Delivering Tribunes By Air



PILOT JAMES WEDELL of the Wedell-Williams Air Service, Inc., (center), is shown lifting a package of copies of The Morning Tribune of Tuesday morning, to give them to POWELL CROSLEY, JR., (right), president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, in Cincinnati on Tuesday afternoon. At left is HERMANN B. DEUTSCH of The Item-Tribune staff, who made the trip with the papers.

Shuler Gets New Crosley Radio By Airplane From Cincinnati

Wedell Makes Round Trip in 16½ Hours and Newspapermen Find Nothing to Write of—Flying is So Tame They Go to Sleep

By HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

Wednesday afternoon William Shuler of the Shuler Auto Supply company received in New Orleans a complete Crosley radio set of the newest model, personally sent to him by Powell Crosley, Jr., in Cincinnati on Monday morning, and the ears of three newspapermen are ringing instead of burning, as is more usual. All of which means that a round trip from New Orleans to Cincinnati and return in sixteen and a half hours exactly of traveling time was begun, carried out and completed exactly as per schedule.

The plane used was a Ryan monoplane of the Wedell-Williams Air Service, Inc., piloted by Jimmy Wedell, chief pilot and president of the company. The trip was one of hundreds made to Cincinnati during the past two days from all parts of the country, in order to effect, on behalf of the Crosley Radio corporation, the swiftest national distribution ever achieved for any product, the product in question being the newest Crosley receiving set model.

Pilot Wedell was accompanied on his round trip flight by three New Orleans newspapermen who suffered the usual disappointing experience of having nothing thrilling to write about their journey. Commercial air travel today is too comfortable and too obviously safe to cause the pulses to leap more swiftly along their appointed paths. All the thrills come during the ground time, when you're dodging traffic lights on the way out to the field, or being held up by open bridges.

However, on the return journey, adventure did threaten to develop for a few moments, when the four Orleanians were taxied over skiddy streets to the Lunken airport in the greyest of dawns and in a drenching thunderstorm that looked like an all day rain. Jimmy Wedell shook his head doubtfully, because the rolling Kentucky mountains just across the Ohio river were hooded by the low clouds, and, as he explained: "A mountain isn't soft enough to make comfortable running into at flying speed."

However, the thundershowers separated at about 7:30, enough so that there were occasional clear spaces in between and so Pilot Wedell bundled his passengers into his limousine to an accompaniment of lightning flashes and thunder, stowing them, their lunches, a couple of bottles of drinking water, and the half dozen units of the Crosley radio set, in the blue velvet upholstered cabin. Then out and away on the pinions of internal combustion or something, crossing the Miami, Ohio and Licking rivers all within the first two minutes, and heading due southwest over the rolling blue-grass plateau of Kentucky.

But the promise of excitement failed to materialize. The clouds shredded away, and soon the great black capital "T" that is our plane's shadow dips and slides gracefully over the rounded Kentucky knobs as it under-funs us. We are over the Mammoth Cave country almost before we know it.

The head winds are fighting us, but the plane is remarkably steady—infinitely steadier than a railroad train, and those of us who are jotting down notes for a "log" are writing with ease—legibly, too, and not the jagged, scrawling pot-hooks that you write while on a train.

None of us has any idea of how rough the trip really is, for when Jimmy Wedell turns around to us, grinning, and says: "That was some hole we fell into there. Must have dropped 40 or 50 feet," we are all of us surprised. All we felt was a sort of check in our progress. However, we can tell that the high wind is checking our ground speed, for the moving trains that we literally