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NOW WITH INTRODUCTION & ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY
TO THIS 21ST CENTURY EDITION
BY G.W. HYATT, PH.D.

ART GOEBEL'S OWN STORY

by

ART GOEBEL

WINNER OF THE DOLE PRIZE FLIGHT TO HAWAII

"Art Goebel's Own Story"

by Art Goebel

With An Introduction and Annotated Bibliography For the 21st Century Edition

For

All the Pilots of

The Davis-Monthan Airfield

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION TO THE 21st CENTURY EDITION

A work in public domain is an orphan. Who will adopt it and nourish its future? This is the role of **Oldairfield.com Books 21st Century Editions**.

A life reviewed in 36 pages so long ago deserves another look. At right we see Art Goebel gazing at us from 1929, a time when aviation was very different from what it is today. Barely a quarter century had passed since the Wright Brothers' first short flights. Yet Art Goebel's flights that comprise his major claims to fame spanned not only the Continental United States and the National Air Races, but also the Pacific Ocean.

Following this Introduction comes his short, self-serving, yet humble autobiography. None of Goebel's words have been changed. From Foreword to Chapter Eleven the story, fonts, typeset and images are faithful reproductions of Goebel's original book.

This is a rare volume, available at only three libraries in the United States as of the publication date of this **Oldairfield.com Books 21st Century Edition**. The book is a vignette cast around the life of one pilot from the Golden Age of Flight. "**Art Goebel's Own Story**" by Art Goebel was published in 1929, nine years after he learned to fly,

and 44 years before he departed to his Final Horizon. His story takes place just shy of half way through his life.

Arthur C. Goebel was born October 19, 1895; he died in Los Angeles, CA at age 78 on December 3, 1973. He was buried on December 8, 1973 at the Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale, CA. He had prodigious skills as a pilot, yet his book emphasizes a more fundamental character strength from which arose all success in his life: *careful, thoughtful, exhaustive analysis and preparation*. Clearly, that was a message to his flight students.

Goebel's book was "self-published" as a marketing tool for "The Art Goebel School of Flying", his business at the Kansas City (Missouri) Municipal Airport. Although the book does not go into details, his school was unique in that he employed to teach his students active military (Army and Navy) pilots who were on leave. These pilots provided the freshest, highest quality instruction available at the time. His school focused on turning out competent pilots for the growing air transport industry. In this way, Goebel was a strong promoter of the future of aviation.

Chapters 1-5 of his book describe Goebel's youth and military service. His examination of things mechanical, and his mechanical husbandry and maintenance experience, show strongly in these pages. Chapters 6 & 7 address his flight training and early employment as a Hollywood stunt flyer. His flying skills and detailed preparation for movie scenes led to success and notoriety as his career proceeded.

Chapters 8 & 9 present broad details of the fastidious preparations he made for the 1927 trans-Pacific Dole Race (westbound, San Francisco to Honolulu). He even tells you what he wore during this event, and what he liked for

lunch! Bottom line, Goebel and his navigator won the race.

Although the Pacific had been crossed by airplane twice in the months before (fellow civilians Ernest L. Smith and Emory Bronte flew the same route in 25:36 on July 15th), the Dole Race was the first time prize money was offered. His navigator was Lieutenant William V. Davis Jr., an Annapolis graduate and one of the most astute navigators of the era. It took them 26 hours, 17 minutes and 33 seconds of flying time to cover the 2,400 miles of ocean once they left Oakland Airport. They won $25,000 for their efforts.

It would appear from his book that the pinnacle of Goebel's flying life was the victory in the Dole Race on August 17, 1927. We can understand why: a reception in Honolulu by an estimated 20-30,000 people tends to make one feel at his pinnacle! What were his first words when he got out of his airplane at the end of his race? *"Say, folks, it's certainly great to land here…."* Indeed, after that time, distance and uncertainty, it must have been.

Goebel and Davis were successful because of their preparation and logistical management of the event. Their airplane was a proven Travel Air high-wing monoplane design. It was named "Woolaroc" after Frank Phillips' ranch located between Bartlesville and Barnsdall, OK. The name is a contraction of wood, lakes and rocks. Phillips Petroleum sponsored the flight.

Their navigational equipment, including an early A-N beam tracking radio, previously used by Smith & Bronte, is credited with keeping them on course. Other competitors were not so well-prepared or so lucky. Of eleven entrants, there were eight starters. Only two made

it to Hawaii (Martin Jensen & Paul Schluter flew the other airplane). Two crashed on takeoff, two returned to California with mechanical problems, and two were not seen again, undoubtedly lost at sea.

All totaled, ten lives were lost to the Dole competition. Three died during pre-race preparations. Five lost their lives during the race,
and two lost their lives after the race during a vain search for survivors.

The accidents and loss of life during this one event caused a major stir in the aviation community and among the public. There was considerable finger-pointing at James Dole, Hawaiian pineapple entrepreneur and race sponsor, with accusations of self-serving greed; at the pilots for not being prepared; at the federal Bureau of Air Commerce for not enforcing aircraft safety measures thoroughly enough. The "blame" was passed, with no one taking the ultimate responsibility. Some things never change.

It soon became clear there was no blame to be placed. This was, after all, a race with a good deal of precedent, aeronautical skill and technology applied to it. Dole was simply trying to boost Hawaii tourism. The pilots and their passengers were all adults; nobody forced them to participate in the event. Please refer to the 1927 Dole Report in the Annotated Bibliography for a synthesis of contemporary reportage.

After the Dole Race Goebel flew trans-continental records in the Lockheed Vega named “Yankee Doodle” (c/n 7, Model 5 NX4769, as pictured in Chapter 10). With this airplane on August 19-20, 1928, Goebel, and passenger Harry Tucker, made the first east-west, coast-to-coast non-stop flight: the first in less than 24 hours. At the end of the

flight, at Curtiss Field, Long Island, NY, he rose from the "Yankee Doodle's" cockpit, watch in hand in his brown business suit and said, *"I make it 18 hours and 58 minutes from LA, and about time for breakfast!"* The final pages of Chapter Eleven describe and provide the rationale for entering his flight training business.

That he had a life of achievement after 1929 is not surprising. The pilot denizens of the Golden Age of Aviation had no shortages of vision, energy, skill or endurance. For his achievements in the late 1920s he accepted honors from the President of the United States (Coolidge), standing shoulder to shoulder with the likes of Charles Lindbergh (trans-Atlantic), Bernt Balchen (North & South Pole), William Brock & Edward Schlee (round-the-world) and Lester Maitland & Albert Hegenberger (trans-Pacific).

In 1931 Goebel flew a Lockheed aircraft (Vega Model 5 NR7954, the first "Winnie Mae") in the first Bendix Trophy race from Los Angeles to Cleveland, OH. He placed fifth behind first-place winner James H. Doolittle.

Already a veteran of WWI, during the 1930s he entered the U.S. Army Air Corps Reserves. During WWII he served with distinction as a pilot and Air Inspector of the IV Bomber Command in the Pacific Theater. He rose to the rank of Colonel.

In 1941 he married Ann Jergens, heir to the Jergens cosmetics empire. Their marriage ended in divorce in 1947. He never remarried. In the 1960s he was inducted as an honorary member into The Society of Experimental Test Pilots. By the time his life ended, he saw his predictions about how aviation would change the world come true.

Art Goebel's slim volume gives us an armchair view of one pilot's trials and successes during the Golden Age of Flight. His story takes place during the dusty years between the World Wars; on the waning cusp of the Roaring Twenties; at the waxing abyss of the Great Depression.

His is the language that expands for us the life of the Golden Age aviation entrepreneur, who used his aviation exploits to build a business around his passion. As an added feature, we also get to *see* what things were like. His book brings us 47 black and white images of people, events and airplanes that have not enjoyed the light of day for nearly 80 years. As well as aircraft, you will see images of motorcycles, automobiles, radio equipment and dress characteristic of his era.

At the end of his book I provide a look at the airplanes Goebel flew and the landings he made at the Davis-Monthan Airfield, Tucson, AZ between 1928 and 1931. These workaday activities, with contemporary samples of flying technologies, demonstrate in microcosm the airborne life of many Golden Age pilots. I also provide an annotated bibliography. There you will find recommendations for, and comments about, books, magazines, newspapers and web resources.

You may find out more about Pilot Arthur C. Goebel and his flying colleagues at the Davis-Monthan Airfield during the Golden Age at my website **WWW.DMAIRFIELD.ORG**. Have some fun! Log on and strap in for a great ride on this companion website!

ART GOEBEL'S OWN STORY

by

ART GOEBEL

Foreword

ARTHUR C. GOEBEL has earned, by performance, a place high in the ranks of aviation. His successful flight to Hawaii will go down in history as a remarkable feat of courage *and of exhaustive preparation.* His record non-stop flight from Los Angeles to New York cut eight hours from the flying time between these cities. His earlier work contributed much to the advancement of aviation, *and to its security. A careful flier, a master of his ship,* Art Goebel never has had a single accident in seven years of flying! His personal direction of the Art Goebel School of Flying, its courses planned according to his recommendations, is finest assurance of thorough, safe training.

Colonel Arthur C. Goebel

I.

A Boy and a Bicycle

I SUPPOSE, without knowing it, I began preparing for my flight to Honolulu back about 1907, although at that time I had never seen an airplane, and probably had scarcely heard of one.

But it was in that year I bought my first bicycle and began the mechanical "tinkering" which had its climax that sunny California day when I finished a forty-eight hour stretch of steady work on the Wooloroc and took the controls, confident, because of careful preparation, my next stop would be Hawaii.

But for the time being, that bicycle to me was the last word in speedy transportation. I knew I could always depend on it getting me somewhere and back *if I kept it in good shape*. I repaired it, when repairs were necessary, myself. I took it apart and learned its construction. Other boys brought their bicycles to be fixed, and I repaired them.

Then, one day in the fall of 1910, something happened over in Pueblo, Colorado, which was a dare and a challenge to my natural restlessness.

But to go back to an earlier date just for a moment.

I was three years old when I began to travel. It was all of forty-five miles, or more, from Belen, N. M., where I was born, to Albuquerque, a hard six or seven-hour trip with horse and buggy over dirt roads.

But in Albuquerque was Albright, the photographer, to whom I was to be taken for a sitting—or a "standing," you might say, from the nature of the pose in the picture that in time went into the family album.

Of course I don't remember that tedious, bumpy ride, but it was a dawn-to-dark trip, at best, with precious little time to waste in Albuquerque. But we made it.

Thirty years later, in the same number of hours it took us to drive forty-five miles to Albuquerque, and back, I was nearing New York in a non-stop flight from Los Angeles, a distance of 2,510 miles!

Soon after that photograph was taken, we moved to a farm near Rocky Ford, Colorado. I went about the new neighborhood afoot, as all the boys in the neighborhood did, those earlier years, until I bought the bicycle. I was twelve, then, with no great disposition to study at the little schoolhouse—but with a mania for bicycle riding and hunting.

Three years passed. I was getting more and more restless. A bicycle has its limitations, and I was beginning to discover them. Less than a hundred miles away was a regular city, Pueblo. Farther on was Denver. And at undreamed distances were San Francisco and Kansas City and Chicago—and even New York.

It may have been to quiet a boy's growing hunger for travel that caused my father to tell me the day before Christmas, 1910, that the next day we, he *and I*, were going to Pueblo.

II.

The First Airplane

I DID not sleep much that night. As near as Pueblo was, a trip there and back was still an event which made a boy a temporary hero among other boys. But it was just the trip—the lure to me, of a "big city"—that kept me awake that night. If I had known what I was really going to see that day in Pueblo, I could have hardly contained myself.

The Santa Fe local from Rocky Ford labored along, I thought, about as slow as I could have made the trip on my bicycle; but every telegraph pole I counted was bringing me nearer and nearer to the wonder city of southern Colorado. And eventually we arrived.

It would be foolish to say that my choice of a profession hinged on a sight I saw in Pueblo that day, when I was fifteen years old. But undoubtedly, in my boyish enthusiasm over speed and travel, the thrilling sight of an airplane in flight—even if it did crash in the end—put the germ of a thought or a hope in my imagination that never for one moment left me up to the time, in 1923, I taxied *my own Jenny* down Clover Field at Santa Monica and tied it down, hangar-less, for the night!

There were discussions around the hotel dinner table at noon that Christmas Day in Pueblo about the crazy airplane flight some man was going to attempt in the afternoon. I remember a good deal of laughter about it. But you know a wide-eyed country boy has a lot of faith sometimes in the things that seem impossible to older folks, and secretly I was hoping all through the meal this stranger with his strange craft would succeed, more so he could *laugh at them* than for any other reason. I hardly ate a bite.

The plane was a Farman biplane, a French machine, piloted by Otto H. Brodie. He then held the world's altitude record. Imagine, right before the eyes of a 15-year-old boy, a man who had actually flown one of these machines six thousand two hundred feet in the air!

Four times that afternoon he circled the little race track. He was flying, I imagine, about forty or fifty feet above the ground. My heart almost stood still, when, in trying to land, the machine crashed.

But he had flown!

I cannot express the feelings with which I returned to Rocky Ford and the farm. I was in a sort of daze. My eyes had seen a thing I could not otherwise have believed. It was daring and adventurous; but the thing uppermost in the scattered thoughts I had was that if a man could stay up in the air a few minutes like that, *some day maybe it would be possible for a person to fly as far as from Rocky Ford to Pueblo, or even to Denver!*

And that was just nineteen years ago.

III.

I Bought a Motorcycle

GRADUALLY, slowly, I returned almost to normal. There was work to do on the farm, and school, and, of course, the bicycle.

But how different the bicycle looked now! It was a little better than walking, but it was slow transportation, at that, and I was getting into the thick of that period almost every boy knows of craving speed and thrill and adventure.

Motorcycles were coming into use here and there, and I wanted one. The neighborhood boasted of two. I envied their dust. I began to feel ashamed of the bicycle as sort of out of date.

Some time in 1913 I went back to New Mexico, a youngster of eighteen, to visit. Through the goodness of a friend I learned to ride a motorcycle —and back at Rocky Ford the next year I bought one.

Just as with the bicycle, but with many new mechanical secrets to learn, I kept on "tinkering." I had something now that fascinated me far beyond anything I had ever before owned—*a gasoline engine.*

In time I knew every part by heart, every sound of engine ills, every emergency precaution to take with this little but mighty power plant. I had to figure everything out for myself, with the help only of a very meager instruction book, but I mastered it,

In motorcycle days—Art Goebel is second from the right end.

and soon, as in the old bicycle days, motorcycles in need of repair were brought to me, and I got to know other makes of machines by heart. I would compare the differences in construction and operation, and instinctively I would work to get the greatest power and speed out of these machines.

The motorcycle opened up new distances for me, and I began taking trips to surrounding points. Road conditions were not always dependable, but I would get through and back. Always I was confident of completing the trip, for not only had I taken every precaution to see that the motorcycle was in first class mechanical condition at the start but I felt equal to almost any repair work that might be necessary on the road.

Once in a while I would enter local motorcycle races, as I traveled about the country; but that sort of racing was not worth while because seldom was prize money put up for purely local racing. Instead I would work on the farms in our neighborhood for a while, teaming, and with the money earned the old motorcycle and I would begin another trip.

My combined bicycle and motorcycle mileage was growing fast!

Art Goebel and Lindbergh with the mayor of Los Angeles at Los Angeles, 1927.

IV.

The Automobile Parts that Ran

IN the meantime, I was hearing much and seeing something of the new mechanical speedster, the automobile. I may have had strong earlier desires for a car, but I did not have the money.

Finally a plan came to me.

With certain humble possessions that I had tired of as my sole stock in trade, I began trading for automobile parts. I do not know in what order they became mine, or from how many different makes of cars they were taken —but in a year or so I had accumulated what looked to me like everything necessary to make something on four wheels that would run.

It *did* run. Maybe it was without doors or cowl—maybe the short wooden step was hung to the chassis with castings from broken down farm machinery and the rear springs taken from a neighbor's cast-off carriage—*but it ran.*

That was my biggest mechanical job up to this time, the most interesting experience I had had of putting things together and making them work. It taught me much about the operations of a gasoline engine and the application of an engine's power to turning wheels.

Again new distances opened up to me, and of course, new travel comforts as compared with the motorcycle. In 1916 I was able to buy a new Oakland sport touring car. During all this time, in addition to keeping my own car in good order, I was making repairs and adjustments for neighbors, gradually getting acquainted with many makes and many engines.

I have always liked the *feel* of power at the handle bars of a motorcycle, the steering wheels of a motor car

Art Goebel's home-made automobile.

and the controls of a ship in the air. It has been like a game to me, knowing that I had this power under control, how and when to use it, just what was happening to each smoothly working moving part—and, above all, where to make frequent inspection *in advance* to insure a steady continuance of power.

The years were hurrying past. The war was on in Europe. It was early in 1917, and I had not seen another plane since that winter day in 1910 in Pueblo . . . and yet those old immature hopes lingered! But things were beginning to happen as echoes of the probability of our entry into war reached the farm home at Rocky Ford.

V.

Back from the War—Restless!

I WAS always a failure at sitting still. Travel, more and more, had made me restless. Army life and France were to put a terrible responsibility on that Rocky Ford farm if it was to hold a young man to the soil.

We got into the war. It was early in 1918 that I joined the infantry. Before that, I saw a second plane in flight, this time almost in my own front yard!

A youthful portrait of Art Goebel.

The Arkansas Valley Fair is an annual event in Rocky Ford, and this year, in the fall of 1917, fair officials brought in as the main attraction a plane and pilot to entertain the crowds.

I was beginning to think some mature thoughts about this new mechanical plaything and its possibilities. Almost under my own eyes the motor car had developed from a crude affair into transportation that was thoroughly dependable. Why wouldn't aircraft have the same development, especially since many able engineering minds were on the job?

Those boyish dreams were beginning to give way, gradually, to more and more of a determination to be a part, however humble, of this new flying industry. But other things were to happen in the meantime.

Long self-training with the rifle, pistol and shotgun on regular hunting trips around Rocky Ford had given me local recognition as a "good shot," a reputation which followed me to Fort Logan, Colorado, and was responsible for my appointment as rifle instructor in the infantry. I kept that job throughout the war, in United States training camps and in France.

From a picture taken in 1918 at Pueblo.

I suppose army life and travel stirred the natural restlessness of many a soldier into a regular turmoil of torment, none more than mine.

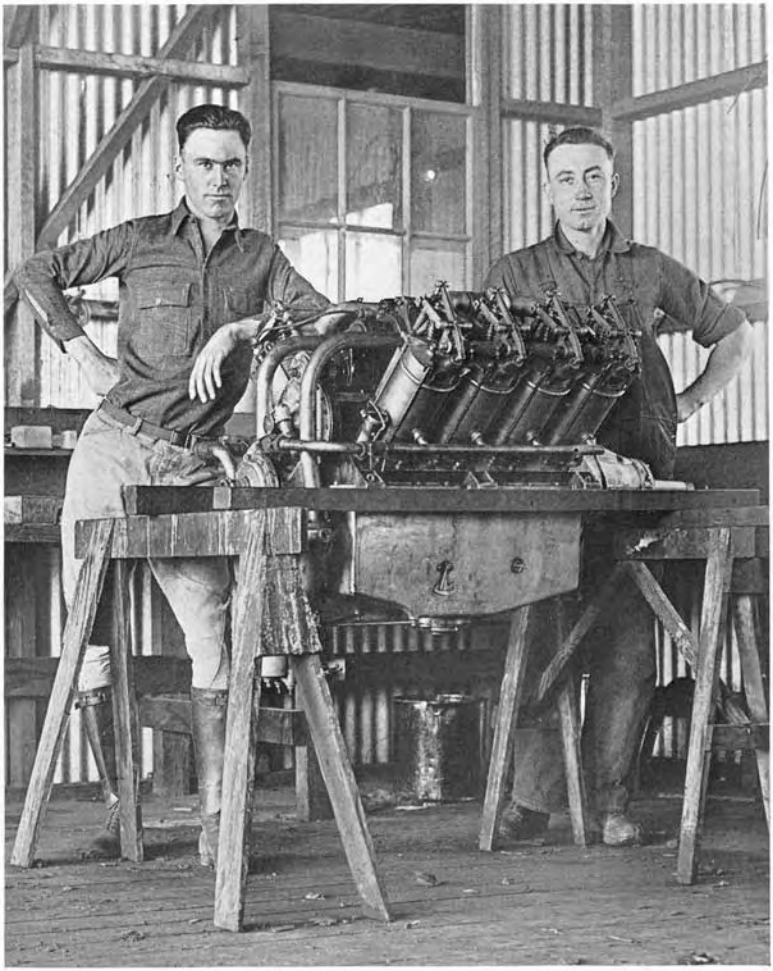
I couldn't go back to the farm. So, in 1919, I went to Texas to work in a Fort Worth garage. In a little while I was made foreman. I left that job to work for the Cadillac people in Fort Worth, and then later to Denver, where I was in charge of the electrical department of a garage.

I look back now on the experiences I had in all those years between the ownership of the bicycle and these months in garage repair work with a feeling that in no other way, short of being right in the industry itself, could I have better prepared myself for the profession I have chosen.

Art Goebel and a friend.

And the start in that profession was now only a few weeks off.

Some famous fliers. Left to right, back row: Bronte, Schlee, Chamberlain, Maitland, Brock and Balchen. Seated, left to right: McCrackin, Hegenberger, Goebel, Schluter, Levine.



In the Shops on the Cecil B. DeMille Aviation Field at Hollywood. Art Goebel, Left.

VI.

Learning to Fly

THE war, and aviation exploits overseas as well as at home, had put air-talk on everyone's lips. Somewhere, somehow, I had known I was going to learn to fly—in recent years there had been no doubt about that—but when the right opportunity would come, I had not known.

I could put off the start no longer, so I quit the Denver job and went to Los Angeles, where a real beginning was being made in aviation development. My opportunity had come, after all those years of dreaming!

On a commercial field at Los Angeles, one of the first in the country, I went to work as an aviation motor mechanic, and began taking flying instruction. How my experience counted now! The industry was new, and every day held thrilling experiences for a youngster not long off the farm.

I had been on this job several months when my father and mother decided on a year's trip to Panama and South America, and I joined them. We drove to New Orleans, where, after the many months away from the States, I got the car and drove on to Los Angeles, *back to aviation!*

This time I went into the work for

At work in a Fort Worth garage. Art Goebel is at the extreme right.

good. The Douglas Aircraft Company, starting the manufacture of land planes for the navy, offered me a place in the assembly department, and I took it. That was in 1922, in a little makeshift building which was vastly more important in its achievements than its size or appearance would indicate.

I was learning to fly, too, whenever and wherever the opportunity was offered. Doubting that I would be able to buy a plane of my own for some time, still I worked at this job of learning to fly as conscientiously as if I had a pilot's job waiting for me.

I had learned to expect no more out of my bicycle, my motorcycle and my car than the care I took of them would warrant. I had patiently trained myself to know the *why* of everything about those more or less intricate pieces of machinery. When there was something about the mechanism that puzzled me, I had kept at it until the puzzle was solved.

And, now, how valuable that persistence and those long years of self-training proved to be! For in no other work is it so important to know the *why* of things, to inspect and re-inspect, *to be master of machinery*, as in aviation.

I had the best of instruction. Adding to my natural caution, my instructors over and over again drilled into me the necessity of *thorough preparation*. I came to know every inch of a ship—every strut, every bolt, every part, and why it was there. I learned, in endless lessons, its operation and what to do in any emergency.

So I learned to fly.

P. & A. Photos

Art Goebel and an amphibian in the Mississippi River at Vicksburg, refueling to continue his flight to Galveston.

Art Goebel in 1920, learning to fly.

At the "controls" of an early-day "pusher."

Art Goebel and his father.

VII.

Thrillers in the Movies

OF course I wanted a ship of my own—but how was I going to get it?

The army soon answered my question. It had on its hands, left over from the war, many "Jennies" which it set out to sell at a price within my reach. I bought two in 1923 and two more later.

I did not even have hangar space. But out at Clover Field, in Santa Monica, a couple of pioneer pilots had put up shacks with just space enough for their own planes, the start of a commercial field that has played an important part in Pacific Coast air activities, particularly in the development of moving picture thrillers.

So to Clover Field I flew my first Jennie; and, lest it leave for parts unknown, tied it down with a rope, out in the open air, for overnight. Later I acquired hangar space there.

For months I worked for the Cross Aerial Photo Company, piloting the Jennie for photographers who made aerial photographs to order.

But the moving picture producers, searching about for new thrills, had begun to take aviation seriously and

P. & A. Photos

Picking up the heroine from a racing motor car. Art Goebel is at the controls of the ship.

P. & A. Photos

Art Goebel (center) in front of his then famous School of Stunting at Clover Field, Santa Monica, Cal.

were looking for experienced pilots to aid in making stunt pictures.

In my opinion, the day of stunts is over. Straight commercial flying has replaced the stunt. The *business* of flying has succeeded the *thrill* of flying.

But stunting, at that stage of development, was absolutely necessary, just as hazardous automobile racing has been essential in modern motor car development. In stunting a ship you find its weak spots, mechanically and in its operation. It is that period of stunting which was largely responsible for the amazing development, in a few short years, of the airplane from a pitifully undependable and erratic piece of machinery to the steadily dependable, speedy, safe ship of today.

P. & A. Photos

Pilot and performers in the famous "hook trick" at Hollywood. The hook with which Art Goebel (left) rescued a bound man from the top of another plane is in the center foreground.

The performer has just been rescued safely and he climbs up on the wing of the Goebel plane.

If I had ever failed before to learn the value of *thorough preparation,* I surely learned it now! The slightest mechanical failure, the smallest error in judgment, the least indifference to careful planning, would mean harm not only for the pilot but very often for the performers.

We had an organization of skilled, daring pilots who made movie history.

Art Goebel and a movie cameraman, ready for a stunt.

When we were not flying in pictures, we were busy at Hollywood selling new stunts, new ideas, to the directors.

One of the early stunts we developed—every movie fan in the country will remember it—was picking up heroes and heroines from moving automobiles, trains, motorcycles and speed boats, and also transferring them from one plane to another. The pilot of the pick-up plane had a job of nice calculation of distance and speed when he swept low down a highway, a ladder dangling from the lower wing, and placed that ladder in exact position for the kidnapped heroine to escape from the clutches of murderous villains.

One stunt of mine was really a job for a mathematician, of which I claim no understanding at all. The hero, bound and gagged, his feet tied together with rope, is left lying on the top wing of a plane which takes off and speeds away with him. All I had to do was to overtake him, and, with both planes moving at high speed, maneuver so that an iron hook, fastened on the tip of my lower wing, would slip between his feet and under the rope and carry him away!

From stunt to stunt, from thriller to thriller, the months and years passed. Air races were beginning to be held, and, in 1925 I entered and won my first airplane race.

A Jennie-race trophy awarded at Berea, Cal., to the winner, Art Goebel.

A "Jennie scramble" was just what the name implies—a hotly contested scramble of Jennie planes for first honors. They were held everywhere

More trophies won at Berea, Cal., for Jennie racing and stunting.

Gloria Swanson and Art Goebel discussing movie thrillers.

a flock of Jennies could be gotten together. Many a scramble and stunt contest I entered, and many of them I won.

Preparing further for the big climax of my flying career—little did I know then what it was to be, or that it was to come so soon—I was doing all of my own repair and maintenance work, and also worked on other planes used in the movies. Aircraft was being perfected almost daily. The minute we found a weak spot in construction it would be remedied. A man had to be alive and on the job and do a lot of straight thinking to keep up with things.

The last job I did before the big event happened was making tail-spin tests for the Douglas Aircraft Company. I would take a ship up several thousand feet, put it into a spin and then see how many times I had to turn it over to come out.

One tail spin test almost did not come out. Going into a spin at nine thousand feet, I was within several hundred feet of the ground—my parachute was ready!—before she straightened out.

In more than seven years that I have been flying, I have never had an accident. I do not say it boastfully, for especially in the early days there may occasionally have been mechanical imperfections responsible for accidents entirely beyond the control of the pilot. But I mention it here, particularly in connection with my four years of stunt flying, for I know I have made that record only because I was carefully trained, and because I have exercised extreme precaution every flying day in making sure of the condition of my equipment.

And I was not to regret any minute of that long training or any particle of that unusual care the day at Oakland, California, I stepped into the front compartment of the Woolaroc and looked confidently out over water to unseen Hawaii!

P. & A. Photos

INTO THE TANKS OF THE WOOLAROC GO THE FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN GALLONS OF GASOLINE—THEN, HAWAII!

VIII.

Off to Hawaii

THE long, hard job of almost ceaseless work was over. Everything about the ship was in as perfect condition, I knew, as an experienced pilot and mechanic could make it. I had been over every inch of the big Travelair with my own hands—had even taped and shellacked the feed lines myself—and now the ship stood seventh on the starting line, one of the eight planes that every two or three minutes were responding to the orders of the official starter.

Behind us were days of gruelling work. Ahead lay Hawaii, or failure.

Back in Wichita, Kansas, in the Travelair plant, I had kept close check on the building of the ship that now was saying farewell to the mainland. When it was completed, I flew it to Los Angeles and on to San Francisco, and began the checking and rechecking, the tests and the installation of equipment which were to assure me of steady performance in an unknown airway on a twenty-six hour grind.

Although the start finally was delayed four days, I arrived in San Fran-

P. & A. Photos

Radio receiving set just before being installed in the Woolaroc.

A typical Art Goebel lunch (just a bottle of milk) at the time he was getting the Woolaroc ready for the Dole flight.

cisco with the Woolaroc just five days before the date originally set for the start—five days to make every inspection and to install necessary equipment. I had been the first official entry in the James Dole race—Oakland to Honolulu—but it had taken time to build the ship and get it to the coast.

I knew as never before that this flight *would be won on preparation alone!*—and so I hastened to the job. The delay of four days gave me actually no more time than was necessary to get the ship in perfect order.

We were depending to a certain extent on radio beacons to guide us in navigating the ship. A receiving and sending set had been built for me under the supervision of expert army officers. The army had radio beacon stations in San Francisco and on the Island of Maui. Day after day, in flights over the field, we tested the set for practice beacons that were being sent out until I was certain the radio would not fail us. And it didn't. At sundown that night, at the fading period, the radio was out, as we had expected, for about forty minutes. But so perfectly did it work, so thoroughly did the army plan and maintain its signal service, I believe we never were a mile off our course!

Step by step the Woolaroc rounded into final shape. Every day I put in long hours at the field, for so important was that final preparation, so dependent was success on repeated checking and tests that this personal inspection was absolutely necessary.

In my search for a competent navigator, Lt. W. V. Davis, who was stationed at the naval air station, North Island, San Diego, U. S. N., was highly recommended, and after an exchange of wires, he started to San Francisco. In the meantime, Slattery of the navy hurried by boat from San Diego to seek the job—both as fine and as courageous men as ever took off on any flight. Slattery had wired me, and I had advised him that Davis had first chance at the job, but to come on in case something might interfere with Davis making the trip. Davis wanted to go, and he went—and Slattery, disappointed but not showing it outwardly, stayed there on

the field, giving me invaluable help in the final installations and tests.

A word about navigation by radio: The letters "A" and "N" were sent out by these army stations on directional antennae so arranged that the navigator, listening on ear phones, would know they were exactly on their course if both signals came in with equal intensity. If the "A" was much stronger, the pilot would put the ship back toward the "N" signal. It is an excellent system, its dependability thoroughly proved on this flight.

The Woolaroc, its construction and flight made possible by California and Oklahoma friends, was finally ready and tuned up to go. Four hundred and seventeen gallons of gasoline were in the tanks and seventeen gallons of oil aboard. Extras of every kind, a collapsible life raft, a pistol and flares for signalling, and navigation equipment were in place—5,520 pounds of plane, equipment, fuel and passengers to be lifted and carried the 2,437 miles to Hawaii.

Nine ships were on the starting line, but one had been disqualified. Promptly at noon the first of the eight final entries took off, followed at several-minute intervals by the other ships. We were off at 12:37.

It was another adventure, another flight to prove that man had conquered the air.

I was in the front compartment at the controls and with all of the instruments except the setting dial on the earth conductor compass, which was in the rear compartment with

A close-up of the Woolaroc.

The Woolaroc in flight.

Davis. Between us, in the center of the ship, were the gasoline tanks. Above us was the glaring sun for a few hours, then the darkness of a long night, and finally sunlight again. Below us, water.

There is little feeling peculiar to such a trip. I believed that every precaution had been taken. I had had the very best trained ground personnel, an important factor. I had supreme confidence in my *navigator,* in the equipment and in the radio arrangements. There was litle else now to do or think except to keep on the course, keep at proper altitude and keep that propellor turning.

I did recall as the hours passed many of the experiences and much of the training that unknowingly had contributed to my start on this flight and the confidence with which I had undertaken it.

There was plenty of time to think. Davis and I were as completely separated as if we had been at extreme ends of the earth from each other. We could not see or talk to one another. Not ten feet apart, we were strangers together in the air over mid-ocean.

The sun went down. It had been a good friend, and the weather had been fine. Now night was coming on, and with it loneliness that cannot be described and has not been experienced by any except those who, like us, have headed a plane into darkness over water.

The J-5 purred steadily. Regularly the radio signals came in. The Pioneer instruments on the board were working perfectly. Everything was going

as anticipated days and weeks before. *Air perfection* cruising at 100-mile speed toward a little spot in the Pacific.

I was dressed in a brown business suit—the same suit I have worn in other record flights made since—without helmet or goggles. Beside me in the compartment, as in Davis's compartment, were six chicken sandwiches, six fruit sandwiches and a thermos bottle of hot coffee. Hunger, I guess, was left out of what we took aboard at Oakland, for I ate only one chicken sandwich and two fruit sandwiches.

Darkness still, and getting foggy. One-third of the distance behind us, now, and the ocean barely visible because of the fog. Mountains of clouds hanging about the ship. The fog thickening. Still, the steady purr of the J-5, the dots and dashes of the radio beacons. Alone, yes—but in constant contact with the world.

Slowly the night was passing. Every little bit I turned to look back east out the rear of my compartment to catch the first glimpse of daylight—welcome daylight! And it was long in coming.

The fog was still below us at daybreak—nineteen and a half hours of it altogether on this trip.

The morning passed and the weather cleared and below us again was the rolling blue Pacific, not such a bad ocean after all. Noon came by our watches, with still the steadily humming motor, the distinctly audible beacons.

One o'clock . . . two o'clock. Minutes ticking on slowly. A speck on the horizon that might be a cloud or an island or a mountain.

The ship speeded on. The speck grew larger, larger. The outlines of the speck became distinct.

I think I gave one whoop out loud and I was my only audience.

Below were the Hawaiian Islands.

P. & A. Photos

In this group, in front of the White House where they lunched with President Coolidge, are such familiar aviation figures as Art Goebel, Colonel Lindbergh, Ruth Elder, George Haldeman, William S. Brock, Ed F. Schlee, Charles Levine, Lieutenant Maitland and Lieutenant Hegenberger.

Art Goebel takes his first steps on Hawaiian soil, having just landed on Wheeler Field to win the Dole prize.

IX.

A Mighty Reception

BECAUSE of the location of the army signalling station we had naturally headed toward the Island of Maui. So we veered to the right, crossed Molokai and the sound and came down on Wheeler Field near Honolulu, 26 hours and 17 minutes after we had started.

In a plane circling about us as we landed a flier held up one finger and we knew we had won the race.

That crowd! Twenty-thousand people! Thousands waiting all through the night and the morning to extend the well known Hawaiian hospitality to the incoming fliers.

Military guards with fixed bayonets threatening a crowd they finally could not hold back.

A salute of eight bombs.

And what a reception! James Dole, marvelous business man and sponsor of the flight, with Governor Farrington accompanying him. And the ensuing entertainments and receptions and genuine love accorded us by these happy islanders!

We weren't hungry. We weren't tired. We weren't sleepy. We wanted only two things—a shave and a dip in the beach at Waikiki. I guess we hadn't seen enough water.

It was really only a little after noon by Hawaiian time, although our

P. & A. Photos

As the Woolaroc taxied to a stop on Wheeler Field, Hawaii.

watches said it was about three o'clock. So after the welcome of Mr. Dole, Governor Farrington, army and navy officials and civilians, we were driven the twenty-five miles into Honolulu and to a barber shop. Then we took that dip.

Behind, at the field, Mr. Dole remained, anxiously peering into the distant skies for sight of the other

Another view of the Woolaroc on Wheeler Field, Hawaii.

aviators. He was on hand to welcome Jennsen.

Events such as the Dole Flight have been largely responsible for the almost overnight public appreciation of aviation, and men like James Dole deserve great credit for their vision and their generosity.

On a later trip to Japan, I stopped at Honolulu both going and coming. Mrs. Dole and the children met me at the dock and I was entertained in the Dole home during my stay there.

For anyone who makes such a flight as we did, in the air, alone, over fog and water many hours, we heartily recommend Hawaiian hospitality for the end of the journey!

About to satisfy one of the first desires after landing the Woolaroc safely in Hawaii, Lieutenant Davis (left) and Art Goebel prepare for a dip at Waikiki.

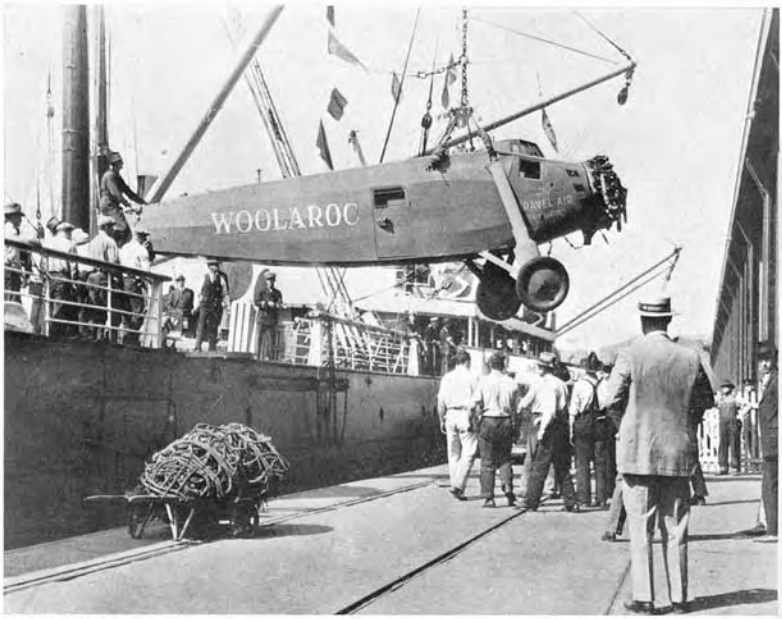
James Dole handing the $25,000 prize check to the winners of the Dole flight—Lieutenant Davis and Art Goebel.

P. & A. Photos

Placing a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington.

Art Goebel and Amelia Earheart receiving decorations.

Major Clarence Young, director of aeronautics of the Department of Commerce (left), Art Goebel and Bill McCrackin meet in Washington.



P. & A. Photos

The Woolaroc is unloaded at San Francisco after its successful Dole flight.

P. & A. Photos

Art Goebel in the hands of his friends, the Air Squadron Reserves, at Clover Field.

The Woolaroc, after winning the Dole flight, lands at Clover Field, where years before Art Goebel tied his first Jennie down for the night.

X.

A Non-Stop Flight Record—and Others

I AM happy to have made this successful flight particularly for what it means to the cause of aviation and the proof it offers that *mastery of the airplane* is entirely a matter of training and preparation.

Events have moved swiftly since the completion of the Hawaiian flight at noon, August 17, 1927.

With Harry Tucker as a passenger, I made the first non-stop flight from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast the following year, flying 2,510 miles at an average speed of 150 miles per hour, reaching New York in 18 hours and 58 minutes, and lowering the coast-to-coast record, made in 1925 by Kelly and McCready, (east-bound) by eight hours.

The same year I entered the New York-to-Los Angeles race. I was the only contestant to finish the day of the race, and received the prize money.

Also, in 1928, I won the Los Angeles-to-Cincinnati non-stop race in fifteen hours and seventeen minutes. Harry Tucker was a passenger on the two last-named races.

Aviation, with all of its recent development, is yet in its infancy. It needs more trained personnel, for ships and capital are available in plenty—men, trained men, are the need of the day.

I do not want to close this book without reference to the important part the fine courage of my mother and father has had in my success. Courageous, calm, confident they were from my very first start in flying. They knew I learned anything conscientiously, that I would be careful, that I would not be foolhardy, that my confidence was worthy of their confidence. And what a wonderful effect on my morale that plainly and regularly expressed faith has had!

When the news of my winning the Dole flight was flashed back to America, a neighbor who heard it telephoned my mother. She was very calm.

"Yes," she replied, much as if she had been told I had flown from Los Angeles to San Francisco, "I knew he'd make it!"

Art Goebel and the Yankee Doodle at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, just before the take-off on the non-stop flight to Los Angeles, September, 1928.

A Close-Up View of the Yankee Doodle

The Airway Age Trophy

Speaking before the microphone at his reception in Tokio.

Art Goebel, Lindbergh and Ruth Elder.

XI.

Why I Decided to Teach Flying

DURING the months following the Dole flight a real problem developed. *To what aviation activities should I turn my energies?*

Offers were coming in regularly, but investigation proved most of them either the schemes of promoters or ventures not soundly financed. I had an earnest desire to stay in aviation at the head of my own company, if I could make the proper connections that would bring in as associates men of recognized business ability. But at that time commercial aviation was not

attracting the investments and activities of such men.

All the time I was engaged in racing I was gathering valuable information from men long connected with aviation and also from leading men in other industries.

Japanese helmet presented to Art Goebel at the Tokio reception—a symbol of courage and valor presented for centuries by the Japanese government for distinguished service.

I learned some amazing things. On January 1, 1929, there were 5,200 licensed pilots in the United States, *and 10,000 airplanes!* Twenty-one per cent of the pilots were licensed for operating private ships only. Fully aware now of the need of trained men, I interviewed such men as General Fetchet, chief of the air service; Mr. Trubee Davison, General Lahm, Major Clarence Young, Mr. William McCracken, Mr. William Stout of the Stout All-Metal Aircraft Corporation, and other well known authorities. It was evident that 90 per cent of the transport pilots were coming from the army training schools—exceptionally well trained men who daily were establishing enviable service records.

At the suggestion of the authorities with whom I advised, I made a careful study of Marsh Field, California; Brooks Field, Texas; Langley Field, Virginia, and the navy station at Pensacola, Florida. Without question, the army and navy methods of training pilots can not be excelled at this time.

When arrangements had been made for the incorporation of the Art Goebel School of Flying in Kansas City — leading Kansas City business men are associated with me—I adopted the entire army and navy curriculum, with the exception of gunnery and military tactics, and with additional engineering courses, for a commercial pilot must have greater

Art Goebel with the two famous French fliers, DeCoste (left) and LeBrix.

engineering and mechanical knowledge than the army pilot.

The need of trained man-power in the industry was increasingly apparent as I attempted to employ competent instructors. Skilled men were in the services of transport companies and manufacturers, and were not available. The army had thoroughly capable men, but to engage them was a serious problem.

A solution developed. I found that by close co-operation with the army I could employ some instructors from Brooks Field during their periods of leave. Such arrangements were made and these men, who have spent many years in training and developing some of the greatest pilots in the country, are available to instruct the students of the Art Goebel School of Flying.

With the advice and approval of these instructors, the very latest type of equipment has been selected. It is of various types—primary training being with water-cooled motors and advanced work with air-cooled motors of from 110 to 425 horsepower.

The industry not only needs trained men, but it offers unusual rewards to those who succeed in it. A transport pilot, for instance, averages $7,200 annually in earnings, and the average age of these men is twenty-nine. In comparison, the man with an A. B. degree does not reach an average earning power of $3,600 a year in other industries until he is 42 years old. His "peak" is at the age of fifty-six, when his average earning power is $5,600.

The aviation industry needs not pilots and mechanics alone, but men for executive, administrative and sales work. Already it is true that for every pilot there must be seven so-called "ground men."

To my knowledge, no industry today offers young men such opportunities!

THE ART GOEBEL SCHOOL OF FLYING, MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
Uptown Office—101 West Twelfth Street
Kansas City, Mo.

A PILOT AND HIS AIRPLANES AT A PLACE & TIME

The primary motivation for bringing to you this **21st Century Edition** of "**Art Goebel's Own Story**" is his flight activity as it was recorded in the pilot transient Register at the Davis Monthan Airfield, Tucson, AZ (see ***www.dmairfield.org***). Between 1928 and 1931 Goebel landed aircraft at the Airfield and signed the Register at least five times. He identified his airplanes by make and registration number four times. Is there anything to learn about Goebel, the lives of his airplanes or those of other pilots by examining these landings?

Tabulated below are data pertinent to each landing. Details come from the historic data cards for the airplanes found at the archives of the National Air & Space Museum (NASM), Washington, DC.

Arrival Date	Airplane	Reg. No.
01/27/28	Travel Air	NC3824
10/29/29	Waco	NC9580
02/13/31	??	??
05/24/31	Verville	NC63032
10/07/31	Lockheed	NR7954

Registration number **NC3824** is a typical story for a Golden Age airplane. Its career spanned barely 4.5 years, ultimately ending its life in 1932 with damage beyond economic repair. This aircraft is a Travel Air 3000, S/N 307 (ATC 31), manufactured on 12/15/27 by Travel Air manufacturing Co., Wichita, KS. It had a Hispano-Suiza

Model E-2 180 HP engine installed (S/N 6187) furnished by the purchaser.

It was flown away from the factory on 1/21/28 by H.C. Strader of Long Beach, CA for the price of $3,735 minus the engine cost. It landed at Tucson barely a week later on 1/27/1928 piloted by Art Goebel with Mr. Strader as passenger. Below, an image of Goebel's entry in the Register at Tucson, February 27th.

Goebel was just five-months past his Hawaii flight. He and his passenger arrived from Garden City, NY, Mitchel Field and were on their way to Hollywood, CA. Incidentally, Mr. Strader landed at Tucson on 4/8/1928, arriving in NC3824 from San Diego on his way to New York. He noted in the Remarks column of the Register, "Big field."

Strader kept the Travel Air for seven months before selling it to Louis H. Tuckson of Los Angeles on 8/15/28. Tuckson sold it to Barry Barnes, Boeing Field, Seattle, WA on 5/22/31.

It must have suffered some damage (before or after transfer is unknown), since Barnes installed Hisso engine C/N SC-43 on 6/22/31, a new center section, and tail assembly and fittings from the factory. It suffered another accident on 7/4/31 that required repair, *"with factory parts"* and reinstallation of Hisso engine C/N 6187. A year later, on 5/30/32 it was damaged beyond repair and the Mr. Strader requested cancellation of the registration.

There is no information about his airplane on his visit of February 13, 1931. But we know he carried as passenger

A.C. Murrell and their itinerary was westbound from El Paso, TX to Los Angeles, CA, and we find "Friday" noted in date of arrival column. The 13th was a Friday and Goebel's note of it was probably to deflect any bad luck that might accrue from it. On this visit, Goebel becomes the only pilot to hint at obscenity in the Register. He penned, *"!?*!!?XX weather"* in the remarks column. It was February, he was westbound, and he and his passenger were probably stiff with cold made only worse by the typical prevailing headwinds.

Registration number **NC9580** is a Waco ATO, S/N A-55 manufactured in 1929. The National Air & Space Museum has no other record either of this airplane or for Goebel's Verville **NC63032**, which he brought to Tucson on May 24, 1931.

We know a lot about his **NC/NR7954**, however, and it is an interesting history of a working airplane. It is a **L**ockheed Vega that was flown by a few well-known Golden Age pilots. It ultimately was wrecked in Albuquerque.

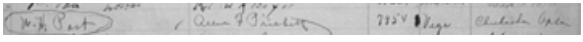
The airplane is a Model 5 (S/N 24; ATC number unidentified in the NASM record, but it was #93) manufactured August 12, 1928 by Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, CA. It left the factory with a Pratt & Whitney Wasp engine (S/N 920) of unspecified HP. It was a five-place airplane. Interestingly, this airplane was the original "Winnie Mae", named after the original owner's daughter.

It sold for $20,240 on November 14, 1928 to F.C. Hall, Chickasha, OK. It had special paint and lettering, including "Winnie Mae". It was flown by Wiley Post for

about six months (but not used for Post's around-the-world flights). Post was personal pilot for Mr. Hall.

We find this airplane at Tucson three times, the first two on November 17th and December 17, 1928. Both times it is piloted by Wiley Post. On November 17th he arrived solo flying eastbound from Los Angeles to Chickasha, OK. This may be the ferry flight of this new airplane from the factory at Burbank.

On December 17th, Post is carrying passenger Allen F. Prichett. They are westbound from Chickasha to Los Angeles. There was no purpose mentioned for this trip, but it was probably on behalf of Hall's business. Below, Post's entry in the Register at Tucson, December 17th.



NC7954 sold back to Lockheed Aircraft Corporation on May 7, 1929 and they passed it on to Nevada Airlines, Inc., Los Angeles, CA on August 12, 1929. Roscoe Turner was manager of operations for Nevada at that time. Besides flying Nevada Airlines routes, NC7954 was flown on cross-country flights and in the 1929 National Air Races by Turner. It was one of the first Vegas to be fitted with both a NACA cowl and wheel pants. It was named "Sirius".

A year later, on August 23, 1930, the airplane was sold to Capt. Arthur C. Goebel, Los Angeles, CA just in time for the National Air Races. It was converted to a "NR" registration and Goebel modified it to a single-place airplane for use in the 1930 National Air Races (race #62). Goebel took second place (in 9:21:21.4) in the nonstop derby, Los Angeles-to-Chicago, behind Wiley Post. All the airplanes that placed in that event in 1930 were Lockheeds. Goebel won $4,500 second-place money. He maintained

the "NR" registration and flew the airplane that way until 1934.

Now comes NR7954 flown to Tucson by Goebel on October 7, 1931, about a year after he purchased it. Now he was solo flying cross-country from New York to Los Angeles. Below, Goebel's entry in the Register at Tucson, October 7th.

There is a gap in the NASM record until we find that NC7954 was reconverted to a five-place airplane by Gray-W-Oviatt Airplane Service, Van Nuys, CA as of February 1934, and the "NC" registration was restored. NC7954 was purchased on December 19, 1936 by Laura Ingalls, Great Neck, NY. It had Wasp SC-1 engine S/N 1533 installed.

Ingalls flew it for about five years. On August 11, 1941, it was involved in an accident in Albuquerque, NM *"due to normal wear & tear, right side of landing-gear failed on normal landing. Right wing dragged and all gear failed. Engine torn loose, fuselage broke in two at #4 bulkhead ring"*. Pilot Ingalls suffered minor injuries. The airplane was written off.

What have we learned? The airplanes and pilots of the Golden Age did workaday things, flavored with special events like races, wrecks and recognition. Nothing spectacular here: a passage noted in an old airfield Register, and then people and airplanes moved on. This is the way it was on any given day. But, put these records together, as in the Davis-Monthan Airfield Register, and you have a significant picture of not only civil, but also of military and commercial aviation during the Golden Age.

These landings, and thousands more, are contributing to that picture at ***www.dmairfield.org***.

ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY: THE LIFE & TIMES OF ARTHUR C. GOEBEL

Besides the book you are holding in your hand, other useful references to help understand Art Goebel, his airplanes and his times are the following:

BOOKS

The definitive reference for early Lockheed aircraft is:

> Allen, Richard Sanders. 1988. Revolution in the Sky: The Lockheeds of Aviation's Golden Age. Orion Books. NY, NY. 253 pp. ISBN 0-517-56678-8.
>
> Information about Goebel's Lockheed Vega NX4769 is found on pages 30-31, et seq.
>
> Information about Goebel's Lockheed Vega NR7954 is found on page 210.

The best reference for the Dole Race is:

> Forden, Lesley. 1986. The Glory Gamblers: The Story of the Dole Race. The Nottingham Press, Alameda, CA, 194 pp. ISBN 0-913958-03-04.

This slender book examines each of the pilots, airplanes and the sponsor James D. Dole. It goes into every detail of the preparations and the race itself, as well as provides a great last chapter entitled, "Whatever Became of the Airplanes, and the People...?" Information about Art Goebel, his navigator and their airplane, the Travel Air named “Woolaroc” can be found in Chapter 6 and elsewhere throughout this book.

An excellent reference for Hollywood stunt pilots is:

Wynne. Hugh H. 1987. The Motion Picture Stunt Pilots and Hollywood's Classic Aviation Movies. Pictorial Histories Publishing Co., Missoula, MT. 184 pp. ISBN 0-933126-85-9.

There are numerous pictures and tales of Goebel’s motion picture work in Wynne's book.

MAGAZINES

Time Magazine, Monday, Aug. 29, 1927, had this to say about the Dole Race (how the writer knew the crowd was exactly 30,303 is not stated in the article):

"'Say, folks, it's great to be here.' With these words the flight for the $25,000 prize offered by James D. Dole, "pineapple king," ended at Wheeler Field, Honolulu. Arthur C. Goebel stepped out of his plane, the Woolaroc, and waved to 30,003 assembled under the clear blue Hawaiian sky. The small figure of a woman raced up to him, exclaiming: 'God bless you, where is Martin?' She was Mrs. Martin Jensen, wife of a pilot in the flight. Two hours later Martin Jensen swung his Aloha down from Hawaiian sky, jumped out, into the arms of Mrs. Martin. He had won the second prize, $10,000….

"Sifting qualifications, testing ships (three pilots dying in the process), bickering a little, postponing the starting time, those concerned in the Dole prize flight to Hawaii finally set their stage.

"Bennet Griffin, flying the Oklahoma, rose from the ground at Oakland, Calif., for the first takeoff, and the race was on. At intervals behind him rose John W. Frost flying the Golden Eagle; Capt. W. P. Erwin flying the Dallas Spirit; J. Auggy Pedlar flying the Miss Doran (carrying with him Miss Mildred Doran, school teacher from Flint, Mich.); Goebel; and Jensen. Pabco Flyer and El Encanto crashed at the start. Soon Erwin returned with an unlucky windhole in his fuselage. Soon Griffin returned, his engine failing. Out over the blue Pacific flew Goebel, Jensen; Frost, Pedlar; and their navigators; and Pedlar's passenger.

"The Woolaroc flew smoothly. In the night an oil brush slipped under the floor boards, and began a pounding vibration; a sound like pistons blowing. Goebel and his pilot, W. C. Davis, seized the water bottle and emergency rations and began peering below them for a soft spot in the sea. The brush vibrated itself into sight. They flew on. They saw land. They saw planes coming to meet them. An army flyer circled close and held up one finger. They knew they had won.

"The Aloha had trouble. Three times she went into dangerous tail spins and three times pilot Jensen, stunt flyer, pulled her out. Once, flying low because only close to the sea would their compass work, they bumped a wave; and rose above it. Once the gas pump went wrong. Having no radio for bearings, three hours were wasted shooting the sun. With gas left for a half hour's flying they landed after 28 hours and 5 minutes; nearly two hours behind Goebel. Of the Miss Doran and the Golden Eagle no news. They were last sighted passing the Farallon Islands, 30 miles off San Francisco. They struck the water somewhere between the Farallons and the Hawaiians, almost 2,400 miles beyond….

"Two days later arose from the Oakland Field Capt. W. P. Erwin and navigator A.W. Eichwaldt in the Dallas Spirit; the wind rent in her fuselage, which had ruined her chances in the race, had been repaired. They were flying for Hawaii, on a hunt for the Golden Eagle and the Miss Doran. The ship was radio equipped. Messages drifted back:
'Just passing Point Lobos (Golden Gate). Love to Ma.'

'Just saw a rum runner; had a time keeping Ike in.'

"'Tell the gentleman who furnished our lunch it was fine, but we can't find the toothpicks.' 'We went into a tail spin—SOS—delay that. We came out of it but we were sure scared.

The lights on the instrument board went out and it was so dark that Bill couldn't see the—we are in a spin —SOS....'

"The Dole flight had killed three men (TIME, Aug. 22); one woman and six men were missing. Airmen criticized; said preparations for the flight had been inefficient; intimated that the fatalities could have been prevented. Among the critics: Ernest L. Smith, first civilian flyer to hop to Honolulu; Carl Wolfley, Vice President of the National Aeronautic Association; Floyd Bennett, Flyer Byrd's comrade on the North Pole flight; Charles L. Lawrence, inventor of Wright Whirlwind airplane engine."

NEWSPAPERS

Washington Post December 8, 1973

Obituary: Born October 19, 1895; Died December 3, 1973. Age 78.

The New York Times Wednesday, August 17, 1927

Six columns of reportage on the events surrounding the departure of competitors for the Dole Race. The article tabulates the field of aircraft that made the starting line. Of eight starters, only four proceeded across the Pacific, and only two of those made it to Hawaii.

Of the two finishers, the *Woolaroc* was the only airplane of the four starters that had two-way radio equipment. One other, the *Golden Eagle*, had receive capability only. But radio was only a backup navigation aid at that time, even though it had been used a couple of months earlier to guide two other pilots across the Pacific.

Earlier that summer, two other pairs of pilots had flown the Pacific (a military pair, Maitland & Hegenberger, and a civilian pair Smith & Bronte). The military set up radio beacon stations in San Francisco and Hawaii that transmitted a closely coupled Morse "A" (dit dah) and a Morse "N" (dah dit). The two earlier flights tested and used these signals during their flights.

A simplified explanation of the operation is as follows. When an airplane receiver is tuned to the transmitter's frequency and flying straight down the middle of the two signals, it heard a blended "T" (dah), which was the

sum of the two "dahs" in the "A" and "N" signals. Keeping the "T" in the earphones by carefully steering the airplane resulted in keeping it "on the beam." The two earlier flights used the system with good, although intermittent, results.

It was clear that the race was not only to the fastest aircraft, but also it depended upon the navigator understanding his craft well enough to chart his course along the Great Circle route.

Fourteen Navy and commercial ships were arrayed along the flight line of the Race, reporting visual and radio contact with the competitors.

The New York Times Thursday, August 18, 1927

> Seven columns of reportage on the events surrounding the finish of the Dole Race. This event was a big deal for Hawaii at the time. This front-page article captures the flurry of emotion and action at the finish in Honolulu. Lines like "Victor shows no fatigue", "Jensen Seems Exhausted When He Arrives and Wife, Waiting At Field, Faints" and "30,000 Cheer The Finish".
>
> The *Times* summarizes the atmosphere as follows, almost like a travelogue:
>
> *"The Pacific's greatest aerial Derby brought all the color and emotion that has made these tropical islands famous. Long before the sun had peeked over Diamond Head this morning a stream of humanity had found its way to the landing field.*

"The crowd was noisy, but good-natured. All races in the territory were represented. Pretty little Japanese women in sashed kimonos, Chinese in jackets and pajama pants. Polynesians and Koreans, Filipinos and Nordic blondes made up the welcoming multitude.

"Parking space had been provided by the army officials for 8,000 automobiles. By 8:30 A.M. this space was filled and the Territorial Highway was lined with more cars for a distance of two miles. Army estimates of the crowd grew hourly.

"The day was preceded by a hectic night. Theatres kept open to amuse those who could not go to sleep, and to keep them informed of progress of the fliers bulletins were announced in the theatres. In the early morning, with a bright moon over head, hundreds of motorists drove to the field. The moon above, giant searchlights playing over the island and the myriad lights from the cars combined to form a brilliant fantasy.

"Enlisted men with fixed bayonets served as guards at the field. The only 'casualty' of the day was the injury of three soldiers who were run over by an ambulance. They were taken to a hospital, where their injuries were said not to be serious.

"The reviewing stand was early filled with notables, headed by Governor Farrington and high army and navy officials. Many scout and patrol planes skirted the field at times, doing stunts and watching for the racing planes. A band played popular airs, and while the crowds waited at the field, every agency and device that would serve the purpose was used to scour the seas and skies for the racers. Twenty-nine naval vessels were stationed at intervals between and around the islands. Twenty commercial vessels en route bound for or from the mainland were on a constant watch and stood ready to report

all news of the ships by radio. The steamer City of Los Angeles reported often on the progress of the Woolaroc.

"The Mutual Telephone Company, the Navy radio, the Army Signal Corps, the Radio Corporation of America and the Federal Telegraph Company also kept constant vigil. Army and navy planes were on regular patrol. These, a time or two, caused confusion as they were mistaken for the racers."

The table on the following page is from the *Times* of August 18, 1927. It summarizes the contacts made with "Woolaroc" across the Pacific.

LOG SHOWS MANY SHIPS IN TOUCH WITH FLIERS

Woolaroc's Radio Communication Allowed Close Record of Winning Flight.

The Dole flight log, as given by The Associated Press, was as follows (all times being Pacific Standard Time):

TUESDAY, AUG. 16.

12:31 P. M.—Monoplane Golden Eagle takes off at Oakland Airport.

12:34 P. M.—Monoplane Aloha takes off.

12:36 P. M.—Monoplane Woolaroc takes off.

1:05 P. M.—Aloha passes over Farallones.

2:03 P. M.—Biplane Miss Doran takes off on second attempt.

2:35 P. M.—Motorship Silver Fir, 185 miles out, reports Aloha overhead, north of direct course.

2:43 P. M.—Miss Doran reported passing Farallones.

2:50 P. M.—Steamer Wilhelmina reports Aloha putting south toward direct course.

2:55 P. M.—Destroyer Meyer reports Aloha 200 miles out, still 35 miles north of course.

4:00 P. M.—Destroyer Hazelwood reports Woolaroc 270 miles out.

4:35 P. M.—Steamship Wilhelmina reports message from Woolaroc 300 miles out.

8:00 P. M. Destroyer McDonough reports Woolaroc 300 miles out.

8:50 P. M. Destroyer Corry reports message from Woolaroc 517 miles out.

11:30 P. M. Destroyer Corry reports message from Woolaroc 750 miles out.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17:

2:00 A. M. Steamship Manulani reports through the Army Signal Corps two planes, believed the Woolaroc and Miss Doran, on northern edge of course, to be aproximately midway.

2:00 A. M. Steamship City of Los Angeles reports in messages received by the Army Signal Corps, Honolulu, two planes, believed the Golden Eagle and Aloha, on the southern edge of the course, approximately midway.

4:00 A. M. Steamship Manukai reports Woolaroc 1,485 miles on her course.

9:30 A. M. Steamship City of Los Angeles reported Woolaroc 450 miles from Honolulu.

11:05 A. M.: Mutual Telephone Company, Honolulu, received message from Pilot Goebel of Woolaroc, via Wahiawa Radio Station, that plane was 250 miles from Honolulu.

12:00 Noon: Army Signal Corps, Honolulu, intercepted radiogram from Woolaroc that the plane was nearing Island of Oahu.

12:00 Noon: Radio Corporation received report from steamship City of Los Angeles that Woolaroc "all well," 206 miles from Honolulu.

2:39 P. M.: Army Signal Corps, Honolulu, reported Woolaroc passed over Fort Ruger, Island of Oahu.

2:53 P. M.: Woolaroc landed at Wheeler Field, Honolulu, winning first prize Dole flight.

4:50 P. M.: Aloha landed at Wheeler Field, Honolulu, winning second prize Dole flight.

Into this milieu of tropical preparation and anticipation, the "Woolaroc" landed in the northwest corner of the field and taxied to within yards of the reviewing stand. People broke through the barrier and surrounded the airplane, despite soldiers with fixed bayonets.

The *Times* captured Goebel's first words, which reflect either his humility or his self-confidence: *"Say, folks, it's certainly great to land here. How many others are in ahead of me?"* When asked what he was going to do with his winnings, Goebel stated, *"By George, I don't know exactly, but I would like nothing better than to purchase a house and lot in this city which looks so good to me."*

Goebel was elated. The *Times* said he *"…danced a couple of steps, threw his arms around some of his friends and said he could stand such a welcome every day in the year."* He said, *"We didn't have a bit of trouble the entire trip. Old man Davis kept us right on the course and we never faltered."*

Davis, who received a good deal of the credit and applause, allowed they had experienced no difficulty, but they did overestimate the speed of the plane, which arrived two hours later than expected (they still had five hours of fuel on board, however).

Neither Goebel nor Davis appeared overly affected by the long hop, but both said a good night's sleep would, *"certainly be appreciated."*

The "Woolaroc" carried several letters from the mainland, one to Mr. Dole. At the reviewing stand Dole said, *"They've brought me a letter from L.E. Phillips of the Phillips Petroleum Company saying he was sending the boys over to get that money."*

Following a welcome by the Governor, officials drove Goebel and Davis to Honolulu, 25 miles away. Some thousands of people left, too, but enough were on hand two hours later to greet Jensen and Schluter with the same kind of enthusiasm they showed Goebel and Davis.

Mrs. Jensen collapsed when she recognized her husband's airplane. When he landed, she broke away from army officers and rushed to him with tears, hugs and kisses. What a grand arrival!

Jensen was worse for wear, looking haggard as he rose from his seat and then fell back into it. Schluter was fresh and did not appear tired. *"We were four hours late, but we are here,"* Jensen said. *"We got lost but after four hours' wandering we soon found ourselves and lit out like a blue streak for Wheeler Field."*

The Times states, *"Jensen, Schluter and Mrs. Jensen were taken from the reviewing stand to an automobile and rushed into Honolulu over roads that were densely packed with thousands of automobiles carrying spectators who had seen the earlier arrival of Goebel."*

While the *Times* expressed concern for the other aviators and their aircraft, they couldn't have known on the 18th that only Goebel, Davis, Jensen and Schluter would reach Hawaii.

WEBSITES & OTHER RESOURCES

Websites:

http://***www.dmairfield.org***/

This website is all about the pilots and airplanes of the Davis-Monthan Airfield as recorded in the Airfield Register between 1925 and 1936. The website is the motivating force behind the **Oldairfield.com™ 21st Century Edition Books** at ***www.oldairfield.com***.

Goebel's biography, as well as numerous images of him and his airplanes can be seen on ***www.dmairfield.org***. As well, there is a rich environment of hyperlinks to other pilots and aircraft of the Davis-Monthan Register and beyond.

At ***dmairfield.org*** you will find out that Arthur C. Goebel landed at Tucson five times between 1928 and 1931. Among his many achievements, he holds the distinction of being the only pilot to suggest obscenity in the Airfield Register. On February 13, 1931 he wrote in the Remarks column , "!?*!!?XX weather"! We have to forgive him, though, because it was February and he was traveling westbound from El Paso to Los Angeles, probably into the teeth of prevailing winter winds.

*http://**en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dole_Air_Race***

Presents the standard wiki of the Dole Race and its airplanes and competitors. Various links to additional information, some of which work and some which do not.

Other Resources:

National Air & Space Museum Archives

Biographical dossier for Arthur C. Goebel: CG-345000-01, 20, et seq. Washington, DC.

Contemporary News Analysis of the Dole Race. The next six pages are copies of a report from Goebel's dossier. It's typical of the quality of the source material I work with when researching the history of pilots and airplanes of the Davis-Monthan Register. The author, Stephen A. Beers, selected views from four contemporary (1927) aviation publications and synthesized this report. For easier reading you can download a PDF copy of this report from Goebel's biography page on ***www.dmairfield.org***.

THE DOLE RACE

Compiled by
Stephen A. Beers

Sources:
Western Flying, Sept. 1927
Aviation, Sept. 1927
Aero Digest, Sept. 1927
Flying, Sept. 1927

Following the success of Lieutenants Lester Maitland and Albert Hegenberger (U.S. Air Service Fokker C-2 "Bird of Paradise," June 28-29, 1927) and Emory Bronte and Ernest Smith (Travel-Air monoplane "City of Oakland" July 14-15, 1927) in flying from California to Hawaii, James D. Dole, wealthy pineapple grower in Hawaii, offered first and second prizes of $25,000 and $10,000 for a race from Oakland to Hawaii. The date of take off for the race was set for August 12, 1927; the order of take off to be determined by drawing, and the first and second planes to arrive were to gain the prize money. Because of the short time available to compete for the rich prize, preparations for the 2400 mile race were naturally rushed - a fact that contributed to a total of 10 lives lost and only two planes finishing out of the eight that finally attempted to start.

Government inspectors of the Bureau of Air Commerce did try to eliminate those airplanes which were obviously ill-equipped to cover the distance but had they literally enforced safety regulations the entire field would probably have been eliminated.

In 1927 Government inspectors had only a limited set of air-worthiness regulations to enforce - nothing regulated the overload limits of airplanes and qualifications for a pilot's license were sketchy by today's standards. The most serious limitation on the would-be Dole Race entrants was a demonstrated ability to navigate properly. Those navigators who failed a stiff examination conducted by Lt. Ben Wyatt, who had been made available by the Navy for this purpose, or who did not have proper navigation equipment were summarily disqualified from starting. Two entrants, much to their disgust, failed on the navigation.

Unfavorable weather conditions - plus probably the fact that many entrants were inadequately prepared - forced postponement of the race start from August 12 to August 16. The decision provoked protests among those whose preparations were further along and who felt that delay would give their competitors unfair advantage. However, on August 16, 1927, all was ready for the start at Oakland Bay Farm Airport with its 7000 foot hard-packed dirt runway. The first take off was set for 12 noon sharp, and the order of take off, as determined by lot, is given below together with pertinent particulars about the entrants:

1. The Oklahoma - a Travel Air monoplane with a Wright J-5 engine. Pilot was Bennett M. Griffin, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma (in 1949 the manager of Washington National Airport) and the navigator was Al Henley of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. This entrant was sponsored by the Phillips Petroleum Company of Oklahoma City.

2. The El Encanto - Goddard monoplane with a Wright J-5 engine. The airplane had a fuel capacity of 360 gallons and was designed and built under supervision of its pilot, Lieutenant Herman A. Goddard, USN, of San Diego, California. The navigator was Lieutenant H. W. Hopkins, USN, of Willow Grove, Pennsylvania

3. Dole Pacific Flyer - Breese monoplane with a Wright J-5 engine. Major Livingston Irving was to fly alone doing his own piloting and navigation. The plane had a fuel capacity of 380 gallons and the entry was sponsored by employees of the Berkeley (California) paraffin companies.

4. The Golden Eagle - Lockheed Vega monoplane with a Wright J-5 engine. John W. Frost of San Francisco was the pilot and the navigator was Gordon Scott of Los Angeles. This airplane carried 360 gallons of gas and was equipped with a radio receiver and direction finder. The entry was sponsored by the San Francisco Examiner.

5. Miss Doran - Buhl Air sedan biplane with a Wright J-5 engine. The pilot was John W. (Jack) Pedlar of Flint, Michigan and Lieutenant Silas E. Knapp, USN, of San Francisco was navigator. A young school teacher, Miss Mildred Doran of Flint, Michigan, went along as a passenger; the only woman and the only passenger in the race. This entry was backed by William P. Mikleski of Flint, Michigan.

6. Aloha - Breese monoplane with a Wright J-5 engine. Martin Jensen of Honolulu was the pilot. The navigator was Captain Paul Schluter of San Francisco, formerly a merchant marine officer. The "Aloha" had a fuel capacity of 400 gallons and a take off gross weight of 4965 pounds. The entry was backed by popular subscription in Honolulu.

7. Woolaroc - Travel Air monoplane with a Wright J-5 engine. The pilot was Arthur Goebel of Los Angeles, a former movie stunt flier. His navigator was Lieutenant William Davis, Jr., U.S.N. of San Diego. Fuel capacity of the plane was 425 gallons and the radio transmitter and receiver previously used with such success by Smith and Bronte was carried. The "Woolaroc" was sponsored by the Phillips Petroleum Company of Oklahoma City and was probably the best equipped plane in the race.

8. Dallas Spirit - Swallow monoplane with a Wright J-5 engine. The pilot was William P. Erwin of Dallas, Texas, a former Army Air Service captain with 8 German planes to his credit in World War I. The navigator was 24 year old Alvin Eichwaldt. The fuel capacity of the "Dallas Spirit" was 460 gallons and the take off gross weight was 5650 pounds.

The following are the other entrants in the race who failed to start:

City of Peoria - an Air King biplane with a Wright J-5 engine. The pilot was Charles A. Parkhurst of Lomax, Illinois, and his navigator was Ralph C. Lowes of Peoria, Illinois. The entry was sponsored by the National Airways System of Lomax, Illinois. This plane was to have started in the ninth place but, at the last minute, it was ordered withdrawn by Government inspectors because it was felt the fuel capacity was insufficient to make the flight.

Frank Clark and Robert Fowler were two entrants who failed to have their planes ready in time. A combination of financial difficulties plus probably inadequate navigational equipment and ability forced their withdrawal.

The Angel of Los Angeles - a Bryant monoplane crashed while on a test flight near Los Angeles, August 12, killing its pilot, Captain Arthur W. Rogers, a former British war ace.

The Spirit of Los Angeles - a twin engined International triplane was wrecked on August 11 when it nose dived into San Francisco Bay during a test flight, injuring James L. Griffin, pilot; Ted Lundgren, navigator; and Lawrence Neill, passenger.

A Travelaire low wing monoplane entered and flown by two Naval aviators, Lieutenant George A. D. Covell, USN, and Lieutenant Richard S. Wagner, USN, crashed into Point Loma, San Diego, during a test flight on August 10. Both Covell and Wagner were killed.

Eight starters lined up at the eastern end of the long 7000 foot runway at Oakland Airport on the morning of August 16, 1927. It was a sunny day with slight haze and weather reports over the 2400 miles of ocean to Hawaii had been good. Promptly at 12:00 noon Starter Edward Howard brought down his black and white checkered flag sending the first plane, "The Oklahoma" into the starting circle and down the runway.

As "The Oklahoma" slowly gathered speed her prop blast sent back a dense cloud of dust that obscured her from the other anxiously waiting starters. After a long run of over 4500 feet she finally lifted in the air and the second starter the "El Encanto" was waved into the starting circle. Her take off started at 12:04 p.m. but but, after proceeding more than half way down the runway, Lieutenant Goddard began to have trouble controlling his heavily loaded plane. She began to wobble erratically and finally skidded to the right of the runway, chasing a group of onlookers to safety, and slewed around with her right wing torn off and the landing gear collapsed. Goddard and Hawkins climbed out with only minor injuries.

When the dust cleared after Goddard's attempt, it was seen that the runway was not obstructed so without delay the "Pabco Pacific Flyer" was sent on her way at 12:10. Major Irving struggled in vain to get his heavy plane airborne but finally was forced to cut his throttle and apply brakes in order to keep from running off the 7000 foot strip. His airplane was towed out of the way, and the "Golden Eagle" flagged off at 12:29. John Frost let the sleek Lockheed Vega fly herself off and he was airborne without effort at the 3000 foot length and, by the time he crossed the end of the runway had climbed to 200 feet. He turned slowly to pass over San Francisco and was soon lost in the thin haze to the westward.

"Miss Doran" was the next to take off at 12:31 and Augie Pedler had the red and white Buhl air sedan off the runway at the 3000 mark. He gained altitude rapidly and turned westward to follow the "Golden Eagle" two minutes ahead of him. Martin Jensen with Paul Schluter was next in the Breese monoplane "Aloha" and he was airborne easily at 3200 feet at 12:35. The "Woolaroc" followed next at 12:36 and was off in 3000 feet. The last plane left was the Swallow monoplane "Dallas Spirit." Erwin started his take-off at 12:38 and after a 5000 foot run staggered into the air and commenced a slow climb.

While Irwin was taking off, "Miss Doran" and the "Oklahoma" were seen to be returning. Pedler jettisoned most of his fuel in the bay and landed at 12:43 followed closely by Griffen and Henley in the "Oklahoma." Both planes had engine trouble. In the meantime, Major Livingston Irving's "Pabco Pacific Flyer" had been towed back to the head of the runway to make another attempt to get off. The gas tanks were topped off. The gas tanks were topped off again and, with a slight freshening of the breeze down the runway, Major Irving started his second take off shortly after 1:00 p.m. This time Irving stalled off at the 4000 foot mark but failed to stay airborne. His plane got out of control finally and turned over at the end of the runway. It was badly damaged but Major Irving climbed out uninjured except for a cut on his hand.

Now the crowd saw yet another plane returning to land. This time it was the "Dallas Spirit" which Captain Erwin skillfully landed, fully loaded, at 1:15 p.m. His trouble resulted from wind rushing in through the navigator's drift sight hatch in the bottom of the fuselage and stripping loose the cloth fabric. Spectators thought at first he was about to loose his empennage when they saw the shredded fabric peeling off.

Pedler made repairs to the "Miss Doran's" engine, refilled his tanks and took off again at 2:05 p.m. Griffin waited for repairs to be effected on the "Oklahoma" until 4:00 p.m. when he finally gave up and left the field, realising he could not in any case catch up with the others several hours on their way. Armin Likewise was forced to give up an attempt to make another take off, but he shortly announced that he would try for the $25,000 ~~unclaimed prize offered for the first four-stop flight from Dallas, Texas to Hongkong, China.~~

Of the eight starters on the afternoon of August 16, two crashed on take off; six were airborne successfully but three soon returned and only one of these was able to get away a second time after effecting repairs. Thus, that night, four planes were independently winging their way over the 2400 mile empty stretch of Pacific Ocean while the whole country anxiously awaited word of their progress. Because she was equipped with both a radio transmitter and receiver the "Woolaroc" was able to report her position relatively frequently. At 2:00 a.m. (PST) August 17 the S.S. City of Los Angeles reported via the Army Signal Service that she had sighted what was believed to be the "Golden Eagle" near the halfway mark. At about the same time the S.S. Manulani reported sighting two airplanes believed to be the "Woolaroc" and "Miss Doran" 1200 miles out and near the northern limit of the course.

At 2:53 p.m. (PST) August 17, the "Woolaroc" appeared over Wheeler Field on Oahu and landed amid the cheers of a crowd of 20,000. As Art Goebel and his navigator William Davis crawled out of the cockpit they anxiously asked how many planes had already landed. They were told they were first in and winners of the $25,000 prize. They were surprised and elated. The flight had taken 26 hours, 17 minutes and 33 seconds.

But what of the other three that had started? The crowd anxiously scanned the skies for signs of another airplane. Finally, after two hours, as people were beginning to leave the field the "Aloha" roared in low from the east, circled once and landed at 4:50 p.m. (PST). Martin Jensen and Paul Schluter received the cheers of the crowd and learned they had taken second prize of $10,000. Their flight had taken 28 hours and 16 minutes.

"Miss Doran" with Augie Fedler, Lieutenant Knope and Miss Mildred Doran and the "Golden Eagle" with John Frost and Gordon Scott were never heard from again. On August 19, with these two long overdue, Captain Erwin with young Eichwaldt took off at 2:15 p.m. (PST) for Hawaii in his "Dallas Spirit," equipped this time with the radio transmitter from Major Livingston Irving's wrecked "Pabco Pacific Flyer." He intended to search along the route for the two missing planes and after arriving in Hawaii would push on in two more stops to Hong Kong. However, less than seven hours later, at 9:02 p.m. Erwin sent a frantic SOS reporting he was in a tail spin. The transmission was abruptly broken off and nothing more was heard nor was any trace ever found of the "Dallas Spirit."

The competition for the Dole Race money cost ten lives; three in pre-race preparation, five in the race itself, and two more in a vain search. Looking back it is remarkable that more lives were not lost. There was much public condemnation of this race and it did much to dim the achievement of Goebel and Davis and of Jensen and Schluter, each flying over 2400 miles of open water and arriving at the same field within two hours of each other.

Certainly the disasters attendant upon this race emphasized the necessity for thorough-going preparation, and excellent navigation. The need for radio equipment was again demonstrated when we consider the respective flights of the "Woolaroc" and "Aloha." Goebel and Davis had both radio transmitter and receiver and were able to give position reports of their progress. Davis also used the receiver to aid his navigation by the use of the radio beacon signals transmitted from San Francisco and Honolulu. The "Aloha" on the other hand had no radio equipment and Jensen stated that they lost approximately three hours when unable to determine their position when approaching Hawaii. This three hour delay very likely cost them the extra $15,000 they would have gained by taking first place.

The race attempts were favored by excellent weather over the entire route. Only occasional rain squalls were met by the "Woolaroc" and "Aloha." Because Davis was primarily well trained in aerial navigation and able to use celestial navigation in conjunction with the radio beacon signals, Goebel was able to fly the "Woolaroc" the entire route at 6000 to 8000 feet, often above the cloud cover out of sight of the ocean. This altitude doubtless gave more favorable fuel consumption for the speed obtained. In any event they landed with fuel for an estimated additional five hours of flight. As Schluter was primarily a ship navigator the "Aloha" flew at low altitude where he could read wind direction from the water and take horizon sights with his ordinary ship sextant. And Schluter found less favorable weather he probably would not have been able to use so accurately his celestial navigation above the cloud cover as Davis in the "Woolaroc" was able to do. Also without any radio receiver, Schluter had nothing to fall back on but dead reckoning navigation and had he been forced to rely on that he would have been lucky to hit so relatively small a target as the Hawaiian Islands.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Oldairfield.com Books is more than proud to introduce this augmented, **21st Century Edition** of "**Art Goebel's Own Story**" by Art Goebel. This book is an example of "on-demand publishing". When you ordered it, it was printed and shipped to you as a one-time, special order. Multiple copies may be ordered just as easily by you and yours through **WWW.OLDAIRFIELD.COM**. Perhaps you know a **modoc*** or **godunk**** who would enjoy their own copy? What a great gift!

The cover design is based on the cover of the original 1929 edition of "**Art Goebel's Own Story**". The smudges and fades from nearly 80 years of use and storage have been preserved. Adobe and Microsoft products were used during the design, implementation, conversion and internet transmission of this book. No promotional fees or services were received.

The cover, texts and photographs are faithfully reproduced from the layout and font designs of the original book. None of Goebel's words were changed. It is simply a true story from the Golden Age. Any errors are the fault of the editor.

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*modoc: (mo´dok) n. [U.S. slang, now rare] (origin unknown, also modock) a person or pilot who talks boastfully about flying, but rarely flies.

**godunk: (go´dungk) n. a person who solicits free airplane trips or rides. An aerial hitch hiker.

For comments, questions or feedback regarding the content or layout of this book you may contact the editor through his websites:

WWW.DMAIRFIELD.ORG
and
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Please use the "Contact Us" option. All questions will be answered; spam will be discarded without note. Please, no spam.

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EDITOR & WEBMASTER'S BIOGRAPHY

G.W. Hyatt is an instrument-rated commercial pilot, A&P and pilot/mechanic for a cherry Mooney M20C. He earned his Airframe & Powerplant certificates in 1996. Attending night classes while working full-time, he graduated *summa cum laude* with an associate degree in engineering sciences, with a specialization in aviation maintenance. He has a hangar and workshop in Southwest Florida. He pampers his Mooney and flies for pleasure. A lot of his flying is on behalf of research for the people, places, airplanes and events addressed at **WWW.DMAIRFIELD.ORG**.

He retired in 1996 from a major consumer products company, where he held positions in management systems, product development, environmental affairs and pharmaceuticals. He earned numerous awards for innovation, teamwork and scientific publication. Before that he was professor of biological sciences at a mid-west university.

Today, he performs research and writing to source his website about Golden Age aviation history (**www.dmairfield.org**). He operates Oldairfield, LLC and manages the e-commerce business known as **Oldairfield.com™** at **www.oldairfield.com**. Learn more on the websites.

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01/28/07

Editor **G.W. Hyatt** says about his **21st Century Editions**, "Some people find old pewter or paintings in an attic and clean them up for display. I do that with old books. It's very satisfying to offer you the facts and lore from the Golden Age of Aviation. Each volume of **21st Century Editions** allows us to understand better what life was like when airplanes were rags and tubes, navigation was by water towers and railroad tracks, and airfields were turf, dust or mud. It's hard to say which is more interesting: the people, the craft they flew, or the places they went. You decide! The only thing missing is the mustiness!"