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**THE COMING OF THE WINGED CYCLE. THE WINNING OF THE  
FIRST AMERICAN TROPHY FOR A MAN CARRYING FLYING  
MACHINE; by David Fairchild.**

We have seen a man fly through the air like a bird. A feat that centuries have waited for has been done, and we have seen it. A mile in a minute and forty seconds, twenty feet high in the air!

Standing at sunset in the Pleasant Valley where the clover was knee high and with the last rays of the sun lighting up the forest and vine covered hills around, we waited for the breeze to die down so that Curtiss could fly.

On an old race track a hundred yards away was a big thing of yellow cloth stretched on sticks and stayed by wires. Our eyes were riveted on it and in breathless expectation we waited for it to move.

What can compare with these first beginnings of great things! The crowds who lined the Hudson when Fulton first steamed up it have scarcely crumbled to dust; those who listened in expectation for the first spoken word over miles of metal wire are not yet old; and to stand in the gathering dusk of a mountain valley in your own country and wait to see, not only a man but a man whom you have been interested in for years fly over you, is the experience of a lifetime.

Scattered over the field were the reporters of New York dailies with their cameras, the representatives of the Aero Club, the relatives of our friend, and the admiring workmen of his motor cycle factory, while seated on the hillside close by were the hundreds of towns-people who had come to see the hero of their town win the first American trophy for a