

FOG IS NEMESIS ON PERILOUS AIR TRIP

Watts and Fawcett Have Narrow Escape When Gas Bag Hovers Over Peak.

ADVENTURE TOO THRILLING

Scenery at First Described, Coffee Cooked on Lime, Frog Concert Is Hilarious, Two-Hour Nap Rests, Excitement Warm, Fears Told.

(Continued from First Page.)

erio, these lines would never have been written. So much sensationalism has attached to all four balloons in this remarkable chain of adventures that I am not going to spread myself on our hair-breadth finale. This is to be impressions of ballooning as they kaleidoscoped themselves before me for 17 wet and exceedingly excruciating hours.

Thirteen Pounds Lost in Two Days. Without realizing it, the writer lost 13 pounds in weight in two days. Watts had been up so many times before, but the scales showed a loss of eight pounds from his normal. Ballooning ought to be popular with fat folk. As a remover of adipose tissue it is to be recommended.

Kansas City III left her moorings in Portland Thursday afternoon at 4.09 o'clock before the eyes of half of Portland. The sensation of rising rapidly was curious. The earth seemed to be sinking. There was no jar, no movement in the basket. There was no sickness.

Swirling Movement Pleasant. Although I have a decided antipathy to anything over five stories high, perhaps the absence of a dizzy feeling was due to the fact that it was impossible to form any precise estimate of height.

At any rate, the effects of swirling rapidly through 4000 feet of space was pleasant. The sensation afforded a combination of distinct impressions. The bigness, the complexity and self-sufficiency; its complete detachment struck home most vividly of all.

The view that unfolded under our eyes was magnificent. We could see the hydraulics at work on Westover Terrace and it looked as minute as garden hose; Portland Heights, with its scattered mansions and winding boulevards, appeared as dreams and beautiful as any battlement on the Rhine; Ladd's Addition, across the Willamette, resembled nothing but a gigantic spider-web, with "his ribs" coughed in the center of his lair.

Balloon Hangs Over Falls Two Hours. An express train, bound for Tacoma, appeared to be headed in an opposite direction. We could see Oregon City, despite all vaudeville jokes to the contrary. In fact, we had an exceptionally clear view of Oregon City for two solid hours, for we hung stationary over the falls between six and eight, while rain and lightning played and chortled all around us.

A great deal of rain did not play around us; much of it ran down the balloon and dropped in the basket. Although Pilot Fawcett, in his own mind, kept his balloon nearly two miles above terra firma. The temperature was 42 degrees below zero, and the lightning, however, kept us warm.

Other Balloons Are Seen. We could see the Honeywell and Berry balloons a mile or two ahead. Both made the mistake of keeping close to the ground. Fawcett was moving ground currents and that is why they were out of the running early in the race. Donaldson was behind us and seemed to be following our lead. He had gone one or two trips with Watts in the East as aide and evidently respected his judgment of the various atmospheric conditions.

Back of us we could gaze far up the beautiful Columbia River, although we could not see the mountains, because of the clouds. Portland, in fact, was in the distance, and there as the solar plexus of the universe. Co-ordinately speaking, its spinal column was the Columbia, winding off to the east between ribs of rock.

Shortly prior to the rain storm, and as we were passing over the mountains of Portland, 2700 feet up, the cruiser Boston in the harbor spat forth a round of three salutes from the starboard turret. It is nice to be recognized, but please when you greet your friends don't knock them down.

Balloon Squirms at Salutes. The cruiser Boston did that very thing to us, figuratively speaking. Every time one of the guns fired, his blank discharge into the air our balloon welched in agony. It twisted and squirmed as a thoroughbred horse when stung by a horse-fly. The violent convulsions, hurling themselves against the huge bag, knocked thousands of cubic feet of gas from it.

Captain Watts groaned as loudly as the tenth shot that he scared a little house fly off the edge of his wicker basket. It had come up with us, and whether it ever returned to its native hallow I do not know.

We carried with us only 35 sacks of sand ballast, as against 40 in the three bigger balloons. Each little canvas bag harbored 40 pounds. They were strung around the exterior of the basket, easily available, and suspended by hooks. Two of these precious sacks we wanted in to get to a high stratum that would carry us through to the Columbia River gorge to the northeast. But the ruse failed.

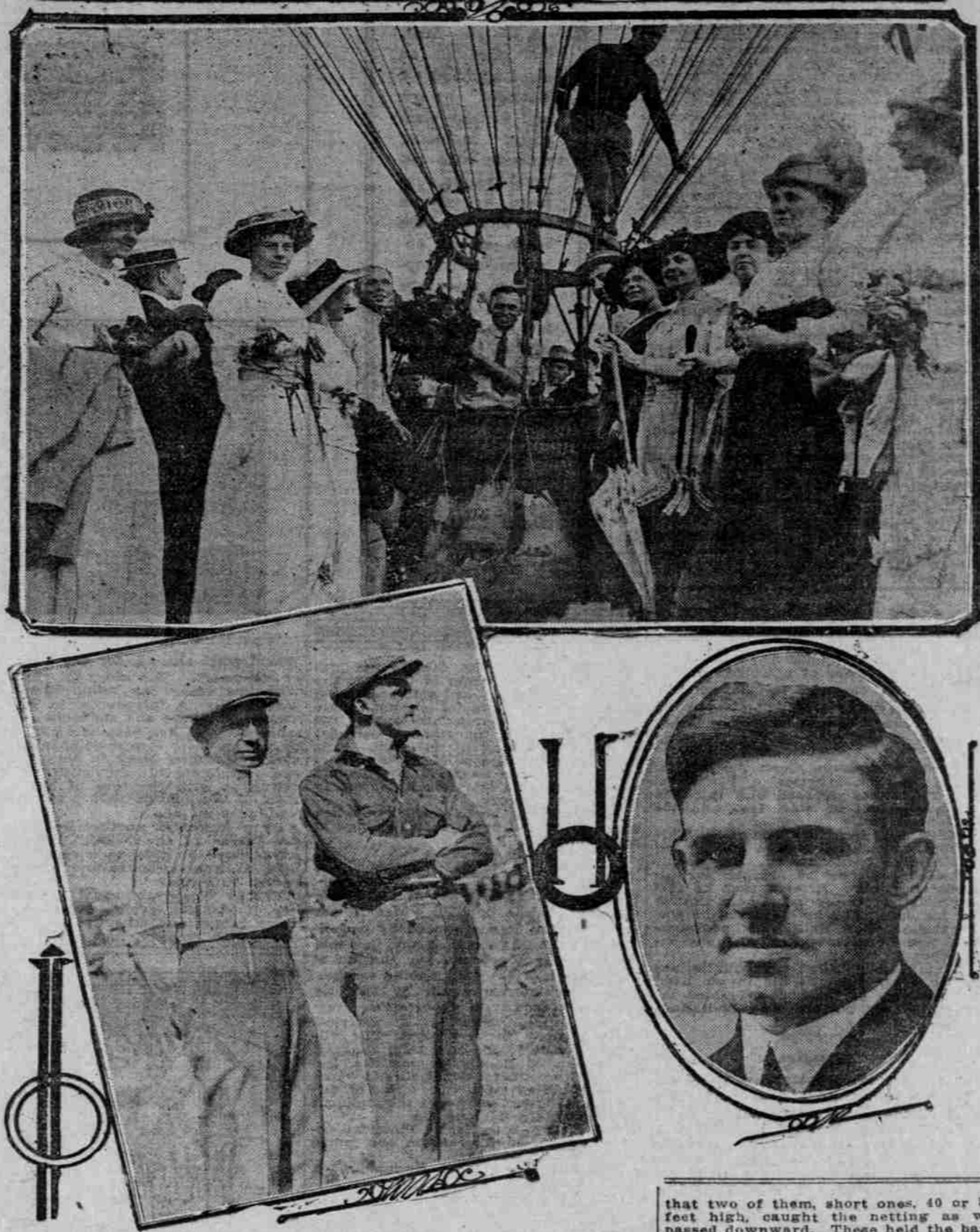
First Pigeon Released. Then we drifted on toward Oregon City, and lost nothing by our aerial maneuver, for the rain clouds whirled down upon us shortly after 6 o'clock, and we were glad to be up.

We took with us in addition to provisions, clothing and other equipment, two carrier pigeons, and the first of these was released just as old Jupiter was getting in his last gasp. I felt sorry for the bird as we tied our strip of paper to one of his tail feathers, but possibly he felt sorrier for us.

Anyway, as it set its talons on the edge of the basket, it took one sudden lunge, and, without so much as looking back to say good-bye or waving an undertaker's salute, the pretty little bird was off to the north for its home cote.

Second Pigeon Flies South. The other pigeon was supposed to be released at daylight the next morning, but Pilot Watts refused to sanction its liberation. "No telling where we will land in this horrible fog," said he. "Keep the

BALLOONISTS WHO ARE STILL MISSING AND AERONAUTS WHO LANDED SAFELY NEAR CASCADIA.



Above—Captain Donaldson and Aide Henderson (Above in Rope) Just Before Start of Flight. Below—Left, Captain John Watts and Aide Rescoe Fawcett, Who Landed on Fork of Santiam; at Right, Wilbur Henderson, Portland Lawyer, Who Is With Donaldson.

pigeon until we land safely. We may need it to save our lives." Three hours later we were brought up with a jerk on the jagged point of the cruel burnt-pine pole, 75 feet in height and attended by an entire flight of lesser and even bleaker snags, reaching hungrily up at the basket from beneath.

Then we both gave up a prayer for the carrier-pigeon. In it we saw a route to safety. But even that failed. The pigeon—perhaps his name is Mabel—flew off south instead of north, alighting on the top of a neighboring snag high up the cliff, and before our very eyes, proceeded calmly to peck away the precious morsel from his tail.

Log Kept Is Accurate. It was like the captives watching the flame creep up the oil on the burning stake. The message never reached Portland. It would have given our whereabouts to the world about noon Friday, instead of Saturday night.

We had kept a wonderfully accurate check on the journey despite the clouds, for, on the strip, I wrote: "We are lost in the mountains somewhere about 70 miles southeast of Portland; both safe, but have only three days' rations. Two rangers to answer our two-shot distress signal; 9:30 Friday A. M.—Watts and Fawcett."

Pilot Not Afraid of Lightning. "There is considerable danger from lightning, but I am not as much afraid of it as some of the pilots I know," reassured Captain Watts between lightning flashes across the horizon. "Honeywell, I believe, will land within the next 30 minutes. He is too near the earth to ride out a storm of this character."

Captain Watts was correct in his early diagnosis, for afterwards he observed Captain Berry presumably attempted to jump above the storm and in his frantic efforts to stop the upward flight opened his gas valve and started downward at too terrific a speed.

There is a strange thing about these balloons. Under normal conditions, the rising balloon keeps right on moving upward until there is so great a densification that it turns around and starts downward again. If it is checked before it reaches 15,000 or 20,000 feet it will start down at the same velocity which it ascended, and will dash straight to the ground.

Berry's Balloon Hard to Manage. Captain Berry's big balloon had huge distance possibilities, but was a hard one to manage, and I believe that he ripped his bag wide open with his ripcord to save being splattered over the ground.

Lightning had nibbled at his hydrogen gas there wouldn't have been enough of the whole outfit left to ship parcel post ensemble.

We hung over Oregon City until 5 o'clock Thursday night, being treated to a remarkable view of a rainbow close at hand, and then we moved slowly to the southeast.

A farmer yelled up to us three miles east of Silverton, and we told him we were getting in his last gasp. He gave us our bearings.

We had a narrow escape from a grove of trees a few minutes later. The log-book shows we shot up 9000 feet trying to avoid this barrier, and immediately we began to feel the cold. The temperature was 36, and snow was peeling in our faces.

Bullfrogs Heard as Balloon Drifts. At 10 o'clock we were drifting idly around, three miles north of Salem. Usually there is an inexhaustible supply of wind in and around Salem, but this appeared to be an off night. There were millions of frogs beneath us in the darkness. The Bullfrog Society of America must have been holding its annual seneferfest.

first meal aloft. As aside it had been my duty to make the purchases, and these included four loaves of rye bread, two jars of peanut butter, a package of sandwich sausage slices, a can of corned beef, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, cookies and wafers, lemon drops and 10 packages of milk chocolate for emergency purposes.

Coffee Cooked on Lime. Many will wonder how the coffee was cooked. Watts had secured a small box of lime. This was placed in the bottom of a pail, and the coffee pail was set inside of the larger receptacle on the china. When water was poured on the lime it sent out a scorching heat, and inside two minutes we had steaming coffee.

A five-gallon can of water was also included in our cargo, along with two thick army blankets, Arctic boots, stocking caps, mittens, Captain Watts' costly instruments, cameras, a small scoop to use in throwing off sand when only a small quantity was wanted.

The instruments consisted of stetoscope, for showing instantly whether we were descending or ascending; an aneroid barometer, giving us our altitude; a compass with which to gauge direction by means of a trailing twine, and a thermometer for temperature.

Newspaperman Sleeps 2 Hours. An electric torch shown directly on this array of mechanism, and one of the other of us always had his eye focused on it.

The basket is only four feet wide, three feet long, and three feet six inches deep, so it was not large enough for sleeping purposes, but I did catch a nap over Salem between 1:30 and 3 A. M. Friday.

When I awoke we were in the fog and traveling southeast at a terrific clip. From that time on until 6 A. M. we did not set eyes on earth or sun for three hours.

The fog lifted at 6 o'clock, to reveal to our startled gaze three rugged peaks directly in our path and less than 200 yards away. Ice clung desperately to sheer walls, and if ever there was an ugly place, that looked it.

Craft Set Upward. As quick as chain lightning, Captain Watts whipped out his automatic-opening knife and slashed two sacks of sand loose. We booted upward with the speed of an aeroplane, but the carrying power of the wind was so great that we missed the topmost rock by barely five feet.

Simultaneously Watts cut loose the trail-rope, which was tied in a ball outside the basket. It fell with a sickening thud and checked us just at the vital moment. Beneath us ugly rhy points were trying to slash their way into the basket. Javelin points seemed to be lunging at us from all directions.

"Throw off the water and lime and everything handy," cried Captain Watts. I did so.

The balloon struggled and then rose feebly off the 75-foot picket.

"How are we below?" called Captain Watts, with his hand on the ripcord. "Clear by a foot on all sides," I replied, gazing down through the fog.

Men Sleep on Creek Banks. That night we slept on the banks of a creek, heavy-hearted and prepared for four or five days of heavy hiking. The next morning, Saturday, we arose at daybreak and three hours later a fence peeped through the trees across the river.

I know how Columbus felt when the gulls perched themselves on the rigging of his ship as he neared the West Indies. Columbus had nothing "on" us. Tired and fagged out, we shambled into White City, two miles west of a fence peeped through the trees across the river.

Pilot Watts is still there, endeavoring to rescue his balloon. I expect to return tomorrow to assist him and also to organize a searching party to hunt Donaldson.

Heaven pity him if he landed on the isolated hill northeast of us!

NEW TRAPS TRIED OUT

GUN CLUB HOLDS REGULAR SUNDAY SHOOT ON JENNE RANGE. Huge Merchandise Contest Is Planned for Next Sunday—100 to Compete. Professionals to Be Here.

More than a score of trap shooters were out at the new grounds of the Portland Gun Club at the regular Sunday shoot yesterday. The new traps are located at Jenne Station, near Estacada car line. Next Sunday they will be the scene of the official opening of the clubhouse.

A huge merchandise shoot has been arranged between classes A, B, C and D, at which 40 prizes will be awarded. Arrangements have been made to handle more than 1000 shooters next Sunday and trap artists from Portland and vicinity will be pitted against each other.

Mothers Tell of Mother's Friend

Experience is or should be our best teacher. Women who have obeyed the Highest and noblest of all sacrifices, the struggle for the life of others, should have a better idea of helpful influence than those who theorize from observation.

At any rate when a prospective grand-mother urges her daughter to do as the did-to use "Mother's Friend," there is ample reason to believe it the right kind of advice.

Its purpose is to furnish pliancy to the muscles, to take away the strain on the cords and ligaments, to relieve the tension of nerves and tendons, so apt to provoke or aggravate nausea, morning sickness, twitches of the limbs and so on. It is applied externally.

Although, in the nature of things, a woman would use "Mother's Friend" but rarely, yet so effective has it been found that this splendid remedy is on sale in most drug stores throughout the United States. It has been prepared by Bradford Regulator Co., 306 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and advertised by us for over twenty years. Ask at the drug store for a bottle of "Mother's Friend." It is worth while.

Give you my daughter Lillian? Never-r-r. Just because I complimented you on your good judgment in buying an IRRESISTO don't take it for granted that I want you calling me father. Illustration of a man and a woman with a child, and a dog.

Bill Spivens failed to get in right over there at the Laurelhurst mansion when he called yesterday afternoon, true to his promises. But even at that, the old gentleman didn't fail to express himself as pleased with Bill's business judgment in purchasing at Eilers Music House one of the new model Irresisto disc talking machines, together with the sixteen dance records and eight other selections, all on a payment of \$5 a month.

Rock Island LOW RATES EAST. The Williamsburgh City Fire Insurance Company of New York. OREGON AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT. Statement January 1st, 1914: Capital \$1,000,000.00, Assets \$4,872,222.82, Surplus to Policyholders \$2,010,557.50.

ALASKA RAILWAY SURVEYED. Engineers Begin Work on Government Line to Coal Field. SEWARD, Alaska, June 14.—W. C. Edes and Lieutenant Fred Mears, U. S. A., of the Alaska Railroad engineering commission, arrived here with a party of surveyors from Seattle en route to the Yukon.

Great Northern Railway SUMMER EXCURSIONS. TICKETS ON SALE DAILY June 1st to September 30th. New York \$168.50, Philadelphia 108.50, Buffalo 82.00, Detroit 82.50, St. Louis 70.00, Boston \$110.00, Washington, D. C. 107.50, Pittsburgh 91.50, Chicago 72.50, Denver 65.00.

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