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O, Hi, Ohio and Windy Indiana

OVER KENNEDY, HIS motor humming like bees in a hive, the steady clacking of the propeller chains assuring him of the airship's well-being, Cal elected to bypass Jamestown. As he flew over that city—at 11:09 A.M.—he flung out handfuls of Vin Fiz leaflets. Hundreds of schoolchildren—all schools had been dismissed for the morning—scrambled to collect them.

Mr. John Lee, superintendent of streets, wrote, "I was driving my horse and buggy along Fluvanna Avenue when the flying machine went by. The horse cocked its head so as to look upward several times and apparently wondered what the noisy bird overhead might be."

Sept. 28, Thursday. Corry, Pa., 11:31 A.M. Cambridge Springs, Meadville 12:25 o'clock. . . .

With the weather as nearly perfect for the machine as it can be—though a little chilly for the driver—I at last succeeded in getting past the hills which had been my constant companion since I left New York and into the level country where if you miss a swamp you get a good landing place. I didn't