

THRASH OUT CLEWS TO MISSING BALLOON

One by One Reports Prove to Have Little Basis for Encouragement.

SPINDLER OFF TO THE NORTH

Canadian Officials Aid in Rescue Work, but Many Express Fear That Hawley and Post Will Not Be Found Alive.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 25.—The black fastness of the north-to-night still held the secret of the lost balloonists Alan R. Hawley and Augustus Post, of New York, and their aerostate, the America II, which left St. Louis eight days ago with nine other competitors in the international distance contest.

Various rumors have reached the bureau established here by Edmond F. Stratton, representing the Aero Club of America, but when sifted down they produced nothing that would indicate with any degree of definiteness the whereabouts of the aerostats.

What appeared to be a promising clew developed early in the day, when a dispatch from Huntsville stated that a guide, Richard Cole, and a hunting party had seen a balloon on Thursday twenty miles north of Bisco, Ont. This item of news, taken in connection with the fact that all the other balloons in the contest were known to have come to earth on Wednesday, inspired great hopes that something definite to work on had been obtained. Later in the day, however, it was learned from Dr. D. C. Meyers, of Toronto, a member of the hunting party, that the guide was mistaken in the day.

The balloon was seen on Wednesday, according to Dr. Meyers, and might therefore have been either the Ile de France or the Azura, both of which landed in that neighborhood. The idea that the guide saw the America has not been entirely given up, but the incident immediately lost most of its significance with the change in date.

A second report that a balloon had been seen on Thursday in the district immediately north of Georgian Bay reached here late to-day from the provincial police at Toronto. The report was sent in by Constable McCurdy, of Chapeau. Some doubt also is cast upon this story. It is figured that the America on Thursday would have been either several hundred miles to the north or to the northeast of Chapeau.

Louis Spindler, of the St. Louis Aero Club, who has been gathering data from friends in Toronto to-day, advised Mr. Stratton by wire that he would leave Toronto for the north-to-night to make a personal investigation of both the Cole and McCurdy stories and gather further information on the ground.

A third report came from Quebec, but it is regarded as the least promising. Peter Brown, a constable of the provincial force, sent word that he had seen a balloon over Lake Kipawa on Wednesday. Both the Germania and the Dusseldorf II passed through this territory and it is possible that it was either of them that Brown saw.

These reports, from Cole, McCurdy and Brown, are the only ones that hold any promise of results, and when viewed from every angle they do not contain much encouragement to the searchers for the lost balloon.

Opinion here is divided as to the possibility of rescuing the men, even if they passed safely over Lake Huron and Georgian Bay into the vast wilderness of Northern Ontario and Quebec, or the Ungava district, still further north. Professor R. W. Beck, director of the Geological Survey, who knows the rugged and unpeopled country thoroughly, is outspoken in his opinion that the aerostats will surely perish if they sailed into the Far Northern sections. There are parts of it, he said, where even Indians and half-breed hunters have staved to death.

Other officials, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is taking a keen interest in the search for the lost men, believe they will come out all right, especially if they landed south of the new line of the Transcontinental Railway. Except for a gap of 114 miles near the border line between Quebec and New Ontario, and another of the same size directly north of Lake Superior, the entire line is in some stage of construction. South of it the woods are traversed by scores of hunters, bushwhackers, prospectors, fire wardens and Indians, any of whom would readily aid the aerostats. South of this line there is a chance for rescue. North of it is regarded by many as death.

Despite the feeling among some officials that the quest will be hopeless there is no hesitancy on the part of any of them to act upon any suggestion or to lend aid in any direction that might lead to the right trail.

World's Height Record 9,186 feet, made by Wynmalen with a BOSCH MAGNETO 31 of the 36 Airships AT BELMONT USE BOSCH MAGNETOS The Bosch Equipped Planes win the prize each day Saturday 13 of the 16 prizes went to Aviators using Bosch Magnetos. Monday 9 of the 13 prizes were won by Bosch Equipped Aeroplanes. And Drexel's record of 7,105 feet, the first record of any sort made at the Meet. All the Bleriot Planes, Antoinettes, Demoiselles, Curtiss and Farman flyers, besides Hamilton, Baldwin, Frisbie and Schriver, use Bosch Magnetos. Watch the Bosch Equipped Aeroplanes for Records and Victories. BOSCH MAGNETO COMPANY, 223-225 W. 46th St., New York. Tel. 4980 Bryant.

NO BALLOON RESCUE

St. Louis Aeronauts Will Probably Abandon Project.

St. Louis, Oct. 25.—It is probable that the idea of having S. Louis Von Phul and Joseph M. O'Reilly, crew of the Million Club balloon, start from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., in the St. Louis No. 3, as a relief party in search of the lost aerostats, Alan R. Hawley and Augustus Post, will be abandoned. There is a wide divergence of opinion concerning the practicability of the plan to send Von Phul and O'Reilly out in another balloon to search for Hawley and Post.

Mr. Von Phul said to-night, however, that he was still preparing for the trip. A reward of \$200 was offered to-day by a company of fur dealers, which has ten thousand correspondents in Canada, for information about the missing aerostats. Notices of the reward were mailed to the Canadian trappers.

According to Captain John Berry, of St. Louis, who had charge of the inflation of America II, the last words of Hawley before starting in the race were: "We are good to stay up seventy or eighty hours and expect to break every record for distance and endurance. I know we are bound for the Canadian wilderness, but no timber will stop us. We shall sail as long as the balloon has an ounce of lifting power and will take our chances on being found."

"I believe," said Berry, "that Hawley and Post are now down and safe, far in the north of Canada. They told me they had enough food capsules to sustain them a month."

"Hawley is a daredevil, whose one principle is to keep up as long as his balloon will carry him. Everybody knows Post's integrity, from his presence of mind in making an entry in his logbook while falling in a balloon in Berlin."

Milwaukee, Oct. 25.—That the balloon America II was lost on Lake Superior is the belief of W. C. Devereaux, weather forecaster at Milwaukee. "There was a 'low' moving this way when the balloons started from St. Louis," said Mr. Devereaux, "and this 'low' caused the wind to blow from the south about the time the balloons reached Lake Michigan. This south wind of course took the America II directly north, as is proved by messages from Hawley."

EARLY FLIGHTS RECALLED

John La Mountain Lost Two Weeks Half Century Ago.

The fate of Alan R. Hawley and Augustus Post recalls several thrilling tales of the earlier history of northerly balloon voyages in this country, some of them with tragic endings, but one at least lending hope that the missing aerostats may yet be found alive.

John La Mountain, a well known aeronaut of half a century ago, in company with John A. Haddock, was dropped from a balloon in the midst of a Canadian forest and was lost there for two weeks, but was finally rescued. La Mountain was among the first of American aeronauts to take an interest in long distance voyages. The former of his two memorable flights was made from St. Louis on July 1, 1838. He took with him several passengers, including the well known John Wise.

In September of the same year La Mountain ascended with Haddock from Watertown, N. Y. A strong wind carried them straight north at a height of three and a half miles. They suffered greatly from the cold, and when evening came on were glad to tie up in the wilderness for the night.

At daybreak they tried it again, only to be blown further and further north into the wilderness, with no signs of human habitation beneath them. At length they landed, and for four days longer wandered without food, adequate clothing or shelter. Finally they came across some lumbermen, who piloted them back to civilization.

They were 150 miles north of Ottawa and 300 miles from their starting point when found. It was two weeks before they could get word to their friends that they were safe.

Washington H. Donaldson, also an associate of John Wise, and at one time a protégé of P. T. Barnum, lost his life in Lake Michigan while attempting a long distance flight from Chicago. Donaldson began life as a showman, ventriloquist, gymnast and magician; then he became an aeronaut and won a reputation for daring feats and narrow escapes.

His last voyage was made on July 15, 1856. Piqued by criticism of a rather mild performance of the day before, he started out from Chicago in a high wind, accompanied by Newton S. Grimwood, of "The Chicago Evening Journal." They were sighted once over Lake Michigan by a vessel two hours afterward, with the car trailing in the water. The vessel started to the rescue, but the aerostats at that moment emptied their ballast and shot up out of sight. They were never seen again alive.

For weeks, mindful of the rescue of La Mountain, their families did not abandon hope. The missing men were searched for in the northern woods. A month later a bottle was found floating in Lake Michigan containing a message from Donaldson. In fact he said that a hurricane was blowing up and his gas was giving out. Grimwood's body was washed ashore on August 15, but Donaldson's body never was found.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE AVIATION MEET AT BELMONT PARK.

Left to right: Miss Mary M. Ide, Miss Isabel Strong, Mrs. Bourke Cockran, General Henry C. Ide, United States Minister to Spain.



OLIVER HARRIMAN, JR., AND MISS CLAIRE BIRD. ALLAN A. RYAN, JR., AND HIS SISTER, MURIEL RYAN, HAVING A FLYING CONTEST OF THEIR OWN.

RESULTS OF FLIGHTS AT BELMONT PARK. Competition. Winner. Second. Third. Record. First hourly distance... Latham... Grahame-White... Mars... McCurdy... 29 1/2 miles. First hourly altitude... De Lesseps... Hoxsey... 6,391 feet. Second hourly altitude... Johnstone... Hoxsey... Latham... 7,303 feet. 'Cross-country'... Radley... Moissant... 420 miles. 19:48-2-5.

WRIGHTS TAKE HONORS

Continued from first page.

INCIDENTS OF THE MEET

Some New Thoughts and Remarks Fall Among Spectators.

Little Things That Count. A new thought fell on the lawn in front of the grandstand yesterday, as one man craned his neck to look at Hubert Latham floating above.

"Suppose that fellow should drop a wrench," he mused speculatively. "I'm glad he's not George Robertson. Everybody has thought about what would happen if one of the machines should crash down, but I'm thinking more of what would be the speed of a falling bolt dropped from a point three thousand feet in the air. You know, it's the little things that count—when they come down that far."

Surprises for the Uninitiated. The speed of the machines is not apparent until one watches them pass a given point or object. Following them with the eyes gives no idea of the tremendous velocity. There are so many aviation "sharps" at Belmont nowadays that it is quite the thing to time the various laps.

Grahame-White Steady Worker. Grahame-White is rapidly sailing into a reputation as the undaunted pilot of the skies. His punctuality and perseverance are an entry for almost any old event that is on the programme have become a matter of comment. In practically every hourly distance contest since the meet began his big biplane has been the first to appear on the hangar horizon across the field and poke its nose over the starting line just as the aerial bomb is fired for the start. Flying low, he grinds off the laps with exasperating regularity to his competitors. Yesterday something went wrong with the big machine in the fourth lap of the second hour distance contest, and the aviator was forced to land. Ensnared by the mishap, he soon appeared again, after a quick change of machines, and finished the hour in his monoplane, winning first money. During the last twenty minutes there was no one on the aerial highway but himself, as all of the other aviators had descended.

Ryan for Aero Club President. The Aero Club of America is already writhing over the annual election next month. The nominating committee sent in its report yesterday to the board of governors with the name of Allan A. Ryan, who has been so successful with the present meet, as candidate for president. The committee thinks that Mr. Ryan's hard work and splendid service should be rewarded. But there is some dissatisfaction, as some of the members favor Cortlandt Field Bishop, who has already been president, and others would like to see Clifford B. Harmon, president of the national council, at the head of the organization. There is a rumor about an opposition ticket. There was a fight over the ticket last year, and the court settled it in favor of the Bishop faction.

More Numbers on Machines. From now on aviators will have to display numbers on the bottom of the right wing of their machines, in addition to the number on the tail. It is very hard now to find out who a flyer is when he is directly overhead. The new rule will be effective to-day.

Sensitive; Not Superstitious. Every time an unnumbered machine went up the crowd rushed to the megaphone man for information. It was said yesterday that Harmon refused to take the number 13, which had been assigned him, and had fastened firmly on a simple 6. "Jimmy" Radley, the English crack, has number 22, but there seems to be no hoodoo as far as Radley is concerned.

"Where?" the Spectators' Watchword. "Where?" was the day's watchword in the spectators' camp. Every one was echoing "Where?" "Where is de Lesseps?" "Where is Latham?" "Where are the Heavenly Twins?"

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"Did you ever experiment with the monoplane?" "Theoretically only," he replied. "The monoplane has been known, studied that is, for centuries; the biplane only for seventy years. For beauty the monoplane is ahead of the biplane. But in no other way. Some people say the day of the biplane is past. There is nothing at all in that. We early decided on the biplane because it can do everything that the monoplane can and has strength that the monoplane can never hope to possess. We found this out long ago."

"Will the cup stay in America, Mr. Wright?" "Why, I don't know whether Mr. Hamilton will be able to keep it here or not," was the reply, his blue eyes twinkling kindly.

And there you are. Photograph it, photograph it or hear him say it as he said it yesterday and make what you can of it.

Miss Katharine Wright, sister of the famous brothers, said she did not know who would win the trophy—that she had not heard Wilbur or Orville say. This sounded so reasonable that her statement was promptly accepted.

William T. Jerome, former District Attorney, entered the Wright tent. He met Wilbur, who showed him the mystic machine.

Mr. Jerome said the wings were rigid. He had felt them and found them so. Mr. Wright said he thought not and let him into the secret of the warping system.

Really the Secret of Flying. "If the patent case ever comes before you as a judge you will understand," said Mr. Wright. "Without the use of this principle there is not a machine here that would stay off the ground thirty seconds," continued the first man to fly.

Latham was seen to come down outside the field. He alighted in a potato patch and broke his skid, without injury to himself or a single potato. His fuel was exhausted.

During the second hour, White, in a Bleriot, was beating McCurdy, in a Curtiss, and Hoxsey and Johnstone had gone up for altitude again, accompanied by Latham, when it began to rain.

Hoxsey, right over the centre of the field, seemed the higher, though, and Johnstone, far out beyond the back of the grandstand, hidden from those in the boxes and on the benches, was weaving his way in and out of the clouds, now half hidden in mist, now lost completely, and again glinting bright in the sunlight.

White prepared to fly in his Farman again, with Miss Eleanor Sears for his passenger. Count de Lesseps sat beside Mrs. Eustis, of this city, in his Bleriot. Cortlandt Field Bishop, president of the Aero Club of America, said to a newspaper man:

"Mr. Grahame-White has just received from his passenger a certified check for \$1,000; the count has a certified check in his pocket for \$2,000 from Mrs. Eustis."

Count de Lesseps Angry. Mr. Bishop departed, the air trips were completed, and then somebody told the count what the president of the Aero Club had said.

The count became frenzied. Mr. Bishop was found, and when the count waved his arms and exploded in French Mr. Bishop became fussed.

"Did you say that I charged to take Mrs. Eustis with me on a flight?" shrieked the count.

"No," said Mr. Bishop. "It was said in jest, that was all."

The count hastily repaired to his hangar. Mr. Bishop continued to be fussed. Mr. White, if he learned of the jest by the president of the Aero Club, made no demur. Mr. White was never insulted when at Boston unless women's checks for rides with the air chauffeur were not certified.

here to his belief that the course is dangerously obstructed by houses and trees.

There is a movement to have the race flown over the inner course, of 2.5 kilometres, which is free from obstruction, but whether the rules of the International Federation would permit this change from the prescribed course, of five kilometres, remains to be seen.

Well Known People Present. We'll know people still throng the stands, and those who have boxes return to them day after day, apparently as interested as ever in the flyers. Among the spectators yesterday were Miss Kitty Cheatham, the artist; William P. Larned, the tennis player; Mrs. Connie Lee, Miss Edith Kane, Miss Marlon Hollins, Miss Harriet Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Vanderveer, Oliver Harriman, Jr., Signor Scotti, Mrs. Charles Steele and her daughters, Nancy and Kathryn, Mrs. L. B. Gilbert, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, August Belmont, Foxhall Keene, Miss Katherine Wright, sister of the aviators; Miss C. Randolph Snowden, of Philadelphia, with Harry Page, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Battershall and Miss Battershall, Mrs. James B. Eustis, Mortimer L. Schiff, Miss Murray Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Harry La Montagne, Mrs. Anthony Drexel and her sister, Miss Vivien Gould; Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Roger F. Clark, Mrs. Townsend Horner, Colgate Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Harkness, Mr. and Mrs. John Barry Ryan, General James A. Allen, chief signal officer, U. S. A.; Henry C. Ide, Minister to Madrid, with Miss Isabel Strong, a relative of Robert Louis Stevenson, and Miss Mary M. Ide; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Brookway, Mr. Allan A. Ryan and her two children, Allan A. Ryan, Jr., and Mary Fortune Ryan, who spent their time chasing toy flying machines on the clubhouse lawn; Miss Farquhar, with Lady Grenfell; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett; Mrs. Oliver W. Bird, with a boxful of young people, including Master William Eldridge, Miss Marie Louise Bird, Master Perry Pease, Miss Mary Bird and the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Hall; Philip La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Willets, Mrs. W. A. Hamilton, with some of the Gould children; W. Burling Coles, Mrs. Alexander Morton, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moine, Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt Field Bishop, Mrs. Ira Barrows, Miss Amy Townsend; Jacques Faure, the balloonist; former District Attorney William T. Jerome, Miss Rosalie Coe, Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Edey, with Miss Julia Edey, and the Misses Pauline and Elizabeth Clarkson.

At 9 o'clock great agitation! Orville and Wilbur Wright, who are fairly well known to most English and special policemen, are trying to get past one of the gray coated gate guardians. They argue, but in vain. Finally Allan A. Ryan, seeing them speculating like a pair of semaphores, goes over and passes them in.

When the Wrights arrived at the hangars they found Walter Brooks and Alec Ogilvie, the English lad who will fly in the speed contest, busy putting together the little thoroughbreds of their camp. The brothers watched Frank Coffyn, one of their veterans, qualify for a pilot's license. Coffyn had trouble with his biplane when he started, but "Dr." Hassard, the chief Wright surgeon, peered down into the motor, stuck a wrench into it, and Coffyn was ready again. He made his necessary three flights successfully.

Just a little later one of their new toy racers was trundled out. The neat, trim craft looked almost like a boy's car for all its powerful 70-horsepower, eight-cylinder motor. The length is only 21 feet 5 inches, and the planes are only three feet wide. As it shot upward the motor, which is used by twice as powerful as any other used by the Wrights, roared and crackled, and then steadied down to a steady throb.

"Brookins, eh?" some one asked Wilbur Wright.

"No, that's a young fellow who has been working for us in Ohio," he said.

It was really "Orv," his brother, up in the air for the first time in many months. The day was prettier than ever when Count de Lesseps, looking like a deep sea diver in his blue "union suit" and leather headgear, stepped out, and stood under the tricolor that flapped idly over his hangar. His smart, clean Bleriot was wheeled out, and the propeller whirred. In a moment he was off on his wings of the morning, and climbing a sunbeam that filtered through the fleecy clouds. These women enjoyed flights with him before he stopped flying for the morning.

EARLY MORNING FLIGHTS

Scene Recalls Days When Belmont Park Was Racetrack.

AIRMEN REPLACE CLOCKERS

Railbirds Are There, Though, Watching Aviators Try Out Machines.

WHAT THE AVIATORS WON.

Ralph Johnstone—First in second hourly altitude, \$250, and tie for first in daily totalization of duration, \$375. Total, \$625. Arch Hoxsey—Second in first hourly altitude, \$100, second in second hourly altitude, \$100, and tie for first in daily totalization of duration, \$375. Total, \$575. James Radley—First in 'cross-country', \$500.

Hubert Latham—First in first hourly distance, \$250; third in second hourly altitude, \$50, and third in daily totalization of duration, \$100. Total, \$400.

C. Grahame-White—Second in first hourly distance, \$100, and first in second hourly distance, \$250. Total, \$350.

Count de Lesseps—First in first hourly altitude, \$250.

John B. Moissant—Second in 'cross-country', \$250.

"Bud" Mars—Second in second hourly distance, \$100.

J. A. B. McCurdy—Third in second hourly distance, \$50.

The total winnings of the aviators who competed during the first three days are: Grahame-White, \$1,700; Hoxsey, \$1,575; Moissant, \$1,200; Latham, \$650, and De Lesseps, \$250. Moissant won his \$1,200 yesterday and Saturday.

Johnstone and Hoxsey, who were tied in the daily totalization of duration yesterday, split first and second money, which gave them \$375 each.

Only a small group took the place yesterday morning of the railbirds and clockers who used to watch the bangalies at work in the dead, dear days when Belmont Park was a racetrack. The overland, grease stained mechanics were all busy in the hangars tuning up their masters' racers for the day, while the airmen stood around and supervised. It was not long, though, before there was something in the air. It was Baldwin, the 26-pound aviator, in his Red Devil.

It was before breakfast and the air was still. Captain Baldwin's machine jumped away from the men that held the tail while the motor speeded up and lunged out and up toward the blue. The red canvas of his wings stood out sharply against the sky as he circled over toward the grandstand with its dew wet flags still clinging to the poles. "This is the worst flying field I have ever been on," he declared. "The turns at the ends of the field are much too sharp. Then, when you come into the backstretch you have to fly very high in order to avoid the treacherous wind eddies that blow away from the men that held the tail while the motor speeded up and lunged out and up toward the blue. The red canvas of his wings stood out sharply against the sky as he circled over toward the grandstand with its dew wet flags still clinging to the poles. "This is the worst flying field I have ever been on," he declared. "The turns at the ends of the field are much too sharp. 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