

THE WRIGHT ACCIDENT BY AN EYE WITNESS.

By W.S. Clime.

As had been my daily custom since Mr. Wright's arrival at Fort Meyer, Sept. 17 found me at the Port again to witness another of his spectacular flights. The missing of a car made my arrival at the Port somewhat later than usual that evening, and upon reaching the south end of the field, the motor was already humming out its warning note that the flight was about to begin. Deciding to remain where I was and desirous of securing a photograph of the machine before it acquired the normal flying height, I awaited its coming, and exposed a plate as it swept by with the grace and ease of a soaring bird. For several complete circuits of the field the flight was uneventful. The novelty having worn off to such an extent that one no longer kept his eyes glued to the machine, but only gave a glance upward when it went directly overhead. It was at such a time that Wright could be seen, hands on levers looking straight ahead, and Lieut. Selfridge to his right, arms folded as cool as the daring aviator beside him.

While walking over to the aerodrome shed and in front of it, after having made an exposure on the machine directly overhead, there was a crack like a pistol shot coming from above. Looking quickly up I saw a piece of a propeller blade twirling off to the southward. Realizing instinctively that something terrible was about to happen, I stood riveted to the spot for a moment with my eyes on the machine. For a brief period it kept on its course, then swerved to the left and with a sweep backwards, but in an almost perpendicular