
4

Big Man, Big White Bird

SEPT. 21, THURSDAY. Takeoff Middletown. Across Shawangunk Mountains at Cuddlebackville. Delaware River, Port Jervis, Lackawaxen 3:08 P.M., Callicoon. . . .

The aeroplane was working like a \$100 watch, for it would take ten degrees up as easily as one. I was shooting into the sun mostly, but my glasses shaded some of the glare. The ride was really enjoyable. I was above the air currents, going faster than the wind, and the engine went on singing a sweet song. I lit a fresh cigar and let her go.

The river was my guide until I got to Lackawaxen. I had been looking out for that place because the Lackawaxen River shoots off to the left of the Delaware, and it has a branch road too.

At the Melrose farm on the east side of Callicoon, several hundred people were awaiting arrival of the second transcontinental aviator to favor the town. Jimmy Ward had preceded Cal Rodgers by precisely one week. Delayed by fog and rain, he had remained overnight to be feted by the populace. Now, with the coming of the *Vin Fiz*, the village of