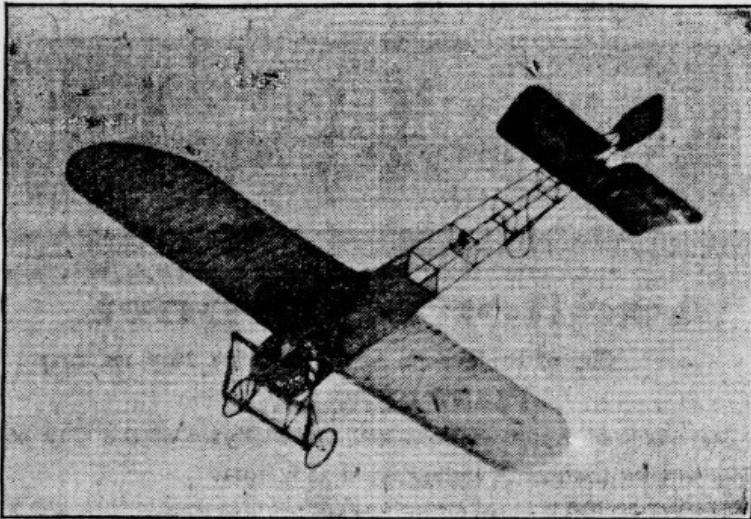


OVINGTON RIGHTS MACHINE IN MID AIR BY STEPPING FROM SEAT ON GUY WIRE

**"Last Small Town Flight For Me," Declares Young Aviator,
Who Says He Will Devote Himself to Cross Country
Flights and Big Competitions--Gives Beauti-
ful and Thrilling Exhibition Before
Crowd of 50,000**



(By Farmer Staff Photographer)

OVINGTON IN FLIGHT OVER STEEPLECHASE

(To view picture properly, hold directly over head and look up at it)

At Steeplechase Island yesterday Earl L. Ovington again demonstrated his right to be known as America's foremost aviator for daring and spectacular work.

Yesterday's flight came precious close to being Ovington's last. At a height of 2,000 feet, one of his wings fell into an air pocket and the machine tilted over at a terrible angle. The crowd below caught its breath.

Ovington threw over his steering levers as far as he could, but the machine did not right. In a desperate effort, he reached out of the seat as far as his life belt would permit, but his foot on the wire reaching to the other wing, and warped it by the sheer weight of his body. The big flying machine slowly caught its balance, and after that there was no more serious trouble. Ovington undisturbed by his dangerous experience, made a beautiful volplane dip for the crowd and finally alighted with the greatest ease, after 15 minutes in the air.

"No more small town flights for me," exclaimed Ovington; "it isn't worth while risking one's neck. Hereafter I am going in for the big competitions and cross country flights, in which there are prizes worth while."

It is estimated that 50,000 persons watched this young man risk his life and his property in demonstrating the most wonderful invention of the 20th century; but of this number—and small credit to Bridgeport be it said—only a comparative handful, not more than 2,000 at the most,—paid admission to the island and contributed to recompense Ovington for his skill and daring.

Yesterday's flight was the more spectacular and dangerous of the two made here by Ovington and thrilled the immense crowds of spectators

from start to finish.

When 4:29 arrived, the hour at which the aviator made his start, Seaside park was black with spectators, the crowd being estimated at 30,000 at least. Every other vantage point contained a proportionate contingent. The Sound swarmed with small craft. A shamefully large proportion of the crowd which watched the flight free, consisted of automobilists who could well have afforded to pay the admission fee to the island.

Ovington's start yesterday was very quick. It was about 4:20 when his machine was trundled from the shed. Scarcely more time was occupied than was necessary for tying him into his seat, before the propeller was turned over and the machine started to skim over the ground.

He made the ascent beautifully, rising straight into the air like a magnificent bird, and clearing the buildings by a big margin without the dangerous and thrilling experience of his first flight at the island.

Once in the air, it was seen that the young aviator was going to have his hands full with the wind, which, while not as strong as on the day of the first flight, was very puffy and tricky. Time and again did the aeroplane begin a dangerous rocking motion and the crowd below held its breath while the big machine plunged downward and righted itself under the guidance of the aviator.

Ovington was in the air just 15 minutes and travelled about as many miles. He made a beautiful landing, coming down with scarcely a jounce, and stopping in the center of the field. His wife's kiss was his first greeting, and after he had been released from the straps which held him to the machine, he responded to repeated plaudits of the crowd.