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Thomas DeWitt Milling Collection - Clippings

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THE BOSTON JOURNAL - TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1911.
ALL MEDFORD FLOCKED TO SEE THE NEW MARSH BIRDS
[[line]]
STRIKING MOMENTS CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AT ATLANTIC
YESTERDAY
[[line]]

WIFE OF VICTOR SUFFERS STRAIN

Keeps in Touch With Him by Telegraph and Is Happy When He Wins.
By Peggy Quincy

The small white tent at Atlantic that served as a telegraph booth yesterday for official information regarding the contestants of the tri-State flight became a spot of exceeding interest early in the day.

Seated just within the opening at the rear was a young woman with fluffy golden hair, who seemed half apathetic part of the time, very nervous at others, and at times most unreasonably happy.

She was Mrs. Earle L. Ovington, wife of the hero of flight, as he later turned out to be. In one hand she held a folded Boston Journal, which showed a map of the route; in the other she crushed or fondled, as her state of mind dictated, a great golden blossom. Tensely she followed every report that came over the wire. Between times she stalked up and down at the rear of the tent - a few steps in this direction, the same number back again - as though something was gnawing at her heart-strings.

Something was, you may well believe. It isn't pleasure to know that your husband is flying across country for 160 miles, when you realize full well what his fate may be.

Anxiously Awaits Result.

So between waits, when the click of the telegraph instrument did not sound, she was a wistful figure. Thoughts that came unbidden to her mind could be formulated by the onlooker with ease, and one wished for her sake alone, that time would consume itself faster, and thus relieve the strain this wife was undergoing, who could only sit and await the verdict of Fate.

"Worried, Mrs. Ovington?" I asked, thrusting my head within the tent. "Oh, no," she replied, with a smile, which a row of strong, white teeth made brilliant. "I have just spoken with him."

So it was that her anxiety was relieved and the long afternoon made endurable for her, for he never once failed to communicate with her in person from the three cities en route.

It was a tremendous strain, no less for the wife than the hero of the day. But what a difference in the aspect of the lady when the report that he had been sighted off Blue Hill was received.

She could hardly hold herself in bounds. Most of her anxiety was gone, most - but not all. Of course, there were a few miles left to travel - but he was nearly home, and safe. Hope and exultation sung in her heart - showed in her smiling face.



The big yellow blossom that she had joy. She clung to it as she took on a perky look as if responding to her joy. She clung to it as she could, took the center of the field and, with Mayor Fitzgerald as her escort, swept the heavens with her glasses for a sight of her hero.

[[note: paper damage makes two lines unreadable]]

have done credit to an athlete, she cried, "Me first," and second. Her reward was a victor's kiss in plain sight of the multitude [[ends]]
[[line]]

STRIKING MOMENTS CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AT ATLANTIC YESTERDAY

[[image]]
[[caption]]
Aviator Stone Starting.
Part of the Great Automobile Contingent.
Mayor Fitzgerald and Mrs. Ovington.
[/caption]]

HOW MEDFORD SAW THE FLYING MACHINES

By a Medfordite.

AVIATION spelt with the most capital of capital letters paid its respects to Medford yesterday and the historic old city for the first time fully sensed the meaning and magnificence of this wonderful new power of man when Ovington and Milling triumphantly soared above the church spires and Stone and Atwood circled about the city and finally swooped down into it.

Over there by the quaint old turnpike along which the stage coach once lumbered on the first lap of the journey from Boston to New Hampshire, right by the old-time Mystic trotting park. In its day one of the greatest in the world, there came yesterday the new "stage" to New Hampshire, the new steed swifter than even Star Pointer, one time pride of Combination Park, could ever hope to be.

It was 11:10 when Medford first felt the thrill of aviation.

"They're coming! They're coming!"

[[?]] the sudden audience that had gathered on lawns and gardens and sidewalks and was laughing and shouting and pointing up above the tree tops where true and even and steady a wonderful hawk-like thing whirled [[?]]
right down on our roof, and - "Well, I was washing the dishes - you know how late the men folks will get up on Labor day - and when Charlie called I just dropped my dishcloth and run, and here I am." "I heard a queer noise, and I says 'John, you don't suppose it's the aeroplanes,' and he said, 'Naw, it's nothing but an automobile,' but I just went out and looked and there it was right over the Mystic Church, and -"

Forded the Creeks

The crowd around Atwood's machine was tremendous, Almost all the small boys in Medford got a chance to touch the wonderful wings before the policemen arrived to rope off the monster. Stone was more fortunate in his alighting place, as a small creek separated him from the road. A half-dozen girls, who had been in swimming in the Mystic river, and who

could thus get across the creek, were his first visitors.

Medford not only flocked to the marshes to see, but it flocked to stay[[?]] day, with the added advantage that no one was losing anything. If anyone got tired and went home there were two new persons to fill his place. Rumors that Stone was going up or that Atwood would try to get back to [[?]]

[[remainder of article cut off]]

OVINGTON LAUDS HIS ASSISTANT, GRESPACH

As soon as he could break away from the plaudits of the crowd, the victorious Ovington went straight to his hangar and congratulated his mechanic, Rene Grespach. Rene was lost in fond contemplation of the machine, his machine, as it seemed to the man who had watched it so carefully. When he received the congratulations, he smiled in glee and happiness "beautiful, beautiful, Rene," he said. "The throttle just so much" - and he indicated the space of about two inches with his fingers, for the mechanic understands but little English. "O, wonderful, O, superb, Rene." These words meant more to the enthusiastic mechanic than anything else that Ovington could have said or done
[[line]]

C.W. Barron Is Host at Milk Party

Clarence Barron gave a milk party to his friends [[?]] his automobile was [[damaged portion of paper]] who is quite stout [[?]] his hands clasped a tray with tiny cups on it, and holding a milk bottle, was really funny, and his remarks as he [[?]]

[[note: the following few lines seem unconnected to articles before it]]

by me fine. You are all right." And the machine looked its approval. The engine in the little machine was as cool as if it had not made its wonderful cross-country dash.

[[line]]

Youngster Prefers One of His Own Type

A group of small boys were gazing at a card of buttons with the pictures of Atwood and Grahame-White on them. Said one; "If I had the money I'd get the picture of Grahame-White." But the patriotism of another was too much for him. "What's the matter, why don't you buy one of a 'guy' that learned to fly right here, and is an American." Make the eagle scream again, boys.

[[line]]

Press Automobile in Name Only

Much amusement has been caused at the meet by the regular appearance every night of an automobile bearing two flags marked "Press." Members of the press are quite mystified over the [[article cut off]]

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