

SPEEDWAY-PRODUCES FINE BALLOON CROP

In a Few Hours Many Big
Swaying Bags Spring Up
from Earth.

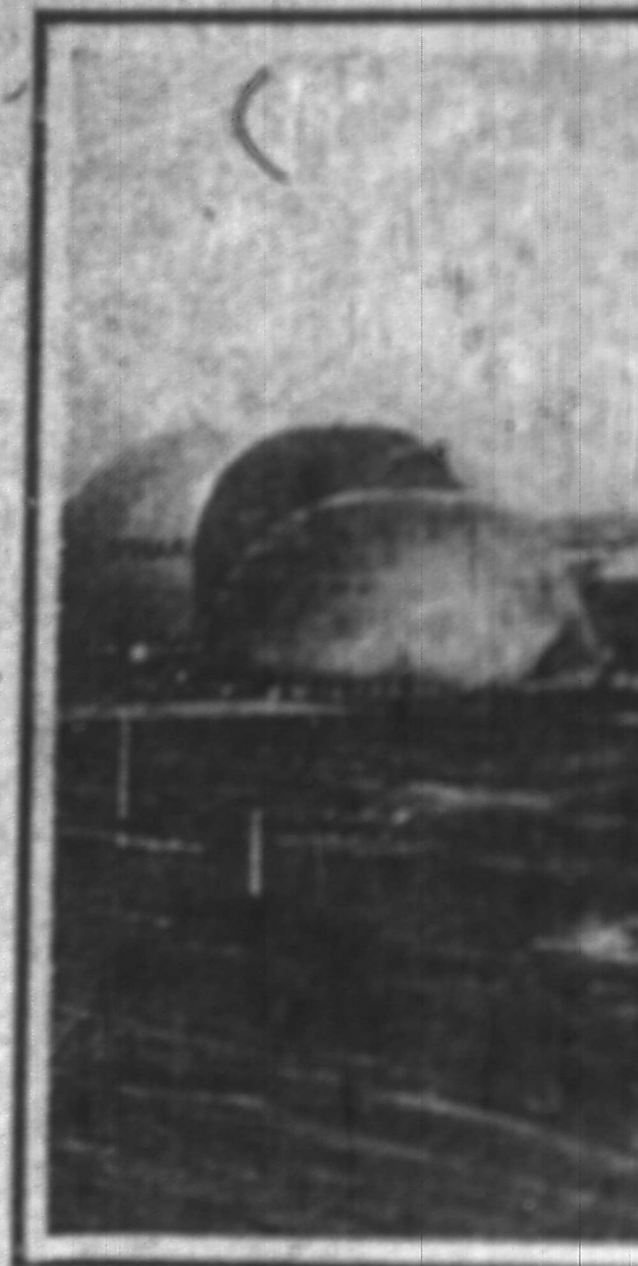
FORBES'S DROP FROM SKIES

Story of His Rapid Descent at Berlin
Last Summer, is Retold—Other
Notables in the Race.

The Indianapolis air and land speedway garden, which grew its first mushroom crop of great balloons last night, began to be a busy place yesterday afternoon and it continued to be so during the night and this morning.

Like the Hindoo magician who spreads a rug out on the ground and then, with no sleeves to deceive you, grows a mango tree right before your eyes, a well-dressed chap that you wouldn't guess at more than nine stone was the first to appear in the new great garden with his "magic carpet." He seemed to be an all-nerves, pleasant sort of fellow, but he may be excused for that, for a drop of 2,900 feet—something over half a mile—out of cloudland may leave its marks

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From left to right—The Indianapolis

State club secretary, who is just a lawyer, will go with him." She only a "plain banker."

C. A. Coey, the Chicago man, a bride as well as a balloon, who could man want here below to be happy, performed a feat in another spread of white and majestically the Chicago swayed form. Coey is going to leave his hind, and he expects to sail a through cloudland.

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He was quickly followed by a wagon. He looked over the ground and then, taking his "magic carpet," a bundle of canvas, out of the wagon, he had a dozen men spread it out as though he was going to serve a picnic pink tea.

"Phit!" the active man spat out between his teeth, and the dozen men took a great wicker basket out of the wagon, and then tugged long and hard at a great bundle of greenish-yellow canvas before it was tumbled out on the ground and then rolled over on the great white magic carpet. The twelve men then unrolled the great greenish-yellow mass and spread it out over the 100-foot square white sheet.

Two men then took a lot of little canvas bags over to a sand heap and began to fill them with such fine sand that when it is poured out in the breeze it blows away, though when it is in the bags is just about as heavy as iron.

Process of Filling Balloon.

Some more magic words and gestures and there was a connection with the 90-cent pure coal gas mains and—well, there it begins to bobble—the New York. But it was an all-night and all-morning job to grow the great full-fledged balloon. It wasn't long before it seemed as though it would be ready to soar in fifteen or twenty minutes, but filling a balloon when a flock of them is on the mains seems to be a good deal like walking toward a snow-capped mountain which, though ninety miles away, seems so close that you feel as if you could shoot a bullet into it with a rifle.

While the man fell half a mile out of the clouds over in Germany two years ago and whose name is A. Holland Forbes and his home in New York city, and who is now the acting president of the Aero Club of America, was performing his magic, Captain Baldwin, who hasn't heard of "Cap." Baldwin, of cloud fame, began a little bit of magic on a carpet of his own and soon the Hoosier, a great bubble of a billious white color began to bobble, while over in another part of the

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A. B. Lambert and H. E. H. of St. Louis, sprouted a magic too, and it grew majestically on forth just as fine a bubble as ever blew. St. Louis III is Saint side. John Berry and Paul M. of St. Louis also, brought up a magic carpet "he beautiful City. Capt. G. L. Bumbaugh, of Indiana, in which he and Dr. Goethe Link and J. both of Indianapolis, grew the Indianapolis through the night.

All this magic was boxed in a way by Alan R. Hawley, the N broker and banker and third vident of the Aero Club of Amer is here directing the event. Amb acting as his aide yesterday, is and this morning were Charles Edwards, Clifford B. Harms, Parke Channing, of New York Kearney, secretary of the Aero St. Louis, and other men who known in cloudland.

To Sail with Forbes.

Harmon is to sail away with in the New York this afternoon a half owner of the New York he is not courting any repetitive partner's half mile fall, he is less strong on his sky pilot rather go it with Forbes than a man in the country. he said already shown that even the a balloon 1,500 feet above the not disappoint a fellow or the cause him not to try to get back with his life.

"You know how that happened you" It was in the big North Forbes and Augustus T. Conqueror as competitors for national and within five of the start they were down to the earth when the bag suddenly A great hole was blown in the and the balloon began to fall. It kept it up for 1,500 feet and going down so fast that the Post was throwing out forward that they passed through.

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Makes Many Ascensions.

This other busy little man was Leo Stevens. Leo may be short on stature, but he is long on knowledge of the upper regions, for he has the distinction of having vaulted into it more times than any other man, at least this side of Mars. He did it first in the old days when the big bags were filled with hot air, and then he kept on doing it through the hydrogen days, and since the pure coal gas era dawned he has done it 1,108 times, and got away with it every time.

"It's something over 2,000 times," he said between orders, as he was telling the crowd of men how to spread the big Cleveland out on its magic carpet.

"I began when I was only twelve, and I think I have made acquaintance with every kind of cloud and current between this place and a point five miles overhead—no, not quite five miles. Four and three-quarters is about as high as I ever went. You see, I take people up with me, and never a one of them has been hurt. I am none of your racers. I go up expecting to live to-morrow, and, while others vault to heights of eight miles, none of that for mine. I have seen the surface of about every part of the civilized globe spread out under me, and had two thousand good looks up toward Mars, but the earth for mine, and I have no desire to hasten back to it unduly, though, as a matter of fact, I suppose that one might gather considerable speed in even four-

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"You know how that happened you? It was in the big Ben Forbes and Augustus Post were Conqueror as competitors for national cup and within five of the start they were 1,000 feet of the earth when the bag suddenly. A great hole was blown in the and the balloon began to fall. It kept it up for 1,000 feet and going down so fast that the Post was throwing out formed that they passed through. Forth rope that connects the appended balloon with the basket, hoping rush of air would drive the of the canvas to the top of to form a parachute. It was the and the canvas responded. He gan cutting away the sandbag result was that for a moment 1,000 foot fall like a rock, they. But the upward rush of air was and the parachute could not strain. It split in several places last 1,000-foot dash for another gan.

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"Well, do you know what I—
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Harmon is the son-in-law Benedict, of New York city, well known to Indianapolis as a principal stockholders in and dent of the Indianapolis Gas Co. is also commodore of the New York Club, and is called "Commodore York."

Incidentally—in this balloon game there is only one injury. That is—"No smoking." Whisky, moon gas and cigars do not matter than nitroglycerite and the

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A man with a head of white hair and a bunch of Ohio whiskers that would pass for the Hoosier brand, and who looked as though he should be home jumping the grandchildren, or perhaps the great-grandchildren, on his knees, was helping Dr. H. W. Thompson and Joseph Blake—Blake is secretary of the Ohio Aero Club—spread out the magic carpet on which the Ohio soon appeared. He was Johnson Sherrick, of Canton, O., president of the Ohio Aero Club. He has formed an attachment for moving in high circles on something more costly than a Pegasus.

Government is Interested.

"You want to meet Major H. B. Hershey," said Sherrick, who, notwithstanding his years, is about the youngest "cow-boy of the clouds" in Indianapolis today. He led the way over to a military enough looking man in plain clothes who is in Indianapolis attending the races as the representative of the Government, and who was active in helping the mushroom crop along.

"Yes," he said, "the Government is interested in ballooning. It is about the only way we people of the weather service can get a line on the currents and the forces above us."

"You see," said Sherrick, "I got into the balloon atmosphere this way. Many years ago when I was a boy I went to high school over in Canton with another boy named Lahm—Frank S. Lahm. Well,

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DANGER OF INFECTION

Health Boards Find Fault with Methods of Transporting Dead

WASHINGTON, June 1.—To-day's news in the transportation of the dead of those who have died from diseases was made evident at the session of the twenty-fourth annual conference of State and Territorial Boards of Health of North America.

The committee appointed to study the subject found fault with the present system of transporting bodies from one State into another, and recommended that greater care should be taken in the future in this regard through the adoption of measures which would insure proper preparation and the raising of standards.

An amendment offered by the health officer of the District of Columbia, declaring that the transportation of dead bodies is a matter of national importance and should be regulated by Congress, was adopted.

Happenings at Knightstown

(Special to The Indianapolis Times)

KNIGHTSTOWN, Ind., June 1.—The funeral services of Frank Bell, who was killed at Newcastle Thursday, will be held at the cemetery to-morrow afternoon.

At the meeting of the City Board of Health, Frank C. Morgan was re-elected member of the Board. Morgan was re-elected member of the Board. Permission to station a large sign on the City limits was refused by the Board by the Council last night.

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"You see," said Sherrick, "I got into the balloon atmosphere this way. Many years ago when I was a boy I went to high school over in Canton with another boy named Lahm—Frank S. Lahm. Well, sir, we parted, and he went to Paris to live and became interested in the ballooning over there and had a balloon or two of his own. When his boys grew up they took to it naturally and one of them was Lieut. Frank P. Lahm. When the big international balloon races were held in Paris September 30, 1906, this American entered a balloon named the United States. He was a daredevil sort of fellow, and he wanted some one with as much good Yankee nerve as he had to go with him, and this Major Hershey, who was in Paris at the time, was the man.

"Away they all sailed, all headed toward the ocean. It was a desperate thing, but the two Americans in the United States started boldly out to ocean expecting to find a current that would blow them in toward Scotland. When they came down twenty-two hours later, on October 1, they were up near the Scottish line, 473 miles from Paris and the international cup came to America."

Hershey is Modest.

Major Hershey, who is now a modest weather department man, seemingly can not stand the spotlight. He did admit, however, that it was about the way of it all except—to be exact—the record was 473.56 miles.

"That's the way I got into this higher atmosphere circle," said Sherrick. "Us folks over at Canton always kept close tab on the Lahms and the result is that the Paris papers recently credited us with having the greatest and most successful aero club of any city of the same size in all the world. We take some pride in it and the Ohio which enters this handicap is one of our balloons. Dr. H. W. Thompson will pilot her and Joseph Blake, our

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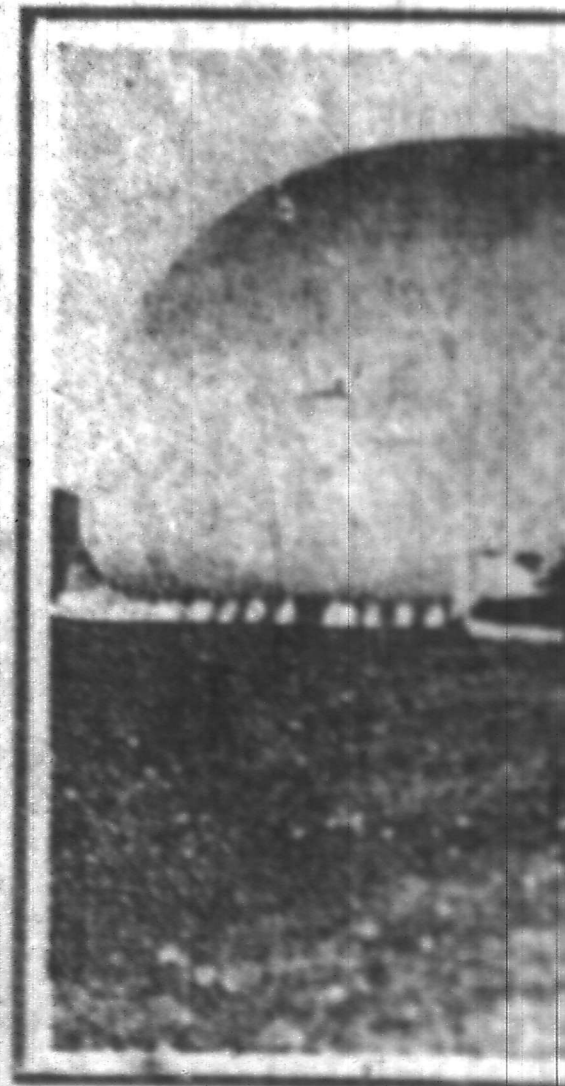
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Indiana, in which he and Carl Fisher
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All this magic was bossed in a general
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Makes Many Ascensions.

Another busy little man was Leo Baldwin. Leo may be short on stature, but he is long on knowledge of the upper air, for he has the distinction of having ascended into it more times than any man, at least this side of Mars. He first did it in the old days when the balloons were filled with hot air, and then he has done it through the hydrogen and since the pure coal gas era. He has done it 1,108 times, and he says with it every time, "It is something over 2,000 times," he says between orders, as he was telling a crowd of men how to spread the big balloons out on its magic carpet.

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"By-by, Forbes," said Post, and they shook hands. Down they dashed, the wrecked parachute, however, breaking the fall some. An apartment-house with a cement floored court and an iron fence came dashing up toward the balloon, but there was a final twist of luck. The two men climbed up into the rigging and the next instant the basket struck a mansard roof and went through it like a bullet. The two were shot into the basket which had broken the fall and the balloon caught in the roof. There they were swinging in a basket in a nicely furnished room belonging to a young lady.

"Well, do you know what Post did?" "Why, he just jumped out with his camera and began taking pictures of the wreck. Even the Kaiser invited them to come around."

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"something over 2,000 times," he etween orders, as he was telling eward of men how to spread the big and out on its magic carpet.

egan when I was only twelve, and I I have made acquaintance with kind of cloud and current between lace and a point five miles over- no, not quite five miles. Four and quarters is about as high as I ever. You see, I take people up with me, ever a one of them has been hurt. one of your racers. I go up expect- live to-morrow, and, while others to heights of eight miles, none of or mine. I have seen the surface ut every part of the civilized globe out under me, and had two thou-ood looks up toward Mars, but the for mine, and I have no desire to back to it unduly, though, as a of fact, I suppose that one might considerable speed in even four three-quarters miles. My friend s found the pace swift enough at a over half a mile, and I understand s no desire to travel toward Ger- so fast again."

an with a head of white hair and ch of Ohio whiskers that would for the Hoosier brand, and who as though he should be home

A great hole was blown in the waist line and the balloon began to fall like a rock. It kept it up for 1,000 feet and they were going down so fast that the sand that Post was throwing out formed a cloud that they passed through. Forbes cut the rope that connects the appendix of the balloon with the basket, hoping that the rush of air would drive the lower part of the canvas to the top of the net and form a parachute. It was the one chance and the canvas responded. He also began cutting away the sandbags and the result was that for a moment, after a 1,000 foot fall like a rock, they were safe. But the upward rush of air was too great and the parachute could not stand the strain. It split in several places and the last 1,900-foot dash for mother earth began.

"By-by, Forbes," said Post, and they shook hands. Down they dashed, the wrecked parachute, however, breaking the fall some. An apartment-house with a cement floored court and an iron fence came dashing up toward the balloon, but there was a final twist of luck. The two men climbed up into the rigging and the next instant the basket struck a mansard roof and went through it like a bullet. The two were shot into the basket which had broken the fall and the balloon caught in the roof. There they were swinging in a basket in a nicely furnished room belonging to a young lady.

"Well, do you know what Post did?" "Why, he just jumped out with his camera and began taking pictures of the wreck. Even the Kaiser invited them to come around."

Harmon is the son-in-law of E. C. Benedict, of New York city, who is chiefly known to Indianapolis as one of the principal stockholders in and vice-president of the Indianapolis Gas Company. He is also commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and is called "Commodore" in New York.

Incidentally—in this balloon culture game there is only one imperative sign. That is—"No smoking." Ninety-cent balloon gas and cigars do not mix any better than nitroglycerin and friction.

DANGER OF INFECTION.

Health Boards Find Fault with Methods of Transporting Dead Bodies.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—That danger lurks in the transportation of the bodies of those who have died from infectious