

## LOST AVIATORS' MATES STRIVE TO KEEP CHEERFUL

Oakland, Cal., July 3.—(AP)—Two left-behind mates of the round-the-world flyers lost in the vast Pacific passed part of the long afternoon today trying to bolster one another's sinking hopes as the hours brought no certain word from Amelia Earhart or her navigator, Fred Noonan.

George Palmer Putnam, Miss Earhart's husband, hurried up the steps of Mrs. Beatrice Noonan's home just as she was starting to the airport to look for Putnam. He patted her on the shoulder and told her again and again: "Everything is going to be all right."

"I have a hunch they are sitting somewhere on a coral island and sending out signals," said Putnam. "Fred's probably out sitting on a rock now, catching their dinner with those fishing lines they had aboard.

**"A Gasoline Stove, Maybe."**

"There'll be driftwood to make a fire. Maybe they could rig up a gasoline stove, if there is any gasoline left."

Putnam's theory was that Miss Earhart probably "pancaked" the "flying laboratory" down near some bit of island and rigged up the plane's aerial to send the SOS messages amateurs reported hearing today, although some authorities doubted the authenticity of the signals.

Mrs. Noonan said she was "certain they are all right" and then asked Putnam if he was really sure the signals were from the missing plane. Putnam said he was, but the next moment, pacing up and down, he began a sentence with "If those signals really are from the plane"—

**She's Afraid "Fred Will Worry."**

Putnam reminded Mrs. Noonan the flyers had "plenty of food and water—tomato juice and concentrated food tablets—to keep them alive for weeks." He said the plane "could float for weeks," if it struck the water undamaged.

Mrs. Noonan said she was afraid "Fred will be worried about me."

Once, the tall Putnam stopped his pacing and said flatly:

"It's this way, Bee. One of two things have happened. Either they were killed outright—and that must come to all of us sooner or later—or they are alive and will be picked up."

The reassurances died away. Putnam got up to go.

"Keep your chin up, Bee," he said.

"You, too, Mr. Putnam," she said.

Putnam said that, possibly foreseeing a forced landing in such an isolated spot as Howland, his wife told him before the takeoff:

"I know that if I fail or that if I am lost you will be blamed for allowing me to leave on this trip, the backers of the flight will be blamed, and every one connected with it.

"But it's my responsibility and mine alone."