



The Diary of Jimmie Mattern Pioneer Airman

Autobiography by Jimmie Mattern
Manuscript submitted by Dorothy Mattern

Part III Around The World - Alone

SOLO SECRET — My idea was to make the first jump from New York to Paris, which would equal Lindbergh's accomplishment. Having faster equipment, now in 1933, I would undoubtedly break his record by many hours. I wouldn't end my flight at Paris but continue on around the world, beating Post and Gatty's flight time. If these two records were broken, along with the first solo flight around the world, then I would have accomplished something in the world of aviation. If I didn't break either the Lindbergh flight to Paris or the world flight record of Post and Gatty, I still could be the first to fly around the world solo. This would surely bring to attention just what aviation could now do for transportation, commerce, and maybe someday even to outer space exploration.

Now I had one major job to do. Having received my wrecked plane from Russia, I needed missing parts and pieces to rebuild for the very first solo flight around the world. In order to accomplish this I had to raise the money to rebuild the *Vega*. Headquartered at the Sherman Hotel, in Chicago, Illinois, I had to coordinate everything through out the entire complex of negotiations, financing, and permits from Washington, Russia and other countries where I might possibly be landing my plane. Also there were contracts, payroll, promotion and many other requirements.

This was my flight, my airplane, in the middle of the great depression. Things were not very easy to come by, especially money.

When the remains of my plane, "Century Of Progress" were

returned to me, in New York, I hired mechanic Fred Fedderman, known as the best with Lockheed planes on the East Coast. He worked in a hangar at Floyd Bennett Field, rebuilding the wrecked plane. The parts were returned to me from Minsk, Russia. They were for the most part, not any good for rebuilding. Standard Oil of New Jersey had three *Vega* "Eagles", as they called them. Ed Aldrin was then head of that Company's Aviation Division. He was the father of Buzz Aldrin, of the first moon Landing, who at that time was only about 2 or 3 years old.) The Standard Oil Executives were making their move into the aviation fuel market and were impressed with Bennett Griffin's and my flight to Berlin, the year before. They immediately voiced their confidence in my ability to fly, not only across the Atlantic but to navigate around the world.

So with their approval I was free to use needed parts from their "Eagles" This was a big boost for me as many of the other companies then got on the Bandwagon and offered their support.

My friend Nelson Kelly, was manager of the Floyd Bennett Field, in Brooklyn, New York. As the Banks were closed, so were all of the Hangars and there weren't any airplanes in most of them. Nels gave me a complete hangar that I had all to myself and could keep locked up. Even with my secret, I was keeping Aviation in front of the public. I went to see Mr. Vincent Bendix, of the Bendix Instrument Company He arranged to have all of my instruments overhauled individual-

ly, assembled and also arranged to have a service man on the spot while they were being installed. He saw to it that everything was absolutely correct.

Next I went to see Mr. Sperry, of the Sperry Gyro Company and Mr. Rhoades, of Pratt & Whitney Engines. They overhauled the engine and sent their service representative to stay with it until it was installed. Secretary of State, Pat Hurley, helped me to arrange for all permits needed for this kind of world venture. Every one of these companies and individuals supported me and things were coming together. They all wanted to see aviation advance, just as today we all want to see outer space exploration develop.

I set up the "Jimmie Mattern Around The World Flight" Corporation at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago which was made up of the following individuals; Sam Sackett -headed the group as the official attorney. He was a life long friend and a prominent Oil Man; Harry Jameson - Owner of the Arrow Mills Battery Separator Co; Hayden (Billy) Mills One of the owners of Mills Novelty Co., later known as Mills Industries of Chicago ; Jack Clark - former Public Relations man for the hotels, Sherman, and Ambassadors East and West.

The duties of this group were to sign Contracts and negotiate, if necessary, on my behalf while I was on the flight possibly making headlines. Prior flight plan meetings were in connection with the promotion of the flight to gain the most financial returns and take care of all the details which would be necessary to look out for after I was on my way.

Any type of flight relative to this kind of a situation was 90% preparation. Once you've got it in the air, you felt you had the job nearly done. The preparations we had made proved to pay off as I went along, not always 100% but had contributed.

In other words this wasn't just a slap happy round the world takeoff flight. It was a planned business to advance aviation, to gain the best financial results, to try to set all of the records possible, and to take advantage of any International publicity as the Good Will Ambassador for the "Century of Progress" World's Fair, in Chicago. The navigation, the flying, the calculations and arrangements for equipment were all up to me and kept me busy for the entire year, right up to takeoff time. Not a stone could be left unturned.

My rebuilt plane was to carry the Number NR869E, as this number was always assigned to me from the CAA. It has, to my knowledge, been retired and never issued to anyone else.

The Lockheed *Vega* normally had a cruising range of 5 hours or about 750 miles. I had the tanks arranged to give me fuel capacity for 32 hours, 4800 miles. Its cruising speed was 150 miles per hour and its gross weight was 8012 lbs loaded. My plane was literally a flying gas tank, holding 702 gallons of gas, when normally as a passenger plane it held 125 gallons.

The miscellaneous equipment, included in the gross weight was thermos bottles, (donated by Amelia Earhart and Wiley Post), fishing line, hunting knife, revolver, camera, fleece-lined flying suit, mosquito netting, map & many other articles. For food there were to be three oranges, two sandwiches, hot tea and three chocolate bars

The landing Gear was converted into a shock-type landing gear (Shock Cord type) and was lowered so that the airplane was practically in level flight before the tail was raised on take-off. Of course this caused some difficulty when all of the fuel is consumed, as it would become more nose heavy when landing. But, as the Landing Gear Struts were normally so high, I

probably could not have taken off as heavy a load as I contemplated, without lowering them. The Shock Cord Landing Gear was best for rough landing. It, however brought the propeller fairly close to the ground, so had to be careful about that. It proved time and again that the Landing Gear paid off in many a rough landing. You have to keep in mind that there were no paved runways or landing strips in most of the countries of the world.

MORE PREPARATIONS AND PERMISSIONS — Lockheed Aircraft was now closed down with only one night watchman, so I could get no help from them. Therefore I had to do for myself.

I flew to New York and started negotiations with Amtorg, the Russian Agency which handled all of the Russians affairs in this country. In 1932 we, the United States still did not recognize Russia and they had no Embassy in this country. Normally you would make all necessary arrangements with the Embassy in Washington D.C. Instead preparations were made with Amtorg Trading Company to have gasoline and oil available from one end of Russia and Siberia to the other, at the prescribed stops. For this a \$5,000.00 deposit was put up with them. As it proved out later, they didn't even know I was coming, any place beyond Moscow.

Back to Washington for Passport, Visas for the various countries that I planned to fly over. Not being sure exactly where I might have to land, I covered nearly all of the countries of Europe with the essential documents. Although this was very time consuming, everyone was cooperative.

Ed Aldrin was given the green light to take care of the many airplane parts I was having shipped to New York, such as the parts of the Lockheed *Vega*, which I had located, that had made record flights to South America, but had had a mishap. So we took what was needed to complete my plane. In short my 'Round The World Plane' was made up of my old *Vega* that had been scattered all over a peat bog in Russia, and of one of Stanova's cracked-up Eagles. That may not sound like a very good airplane, but when you have a master mechanic, like Fedderman and a crew that took pride in their work, every part was rebuilt like new and the ship turned out to be a beautiful flying piece of equipment.

We took the wings from one of the Standard Oil Company's Eagles and mated it with the fuselage of the 'Century Of Progress.' The *Wasp* engine, that Benny and I had used on the first flight to Berlin, was now supercharged.

Once finished mechanically we repainted the plane with a striking paint job of a glowering giant eagle, outlined on both sides of the fuselage with his painted pinions spread over the white wings and his sharp appearing claws reaching out to grip the wheel pants. Also installed on the beak of the red, white and blue bird, was a Hamilton Controllable Pitch propeller. This was the very first one of it's kind.

Into the cabin and wings went special tanks. I had talked Wiley Post out of his gas tanks. They were out of the 'Winnie Mae' in which he and Harold Gatty had made the Round The World Flight in 1931. The Winnie Mae was a sister ship to my Lockheed, so the special tanks would install perfectly without modification.

I wanted to make this solo flight Around the World for many reasons. Perhaps, primarily because I loved the challenge of being the first. You're either the first or you're not and [if you're the first] no one can take that away from you. However,

I really wanted to focus the world's attention on the advancements that had been made in aviation since the Lindbergh flight to Paris in 1927 to the present time (1933). For instance, Lindy had a 225 horsepower (hp) engine and cruised at 100 miles per hour (mph). I was now going to be the first man to make a transatlantic solo flight after Lindy and my *Vega* had a 550 hp engine and cruised at 150 mph. His flight took 33.5 hours covering a distance of 3600 miles from New York to Paris.

As it turned out mine took 23.5 hours for a little over 4100 miles from New York to Norway.

People were beginning to take notice of Aviation and even Wall Street was getting into the domestic air picture.

There were no transatlantic flights outside of the spectacular, but as history shows, the spectacular had to come before passenger "flying the Atlantic" could become a reality.

During this organizational period I was asked many times:

"Why does man do this?"

I could not give a stock answer. The best answer, in my opinion is "As long as man is walking on earth, he is going to explore, do what hadn't been done, conquer what had not yet been conquered". Yes, of course some are satisfied not to follow that pattern, but if you have the chemical makeup and are curious to do what people say can't be done, there is that inner satisfaction in accomplishing a new horizon and proving it can be done.

There too, are always those who will criticize and say you are crazy. Sure, there are still laws on the books, in some states, that say automobiles are illegal because they scare the horses. They even said, at one time, that you could never possibly get a railroad through the Buffalo and Indian country.

I guess it takes that person who is far ahead of his time, who brings things about and makes things happen. This is where I was fortunate to be in 1933. I knew that flying the Atlantic didn't have to be just spectacular. It could be a wonderful means of travel for the public. How satisfying it is today to know that I had a small part in now knowing that several million people, every year, fly across that great ocean. Now they fly in comfort and many at super sonic speed, above the weather, at 35 to 70 thousand feet, in cabins pressurized at 3- to 5,000 feet.

In the 1930s we could not fly at such altitudes. We either flew around the weather or through the storm if possible, with no oxygen or pressurization, thus keeping relatively low altitudes. For the comforts of world flying you can thank those men and women, such as Lindbergh, Chamberlain, Alcott & Brown, Bleriot, Amy and Jim Mollison, Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, Amelia Earhart and Beryl Markham, who had that adventurous spirit to do what others said couldn't be done. We believed it could and we proved it.

As I had flown my Lockheed *Vega* for a number of years 130 to 140 hours a month, I reasoned that at 150 miles per hour, why couldn't I fly around the world in 87 hours, even if it would be the first solo World flight. One's mental attitude is all important.

You don't think about the water that will be under you, even if you have only one engine. Never take a negative attitude, always a positive position. It makes the wheels go 'round and gives you a good inner feeling. As I mentioned before detailed preparation is 90% of the flight. You don't just go out and do it. That would be disastrous.

PLANNERS- MOVERS & SHAKERS — Many hours,

sometimes 18 to 20 a day, are put into preparation. Heartbreaks are all a part of your plans. Just as you get a project developed, something goes wrong or a simple instrument doesn't work. It may call for dismantling the plane or to develop another tactic with a completely new angle to make it function properly. These periodic problems kept me very busy at my headquarters in Chicago during preparation.

Through this period I was also able to meet with the executives of the Airline industry, which constituted the financial brains of the fledgling airlines and airplane manufacturing business. We often exchanged ideas with C.R. Smith, President of American Airlines and who in later years became Secretary of Commerce. During World War II he set up the Air Transport Command under General George.

I also talked over flight situations with Jimmy Doolittle, who was even then a great and popular flyer among his peers, and who in 1945 became world renowned as he led the famous "Doolittle Raid over Tokyo". Amelia Earhart and I spent time trading experiences of our previous flights. These people were the Planners, Movers and Shakers of the day. This was a great period in my life.

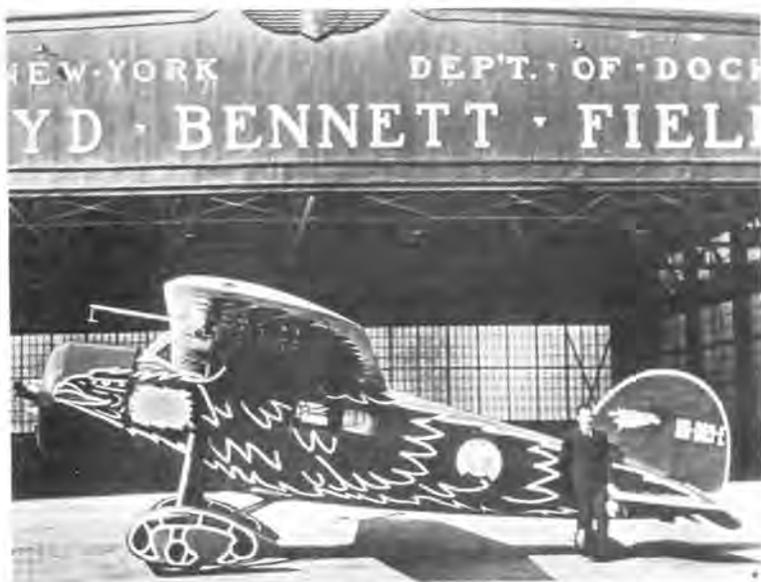
Of course my closest friend was Benny Griffin. Benny was one special Person to me and a great flyer. He returned to his home town, Oklahoma City, promising to keep my secret of this flight of mine, which would be solo this time. All publicity released was that Benny and I would again attempt the world flight together. We both kept that secret until the morning that the plane was rolled out at Floyd Bennett Field for the takeoff on the First Solo Flight Around The World. Benny later joined the Civil Aeronautics Authority and eventually became Director of the Washington National Airport in Washington D.C.

As Wiley Post was planning for a solo flight around the world, it was imperative that we keep my plans secret. Otherwise it would turn into a race to get off and that would be a huge mistake if the first one off was not fully prepared. I was determined to be as completely prepared as possible before I started this flight so my hopes and prayers were that things would jell and I would be the first off out of New York.

This would have a two-fold purpose, first to break the World Speed Record of 8 days 15 hours and 51 minutes. Even if that failed the big prize was to be the first SOLO flight around the world.

It was now almost a year since I had returned from Benny's and my flight, the first ever non-stop New York to Berlin, Germany. Now at last I was ready, as an unofficial Good Will Ambassador for the Chicago 1933 World's Fair, to take off on the first attempt ever to fly around the world solo in my proud 'Eagle' the Century of Progress. I wanted so much to prove to the world that this first 33 years of the 20th Century was truly a "Century of Progress in Aviation".

THE LONGEST DAY — It is June 2, 1933, a day that never really ended for me, most of which was spent with Dr. Kimball, the geologist of the Weather Bureau. His Lab was on the top floor of the Whitehall Building, down in the Battery of New York City. This grand old man was one who collected weather across the Atlantic and had given Charles Lindbergh the 'Go Ahead' in 1927. He was now doing the same for me, The means, of drawing up a weather map, was getting information from the lighthouses along the Atlantic Coast, cables from Europe and ships at sea. I watched him with great interest as he



Jimmy stands beside his Lockheed Vega, painted like an eagle in which he attempted a solo flight around the world in 1933. The plane was powered by a Pratt & Whitney Wasp C engine with standard controllable pitch two-position propeller. It had a range of 4800 miles, fuel capacity of 700 gallons and weighed 8012 pounds. (Mattern Family Collection)

drew low and high pressure areas over the Atlantic. This was a long and laborous time consuming job, but this wonderful man worked hour after hour knowing that my life depended on it, as Lindbergh's had before me. It was clearly obvious that he was putting so much more effort into his forecast than the normal daily bulletin.

The ships at sea were sending the weather and their position. When a complete map was drawn that gave us a picture of what the conditions were at a specific time, then Dr. Kimball had to try to figure out what it would be like in 4 hours, to conjecture my flight position over the middle of the Atlantic. We discussed this for some time and finally came to the decision that I should take off at 4:30AM the next day. The feeling of thrill, apprehension and excitement seemed to flow through me, all at the same time. The day I had dreamed of for so long was almost here. Yes, for the past year I had dreamed of this day and now had managed to carry out secretly my plans to, this time, make the first solo flight around the world. Now "MY" day was only hours away when I would roar down the runway at Floyd Bennett Field, New York and soar into the air in my beautiful sleek colorful Lockheed Vega "Century of Progress" carrying the heaviest load of fuel ever. Some had tried it before me but never made it off the field and some had died in the attempt. Those reminders only crossed my mind but I never dwelled on them. Tomorrow is the hour.

I drove from Downtown New York back to my Hotel the Halfmoon Hotel on Coney Island, arriving there about 8:00 PM. I had been up since 6:00 AM and it had been a very strenuous day. I was thinking how nice it would be to get to my room and relax. However this was not to be. The press was there by the dozens and photographer's light bulbs were flashing in my face in a constant bombardment as they followed me. I made it to my room and soon a waiter served my dinner in the room in such a manner that everyone acted as though it was to be my last meal. This could have an emotional effect on one's mind, inasmuch as it was now only a few hours to takeoff time. Then out across the big Atlantic Ocean with my little single-engine Vega at a speed of 150 mph, no radio, no de-icers and

no automatic pilot. At this point I couldn't let those thoughts worry me. I just wanted to get some sleep.

The press and photographers left the room after many "just one more" ringing in my ears. It was already near 11:00PM and I still had so many things on my mind. First I picked up my leather helmet and asked a Bellboy to find someone who would sew a couple of powder puffs into the sides so that it would help to keep the constant noise of the engine out of my ears. This later proved to definitely serve that purpose. Years later, when the powder puffs were removed, there, under one of them, was written "God Bless You".

Now almost midnight and I had been up 18 hours. That only left three and a half hours until I must be ready to go to the airport for a 4:40 AM takeoff. I lay down on the bed thinking I could get some sleep but soon found out that the many things running through my mind, just would not permit it. Did my mechanic check everything, see that the tanks were completely full and will he remember to top off the tank? Fred Fetterman was the greatest mechanic I'd ever had. Finally I said to myself "Forget it, you know that he will do everything necessary right down to the last detail". My life was in his hands at that point.

Then more thoughts came to me – that there had never ever been a Lockheed Vega with this big a load for takeoff – 700 gallons of gasoline and 30 gallons of oil. In the fuselage, where normally six passengers would sit, there were now seven fuel tanks filling the entire space and containing 450 gallons of gasoline. I had extra tanks in the wings of 50 gallons each. Amelia Earhart had given me one tank and Wiley Post had also given me one of his tanks from the "Winnie Mae". The total gross weight was 7000 lbs. in a 5000-lb. airplane. In 1933, not having the technology of today, we could only rely on our slide rule to indicate if the airplane could do it. The Pratt & Whitney engine was 500 HP (Horsepower).

It had taken a year of preparation for this day to arrive and here am I going over every detail when I have only 3 hours left to rest. One would think that you could fall off to sleep immediately after a long hard 18 hour day. I simply could not. Admittedly I would fleetingly compare myself with someone on death row with only a few hours from the end. The major difference was that this was my own decision something that I had very much wanted to do and no fear was present. I rolled and I tossed. It seemed like 5 minutes when the wakeup bell rang. The knock on the door loud and clear sounding like all hell was breaking loose. I jumped up and answered the door. It was Jack Clark, my manager.

"C'mon on Jimmie. This is your big day. Time to head for the airport"

Never having undressed, I was practically ready to go. As I had given Jack many things to look after, I was full of questions as to how things were. He told me:

"Jimmie, I have just come from the airport and Fred has already taxied your ship to the end of the East-West Runway".

Smilingly I replied, "and placed the ship so that every inch of the runway is available"?

Jack laughed. "He sure did just that. The tail wheel is on the grass."

"How's the wind?" I asked.

"It's calm" he replied.

"Good. I hope it will be that way all across the Atlantic" I headed for the door. "C'mon, lets get going. This is the day.



A closeup of Jimmie Mattern with the his "Century of Progress" Lockheed Vega prior to his 1933 solo world flight attempt. (Mattern Family Collection)

Yeah! This is the day we've all waited for." I was calm and excited at the same time. As we left the Halfmoon Hotel dawn was still an hour away but the weather was clear.

NOW IS THE HOUR—As we approached the Administration building, I was surprised to see hundreds of people outside and the building overflowing with eager boosters. We immediately headed for the manager's office on the second floor, but had to go through the lobby to get to the stairs. As I made my way through the crush I was not recognized until I had reached the bottom of the steps. One of the airport personnel yelled "There's Jimmie"

As the crowd jammed toward me I dashed up the stairs hoping they would save their greetings for when I returned from my flight.

As I reached the top of the stairway there was Nelson Kelly, Airport Manager, with Rudy Arnold, the airport's official photographer, both old friends. They pushed me into Kelly's office and locked the door.

I asked "What is this with all these people? Do they expect me to crack up on takeoff? Where is Fred Fetterman?"

Kelly quickly answered "Jimmie, these are your friends here, all wishing you a great flight Fred is at the end of the runway with your plane. He won't let anyone within a hundred yards of it".

"Good" I sighed "that makes me feel better".

Nels Kelly had given us one big hangar that was completely empty. Fred and his crew not only rebuilt the ship from the ground up but he slept with it. Some of the parts had been

shipped back from Barisov, White Russia, where Benny and I had cracked up. The only thing that could be salvaged was the engine. Pratt & Whitney not only overhauled it but also sent a Senior Mechanic to Floyd Bennett to help install it. He was given orders to stay with it and keep it in top condition until the beginning of my flight and with no charge whatsoever. (That's the way things were in those days during the depression). When I'm going to fly around the world with only one engine, it relieved my mind considerably to know that someone was taking good care of the engine. This I appreciated very much. It also took quite a strain off Fetterman, with all of the other things he had to attend to.

I glanced at my watch and it was 4:06 AM. I began getting into my flying suit. What a suit it was. Zippers had not been on the market for very long and were quite new to the public, but a God-send to me. In my flight planning I knew that it would be very cold in the cockpit at various times, such as off of Greenland yet very hot in many places like the Steppes of Siberia. There was absolutely no room in the cockpit to move around, with the heater removed (in order to conserve weight) I would have to get in and out of the suit without moving out of my seat. Therefore we designed the suit in two pieces. The lower part could then be zipped from both the left and right sides, up from under my boots to my waist and held up with suspenders. The pants also zipped from my belly button around the crotch to the back and top at my waist. The jacket had zippers up the front and around the shoulders, on each side, and all down my arms. This meant that when it was cold I was all zippered up. Although the Vega had a closed cockpit just behind the engine, I still wore a helmet. This kept me warm indeed. When it got too warm, there were a lot of zippers to unzip. Then I would be sitting in my underwear.

With Nels, Rudy and Clark all helping, I was soon in my suit. The next step was to get to the ship. The only way out was down the stairs, through the crowd in the lobby. With the jam in the administration building there was a bedlam of noise, as most had been waiting up all night and were feeling no pain. To draw so much attention, even before I had accomplished anything, was appreciated. As a matter of fact it gave me a lift and made me feel good. Kelly had the exit problem all figured out. He made a call and in a minute there were six police officers to escort us.

I turned to Kelly and said : "This is a help and all well and good, but please be careful not to offend anyone as you take me through this crowd".

I was assured that all would be OK. I started down the stairs as the escort made a path to the front door. Hundreds were cheering as we made our way to the fence which kept the spectators separated from the field. As we went through the gate and stepped onto the ramp along with a few authorized individuals, it felt as if the whole world had opened wide their arms and wished me well. I had never experienced anything like this in my life and this was just the beginning.

We jumped into the car parked at the gate. It was there to take us the 4000 feet to the end of the East-West runway where the airplane sat waiting for me. Though the ride was short there was a feeling of tense silence within the car. I suppose it may have been because there had been several transatlantic takeoff attempts, in the past, which had failed and crashed before our eyes. I had to dismiss them from my mind. I could feel that those riding in the car with me didn't want to say anything that

might upset me

After all, the moment of truth was coming up, truly a matter of life and death. Although, in testing the ship, I had taken off for a nonstop flight from New York to San Angelo, Texas, my home town. That was over 2000 miles, yet it did not need the amount of weight in gasoline that this takeoff required. As I previously mentioned, this amount of weight per square inch of wing area and horsepower, with a Lockheed *Vega*, had never been attempted. If I was to make a successful non-stop flight from New York to Europe, there had to be 700 gallons of fuel with every single tank completely full. This was a 'first'.

Even after Fred Fedderman had taxied the plane out to the end of the runway and cut off the engine for several hours before I arrived he had to rewarm the engine, cut the switch again and then top off the tanks. He ran a check list of every conceivable item while the Pratt & Whitney man, Harold Friach, went over the entire engine. It was most assuring to see these loyal men take such meticulous care of the plane. It was a real love that seemed to be built into these fellows.

Now I could see her. There she stood as if proudly displaying her whole new body and her new color style too. On her white wings and tail, as well as the entire length of her blue fuselage was splashed a brilliant red eagle with his pinions spread over the white wings and his talons reached out to grab the wheel pants, she was so beautiful. She was the love of my life and my life would soon depend on the two of us working together in flight.

As we drove up I noticed that the press and photographers were now permitted near the takeoff point. They suddenly realized, for the first time, that I was going alone, this flight, without my buddy Benny Griffin. They went wild with questions and snapping pictures. Though I could understand their mission to get the story, my only concern, at that precise moment, was getting the *Vega* off of the ground and staying alive.

The official Timer, Mr. Heinmuller, President of the Wittenhauer Watch Company, was there and ready to take the exact timing of the Takeoff for the records. He was a good friend and we had spent much time together, in his New York office, picking out different types of clocks to be installed in the instrument panel. Also standing by was a Mr. Collins, of Pathe News, with whom I had also spent some time in his New York studio. I had agreed to take a 35mm camera with me, which Pathe News was to provide.

Now, here at my plane, I was anxious to get in and get going. The adrenaline was running. I climbed up on the pants over the wheel and then pulled out a small step as I climbed up into the cockpit. As I reached out of the cockpit to push the step back in, Mr. Collins climbed up on the wheel and handed me the Pathe News camera. The 35mm camera at that time was a rather large, bulky iron instrument, nothing like the nice little personal 35mm cameras of today.

I took the camera and put it in the left wing which had been left open for storing a few things. I closed the hatch over my head, tightened my seat belt and began checking out the instruments, then setting the clocks. I had four clocks, one for New York time, one for local time, and the others for the trip time between legs of the flight. Check, check, check, all read OK.

There were blocks under the wheels as I had no brakes. Nothing was automatic in those days. It was pull the prop, turn the switch and hope it would start. I gave Fred the signal. I was ready for takeoff. Fred started pulling the prop through, as I

turned the starter switch. Very critically. Very quickly the engine started. I revved the engine to full power, checking the magnetos, the valve to the takeoff gas tank and set the barometer. Everything was working well. I could feel the ship strain against the wheel blocks as though saying "let's go, what are we waiting for?"

FIRST SOLO FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD — June 3, 1933, 5:21AM The Moment of truth, this was the hour. They told me that it couldn't be done. We'll soon see. The engine is humming smoothly, I'm on my way at last, with 5,000 lbs. of fuel in my 3000 lb. airplane. Roaring down the runway, the *Vega* finally lifted only just a little. Gradually picking up speed we gained a little more lift, yet still settling below the roof of the two-story administration building, as we neared the end of the runway. What counts is we did get off and as we headed out over the water, the cooler air gave the engine the needed boost. Finally, I was up and on my way. With a farewell dip of my wings we soared off seaward. I checked my instrument panel and smiled what a year what a day "Paris here I come. I'm really truly beginning the greatest adventure of my life. I wished dad had lived to see this happening. He never believed that the crazy sky machine was here to stay."

The weather was good as I flew on, somewhat east of Boston. Again, as in last years flight, I was taking the great circle course to Europe as the shortest distance between two points.

This time I did not plan to land in Newfoundland. Little did I realize the fact, that because Newfoundland was clear as I flew over her, and not fogged in, as it so often is, would save my life.

THE IRON CAMERA — Coming in over Newfoundland I realized that I was several degrees north of my planned course. This fact was not only startling but puzzling. Something was very wrong, but what? Then I glanced around, first at the instrument panel, then to my right and finally to my left where I noticed the camera which I had placed in a space in the wing which I kept for storing things. I reached up, took the camera down passing it from my left hand to my other hand and moved it across to my right. As I did so I watched the compass slowly change, following the path of the iron camera. Now, what to do. You believe that you had thought out every detail of the flight and now this. There was absolutely no way to get rid of this camera. The windows were too small to throw it out. All I could do was to move the camera from one side to the other every 15 minutes. Now I might as well forget Paris and just hope I'll hit the continent.

FROM BAD TO WORSE — It wasn't long before I ran into a tremendous storm. I think the nearest I came to being really scared was when I was about half way across the Atlantic (they call that the 'Point of no return'), ice started forming on the wings. I had no choice but to dive down to warmer air in order to release the ice. Sounds funny, doesn't it, but remember in 1933 we had no de-icers on our wings.

As I dove the plane from 6,000 ft to within a couple of hundred feet of the water, I pulled out of the dive. At that point I heard the wing crack. A quick thought went through my mind, 'I guess I'm going to join all of the others that tried and didn't make it'. To my pleasant surprise the wing held and I kept on flying. I later found that the wooden frame had cracked but the wing covering had held it firm.

The weather never seemed to give me a break. It was bad all night. It is mighty lonely out there over the north Atlantic,

The New York Times

Copyright, 1933, by The New York Times Company
NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1933.

at White House; 'Get to Heaven'

When She Ran 'the Saras' She Had the Roosevelt k Back Home.

It used to be the habit of South. I thought just waiting some 300 at a time," she said. "I showed the plane, she got in the Roosevelt's secretary. When she'd answer my letter, I'd say 'Dear Mrs. Roosevelt, a name in the White House was applied to be advertised. I didn't let it, I don't know. It didn't come out the paper.'"

"A 'fate' South's lean cheeks, a color burned, and she fumbled only through her box for the key about her grandfather who left in the war of 1812, but she said she was not the least bit left.

"What did I eat for lunch?" I remember. We certainly had a nice lunch, and I enjoyed every bite of it. Let's see—there was tea, crab. We had coffee and a and butter. I wish I had a Continued on Page Three.

10,000,000 FOR CITY; TEN IN NEW TAXES

Edge, Taxicab and Special Cycles Are Expected to Meet Half of Relief Costs.

HER HALF NOW SOUGHT

Way Impost Plan Revived; Bankers Relive New Aid— Civic Groups Open Fight.

MATTERN OVER SEA ON WORLD FLIGHT; WEATHER AIDS HIM

Due in Paris This Morning on Solo Venture in Effort to Cut Post-Gatly Time.

HOPES TO BE BACK IN WEEK

Tail Winds and Clear Skies Are Expected to Help Him Half Way Across Atlantic.

STORMS DUE OFF IRELAND

May Force Him to Fly Blind— He is Planning to Rise Only 2 or 3 Hours Each Day.

James Matern, Texas pilot, flew from Floyd Bennett Field just after 3 o'clock yesterday morning, bound round the world. He was stalled near Newfoundland, right on his course, about seven hours later.

With a tail wind blowing briskly to fifty miles an hour, a clear sky and brilliant sunshine, he coasted out to sea across Notre Dame Bay, near Lunenburg, N.S., for Paris as his first stop.

At the rate he flew through the daylight hours yesterday, darkness should have met him half way across the Atlantic, with the coast of Ireland beneath him before midnight and the grounds of St. Bourget under his wheels early this morning.

There, after a brief stop, he proposed to follow the trail of the Great Gully across Russia and Siberia to Alaska, with stops at Moscow, Novo Sibirsk, Irkutsk, Khabarovsk and New Nome, Fairbanks, Edmonton and Chicago, and finally Floyd Bennett Field again. He hoped to make it in seven days, sailing more than a day and a half from the

Robbed Nicaraguan Appeals To Thieves Through Press

St. Thomas, June 3.—The New York Times MAMADISA, Nicaragua, June 3.—Vicente Murillo Gonzalez, whose home had been robbed, had the following notice published today on the front page of La Noticia, one of Managua's leading newspapers.

"Pardon to the Thieves of Nicaragua.

"I earnestly request the thieves of Managua, inasmuch as they have so many facilities to steal because of the carelessness of the police, not to steal from the poor like me. Today they left me with only the suit I had on.

"If the thieves steal from the poor, these will have to become thieves also and the thieves' business will be ruined in the end."

ROOSEVELT SENATE TO SA

SENATORS BAR SA

But Finance Com Makes More Ch in Recovery E

SHIFT ROAD FUND

Would Force Use of \$4 000 for Highways, \$2 000 for Public P.

McADOO SEEKS INI

Harrison Says Licensir and Full Administrati gram Must Be Real

WASHINGTON, June 3

President Roosevelt's fiscal recovery bill, and special legislation provided today for the Federal Reserve Commission, the second day of his message.

Senator Harrison, one of the committee, said only the standing staff "back" of the whole bill must be passed, but the

BEVIER 'SOLD' KITS IN 3 HOURS' TIME

Art of Salesmanship Revealed to Senators in Forest Corps Contract.

DOUGLAS DENIES BLAME

'Did Not Know of Contract' Until It Was Let—How Will Be Recalled for Questioning.

Senator Douglas, who was in Washington, June 3. The military action the purchase of 100,000 tent kits, a price of \$1.40 per kit for the Civilian Conservation Corps, which participated a Senate investigation to determine the "guilty" administration official was asked through the story of a private salesman who turned a profit out of the deal.

Armed only with a letter of introduction from Earl O'Connor of New York, former law partner of President Roosevelt, Douglas, in June 1932, secretary to the President, Richard B. Bevier told the Senate

The June 4, 1933 front page of *The New York Times* telling about Jimmie's progress across the Atlantic. (Mattern Family Collection)

Jimmie and his Lockheed Vega on the beach at Jomfrulund, Norway after his forced landing on June 4, 1933. (Mattern Family Collection)

over the mountains and glaciers of Norway headed for Oslo. When I realized that I couldn't quite make it all of the way to Oslo, I flew down over the Island of Jomfrulund. I circled this nice resort Island looking for a place to set down. All I could find was a rocky beach and I do mean ROCKY. No kidding the rocks were as big as basketballs. I finally made a very bumpy landing but managed to stay right side up this time, however not without two blown tires and a busted tail. Even so I was excited to have found land and to I learn that I was far ahead of the Transatlantic speed record.

NORWEGIAN HOSPITALITY — I had landed about 50 miles south of Oslo. The little town was a summer resort. A young couple by the name of Weiburg were the first to get to my plane. I crawled out and was pleased to find that they spoke English. I said to them "I just flew nonstop from New York". With this their jaws dropped. I continued, "I am trying to make the first solo flight around the World and to break the existing World speed record. I need your help. By then many had gathered around and a couple of the men suggested that I get some rest while they take care of the needed work on the plane. Mr. Weiburg suggested that I bathe and rest in his cottage nearby. I was more than ready and, as he and his wife made me comfortable, I gave them a package of flight covers to take to the Jomfrulund Post Office to be stamped. Having been without rest or sleep for approximately 48 hours I was more than ready to have a nice bedroom and bath to completely relax. It was now 4:00AM June. 4th, New York time.

While I slept the local Norwegians had a seaplane sent down from Oslo with fuel for my empty tanks. I really only needed about 5 gallons, in order to keep the plane light for the short space I had for take off plus it was only 80 miles to Oslo. This was one airplane that could get out of any space that I could get into. Most planes didn't have this capability. The Lockheed did.

Next a pair of farm horses were brought in to pull my plane off of the rocky beach and up on to a grassy knoll where they could work on the necessary repairs. Both tires were ruined and the landing gear needed some restructuring.

In a few hours the ship was again ready to go. I was awakened and told that all was well to be on my way. I wasted no time. I determined that the wing was still safe to fly. But now my major problem was a very short strip of land on which to get off. The airplane had no brakes so the Norwegians (smart people) tied a rope around a large rock (two of them) and put one in front of each wheel. I revved the engine up and gave them the signal for the rocks to be pulled away simultaneously and I ran down the field, hit a bump and was air bound. Now I look back and wonder how I ever got off of that grassy knoll. In 1969 my wife, Dorothy, and I visited that very same place. I immediately noticed that the knoll was pocketed with sand pits, like on a golf course. I questioned one of the Norwegian men who was showing us where I had landed and where I had taken off. He had been there in 1933.

I asked "How in the world did I get off the ground with all of those ditches and sand pits in the path?"

He replied "You just put a Norwegian standing in each hole and then wove your way around them as you took off" Well, I

especially under stormy conditions in the black of night. I decided to check my little 70 gallon fuel tank, which Amelia Earhart had given me for that extra few gallons you always seem to need. Knowing that I was now not flying the great circle course since the camera kept changing my compass and, what with bad weather, I was going to need that extra 70 gallons to make it to any land. As soon as one of my five main tanks became empty, I switched to the little tank my engine quit and I hurriedly switched back to another main tank and the engine took hold. I tried this same routine every time that one of my main tanks ran dry I would switch to the little tank and my engine would quit. Each time I made the switch I used the wobble pump to force the gasoline from the little tank through the line to the engine. I knew that I was now in trouble as I definitely needed that extra fuel to make it to land. I prayed that something would make it work. When my last main tank ran dry, I switched to the little tank and to my utter relief the engine picked up and I went right on into Norway. We later found that a piece of felt had lodged itself in the fuel line between the little tank and the engine. Each time I used the wobble pump it forced the felt a little further until on the last try, as we discovered, it had reached the engine and was lodged in the top of the carburetor screen, leaving the fuel line clear to flow to the engine. How lucky can I get?

June 4, 1933 — NORWAY NEVER KNEW I WAS COMING
Of course I didn't know that either- but here I was flying in



made it but I must say, those were some brave Norwegians.

Flying on up to Oslo I landed at a Military Airdrome to refuel and service the plane. The airplane was balanced for a heavy load or fuel, so when I came into Oslo practically empty the field was a down-hill sod field. I stalled it in to land on the end of the field but with no brakes and nose heavy I rolled and rolled and had to ground loop it at the end of the field. Remember, the fields were not like today's, long, concrete. Right aileron and left rudder caused a ground loop, which was the only way to stop without brakes and you hoped you would not tip a wing tip in doing so. Not a good feeling at any time.

At Oslo, the first thing that I did was to give the camera to the Airport manager and told him to ship it collect to Pathe News—he did. I also got my flight covers stamped while I gassed up. I never left the field.

The Norwegians on the field had seen another *Vega* flown by Standard Oil around Europe, and thought that this was another Standard Oil plane. When I told them that I had just flown in from New York, they looked at one another as if they thought I was some kook. The *Vega* normally carries 100 gallons of fuel. I asked for 400 gallons. They shook their heads, but when they looked in and saw the tank capacity, they began to believe. Still ahead of the Post and Gatty record, I was in a hurry to keep going, and didn't have the patience to sit clown and explain my story.

June 5, 1933 8:57 AM, OSLO TO MOSCOW—As I streaked across Sweden, the Baltic sea, Estonia, and Latvia, the flight was easy and uneventful. Now I had completed one third of my world flight as my wheels touched down at the Airdrome in Moscow.

While in Moscow I took time to go over my plans, for flying across Russia and Siberia, with some of the local Russian pilots. There were very few maps of Siberia and what there was only showed mountains, rivers, and a few small settlements.

While I was discussing my route with one of the Russian pilots, a guard was supposed to be watching my plane. As I

glanced out onto the field I saw the guard standing quietly on a little hillside overlooking the plane, while the ship itself was swarming with people climbing all over it. The Russians were amazingly interested in the controllable pitch propeller. They had never seen such a prop, one that had a different control for takeoff than for cruising. The controllable pitch propeller actually was designed for Sikorsky by a fellow named Frank Caldwell. It was called the "gearshift of the air". It became one of the revolutionary advances in the history of powered flight. This new type of propeller made it possible to set the blades at the flat angle needed for takeoff power, then when the plane reached cruising altitude it could be changed to the increased angle for lower fuel consumption required on long distance flights.

I decided that it was now time to get going before any damage could occur to my "Century of Progress". By now having eaten an orange and drank a cup of tea I had snatched 3 hours of sleep. During my short stay in Moscow the Russians did patch up the split wing of my plane. Now it was time to head for Siberia.

June 6, 1933, THE URAL MOUNTAINS AND THE RUSSIAN STEPPES—I took off about midnight headed for Omsk, Siberia. While flying over the Ural mountains I inherited an inky black storm with lightning snapping at my wing tips. I weathered it out and was happy to land at Omsk as I am now half way around the world and well ahead of the speed records.

My tired body was temporarily refreshed by a Sauna at Omsk, but, the pace was beginning to tell on both me and my plane. I spent most of the day resting and making some minor repairs and adjustments. At 6:10PM I was again on my way. This time to Khabarovsk, with the first leg being Irkutsk, Siberia.

Fatigue was beginning to attack me. However, as I flew on, the weather was relatively clear and it wasn't fatigue that caused me to pass out. A gas line had broken and the fumes did cause me to lose consciousness. When I came to I was in a

dive headed straight down. I was able to pull out and land on a field that looked smooth enough. Nevertheless what I didn't see was a hidden stump which damaged my horizontal stabilizer. I climbed out of the ship too groggy to make any judgment or decision at that point in time. All I could do was to lie on the ground and take deep breathes of fresh air. By the time I opened my eyes I found myself and my plane surrounded by dozens of peasants. (Siberia was, at that time, inhabited with unwanted Russians forced to live there). They had never seen an airplane and I now presume that they must have thought I was from outer space. I soon discovered that all they had to sustain them was black bread and water. They were pure white from the eyebrows up, as though there was no circulation in the brain area. They just gawked at me like a cow staring over a fence.

I fixed the gas line's broken connection and managed to find enough material to make a temporary repair of the stablizer. Once again in the cockpit, after pushing these poor peasants back away from the propeller. I started the engine and motioned for them to stay back. Yet as I began to taxi and turn around I found them coming toward me. I had made a decision and quickly. I decided to rev it up and get going, happen what may. I was not going to spend the rest of my life in Siberia. As I roared across the field the crowd parted just in time and I never touched one of them. Thank God! I later learned that when you wave your arms to 'go away' that signal in Russian meant come closer.

Now I'm on my way to Irkutsk. This seemed a rather irregular route but I had to get to Khabarovsk via Irkutsk as Japan would not let me fly across Manchuria and Russia would not let me land at Yukutsk.

I knew that Khabarovsk was on a river but my lack of rest and nourishment was taking its toll My mind was not concentrating. As I now turned down the Amur river, when I should have turned up, I could not locate Khabarovsk. Finally again in the black of night I decided to land. I stacked a couple of pillows around my head to help reduce injuries. as I had no idea what the ground beneath me was, like for landing a plane. I brought the Vega in for a surprisingly smooth landing. The plane rolled easily to a stop without nosing over. I cut the switch, unbuckled my seat belt, opened the hatch, and clumsily climbed out and dropped the 8 feet to the ground. Too tired to try to find out where I was, I just laid down on mother earth and fell sound asleep.

Awakening at dawn I was amazed and astonished to find my plane and myself looking over the Amur river at the very end of a sand bar. Soon I also noticed a group of Siberian peasants rowing over to me. When they arrived I noticed that they seemed to look more Mongolian than others I had seen in Siberia. My pantomime soon got across to them that the big Eagle bird needed something to quench its thirst. The Peasants then rowed across the river and returned with tins of Tractor gasoline and crude oil 'borrowed' from a farm cooperative. They seemed quite delighted by the presence of the mechanical eagle which had dropped in.

Clanking and smoking, the abused Wasp engine got the plane into the sky once again and we managed to reach Khabarovsk, on the Amur river, 500 miles from Japan and the jumping off place for Nome, Alaska.

June 12, 1933, HEADED FOR MY COUNTRY—In Kabarovsk I was restored with food and sleep and even some-

"All the News That's
Fit to Print."

The

VOL. LXXXII...No. 27,526.

Entered as Second-Class Matter,
Postoffice, New York, N. Y.

MATTERN MISSING ON WORLD FLIGHT; CRASH IS FEARED

Texan Fails to Reach Paris
Within the 30-Hour Limit
Set by Fuel Supply.

REPORTED OVER CHANNEL

Irish, English, French Towns
Toll of Seeing Plane Like
One Which Left Here.

HOLIDAY HANDICAPS NEWS

Associates Here Deny Report
Flier Planned to Keep on
Secretly to Moscow.

No authentic reports had been received at an early hour this morning of James Matern, who started Saturday morning on a flight around the world. His first stop was to have been Paris, and his schedule called for his arrival there

14 Killed in French Wreck; 100 on Holiday Train Injured

Wrecked in THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, June 4.—Fourteen persons were killed and 100 were injured when an express train, crowded with holiday-makers who left Paris last night to spend Whitenside on the Brittany coast, was derailed near Nantes this morning.

The engineer and fireman, who escaped unhurt, were detained by the police on charges of criminal negligence. The accident was caused by debris on the track which caused the locomotive to leave the rails while traveling at more than fifty miles an hour.

A freight train had been wrecked last night on the track adjoining that the express was using. The engineer disregarded instructions to reduce his speed to eighteen miles an hour while passing the scene of the wreck.

GIBSON COMMITTEE TO DISBAND SEPT. 30

Jobless-Relief to Be Passed On
to Private Charities and
Public Agencies.

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The New York Times front page of June 5, 1933, telling of their concern for Jimmie's safety. (Matern Family Collection)

what heartened over my continued phenomenal good luck in the face of so many mishaps. Now, with numerous delays, I was behind the Post and Gatty Around the World speed record but I still had high hopes of completing the first Solo Flight Around the World.

At 4:00AM I was off again, happily winging my way toward Nome. This was actually considered the toughest leg of my whole flight, 2500 miles of badly mapped mountain ranges and desolate tundra land in Arctic Siberia. Nevertheless, I felt a surge of excitement heading toward Alaska, the area I knew so well and had flown over so many times. About 700 miles out over the Okotsk Sea I ran into an impenetrable barrier of clouds that covered the sea from horizon to horizon. There simply was no way through it, under it or over it. I started to ice up and had no choice but to turn back to where I had started. That day I had flown 1400 miles and not one inch of progress.

After some long wait I took off again and this time after crossing the 1000 miles of the frozen Okhotsk Sea I came to the Kamchatka Peninsula. Here, right at the edge of the Arctic Circle were 8000-foot-high mountains. I couldn't fly over most of their mountains as my plane didn't like operating well much above 6000 feet. I managed to wind through the Passes and make my way over some of the low ranges.

June 14, 1933, DISASTER—It was bitter cold and once again trouble. I had covered about 1900 miles of a 2500 mile stretch and Nome was only 4 hours ahead when I glanced at

my oil pressure gage and saw that it had dropped to zero. The inferior Russian oil was going through my motor at the rate of two gallons an hour and as I approached the Bering Sea, my 30-gallon oil tank had run dry. Now I regretted the friendly help I had accepted from the peasants back on the island on the Amur. That oil was just too crude for my finely tuned *Wasp*. The system was hopelessly clogged. I had a reserve supply in the rear of the plane and a bicycle pump to force it up to the main tank, but in the frigid air this oil line had frozen.

With less than 4 hours to my American Soil, I now knew that my dream of the first solo flight around the world had to end. With 500 miles of open water of the Bering Sea ahead there wasn't a chance. My motor would soon freeze up for lack of oil. After inspection of the rough and frozen terrain below, I knew I would have to deliberately crash my plane. As I looked down on the endless wasteland, uninhabited most likely, certainly inhospitable and terribly forbidding. Now the days of my Alaska flying and my Bush Pilot friends all came back to me. They had told me whenever you are in trouble over the mountains, follow the little streams, they lead to rivers, and rivers lead to Settlements. That is the only way you will ever get out. I did just that and came out over the wide Anadyr river, somewhat similar to our Mississippi river, only the Anadyr is much wider.

I had to deliberately crash-land the ship. My crash from the year before in Germany flashed through my mind, of the plane flipping over on its back. I knew then that I couldn't take a chance on trying to make a regular landing or this could happen again. I had to purposely use a most unusual procedure in order to come out alive. I flew my faltering *Vega* wide open (approximately 200 mph) and knocked off the landing gear. Then I belly-landed the plane on the frozen tundra, sliding it in like a sled. The engine was forced back and buckled under as she stopped. It came partly up toward my lap and busted my ankle. I managed to extricate myself and bandage my ankle. So, there I was in the wastes of Siberia with three chocolate bars being all that existed between me and starvation. For 8 days I slept in the plane and then decided that my only hope for rescue lay in getting down to the river over a mile away.

With my ankle throbbing and very weak from lack of food I got down to the river's edge. I built a grass hut on the bank of the Anadyr river and lined it with maps. I could get little sleep as the ground was frozen. I would build a fire and lay down in the warm ashes but soon the permafrost would seep up through and wake me up. I kept what I thought was a daily diary during those weeks in Siberia but somehow I lost 5 days. The nights and days are almost all the same in June so I don't really know whether I had lost consciousness in the crash landing or just a little confused with night and day. Following is my diary as I wrote it word for word. It will explain what it is like to be "LOST in SIBERIA".

THE DIARY OF JIMMIE MATTERN IN SIBERIA

June 14, 1933— I was making a solo flight around the world. I left New York at 4:30 AM, June 3rd, 1933. My first landing was near Oslo, Norway. From there I flew to Moscow, Russia, then on to Omsk, and Belaia, Siberia which was near Irkutsk, Siberia. I flew on to Khabarovsk, Siberia.

Everything was going well and I was only 6 days out of New York. I was delayed in Khabarovsk waiting for the right weath-

er, as my next flight was to be from Khabarovsk to Nome, Alaska, a distance of 2500 miles. I took off once but returned when I couldn't get through on account of ice.

I then took off on June 14th, for Nome. I was going good, straight on my course and it was not hard to navigate. I got well up to about the very northern end of the Okhotsk Sea when bad weather set in. I collected ice on my wings. I flew to the left of my course so that I could pick up the Anadyr River, which I did. I kept on it until I ran out of oil. The oil line froze up and the extra oil that I had in rear tank would not feed through to the engine. The oil pressure went down to zero, but I kept coming. Finally my motor froze up for lack of oil and I had to deliberately crash-land my ship. I am not badly hurt although when the engine came back into the cockpit I got a broken ankle. I have been here for nearly 28 hours and have prepared my fuselage, of my airplane, for a wait for help.

June 16, 1933—The weather just cleared up. I have very little food, only some chocolate bars. I took a cylinder from my motor and made a stove out of it for inside my cabin. I have been very uncomfortable with the cold. Today I went to the river's edge again. Two motor boats, pulling five small boats went by. I fired my gun eight times but they didn't see me. I believe that I am only 50 miles from the settlement at the mouth of the Anadyr Gulf.

I made a raft today, but am planning on waiting for an airplane or try to hail a small boat, for about a week or more. This is the 16th, and have been here 3 days. If I am right I should be able to sail my raft to the Gulf of Anadyr in about 3 days time. I will keep to the left bank and out of the wind when I go. I shot a duck today with my high-powered gun, which is very hard hunting.

The most tiresome and energy-taking thing is to walk to the river over the tundra, and back again to the ship. I made my raft hold together with the control wire of my ship. The cylinder in the fuselage doesn't do so well as I have no chimney and the fuselage fills up with smoke. I get very cold at midnight. I am heartbroken when I look at my plane. I have cried often. It was so sweet a job.

I have many sore places now and was bruised, but didn't know it. I also have many blisters from walking over to the river, and on my hands from making the raft. I put the American Flag, which I am carrying, on a pole at the front of my raft.

It was so hard to see those boats go by. My very heavy flying suit probably saved me from exposure. I put the duck I shot in the flowing stream to keep it cold until tomorrow when I expect to have a good feed. I am glad I didn't forget to bring the salt with me.

June 17, 1933 - I got up after a very cold night and got everything together for my walk to the river. I took a long piece of iron from the tail group, of my airplane and was going to put the duck in it to roast. I went by where I had left the duck and, heartbroken, I looked at the spot where I had placed it and there was only bones left. The sea gulls had found it. That's hard to take when you are hungry. I went on to the river and there, also, the raft had almost gotten away with the tide. I pulled it up more on the bank.

I decided to walk to the most narrow part of the river so that I would be familiar with it in case a boat came by I could run up there. I walked about 5 miles over a small glacier. I rested and returned. While resting, the sea gulls would hover over me

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MATTERN FLIES FOR OMSK; BEATS RECORD TO MOSCOW AFTER LANDING NEAR OSLO

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ON STAND
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Mattern's Progress on World-Flight Route.

9 HOURS IN SOVIET CAPITAL

Plane Is Repaired and
He Goes On, Five Hours
Ahead of Post's Time.

STORM BLOWS FLIER NORTH

Ice on Torn Wing Forces Him
Down on Island Off
Norway.

LANDS ON ROUGH BEACH

Stones That 'Looked Like
Sand' Damage Wing—Peo-
ple Treat Flier Warmly.

Special Coll. in THE NEW YORK TIMES.
MOSCOW, Tuesday, June 6—
James Mattern dropped out of the
clouds yesterday afternoon on his

June 6, 1933, *The New York Times* map shows Jimmie's progress toward Omsk, Siberia. (Mattern Family Collection)

as much as to say "Die will you!". That's a very funny feeling.

Next I came from the river to the small pond in hopes to find more ducks. I lay there in the wet grass for about 3 hours but none came. My feet are continually wet. I have not as yet gotten a cold. I feel weaker than when I first landed. I carried some dry wood, from the small beach, for the fire in the cylinder in the airplane. I am rather affected, in my eyes, by the glare from the snow on the glacier. I have returned at 6 o'clock to get in out of the cold when the sun gets down low. I am eating half of one of the chocolate bars and am going to rest until morning.

June 18, 1933—Very cold weather and uncomfortable last night. The weather is clouding up again for the same kind of bad weather that I hit when I came in here. I started for the river and took along half of the NACA cowling from my airplane to use as a windbreak on the raft. I feel good but a little worried about not getting any ducks for food. My feet have been wet all day. I explored to the north of my camp and ran across several lakes and laid down for several hours in the wet marsh to wait for game but none came. I went back to the beach and watched for boats for several hours and then started back over the marsh to the airplane. The sea gulls were over me by the half dozen now. They annoy me very much. I studied my map upon returning and am very sure that I am only 50 to 75 miles to the village at the mouth of the Anadyr Gulf. I must

make a decision some day soon and I must have every side figured out. Of course there is a settlement down the river as the boats with their furs passed here and were going to some port, that is for sure. What I would like to know is, how far?

I can't find a thing to boil water in. I have tried everything. I have tea with me and a hot cup of it would be grand. The wind is howling very loud out there. As I am right on top of a hill out of the wind it is not so cold but at midnight and the early hours it is 32°. It looks as if I will be in the ship for a few days as the weather is getting very bad. There, of course, are no boats going down or up the river in bad weather and that means it's no use for me to go there.

I am trying to figure out how far my raft will float in a day. I judge about 20 miles I hope faster. I don't want to take the raft as that is a bad thing in case airplanes are searching for me and find my ship and me not here. Joe Crosson, of Fairbanks, once told me to always stay with the ship but I feel that I am 600 miles from Nome and that is quite different. However I don't intend to leave the ship for at least 10 days. You see if boats go down the river they must come up, so there would be two advantages, one going to the settlement and the other boats coming back would see me on the raft and not pass as they did when I was on the bank. I haven't been eating, only what I feel I need. I feel myself getting thinner but not hungry. My socks are completely worn out and full of holes. I looked at myself in a mirror today and I look very bad and of course dirty with a beard of about a week. However that, with the dirt, keeps me warmer. I take a walk every once in a while from the cabin to the tip of the wing on top. When landing, I purposely tried to knock off the landing gear so as not to flip over on my back as Benny and I had last year. Benny wouldn't be here to dig me out this time. The landing gear was taken completely off and is back by the tail. My ship just slid along like a sled, on it's belly, on the soft marsh and lay there intact except for the landing gear. The marsh was not rough and didn't seem bad at all. I, of course, found out that I should have crashed it on this side of the river but closer to the river at the narrow part. Then I could have built a more complete raft without using up the energy it now takes just getting to the river and back to my plane. Then too I would have been more out of the wind and a lot more comfortable, plus I would have been able to catch the eye of those on the boats that passed.

June 19, 1933—I have been in the airplane since 3 o'clock yesterday. It rained all night and very cold I had not slept much. Staying in here over 24 hours at a time is quite trying. I went up to the top of the wing this morning. I feel good. The fog is very low and wet and cold. I hope for the weather to break either tonight or tomorrow morning. I found a bag of cookie crumbs. I took all of the pieces out of the bag. There was one large piece and crumbs. The crumbs took the place of one meal. Several birds and ducks have gone by. Some come close to the airplane.

I have been thinking about a lot of things lately. I pray every day. I think of my mother and hope that she is not worrying so much that it would effect her health. I, of course, think of so many things. I could have done better with my life. I have always tried to do what is right. I did want to make money. Well, now I realize how useless money is, and of no value whatsoever in the Arctic wastes of Siberia. I have over one hundred dollars, in my pocket, and it won't even make a fire to get me warm. This sort of experience gives me the real value

of money—NONE. Many other things, without money, will be good for you.

In some of the experiences I have had on this trip, I would have given anything for a smooth field instead of money. A field suitable for landing, would have been worth everything. To use that I could take off and gotten off and made it to the Anadyr Gulf. But, the breaks seem to be against me, on the flight, from the start. My only hope now is to get out of here and back to civilization. That's all I want. My foolish days of Records is over and I want to settle down to a quiet life.

I know all this and knowing everything now, many thoughts form answers that come into my head, I should have been able to anticipate—I seem to get more tired just by writing.

Today I have found a lot of things I must have, a tank of Standard Oil in my ship—it could save me all the grief. I have been hunting but to no good. I have built a large fire on the beach for several hours and found that the green bushes make a lot of smoke, so I will know what to do when I see a boat.

I have made up my mind to try the raft, which is a big step to take. No food here has made me come to that decision. I have stumbled several times in the rough and one of my ankles is weak and both ache but don't mean much when you have wet feet at freezing temperatures and a burnt and a sprained ankle—can't get food so am going down the river. Have left a note in the ship telling just where I think I am and what I am going to do, in case they find the plane and I'm not with it. Boiled some water in a fuselage gas tank that I found, and made some hot tea. It tasted very good.

What a decision to take the raft—don't know how far I have to go or whether leaving the ship is bad— but I can't stay here and starve. I know boats are down the river and will be coming back—when? I would like to know but to stay behind in the airplane makes it only the chance of the other man's plane to reach me. I turned my ankle today and it is painful. Have teeth hurting but will not feel it now very much.

June 20, 1933—I was going to get the raft ready to sail but rain set in and it has been very bad and foggy all day. I have not left the cabin of the airplane. I made one chocolate bar last from noon yesterday to noon today. I have only two left and a few pieces of cookies which could last me about a week. I didn't sleep all night with the cold and my tooth bothering me a lot.

I have been missing a whole week. I know that my mother is badly worried by this time. Sure hate to miss the World's Fair in Chicago. Wonder how my pals Betty Miller, Jack Clark, Harry James and Sam Sackett feel about me being lost this time. I know that they are all worrying. I have been reported lost many times before, but this is the first time I have really been lost; no help at hand and no food.

Hope the weather breaks tomorrow so I can get started down the river as I believe with the next good weather, the boats that went down will be starting back. I've been looking over some maps of my fights from New York and all the different things I recall are surely a variety. I don't mind the loneliness out here as I have had so many people around me all of the time. In Russia they would crowd so close I could hardly breath. Needless to say I have felt quite content being alone. The only thought is of one or two people and to get back safely. I also keep thinking if I can get food I can live and get out of this OK.

Let me make the trip down the river, bring me my dream of a small settlement and not too far away. More checks on my

compass with the way the river runs, and the mountains on the other side show that I am right where I believe myself to be.

It must be cold today as I am very cold in the flying suit and you should see my flying suit. The temperature gage in the cockpit has read freezing at all times. I am about 100 miles above the Arctic Circle.

It seems nice to have all correct time in the different places plus local. I have plenty of good watches, a Longene on my left wrist for the New York time, a Willenaure Indestructo on my right wrist and a Longene elapse time clock from my dashboard. They're all great watches and dependable.

The Indestructo has been dropped, bumped and under water several times but she still runs.

I was very proud of the way I was coming along on the Khabarovsk-to-Nome leg of the flight. My navigation was very accurate thanks to the wonderful Pioneer and Sperry Instruments. The Pratt & Whitney *Wasp* motor was in grand form and purring like a kitten. As for the ship, the Lockheed can't be beat and it was in perfect shape.

As I am planning to go down stream, following is the note I am leaving in the ship.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE WITH THE AIRPLANE A WEEK. I CRASHED WHEN I RAN OUT OF OIL. THE OIL I HAD IN THE REAR TANK WOULD NOT FEED TO THE FRONT. THE SECOND DAY I SAW TWO MOTOR BOATS GO DOWN THE RIVER PULLING FIVE SMALL BOATS APIECE. I BELIEVE I AM LATITUDE 64:35 WEST AND LONGITUDE 175:30 NORTH ON THE ANADYR RIVER. IF I AM RIGHT ABOUT THIS LOCATION, I SHOULD ONLY BE 75 MILES, AT MOST FROM THE MOUTH OF THE ANABAR GULF AND THE SETTLEMENT OF HOBOMAPUNNCK, ON MY MAP. I HAVE MADE A RAFT AND AM GOING DOWN THE RIVER AS I AM ALMOST OUT OF FOOD, I HAVE ABOUT 5 DAYS LEFT. IF I COULD HAVE GOTTEN FOOD HERE I WOULD HAVE STAYED A MONTH. SO IF YOU LOCATE THE AIRPLANE AND I HAVE NOT BEEN FOUND, I WILL BE BETWEEN HERE AND 100 MILES DOWN STREAM. I WILL STAY TO THE RIGHT BANK OUT OF THE WIND GOING DOWN. I HAVE A HIGH POWERED GUN, MATCHES, SALT, HUNTING KNIFE AND A VERY WARM FLYING SUIT SO I CAN STAND THE WEATHER. I ALSO HAVE A FISH LINE AND FLIES.

I CAN LIVE A LONG TIME AS I KNOW A LOT ABOUT STAYING ALIVE IN THE NORTH COUNTRIES. MY RAFT IS SHAPED LIKE THIS (sketch) AND HAS THE OTHER HALF OF THE COWLING ON IT. IT IS RED AND BLUE. A POLE WITH THE AMERICAN FLAG IS ON THE RAFT BUT IS BADLY WIND TORN ALREADY. IF BY CHANCE I AM ON ANY OTHER RIVER, I WILL BE NO MORE THAN 100 MILES DOWN STREAM. I HAVE A MAP AND COMPASS SO TO ESTABLISH LANDMARKS AS I GO ALONG. KEEP LOOKING, BOYS, AS I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS. I WILL NEVER GIVE UP. WILL BE LOOKING FOR YOU. THIS IS JUNE 20 AT 10:00 O'CLOCK THAT I AM LEAVING THE AIRPLANE. "JIMMIE MATTERN".

The above note remained with the airplane as I left it. I made two trips to the raft. One with the wasp cylinder for a



stove and all of the paper things I wanted. I returned to the airplane and got my flying suit and chocolate bars. I started back and I carried the gun both trips. I was weak. I fell several times and could hardly get up. I finally made it back and loaded the raft.

I was ready and I said a little prayer and pushed the raft into the stream. It *wouldn't float!* I was all wet and dumped part of the load off from it. I was very lucky to get back to shore as the current was so strong. I threw everything to the beach and came wading in myself. I must start a fire right away. I started a big one. I tried to burn the whole beach up. I got dry and warm and lay down to sleep couldn't sleep and my tooth ached. I lay around all night in different damp places and finally located a rather good spot. I am now very discouraged and don't know how things will turn out.

June 21, 1933—I have kept the fire going all day and just been looking for a boat. I don't know whether to start walking or not. Really don't think I should. I would get weak and then if the airplane was located I would not be found. Yesterday I shot a muskrat and ate him. It made me sick but it filled my stomach.

June 22, 1933—Had a very cold night, the ground was damp and I kept a fire going all night. It surely gets tiresome I finally let it go out and went out looking for ducks about 4:00AM. I got a little way and ran right into two sitting on the ground. I fired and got one. He was very fat. I feel good today as I have had two legs of the duck. This helps give me a new outlook on this situation. I still believe I will get out of this but it is hard to believe when you sit there in silence so continuously. I still am not lonesome but I keep myself busy. I have been here 9 days, today at 9:00PM. It is now 4:00PM. The weather broke and is more calm and warmer. No boats. If I can keep getting

food, I am going to stay with it here. I realize that going downstream, on foot, will be tempting fate as I might not get any food and be out in the weather. Then, of course, it is never dark. The sun just goes around the top of the ship but it is cold at night.

I went up on the snow last night and built myself an ice igloo about six feet long by five feet deep. I thought it would be warm. I just finished it but the sun is melting the ice and snow fast now and I don't think it will be any good when I go there tonight to see.

I have over half of my duck gone and went hunting again this morning, hut no luck. The ducks are very smart and don't let you get close. If I had a shotgun, I could have a dozen by now and my worries as for food and staying here would be over. I pray for a boat each day. I believe I will go back to the ship and try to get more gasoline down here somehow. I want a feast, and a big fire when I start it. I should have had a small one going most of the time but let it go out every once in while. The wood is getting so far away to carry. I took a hike up to the top of the hill as it was so clear and one could see a long way. It took some of the heart out of me to look for miles over the Arctic wastes. I came back with less hope than I have ever had and had a good cry. I have noticed very pesky flies today, for the first time, to add to the hardship of the north. I suppose it will be mosquitoes next. However I have mosquito net.

June 24, 1933—Warm and mosquitoes are here by the thousands. My raft is now complete. I had a very troubling night, terrible and funny dreams. Got up every few minutes and looked around and started more fire. I decided I will take the raft down the river. Worked on it in the water, up to my waist, and tried it out with just my underwear on to be sure it worked. It did, so I got the rest of my things and piled them on. The raft

Jimmie's Vega is forced down near Anadyr, Siberia on June 14, 1933 when the engine froze due to lack of oil, for the final landing of his around the world solo flight attempt. (Mattern Family Collection)

June 7, 1933. *The New York Times* article describes Jimmie's peril on the journey to Omsk, Siberia. (Mattern Family Collection)

was in about four feet of water and for a while we were headed for the settlement somewhere down the river. I lay on the raft on my stomach paddling with my hands with ice water breaking over my head. This went on for several hours when suddenly we started moving back up the river quite rapidly. The tide had come in at the Anadyr Gulf and I was pushed back to an island across the river from where I had been all this time. I explored the island and found it the breeding ground of ducks. I got plenty of duck eggs and expect to stay for awhile. This place has an advantage over the beach where I was because there is no doubt if a boat comes I can stop him.

I sure was all wet when I got here as the waves had been breaking over the raft. It is still smoking over at the old place. Wow, mosquitoes now by the millions. I am going duck hunting tonight and we'll see what happens tomorrow. I believe I can live on raw duck eggs as I can't build a fire here. There is nothing but grass. Always something is wrong. I hope I can stay here for awhile. This is the 10th day and I feel I have a good chance that help will arrive and get me out of here. I must have looked funny carrying big logs up the beach, for the raft, in my underwear with a glacier in the background, and a beard of two weeks. I have now been on the Island, in the middle of the river, for about 8 hours. I have collected about 15 duck eggs. They are large and I feel I can live awhile without starving, at least.

I am getting tired of the silence. I won't let myself say "there isn't any chance" but a boat went down the river once before, one will go again. But then when I think of the two motor boats pulling five boats apiece it makes me think that that was probably one of the first summer trips and the next will be in the fall. I thought I would put the eggs under water as they were out in the sun. I took a look inside of one and here was a baby duckling. That took care of my plan to eat eggs. There are lots of eggs but not many ducks. I left the eggs in the sun so that they could hatch.

I have been wondering about a fire tonight when it gets cold. I thought I would see if this hay would burn. I lit a fire and it burns fine, lots of smoke too, in case a boat would come along. The weather is rather dreary with an overcast sky.

Suddenly my eyes focus on two strange looking specks far up the river. I can't make out what it is or if it is moving it is so far away. I set my compass on the specks and wandered away for 15 minutes, back to the compass and the spots had moved. Oh God I hope it is what I think it is. I went back to look again but this time the spots had not moved. This was the deepest depth I could feel. The vultures were flying over me waiting for me to die and now I must be hallucinating. Suddenly the sky opened up just enough so that a ray of sun shown down and I could see oars coming straight toward me. "Yes! Yes! They really are boats." They are moving slowly toward me. I screamed as loud as I could. Oh Boy what a feeling am saved! The fire I had tried out as a test was the best signal I ever made in my life. I later learned that, whenever there is a fire in that area, it could only have been set by a human. That is why they were checking it out.

New York Times

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1933.

ODELVE
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Mattern Flies for Chita; Tells of the Trip to Omsk

Ice on Wings Caused World Flier to Dive 6,000 Feet Over Ocean, He Reveals—Broken Strat Puts Him Behind Post and Gatty Record.

James Mattern, the Texan who is flying around the world from New York, is reported by *The Associated Press* to have left Omsk, Siberia, for Chita, Siberia, at 6:10 P. M. yesterday, Eastern Daylight Time. He was then ten and a half hours behind the time at this point of Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, whose record he is trying to beat.

By JAMES MATTERN.

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OMSK, Siberia, June 6.—I arrived from Moscow at Omsk this afternoon, feeling fine, and rested and am ready to go on to Chita.

I have had adverse weather and wind conditions on each leg of the flight. The New York to Oslo hop was hard on me. I collected ice four times over the ocean.

A 6,000-foot dive was made with ice on my wings. A wing cracked. I had to fly blind 200 feet above the ocean to get warm air. The only way to get through was to turn North.

The elapsed time from New York to Oslo was twenty-three hours. The motor was running great.

I had three hours' rest in Norway and repaired the wing that had cracked in the middle of the ocean.

I had four hours of blind flying across the Baltic Sea to Moscow. I have been eating nothing but oranges that I carried from New York. I am not getting fuel out of my fuselage tanks.

After my arrival in Moscow I had three hours' sleep and worked the rest of the night on the ship.

On the Moscow to Omsk flight

everything went well. Most of the way, however, I had to fight headwinds.

I crossed the Ural Mountains and took the direct airline over the flat steppes. The temperature changes have been terrific, ranging from zero to 100 degrees.

I was very tired when I arrived at Omsk and slept on the ground beside the ship. They awakened me at intervals for refueling instructions. I got three hours of sleep and am now feeling fit and ready for the next lap.

JIMMIE MATTERN.

By The Associated Press.

OMSK, Siberia, Wednesday, June 7.—James Mattern, American round-the-world flier, took off toward Chita, Siberia, 1,700 miles east of here, at 1:10 A. M. Moscow Time (6:10 P. M. Tuesday, Eastern Daylight Time).

At the take-off the Texan pilot was ten hours and forty-one minutes behind the time set by Wiley Post and Harold Gatty when they set the world-girdling record of

Continued on Page Three.

DEDEALICTE WIN CYRUS H K CURTIS

About 15 hours before hope had been fading fast. Now they pulled in. I was excited. I grabbed everything I had lying around, trying to carry it all at once. They were Eskimos. In a large boat there were three men all wearing raw furs and their hair cut funny, red and high cheekbones. Also two girls about 12 or 14, a boy about five, a woman and a small baby, two sled dogs and the boat full of things. Don't know what all. In the other boat was two boys about 16, rowing a man, a woman, and three small children, all Eskimos and friendly looking. I piled in and we were off in 5 minutes. No waiting or talking. Just a few grunts out of them. Soon they showed me how to get ducks. As two big ducks came down the river, one Eskimo made a noise exactly like a duck. The ducks turned and came over to the boat. Then another Eskimo shot them and on them and on they paddled. To think that I had been in their boat less than 30 minutes and yet in the last 3 weeks I was starving because I couldn't catch a duck.

and equipment all used on this flight.
Log of flight shown below.

COLLING - JIMMIE MATTERN'S
A Lockheed Vega Flight at 1933
and of Progress



Instrument panel, maps and equipment from Jimmie Mattern's "Century of Progress" Lockheed Vega. (Mattern Family Collection)

The Eskimos never stop rowing How strong they are. They are all dressed in raw furs, the out-side of a fox, or whatever, turned inside. The mother is nursing the baby. The boys play with it. They seem very affectionate. The mother makes a noise like a rattlesnake to keep the baby quiet. The dogs sleep all of the time. The girls seem bashful. It has started to get cold. I put on my flying suit. You should see them watch me use those zip-pers. It was wonderful to them, you could tell. "They offered me some baked bread and it sure was good, especially after eating the half raw muskrat I had tried to eat. I opened my bag and everything that I got out of it amazed them. Especially the goggles and helmet. After all this, only quiet sounds and very few is the way they talk. They speak in a guttural sound, just ah, and ugh. They had no desire to communicate. I tried hand signals, and drawing pictures but nothing seemed to register with them.

Here we are going down the river I am weak with happiness.. I am anxious to see what we will do tonight and where I am going. HAPPINESS. Oh Boy! Thank you God. Back to see my friends, my people. I don't care if it takes 6 months. I am saved. I am safe and that's all that counts.

I rest in the boat and the younger Eskimo boys would row continuously until it was time to stop. It's daylight 24 hours, so there is no night as such. They pull up to the bank, pitch a tent, spread bear skins on the ground and started preparing meals.

There are about 12 Eskimos. Six to a boat. I figured it was three families. Their boats were full of everything, bear skins, fox furs (silver fox, red fox etc.) This is what they trade. I later

learned that these were the only Eskimos who lived up the river, in the mountains. They have a type of trapline, probably 200 miles long. There they have bees for honey, bear meat and wild game. They come down the river once a year and bring their dogs, boats and all of their family. This is to trade their furs for flour, guns & ammunition. If they had been on their way home, up the river, after trading their furs I would probably have been up there for a year before I could get out. It was another bit of good luck.

We camped for about four times on our trip down the river. Rowing all day long until it was time to stop for the night. My first eating was at our first stop. I wasn't really hungry as I had forgotten about eating a long time ago. In the boat they have a 5-gallon gasoline can, cut in two and full of bear fat. They built a fire, take bear fat out of the can and heat it over the fire. In the meantime the boys would pitch the tents. The women take white flour and make a biscuit dough with river water and mix it on a board.

While these preparations were going on I would watch the men trudge out over the tundra looking for geese and honey. While they were gone, the women browse around looking for herbs and roots under the tundra which make a very good soup. There were so many things I didn't know that could have kept me alive for a long time, especially those herbs and nutritious things growing under the tundra.

The men came back with two of the biggest geese I've ever seen, their necks tied together hanging around the Eskimo's neck. Now the women drop their biscuit dough into the melted hot fat, and make tea by boiling water in a pot. They cut tea off of a plug that looks like tobacco. They put that into a cup and make a concentrated thick tea, then pour a little into a saucer and fill with boiling water. They used a board for a table and we sat around on our haunches, sort of Japanese style. Hot tea, biscuits and honey were my first food in almost three weeks.

As to my personal feelings of being with the Eskimos, it was complete elation to be rescued. I had figured that I only had about 5 more days to live. I knew that I could hardly last any longer than that.

Now I started eating, to begin with mostly honey. My system craved sweets. Even then the honey was somewhat at a premium and I couldn't just dig into it.

The Eskimos didn't know that I hadn't eaten. The Eskimos didn't really know what I was all about. They just wondered where I came from I guess. They had never seen anything like me and the way I was dressed. I couldn't get across that I was hungry. They had fish that they would boil. I couldn't eat the greasy foods. I still became weaker but don't know why except that I wasn't getting the nourishment I needed and of course, the letdown of not fighting to live any more.

The little Eskimos run up the beach and play in the June snow and ice. We pile back in the boat and start down stream again. In about 4 hours we beach again. They take everything out of the boats and take them up high and dry. Skins galore, all kinds. As I am writing this, they are looking over my shoulder. They have never seen anyone write.

I have with me my map case full of things I needed. It was like a grab bag to them. Everything I pulled out was a miracle. I gave two of the boys pliers and the other young one my hunting knife. They were all very happy. One was crazy about my Pratt & Whitney tool kit. I gave it to him. As I sit here now by a warm fire all the little Eskimos are playing in the snow. There

are tents to sleep in and a hundred bear and fox furs to get under and protect me from the coldest place on earth Arctic Siberia. I feel that God has been great to me. I seem now like I had been on a hunting trip. My only thoughts of sorrow are my wonderful airplane put to sleep on the frozen north forever.

June 25, 1933 — I couldn't sleep but an hour at a time so I got up many times during the night and walked. About 7:00AM the women folks get up and I thought we would be getting started. We had breakfast and sat around. The men get up about 10:00AM. When everyone is up we start down stream about 11:00AM. They do what they have to between noon and midnight. I write each day to keep track as it is happening. After 2 hours we stop and land and have more to eat. The tide was now starting out and instead of rowing they just put a rope out with the boys walking on the bank and pulling the boats. It took 4 nights from my rescue as we rowed down to the Anadyr Gulf and camped on the northern bank. There appeared to be a large Eskimo Settlement on the south bank. Over there I could see large Caribou hide tents about 15 feet in diameter.

My Eskimos were soon busy, on their side of the river, fishing for salmon. They cut the bellies out of the salmon and filled large barrels, hanging the rest of the fish, in strips, up to dry for the dogs. They leave them there while they go down stream to the large settlement of Anadyr, where they trade their furs.

We had camped on the point of the Anadyr Gulf. I had a few bearskins to sleep on and I slept under an upside down boat as protection from the wind.

I wanted to get across the river but communications were slow. It was 4 or 5 days before word got across to the other side to let them know that there was a stranger in this camp.

June 27, 1933 — This morning is grand. I am sleeping better and believe that I will fully recuperate in about a week. I've slept most days in the sun. Eskimos from the other side of the river came over to see me. I watched them make pulleys for today for some reason I guess it's because I can't talk to anyone. I kept myself busy cleaning my rifle, sharpening my axe and knife. It seems they expect boats in about 5 days, I discovered today. Took out my map and tried to show my plane flying to Nome, so that they would know about it. That might help me to get out of here.

June 28 1933 — The tent blew down on us last night about four times. The weather was bad. As long as this keeps up a schooner couldn't come in here. Walked back and forth from one tent to another. They are about 1/2 mile apart. My Eskimos work and, on occasion, drink hot tea afterwards. Otherwise they stay in the tents all day.

June 29, 1933 — Bad weather and cold. Sleeping better each night. Getting rid of stiffness from sleeping on the cold ground. It's wonderful to know that you can get out to civilization once again, and that you are waiting for a boat. But it's terrible not to be able to talk to anyone and not even know if the boat is coming in a week or 6 weeks. As a pastime today the Eskimos were playing checkers, different than ours. They play on a bag with scratches on it and with rocks and wads of paper as checkers. Throw off the rocks is what they do most.

We went calling today rowed over to the other shore. There are tents, built of caribou hides, and lots of dog sleds. My visit caused quite a bit of excitement in that camp and I was put up in the chief's tent.

The Eskimo women in this permanent camp cannot stand up

straight. I soon figured out the reason. A fire is built in the center of the tent and smoke hangs from the tent top down to about 3 or 4 feet from the ground. They have a little hole in the top of the tent but the smoke doesn't escape fast enough. A big hole is out of the question due to rain and bad weather. The women work all day bent under the smoke level.

I got some bear skins on a sled which I pulled into my tent. This is real living. By now I'm feeling better and could take a little more nourishment. Started eating fish and greasy food. They make a good soup and I stay mostly with that. I am really starting to snap back. I'm 28 years old and in good condition physically. The pounds I lost were not fat but muscle.

June 30, 1933 — We stayed here all last night. I slept on my cozy dog sled covered with hides. If I had only known, I could have set my sweet plane down on this beach, put oil in it and my dreams of my solo around the world flight would have been a reality.

Today was a wonderful experience. The Eskimos rounded up their herd of caribou, made a kill and had a pow wow. They built a huge fire and dance around it for 6 or 8 hours yelling 'Hoyt Hoyt Hoyt' - whatever that means. Even the babies hanging on mama's back are jostled for ever so long a time. I began to wonder if this was a custom whereby I end up in the pot. I don't think so as they have been most considerate of me.

When the first group of Eskimos found me I had scurvy. My hands were all drawn almost into a ball and my teeth had all loosened and hurt. The Eskimos went out on the Tundra and picked some kind of herb. They boiled it in water, making a broth. They motioned for me to swallow some of it for my hands. I did and it cleared up both conditions.

While the Eskimos were celebrating the captured Caribou, I almost joined in with them in their cry of "Thanksgiving" which sounded like "Wa Wa Ah Woop". I had plenty to be thankful for. They celebrate because their existence depends on the caribou. Their suits are made of it. Their tents are made of the hide. The dog sleds are tied together with the raw hide and they eat it. It's a wonderful celebration when they kill one and believe me, there isn't any part of it they don't use.

They are amazed at seeing me, a white man, dressed in a tanned leather zippered flying suit. They gather around as if I were a sideshow attraction. As a matter of feet I guess I am just that. Everyone wants to come to the tent to look at me. If I fall asleep the Eskimos Squaws wake me up zipping my flying suite. The Zipper was the big thing. My pearl handled knife, my compass, so foreign to them, were of treat interest.

I had the feeling that my original Eskimo group, who found me, knew I was from America. America to them is like Mars is to us. Therefore I was an American not from this world.

They have such a really hard tough life. There isn't anything that is easy or simple. Most everything they have to keep them going is from that place called "America". Their white flour, guns, ammunition, rope, traps and fishing equipment all have 'America' stamped on the crates they are shipped in. They only know that they can get them in Anadyr by trading furs. It even seemed unusual to me their having these things from America. I later learned that before the Russian Revolution there was trading between Nome, Alaska and Anadyr, Siberia. The trading was a Barter type, between furs and necessities. I don't know just when the trading stopped, but that is what America meant. Nothing that was of any convenience, for them was ever marked Russia. If it was wonderful and made life a little

easier for them, it was "America"

July - Warm today. Took a sunbath on the beach for several hours. The Eskimos got a boat and started for the other side, my original camp. I was huddled in the middle of the boat with several kids. Upon arriving there I looked for the family that had saved me. They were gone. I found out that the people remaining were staying there and not waiting for a boat. They said, as best as I could understand them, that the others had gone to Anadyr. I had a fit. I almost went frantic. Then I pulled out my \$100.00 cash. That was the only thing to date they understood. We again went back to the other shore and after a few hours we were on our way to Anadyr.

I am writing this in the boat with six Eskimos. Three rowing, two others and myself in the middle and a very old one steering in the rear with his cape up over his head and the sun, setting at his back. What a great feeling to again be moving and what a great picture. The land has sloped gradually to the sea shore and snow is along the beach with a pink sky, a smooth lake and a boat full of very picturesque people. Every stroke of the oars say "AMERICA"

We reached a large body of water and put up the sail. Everyone then lay down to rest for several hours as we sailed across the lake. Rested, the natives start to row again. After many hours we came to the point where the family, that had rescued me, were camping. There were others there as well, which somewhat indicated to me that Anadyr was near. After pulling the boat up on the beach and making a fire we had tea and biscuits.

I heard the motor boat coming and I saw that they were going to camp up the beach a little ways. I proceeded to walk up there and went out to the motor boat. At last! They couldn't speak English but were intelligent and could understand all of the motions I made. We went down and picked up the Eskimo boats and towed them to the base which was about half way to Anadyr. Anadyr was now only 10 miles away.

On finally arriving in Anadyr I found that the boss had made arrangements to get the motor boat to go back to salvage the airplane and tow it on a barge, plus take me to Nome, Alaska. Oh Boy, Life is getting better every moment. We went on to Anadyr where I was treated like a king. They took me into a little hut where at last I met a man who could speak English. What a relief to talk straight to a guy after over a month without being understood. We talked everything over and they set out to get horses, tools and a large barge. Everything needed to salvage the airplane, a thing I had never hoped for. □



Jimmie Mattern's Epic Adventure will be continued in the Winter Journal.

The Lockheed Vega was the vehicle used by many famous aviators to establish many records during aviation's Golden Age

Jack Northrop's place in aviation history was firmly established as the designer of Lockheed's first airplane, the remarkable *Vega* of 1927. Many speed and endurance records were established by such top-drawer flyers of the day such as Wiley Post, Amelia Earhart, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Frank Hawks, and Roscoe Turner.

This airplane pioneered the monocoque molded plywood construction so widely used on later "plastic" airplanes. It was originally powered by a Wright *Whirlwind* engine but later installations included Pratt & Whitney *Wasp* and *Hornet* engines, plus the NACA cowling which increased the efficiency of the aircraft. Enclosing the cylinders produced greater speed for the same horsepower.



Shown is the first *Vega*, and a three-view drawing of "Akita", NR496M, used by Ruth Nichols in her many record attempts. (Photo courtesy Northrop Corporation, drawing by R. S. Hirsch)

