

barrassed, and as the "Indiana" floated up over the grandstand he dropped the roses into the outstretched hands of the spectators, screaming and scrambling under the basket. I was not among those who joined in the struggle for the roses. For the first time, at fifteen, I was made to realize my limitations as a woman.

I was not too young, however, to turn cold all over at the sight of this beautiful blonde young woman, as if I had an inkling of the fact that she was shortly to change my point of view about women—and men.

The race saw the "Indiana" through every hazard a balloon could meet on land or in the air. Carl and George Bumbaugh thought they had provided against every emergency. The basket was equipped with maps, recorders and enough provisions to last a week. Carl had even stowed away two large inner tubes to use as life preservers "in case we fall in a lake."

He told me later how night found the "Indiana" seven thousand feet above the earth, whipping along smartly between the moon and the cloud floor. Toward midnight a large orb appeared, traveling directly between the "Indiana" and the moon.

"It must be a new planet," Carl and Bumbaugh agreed. No navigators of the skies ever made observations more excitedly. They were chagrined when the silhouette of the new "planet" revealed a basket appendage and they realized it was one of the rival balloons from Speedway.

By descending the next morning from ten thousand feet, where they had seen the sunrise, to five thousand feet, they were treated to the experience of a second sunrise as they drank their cold coffee and ate their sandwiches. The "Indiana" was skimming over the rough and mountainous country of Tennessee. Beyond Nashville, near the Cumberland River, the balloon sagged in the middle, and began parachuting. Their stomachs fell with the giant bag. Suddenly it resumed its spherical shape, caught in a funnel of ascending air, and shot up thousands of feet!

There the funnel reversed itself. The "Indiana" shot down again to almost the same spot over the Cumberland River.

To avoid another such eccentric performance, Carl and Bum-