

## Something Sensational Every Time He Goes Up



LINCOLN BEACHY

## BEACHY SAYS HE WANTS AN IRON COFFIN

Hamilton Offers Him His  
Choice After Watching  
Beachy's Stunts  
Yesterday

Daring Little Aviator Again  
Furnishes the Thrills at  
the Aerodrome

"Which would you prefer,—a mahogany coffin or just plain pine?" asked Aviator Charles K. Hamilton of Aviator Lincoln Beachy at the Bridgeport Aerodrome, yesterday afternoon, just after Beachy had descended from his 4,000 foot climb, concluding with a series of hair-raising and dangerous dips and plunges over the field.

"Oh, cast iron is good enough for me," retorted Beachy with the utmost indifference.

"He'll break his neck doing that," was the anxious prophecy of Glenn H. Curtiss as he watched his daring protegee circling the field, turning at sharp angles, swooping down to within a few feet of the ground, and shooting

up into the air again. Beachy fairly revelled in his machine yesterday, playing tricks with it, like a small boy on a new bicycle. Time after time the 5,000 spectators on the field held their breath when the daring little flier swooped down at a sharp angle and seemed to be plunging straight to the ground. A sigh of relief would go up when the machine would suddenly turn up and shoot high into the air, after barely passing over the heads of the spectators.

Once, Beachy singled out Glenn Curtiss and Earle Ovington who were talking together right in the center of the field. Selecting them as his target, he swooped right down upon them. For a moment it looked as though he was going to hit them and Ovington was given some of the same kind of thrills that he passed out to the spectators at Steeplechase Island last Sunday.

Beachy righted his machine and passed just five feet over their heads. "What were you trying to do, take our hats off?" asked Ovington, when Beachy descended. "I was just getting ready to throw myself on the ground."

McCurdy's machine was in good working order yesterday, and he made some beautiful flights, but Beachy carried off the palm and was the hero of the hour.

It was a crowd of fully 5,000 that had gathered at the Aerodrome at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The north side of the field was lined solidly with automobiles, affording one of the biggest groups of machines ever seen together in this city.

McCurdy was the first to come out. His initial flight was a brief one, largely for the purpose of tuning up his machine. He remained in the air for two minutes, turning a couple of graceful circles and then coming down.

McCurdy again went up, this time attaining an altitude estimated at 1,600 feet. He remained in the air six minutes.

Beachy took the air at 3:57. He determined to test the upper atmosphere of Bridgeport. He circled around and around until he became the merest speck in the sky. His machine is not equipped with a barograph so it is impossible to give the exact height he attained, but it is estimated at 6,000 feet. He came down after a stay in the air of 13 minutes, and concluded with a number of daring dips and rises.

The last flight of the afternoon occurred when McCurdy and Beachy shot into the air together. They circled the field for several minutes and a number of times were in close proximity. McCurdy was the first to come down. It was then that Beachy began swooping over the field. He would come down to the ground like an immense hawk making a raid on a chicken yard. The spectators on the field, scattering out of the way of the huge bird, looked the part of frightened chicks.

During the afternoon Beachy took a couple of passengers for a bounce across the field, attaining a height of about five feet.