

WHEN AIRPLANES GO UP THESE DAYS, THEY STAY
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 That's Some Job the Refuelers Have
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 WHERE IS CULVER CITY? WELL, IT'S AN AIR CAPITAL

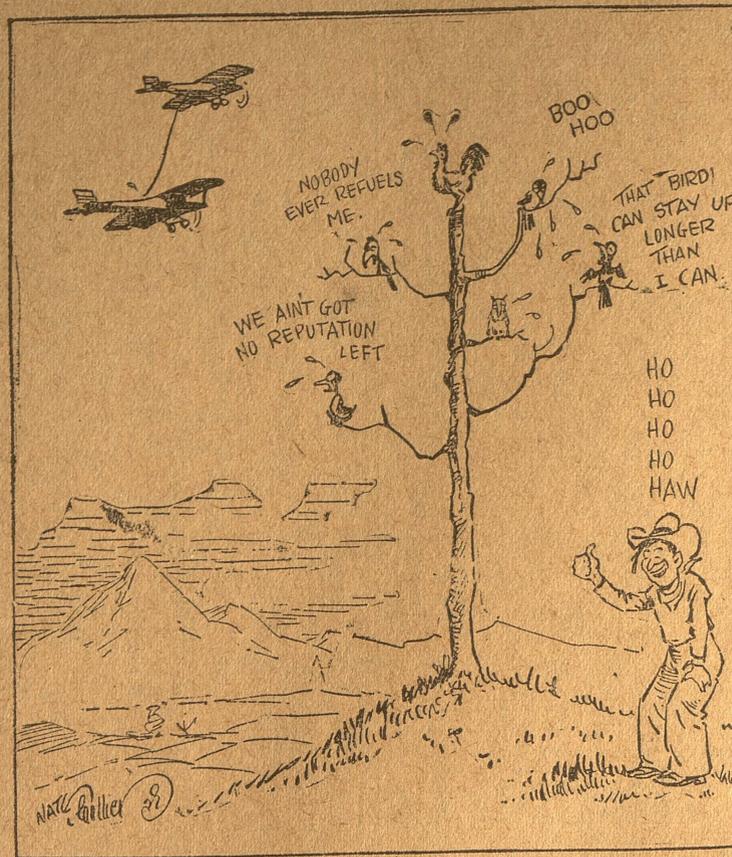
BY WILL ROGERS.

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. Or what I see as I prow around. You know there has been quite an epidemic here lately all over our Country of trying to break the endurance record for sustained flight in the air, by refueling while still up there. Of course the Army fliers really started the thing out in California when they were up for five or six days. Then two old Boys from down in Amon Carterville near Dallas broke the Army's record. That was a great flight and they received and deserved a lot of credit.

Well, that record held till Cleveland, Ohio, could get a plane and then two fellows from there went out and broke the Fort Worth boy's record. Well they hadent even come down in Cleveland till a couple of old country boys from out at Culver City, California, went up and stayed till it looked like they was going to have to shoot 'em to get 'em to come down.

Now that is the flight I want to tell you about. The reason I want to tell you about it is that I was over there when it was made. Now in the first place "Where is Culver City?" Culver City is a mighty thriving little city right on the edge of Los Angeles. It was founded by Harry Culver, a young hustling fellow, and he is now the head of the whole United States Real Estate Board, and incidentally one of the greatest boosters for aviation we have. He has his own plane and pilot and flies all over the United States. He hasent tipped a Pullman porter in years. And it seems a kind of a happy coincidence that he is the founder of the town where this record flight was made.

You all, all over the world hear about Hollywood, and hear of it as the home of all films, when as a matter of fact there are more pictures made in Culver City than in all Hollywood. This Culver landed some of the biggest studios there years ago and they have grown bigger ever since.



We will just stop and take up that bit of propaganda right now.

Its one of the few towns that have not been swallowed up by Los Angeles. It and Beverley Hills. You see Los Angeles got all these adjoining towns in because they had a fine water system and water in what is normally a desert country is just about the whole thing, so they held this wa-

ter over these other towns heads and they had to come in to get some water. In other words, they starved the boys into bigger taxes, but old Culver City and Beverley Hills dug themselves up some water and stuck it out. But let's get down to the flight. I was working at a studio not so

far over from there and we never paid much attention to these two fellows. We read that they were up in the air for one of these tests but that didnt mean anything. Every town that could get together two planes would send one up for a test and keep the other to reload it. Well some of them stayed up till dark and some got through the night but we kept on gradually reading about how these two birds from right under our nose at Culver City was still up. Well, I got to driving over to see what was holding em up and to see if they had a stowaway on there.

But I think we are about cured of the stowaway craze. That last one just about killed it for all stowaways.

I happened to be on the field the afternoon they broke the record; then they had to fly one more hour to make it official. It was about 1:30 in the afternoon when the refueling plane went aloft to give them more gas, and let me tell you something about the credit for one of these things. Don't overlook the men that take up the gas. You know there is some mighty ticklish things about this continually refueling in the air. The way these fellows worked it, Paul Whittier, a mighty fine young pilot, son of a very wealthy family out here who were the founders of Beverley Hills, piloted the gas wagon, or, as they call it, the nurse ship.

It was an old "Curtis Pigeon," with an old Liberty motor. Then Slade Hulbert was what they called the contact man. He had a hole in the bottom of the ship and had to lie down on his stomach in there and let the hose out through the bottom, fast with a rope that the man in the other ship would grab. He was standing up through a hole that had been cut in the top of a closed job. He would reach out and get the rope. Now, here is where the great danger came in, which was to keep that rope or that hose from getting caught in the propeller of the lower ship. If at any time during all these contacts it had ever touched the propeller it would have been all off. They generally would have to fly out over the ocean to do the refueling, as the air was smoother out there.

One day they couldn't get the old nurse ship off the ground, and the boys above, Pilots Mendell and Reinhart, were just about out of gas when another ship went up with no hose attachment, but just a rope and a five-gallon can of gas in a canvas sack and just lowered that over to the boys, who grabbed it and saved the trip. Another time they got lost in the fog and the nurse ship went up and they

SENTENCE SERMONS

BY THE REV. ROY L. SMITH
The Tongue—

- Has never told as much truth as the eyes.
- Has caused more trouble than the ears.
- Is often braver than the spine.
- Is guarded by the gates of the lips.
- May be our best friend or a base betrayer.
- May be a good servant or a terrible master.
- Can be running in high with the brain still in neutral.

hunted each other for a long time over the top of the fog, which was 2,500 feet thick. They finally got together back down under it just as they were on their last gallon.

The boys got terribly seasick up there the first two or three days. They were sent up all kinds of stuff for it. Then as time went along they got stronger and more cheerful, and they always kept their sense of humor with them.

They sent down some awful funny notes, mostly kidding about the old truck, as they called the ship they were refueling from.

It was so hot up there they didn't wear their clothes, just run the ship in their underwear, with all the windows open. They fixed up a sort of a blown-up bed that they could take time about sleeping on. You know when you just think of fellows staying up there and one lone engine going and carrying all that weight all that many days it sure does give you a great confidence in the motors that we are using in planes nowadays.

You know young McAdoo, W. G.'s oldest boy, and his partner, a Mr. McMannus, were really responsible for this remarkable flight. There is a whole lot more to this than just saying I will go up and break a record. It takes a lot of co-operation and work and much planning ahead, but it all helps aviation tremendously, and it was a real kick to stand on the field and see them at the very moment that they were breaking the record, the longest that any humans had ever stayed up. In fact, I guess that took in birds and fowls, too.
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A thoroughly trained seal is worth from \$2,000 to \$5,000.