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Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives

Thomas DeWitt Milling Collection - Clippings

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[[two column lead-in]]

men they had seen start through the trackless, sunlit skies

SIGH IN SYMPATHY, SHOUT FOR JOY

Keyed with excitement, they watched the southwestern horizon, [??] at times of the whereabouts of the men of the air.

They had given a sigh of commiseration on learning that Harry N. Atwood was down on the site of the old Mystic race track in Medford and that Arthur B. Stone was forced to alight half a mile away in a marsh with his monoplane.

But now a should of joy went up in unison each time word was received that Milling and Ovington were safe.

At last the word that Ovington was above the Blue Hills, a few miles from the field.

The earth was darkening; the sun was trailing low in the western sky, painting the cloud-flecked heavens with wonderful tones of red and orange.

A lone cry arose -
"He's there!"

[[/two column lead-in]]

[[column 1]]

Black Speck Pierces Cloud.

The crowd stood at the cry.

Way off through a foamy cloudbank a black speck was piercing. Larger and larger it grew. A little woman in the center of the field, peering through a pair of field glasses and minding not one whit the wisps of golden hair the wind had tossed about her face, smiled, for the first time in hours. The careworn creases of worry were brushed aside as though by a magic wand.
"It's Ovie!" she cried.

Everybody was tingling with excitement. Every eye was focused on the tiny object coming through the cloud - so small that at times it appeared like a fleeting bit of mist. A shaft of light from the setting sun caught upon a piece of metal upon this seemingly illusory object and then for a certainty it was known Ovington had really come back.

Crowd Tosses Like Sea

In the falling twilight the outline of a monoplane could be distinguished. Soon each strut and wire was silhouetted against the gathering gloom. Then a mass of people, a moment before so still, was changed into a mob of enthusiasts welcoming a hero. The calm of the pool was changed. With waving hats and kerchiefs the people resembled a white-capped sea.

A paen of praise rode the evening air until the voice of the multitude was carried upward and reached the airman through the deafening sound of his whirling propeller - for he was just above them.

A second later and he had shot across the finish line.

Then, with rapid swoops, he circled the course and alighted.

And a hero was on the field.

But even as the wheels of his machine's alighting gear were rolling gracefully across the getaway in front of the grandstand, a woman was off in pursuit of the Bierlot, in hand with Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston. And after the little woman there followed a mob of shouting men - newspaper correspondents, officials, aviators and mechanics who had gone bedlam-wise in the tense excitement of the moment.

And, racing at breakneck speed across



[[advertisement]]

[[image: fork]]

Table Silver

Grace, beauty and quality are all combined in silver articles marked
1847 ROGERS BROS.

This brand, known as "Silver Plate that Wears" is made in the heaviest
grade of plate. There are many designs from which to choose.

Sold by Leading Dealers

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[[/column 1]]

[[column 2]]

the field, they outdistanced the little woman, and reached the machine a
few seconds ahead of her.

"Me First, Ovie!"

She pushed them aside - some of them. The others gave way to her
before the pleading look of a pair of tear-dimmed blue eyes.

"Me first, Ovie!" were her words of supplication.

And Earle L. Ovington, a hero of airland took his wife in his arms and
kissed her.

The scene which followed almost passes description.

Ovington was caught in the arms of his fellow-airmen—Claude
Grahame-White, Eugene B. Ely, "Tom" Sopwith and George W. Beatty.

These, followed by the correspondents and the officials, bore the hero
on their shoulders, while pandemonium reigned among the people.

The strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" were pulsated in the breeze.

"Three cheers for Boston's aviator!" someone cried. And they were
given with a will.

As he passed before them, borne on the shoulders of his worshippers
the cheers continued.

And all the time, right by his side, wholly unmindful of the crush about
her, was his wife. A little later, near the same spot, where, unflinchingly
she had stood a few minutes before as though awaking from a dream to
hear her husband and herself cheered again and again by the crowd as
he hung between heaven and earth, so she heard

[[line]]

The safest remedy for cough or colds is the sure one. Adamson's
Balsam. Adv.

[[double line]]

[[advertisement]]

[[image: feet]]

ARE YOU WALKING

With comfort and your feet parallel? Your shoes will not bend at the
ARCH unless you wear our original GROUND GRIPPER
40-page book tells how, why and cure of flat foot.

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[/advertisement]]

[[advertisement]]

WEDDING

Invitations, Announcements, Reception and Visiting Cards. Engraved in
our own well equipped work rooms. Latest styles. Call or send for
samples..

WARD'S 57-63 Franklin Street

[/advertisement]]

[[/column 2]]

[[column 3]]

Will Enter Transcontinental

Then it was he announced his intention of participating in the great transcontinental flight from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and he was still talking when a shout went up from the crowd announcing the approach of Lieut. Milling.

It was then dark and had been dark for some time. Twilight had given way to full evening. The moon had risen and was casting her soft, mellow light upon the aviation field.

For hours the people had been awaiting news that the army officer would soon alight and when darkness had fallen and he had not come they had begun to feel the creepy fear we sometimes call trepidation.

This feeling of uncertainty was even shared by the officials and correspondents despite the fact every now and then bulletins were flashed across the wires from distant cities and towns carrying the message that Milling was safe and had just passed above.

So dark was it a bonfire had been lighted on the field, that its glare might guide the pilot home. Bombs were shot off at a minute intervals their flash in the air appearing like the rockets of a stranded ship at sea. But in this instance they were not signals of distress - rather signals of rejoicing - for they told a distant voyager through the skies he was nearing home and welcome.

All through the day, as Ovington flew, inside a little tent by the side of a telegraphy operator, a woman had sat and listened intently to the messages giving news of her husband. And at the different stations where he had alighted she had talked to him across the wires through the telegraph.

No one had waited thus for the army officer - but now it seemed as though the whole crowd had waited - waited

[[double line]]

[[four column ad]]

[[advertisement]]

[[image: graphic of woman]]

Her Admiration Openly Expressed

A beautiful woman, proud of her complexion, gives credit where it is due. "4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap cleanses the pores and banishes impurities. Restores and preserves the natural softness of the skin.

A real Glycerine Soap. Delicately perfumed and beautifully transparent. Insist on "4711" (fort-seven-eleven) and avoid substitutes.

Sold Everywhere - price, 15 cents per cake.

FERD. MULHENS, No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne, o/R, Ger.

U.S. Branch - MULHENS & KROPFF, New York

House Founded 1792

4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

[[/advertisement]]

[[/column 3]]

[[column 4]]

[[box]]

FIGURE FOR SPEED

[[3 columns]]

Aviator | m.s. | Prize

Grahame-White | 17.19 | \$300

Sopwith | 22.59 | 150

Beatty | 23.46 | 50

*Ely | 16.50 3-5 |

*Disqualified - not rounding course at finish.

PASSENGER CARRYING, 12 LAPS.

[[3 columns]]

Aviator | m.s. | Prize

Grahame-White | 17.27 4-5 | \$300

Sopwith | 19.25 1-5 | 150

Beatty | 29.50 1-5 | 300

ALTITUDE FOR SPEED

[[3 columns]]

Aviator | m.s. | Prize

Grahame-White | 5.30 | \$300

TOTAL MONEY WON YESTERDAY

Ovington --- \$10,000

Milling ----- 5,000

Grahame-White --- 900

Sopwith ----- 750

Beatty ----- 150

[[tally line]]

Total ----- \$16,800

TOTAL MONEY FOR MEET.

Ovington ----- \$11,332

Milling ----- 5,012

Beachey ----- 3,630

Sopwith ----- 3,004

Grahame-White ----- 1,580

Stone ----- 1,000

Gill ----- 534

Beatty ----- 482

Coffyn ----- 200

Atwood ----- 188

Ely ----- 150

[[tally line]]

Total ----- \$27,292

[[/box]]

just as anxiously as the tender wife in the tent.

Soon, anyway off to the southwest, was a little blot, just discernable.

People watched it, hoping it was Milling, but they were skeptical. They rather thought it was a fast-moving cloud.

No one dared prophesy alone that it was Milling. It [[seemed?]]. But at last one

[[/column 4]]

[[column 5]]

forth waving their little beacons of red fire to guide the sky skipper into port.

It seemed for the nonce as though he could not see the haven of welcome which stood ready to receive him. Then of a sudden the machine started earthward.

Pandemonium Rules Multitude.

The cloud which had evolved into a blur and then been transfigured into an aeroplane was over the aerodrome. Again pandemonium ruled the multitude.

Down and down came the machine. Headed by Ovington, the correspondents and officials awaited the alighting. At last the wheels of the machine grazed the earth. A cry rose to every lip. Automobile horns tooted and the whistles of the motor craft and steamers of the bay caught up the welcome.

The stillness of the night was broken - broken for the first time in the history of the world by a multitude welcoming an air-man who had returned from a voyage in the night's darkness.

The glare of the bonfire lighted the biplane and every strut and upright stood out against the darkness. But no sooner had the machine stopped than it was surrounded by a crowd of frenzied men, each seeking to be first to reach the other hero of the day.

Then two idols of the hour met, for Ovington was the first man to extend a hand of welcome, and there beneath the light of the moon, its mellow rays broken by the glare of the bonfire and the torches of the crowd, the two stood silhouetted against the night.

A second later and Ovington's wife, who had raced hand and hand across the field with her husband that she might also be among the first to offer her praise, had seized one of the army man's hands in both hers and welcomed him.

Then Milling was pulled forcibly from his machine, even as Ovington had

[[/column 5]]

[[column 6]]

started again, and the noise still rang out uproariously as Milling was rushed into a corner by correspondents, that his story might be secured as had been Ovington's.

Unlike the monoplane flyer, Milling had flown over the entire route without reaching an altitude of more than 3000 feet. He told of losing his way soon after leaving the field and of following the wrong railroad track until he discovered he was on his way back to Boston. Then he explained how he had alighted at Concord to inquire his way to Nashua, a request that startled the inhabitants of the little town, where it is seldom that visitors drop in from the sky to ask their way to a distant point.

Hills Black With People

Then on and on he had gone like Ovington, but so low he could notice more of what took place at the different places he passed over. He could not hear the whistles and bells that sounded welcome to him, but he told of the hills and open spaces being black with people gathered to see the greatest race of the age and watch history in its making.

Often, he said, he waved to them, as he and Ovington had both done in answer to the ovation they could not hear when they departed upon the great race and upon their return.

And as he talked with his delightful Southern drawl, his boyish face lighted with enthusiasm, not a look on his features to tell of the great strain he had undergone, he took from his pocket a cigarette and lit it in a most nonchalant manner.

Ovington, as he told his story, after gulping down almost a quart of milk and a little stimulant to relieve the cold of the high altitude at which he had flown, had taken a huge calabash pipe from his pocket and, lighting it, had smoked with relish as he talked.

He also had had a wonderful tale to

[[/column 6]]

[[column 7]]

[[advertisement]]

[[cutoff]]

ing of Gas, Eructations of sour, undigested food, Nausea, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation and other Stomach disorders.

Some folks have tried so long to find relief from Indigestion and Dyspepsia or an out-of-order stomach with the common every-day cures advertised that they have about made up their minds that they have something else wrong, or believe theirs is a case of Nervousness, Gastritis, Catarrh of the Stomach or Cancer.

This, no doubt, is a serious mistake. Your real trouble is, what you eat does not digest. Instead, it ferments and sours, turns to acid, Gas and Stomach poison, which putrefy in the digestive tract and intestines, and besides, poison the breath with nauseous odors.

A hearty appetite, with thorough digestion, and without the slightest discomfort or misery of the Stomach, is waiting for you as soon as you decide to try Pape's Diapepsin.

[[/advertisement]]

[[advertisement]]

[[image: casket]]

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Beautiful black broadcloth casket, in silver, silver and cloth handles, silver name plate, engraved, satin lined. Trust price \$65 to \$75. My independent price -- \$35

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The above casket as described, strong outside box, laying out, shaving, bathing and dressing remains, embalming, pedestals, rugs, chairs, floral piece or crepe for door candlestick and candles when required, elegant hearse, two coaches, advertising death in newspaper, opening grave, personal services in arranging and conducting funeral and free use of parlors. This funera duplicated by any other undertaker would cost not less than \$150.

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[[/advertisement]]

[[line]]

[[advertisement]]

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[[/advertisement]]

[[box]]

DEATH NOTICES

[[/box]]

DOWLING - In Brookline, Sept. 4, Everlina H. Dowling, widow of Thomas Dowling, 75 yrs. 1 mo. 20 dys. Funeral at late residence, 1000 Beacon Street, on Wednesday at 2:30 P.M. Friends invited.

EASTMAN - In Melrose, Sept. 2, suddenly, M. Frank Eastman. Services at Universalist Church, Essex Street, Melrose, Friday, Sept. 8, at 2:30

P.M.

ROWE - In Boston, Sept. 3, Clara G., wife of Walter H. Rowe. Funeral Tuesday, Sept. 5, at Mt. Auburn Crematory chapel at 2:00 P.M. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

SMITH - In Boston, at the Home for Aged Men, 133 West Springfield street, Sept. 3, Justin C. Smith, 86 yrs. Funeral Services will be held at the home on Tuesday, Sept. 5 at 2:13 P.M. relatives and friends are invited to attend.

STAPLES - In North Seltuate [[best guess]] Sept. 2, Joseph Stables, 71 yrs. 6 mos. Funeral from late residence, Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 2:30 P.M. Relatives and friends invited.

WILCOX - In Somerville, Sept. 2. Martha W., widow of the late Charles D. Wilcox. Funeral from her late residence, 57 Pa[[?]] Street, Somerville, Tuesday, Sept. 5, 2 P.M.

WOODWORTH - In Brewster, Mass., Sept. 2. Alfred S. Woodworth. In his 78th year. Funeral at Emmanuel Church, Newbury street, on Tuesday, at 2 P.M.

[[/death notices]]

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