

FENDLERS GREET SON WOODS GAVE UP

Reunited in Bangor Hospital After Canoe and Ambulance Trip of Nearly 100 Miles

TOUCHING SCENE AT RIVER

There Mother Hugs Boy Lost Eight Days—Long Drive Takes Him to Father

By The Associated Press.

BANGOR, Me., July 26.—Alternately joking and sobbing about his eight terrifying days in the wilderness around Mount Katahdin, Donn Fendler rested tonight in the sanctuary of a hospital room with his joyous parents.

The courageous 12-year-old Boy Scout from Rye, N. Y., reached the Eastern Maine General Hospital after a trip by canoe and ambulance from a camp on the east branch of the Penobscot River to which he staggered yesterday.

Still clutched in his hand when he was taken to his room after a heart-quicken meeting with his father was a dirty, tattered burlap sack in which he slept during his harrowing wanderings through thirty-five miles of mountain and forest.

"I wouldn't part with it for a million dollars," Donn grinned, as he was wheeled into his hospital room.

Brave Show for His Father

Emaciated, sore and cut by the rocks and underbrush, the boy made a brave show of strength for his father, after a touching greeting from his mother on the river bank at Grindstone, eighty-three miles away, where he was transferred from canoe to a police-escorted ambulance.

When Donald Fendler, the father, who is a New York clothing merchant, saw his son brought into the hospital yard it was his first sight of him since a week ago Monday when they became separated on the summit of Mount Katahdin during a hike. Mr. Fendler has been confined to the hospital because of an eye injury he suffered during the hunt for Donn.

Father and son met at the hospital entrance, the boy on a stretcher.

"How are you, Pa?" asked the boy.

"I'm pretty good, but we were kind of worried about you," answered the elder Fendler.

"You can't take it," Donn said, smiling. Then, solicitously, he asked "How's your eye, Pa?"

"Pretty good, but maybe I'm not as tough as you are."

Then the boy broke down and wept without restraint, and his father comforted him:

"You're kind of glad to see me, huh? You gave us a wild chase, though."

At this, the boy's tear-streaked face broke into a grin.

Reunion With Mother Touching

Earlier, at Grindstone when the canoe containing Donn, a Milinocket physician and a fire warden had touched shore, Mrs. Fendler clasped the pale boy in her arms and murmured "Thank God, you're safe. Only God could have saved you." And she wept softly, her boy saying, "Gee, I'm glad to see you," as they kissed.

In a second canoe which made the fourteen-mile journey from the camp were Donn's uncles, Harold Fendler and Dr. Arthur Ryan, a dentist of Yonkers, and Nelson E. McMoarn, Donn's rescuer.

Mrs. Fendler had spent the night at Stacyville, where she had hastened from Bangor when told of Donn's rescue.

A Bangor child specialist first treated a slight head wound and prescribed rest. And Donn, who emerged to safety at the sportsmen's camp of Nelson McMoarn yesterday, nearly naked and on the verge of quitting his long struggle, leaned back in his hospital bed and read newspaper accounts of his adventure, laughed and commented:

"Am I going to get paid for this?"

A hospital physician said Donn's condition was "good," despite his experience, and that he probably would be released in two or three days.

Police Chart Lad's Route

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BANGOR, Me., July 26.—The actual route taken by Donn Fendler in his eight days of wandering in the wilderness of the Katahdin region was described for the first time today by Herbert Grant, a State police officer, who was in the searching party. He said that the boy covered at least thirty miles.

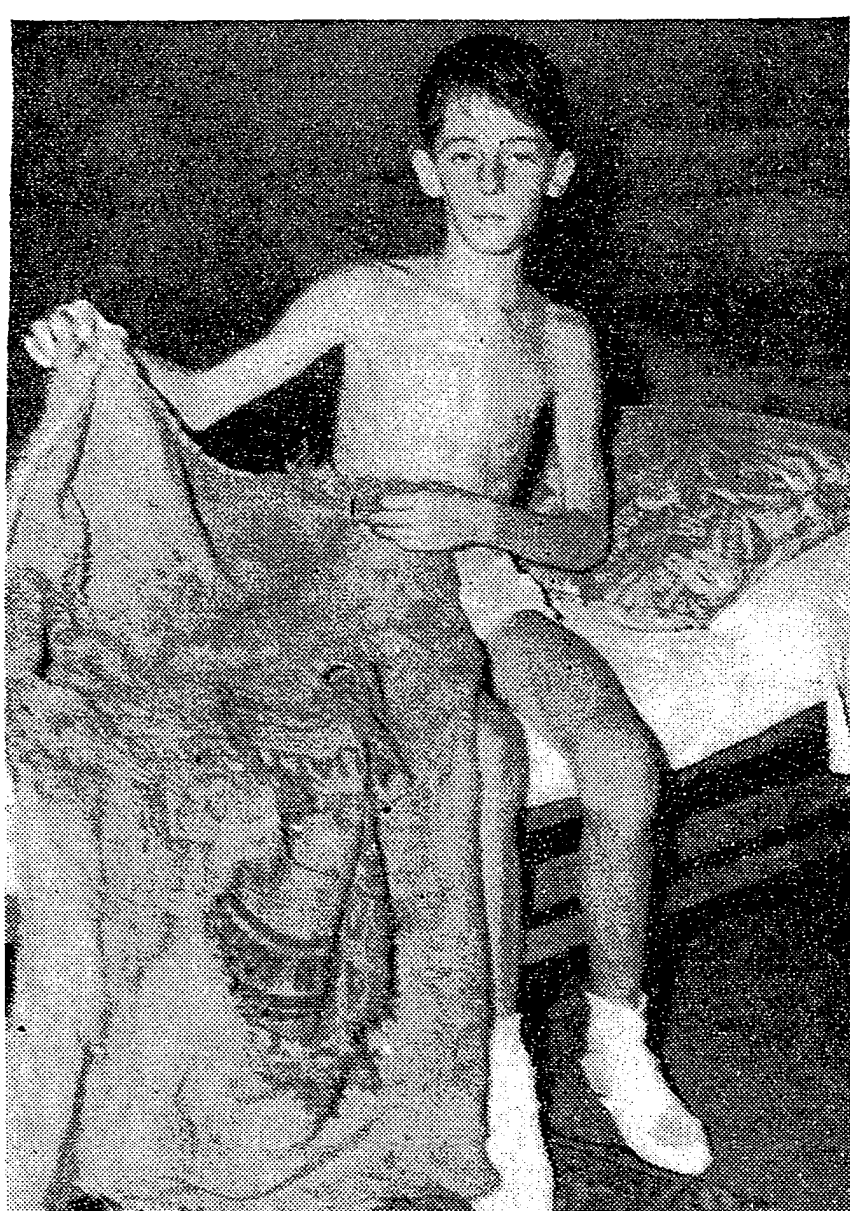
Starting from the monument on Mount Katahdin's peak, Donn attempted to make a short cut across to the saddle trail, although his companions warned him against this. Circling slightly to the north he followed a wash which crosses the trail for which he was searching. As he crossed the trail a heavy fog set in, so he was unable to see this high road back to his family and safety. Still following this wash, he passed around to the northeast, coming within less than a mile of the Forestry Service camp at Chimney Pond.

From there he may have taken either of two routes.

Donn himself cannot tell exactly where he went, but he spoke of following a stream, which would indicate that he followed the South Branch of the Penobscot in a northerly direction, through miles of heavy marshland, circles around North Turner Mountain and then followed the Wassatoguok stream down to the spot where he was found, not far from its confluence with the East Branch of the Penobscot.

The distance from the place where Donn became separated from his companions is little more than thirty miles in a straight line, but the winding course which the boy probably took was about twice that distance.

The other route which he may have taken leads in an easterly direction from the West Branch basin up over a precipitous divide between North and South Turner Mountains in Twin Ponds, then follows Twin Pond Brook down to its confluence with the Wassatoguok,



Associated Press

NEW YORK BOY AFTER BEING FOUND IN WOODS

Donn Fendler of Rye shown at Sherman, Me., with the sack he used as a sleeping bag during the eight days he was lost in the mountains.

and this would have been the stream of which he spoke.

SAW BEARS, BOY RELATES

Harrowing Days in Woods • Are Described at Hunting Camp

By The Associated Press.

SHERMAN, Me., July 26.—Concern that he might have "caused some one some trouble," by becoming lost was one of the first things that Donn Fendler expressed when he was found.

"I wouldn't give up because my father wouldn't like that," said the Boy Scout who was found near the east branch of the Penobscot River yesterday after his eight days in the wilderness.

"How's Pop and Mother? How's my brothers and sisters?" he asked.

Then he related how he became lost.

"I shouted but got no reply," Donn said. "I tried to find north but was unable to do so. After that it was just a case of going on and looking for any trail or landmark that I might run across. I don't know that I was really scared at any time, even when I saw two bears.

"Anyway, I guess they were scared themselves, because they ran away without hardly a second look at me.

"I found an old burlap bag hanging to a tree and made myself a sleeping bag. I crawled into it each night and pulled my shirt over my head and in that way was able to have good sleep. At what was a CCC camp I found a file and piece of loose steel. I struck sparks from it but was unable to start a fire. I didn't really need one anyway.

"From time to time I came across a clear spring but most of the time I got water from stagnant pools in the woods. I don't think it hurt me any.

"I lost track of time after the first two days and felt sure today was Sunday."

Asked if the fact he thought it was Sunday had any special significance, he replied:

"Yes, it did. I prayed a lot."

"I couldn't have gone on much longer," the boy continued as he lay in bed this morning, tucked in snugly by Mrs. McMoarn.

"Oh, the nights were so dark and so cold. I could hear the queerest noises. And the flies, little flies with a big sting, never let me alone."

"Gee, I'm glad to be saved and warm again."

Nelson McMoarn, who had heard the lad's quavering cries across the river from his camp, quickly became "Uncle Nels" to Don.

To the boy who had had only wild berries to eat for eight days Mrs. McMoarn gave a breakfast of toast and eggs while plans were made for the canoe trip to Grindstone.

FENDLER BOY ON RADIO

He Credits Scout Training for Emergence From Woods

Unafraid but apparently bewildered, Donn Fendler spoke from his bed in the Eastern Maine Hospital over the facilities of Stations WLZB in Bangor and WJZ at 7:15 o'clock last night. He was on the air about three minutes, replying to questions which an announcer asked about his wanderings in the Maine woods.

Donn gave credit for his emergence from the Katahdin wilds to instructions he received as a Boy Scout. One of the things taught him, he said, was "if you ever get lost follow a stream and you're bound to end up some place."

That is just what the boy did. He followed a stream until it led him to the East Branch of the Penobscot River, thence to the hunting camp whose owner heard his cries.