictured, in vivid words, the possibilities of air travel in the not far distant future. He spoke of how giant four-motored planes would fly from New York to London in less than a day, carrying twenty, thirty, possibly fifty people; how the autogiro would be used to carry passengers from the airports to the tops of tall buildings. Special landings would be made along wharf and railroad stations with the autogiro carrying on an air taxi service between air terminals and terminals of land and sea transportation.

He told why he thought planes would fly at twenty, thirty, even forty thousand feet, in sealed

cabins at three, four, and possibly five hundred miles an hour. With radio beams forming invisible tracks in the air, planes automatically piloted and directed by radio, traveling above all possible storm areas, passengers would be able to circle the earth in five days, in safety and perfect comfort, by 1940.

And so, while Colonel Hutchinson's family flew over the green tobacco plantations of South Carolina and Georgia, they felt that in a small way they were encouraging others to challenge the old and accept the new.

Columbia was reached without incident and Governor J. C. Blackwood added the forty-sixth signature to the Scroll.

The family plane flew northward again toward Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, over more tobacco fields and great cotton plantations, the two great products of the South.

Lightning, thunder, and heavy rain greeted the plane as it circled the city in search of the local airport. The spring thunder shower buffeted the plane about like a cork on the ocean. For a time the heavy black clouds covered the earth in darkness, and the Colonel was worried as he searched for the landing field. But in the pouring rain, as the loud peals of



thunder and blinding flashes of lightning filled the air, the Flying Family once more made a safe landing.

Here in Raleigh, the city bearing the name of that gallant gentleman of the English court, Sir Walter Raleigh, O. Max Gardner, Governor of the Tarheel State, signed his name as the forty-seventh Chief Executive.

In his home Governor Gardner welcomed the Hutchinson family, showed them beautiful silverware that once adorned the officers' mess on the great battleship *North Carolina*, told them something of the history and people of his beloved state. Then he wished them Happy Landings on their last lap.

Hurrying to complete their task, with the thought in their minds that only one more signature remained to be added to the Scroll, the family flew toward Richmond, the capital of Virginia.

Virginia, the greatest state in American history, brought to mind the names of George Washington, Captain John Smith, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, John Marshall; Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement; Williamsburg with its William and Mary College, and Charlottesville with its renowned University of Virginia.

Crossing the James River and landing at Byrd Field, the family was escorted to the beautiful Capitol Square and the distinguished State Capitol Building, where John Garland Pollard, beloved college professor, now Governor of Virginia, completed the Scroll with his signature.

Anxious to reach Washington and their journey's end with the completed Scroll, Colonel Hutchinson once more headed the plane northward.

Near Quantico, the famous training quarters of the United States Marines, the family plane drew alongside of the huge airship *Los Angeles*, with its long, silver, cigar shaped body glistening in the evening sun.

Throttling back sufficiently to barely maintain level flight, the Colonel flew alongside of this giant of the air. From the gondola the officers waved greetings to the Hutchinson family, who returned each friendly gesture.

It was a big thrill to Janet Lee and Kathryn to find themselves so near this silver mammoth of the air, to see its officers at their positions in the gondola, to be able to keep abreast of the great airship, and inspect its exterior from stern to stern on each side while it sailed serenely onward.

Together, the airship and the airplane soared over Washington, D. C., the capital of the United States.

From Bolling Field, a great fleet of Navy and Army planes rose and soared around the Los Angeles. And it was with this unexpected and impressive escort that the Flying Family completed the last lap of their eventful flight.

Thousands of people, who had gathered to see the *Los Angeles* and the air reception, greeted the family with equal friendliness when their plane came to rest on Bolling Field in the nation's capital.

There remained to be done only the returning of the beautiful Scroll to the President of the United States, with the forty-nine signatures, evidence of the completed task. The famous flight, with all its thrills and excitements, was over.

The Flying Family had written a memorable page in American family history. As other families had pioneered on land and sea, the Hutchinsons were, in this twentieth century, leading the way for other families in the air.

They were the first family to fly through the forty-eight states, and the first family to be received by each of the forty-eight state governors, and the President. In winter and early spring they had flown over

twenty-five thousand miles without injury. Yet the air journeys of this Flying Family were only beginning. As they have flown the States, so they may one day fly the world.

To the Colonel and his wife, their experience proved to them the satisfaction of educating their children through modern travel. The knowledge and ability of Janet Lee and Kathryn made their parents proud of the results of their efforts.

To Janet Lee and Kathryn, going to school in the air was great fun. Every day the picture changed, a given subject was always new and interesting. To school work was added the thrills of flying and the real excitement of adventures in the skies. What boy or girl is there today, who would not trade places with the Hutchinson children?

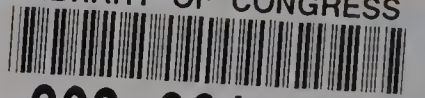
The airplane is here to stay. It will play an important part in the future development, and protection of our country.







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