

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."  
—Abraham Lincoln.

# Plane News.

PASSED BY CENSOR

Air Service Paper  
of the A. E. F.

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## "BEAUCOUP" TALENT HERE

### Third A. I. C. Basketball Squad Twice on Top

## INCREASES ATHLETIC SPIRIT

### Two Worthy Rivals Bested in One Night

An unexpected double-header basketball card at the gymnasium—due to a mix-up in dates—tested the prowess of our post team Wednesday night but the situation was handled so well that it is now a demonstrated fact that we have plenty of first class basketball material. And it looks as though this post may be represented at Paris in the finals for this line of sports.

The regular scheduled game for Wednesday night was with the post team of St. Amand—it being understood that the Montierchaume Marines were to come Thursday—but at 6 o'clock in the evening the Marines arrived and the local squad undertook to stage both games in the same evening's program.

### The First Game

The 3rd A. I. C.—St. Amand game was put on first, and during the intermission the first half of the 3rd A. I. C.—Montierchaume scrap went on with its first fifteen minutes session, the halves of the two separate contests thus alternating. The officers for the evenings were brought from Bourges so as to secure disinterested judges, and they gave entire satisfaction in both games. The pep displayed by the 3rd A. I. C. players at St. Amand last week was objected to by the team down there as unlawful charging and roughing—hence the carefully picked officials for the return game—but Lieutenant Storey who acted as referee called practically as many fouls on the visitors and they apparently returned home convinced that they were fairly outclassed, theirs being the small end of the score 38-7.

The Montierchaume Marines were a game set of players also, but they admitted defeat to the tune of 20 to 5.

Following is the personnel of our players in the St. Amand game:

Lewis, r.f.; Trenton, l.f.; Jefferson, c.; Stringer, r.g.; McKenzie, l.g.

In the Montierchaume game the local players were placed as follows:

Graber, r.f.; Graves-Trenton, l.f.; Groen, c.; Freedman, r.g.; Abilgaard, l.g.

### Game at St. Amand

The first official game for the 3rd A. I. C. post basketball team in the present army program for A. E. F. athletic honors was played with St. Amand at the latter place last Friday night when the score of 30 to 10 was in favor of our players. It was a hard struggle, for the St. Amand five fought pluckily till the last whistle sounded, and they also proved themselves good sports in taking good care of their visitors over night. The 3rd A. I. C. line-up was as follows:

Lewis-Green, r.f.; Freedman-Graves, l.f.; Fullington, c.; Stringer, r.g.; McKenzie-Abilgaard, l.g.

## Lincoln Day in Retrospect

Due to rumored activities of the "flu" amongst the French civil population the temporary closing of public meeting places, including the Y-M, etc., it was impossible to hold the Lincoln Memorial Services as planned.

The memory of the Lincoln Memorial Services of last year still lingers with us, with a frosty atmosphere and a dark outlook. The outlook of the present, when we can now see light combined with the balmy, Spring-like weather of the day we planned to commemorate were in striking contrast to Lincoln Day 1918.

## CAPT. PROSPER PELISSIER HAS LEFT FOR ANOTHER STATION

### Former Chief Pilot Did Important Work for Center During Career Here

## PLEASES GEN. PATRICK

### First Instructor Staff Under His Jurisdiction.—Continued as Liaison Officer

Captain Prosper Pelissier, who has been associated with this school and who has been assisting in outlining the course of instruction since the inception of the school left for Paris this week.

For a period of sixteen months Captain Pelissier has been in harness here and has pulled for us always.

Upon the opening of the school he was selected by the French Aviation authorities to return from the front, where he had been commanding officer of an escadrille for many months, to come here and show our first aviators how to meet the Hun in the air.

He surrounded himself with the pick of French pilots, and up until the time that the school was a going concern did he continue in the capacity of Chief Pilot. As our American pilots were trained they were gradually absorbed into the Instruction Staff, and replacing those of Captain Pelissier's instructors.

Even after the French Staff ceased to exist Captain Pelissier's work continued and proved invaluable for the successful maintenance and operation of the school. He was in constant liaison with the French authorities at Paris, and because of his efforts many additional and much needed aviation supplies were secured; also as the work of the school expanded, and additional flying fields were required, it devolved upon Captain Pelissier to help select sites and complete the negotiations. He was active up to completion of work here.

We also take this opportunity in expressing our appreciation of Madame Pelissier's efforts in conjunction with local Red Cross work.

We are highly pleased to be able to print a letter at this time of commendation from the Chief of Air Service concerning the Captain's efforts.

From: Chief of Air Service, A. E. F.  
To: Captain P. Pelissier.

Subject: Services rendered to American Aviation.

"1. In the establishment of our American Aviation School at Issoudun we had to count very largely upon the advice and assistance of the French Government. As one of its representatives you devoted your entire time and effort to giving us the advice and counsel which we needed, and to assisting us in establishing quickly an efficient school, of which today we believe we have reason to feel proud.

2. Your assistance to us, both in the work done and in the spirit in which it was done proved invaluable. Permit me, therefore, at this time to extend to you, in the name of the American Air Service, our sincerest thanks for the distinguished services you have rendered to us, and that they have been fully recognized and deeply appreciated by all the officers of our Service, and particularly by the pilots who have been trained at the school of Issoudun.

MASON M. PATRICK,  
Major-General, U. S. A.,  
Chief of Air Service."

## Roosevelt Memorial Service

Memorial Services in honor of our late President Theodore Roosevelt were celebrated in the respective Chapels here. Father Sullivan celebrated requiem mass and Chaplain Velte, at Hut No. 1, held services portraying the life and activities of the great American. The characteristics of Theodore, the Great heart, the Great mind, the Great statesman, and the Great Christian were emphasized.

## SPLENDID RECORD OF BRITISH-AMERICAN AVIATION AID

### Great Mutual Benefit Derived From Training of Pilots and Mechanics

## RESUMÉ OF ACTIVITIES

While we all appreciate the co-operation of French-American aviation efforts, it is felt that the British-American situation has never been covered. It is therefore gratifying to also give credit to others to who it is due.

To most of the American Air Service the word "England" denotes nothing but a hasty trip from Liverpool to Southampton, plus the ironically entitled Rest camp at Winchester. This all too brief journey through the English countryside, combined with the all too long rest at Winchester, only tended to increase the feeling of suspicion towards England which any American school boy regarded as his birthright.

As a matter of fact the enormous help rendered the American Air Service by the English Flying Corps, and vice versa, is a chapter yet to be written. In the training of flyers and mechanics England gave us incalculable assistance at a moment when we were virtually unable to help ourselves. On the other hand the presence of large number of American squadrons in England automatically released for service on the British fronts a corresponding number of English squadrons, and decreased to a tremendous extent the pressure in that quarter, an aid which the English were not at all slow to acknowledge.

In considering the part played by England in developing the American Air Service it would be convenient to divide the subject into two heads: (1) The training of the fliers. (2) The training of the squadron personnel.

Until March 1918 there were virtually no commissioned fliers in England, but the specimen Aviation cadet had already made his appearance months before, the first detachment 50 in number arriving in the early days of September 1917. On October 1st another group 150 strong entrained for a second ground school at Oxford. Arriving at Oxford they found the earlier detachment still in the throes of their second ground school.

After two more weeks the first detachment was graduated and left for a training Aerodrome at Stanford, Lincolnshire. After three more weeks the majority went on to Stanford. The remainder were dispatched to the Machine Gun School at Grantham, pending vacancies in the flying lists of the various Aerodromes.

At Grantham for five weeks they wrestled with the Lewis and Vickers machine guns seven hours a day. Finally in December places were found in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2)

## EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM TAKES ON NEW LIFE

While our Educational activities were called off sometime ago due to unlooked for conditions, a modest start has taken place by the selection of 1st Lieut. (Chaplain) L. J. Velte by the Commanding Officer.

Chaplain Velte, whose qualifications, we appreciate, has installed his office in the Technical Library where he is available for interview at all times.

The program is not quite so comprehensive as that outlined earlier in the year but it is felt that a great deal of good can be accomplished in instructing in elementary subjects. With the books available in the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. libraries and the assistance rendered by Chaplain Velte all those desiring to improve their time will have an opportunity to do so. In addition all applications to attend proposed courses at British and French Universities as outlined by G. H. Q. are being taken up through these channels and

## ISSOUDUN PRODUCTS CONSTITUTE MAJOR PORTION OF FLYER ACES

### Out of a List of 63 American Aces 38 Can be Credited to the Third A. I. C.

## MAKES GOOD SHOWING

### Our Own Capt. E. A. Rickenbacker, First Engineering Officer Here, Heads List

While we cannot claim the whole list, the balance are Issoudun sons by adoption at least, as they have spent some of their time here, as we all remember the sojourns of Major Thaw, Major Hartney and the late Major Lufberry during the organization of their units and the selection of their flyers and mechanics here.

Captain Reed G. Landis is well remembered during his brief stay as instructor at Field 7 upon his return from the British front.

The late Capt. Hamilton Coolidge was one of the first graduates of the school, but was retained as tester for a long time, but he finally succeeded in securing his long looked for orders to join his old chum Capt. Douglas Campbell. It was during Captain Campbell's official trip to the States for instruction purposes that Captain Coolidge met his sad fate.

We regret that it is not possible to publish at this time the complete list of Issoudun graduates who also made a niche in the hall of aviation fame who just bordered on the edge of being aces and if the struggle had been prolonged would have been included in the select coterie of flyers.

Name	Rank	Vic-tories	Grad from 3 A. I. C.
Rickenbacker Edward A.	Captain	26 Jan. 5, '18	
*Luke, Frank Jr.	1st Lieut	18 June 27, '18	
*Lufberry, Victor Raoul	Major	17	
*Putnam, David E.	1st Lieut	12	
Landis, Reed G.	Captain	12	
Kinley, Fields	1st Lieut	10	
Vaughn, George A., Jr.	1st Lieut	10	
Swaab, Jacques M.	1st Lieut	10 Aug. 5, '18	
Cassidy, Thomas G.	1st Lieut	9	
Wright, Chester E.	1st Lieut	9 May 29, '18	
Erwin, William P.	1st Lieut	9 July 9, '18	
Springs, Elliott W.	Captain	9	
Clay, Henry R.	1st Lieut	8	
Meissner, James A.	Major	8 Jan. 5, '18	
*Coolidge, Hamilton	Captain	8 May 28, '18	
Larner, G. de Freest	Captain	8	
Baer, Paul F.	1st Lieut	8	
Hunter, F. O. D.	1st Lieut	8 Mar. 11, '18	
*White, Wilbert W.	1st Lieut	8 May 7, '18	
Jones, Clinton	2nd Lt.	8 July 30, '18	
Chambers, Reid M.	Captain	7 Jan. 5, '18	
Cook, Harvey.	1st Lieut	7	
Holden, Lansing C.	1st Lieut	7 Feb. 25, '18	
*Schoen, Karl H. J.	1st Lieut	7 May 29, '18	
Robertson, Wendell A.	1st Lieut	7 June 18, '18	
Rummell, Leslie J.	1st Lieut	7 May 29, '18	
*Hamilton, Lloyd A.	1st Lieut	7	
Creech, Jesse O.	1st Lieut	6	
Burdick, Howard	2nd Lt.	6	
Bissell, Clayton L.	1st Lieut	6	
Hartney, Harold E.	Major	6	
Campbell, Douglas	Captain	6 Feb. 26, '18	
Vasconcelles, Jerry C.	Captain	6 Apr. 25, '18	
Tobin, Edgar G.	Captain	6 Jan. 8, '18	
Curtis, E. P.	1st Lieut	6 Feb. 15, '18	
Sewell, Sumner	1st Lieut	6 Feb. 15, '18	
O'Neill Ralph A.	1st Lieut	6 Apr. 30, '18	
Hudson, Donald	1st Lieut	6 May 1, '18	
Guthrie, Ralph A.	1st Lieut	6 June 12, '18	
Stovall, William H.	1st Lieut	6 Dec. 17, '17	
*Beane, James D.	1st Lieut	6 May 4, '18	
Brooks, Arthur R.	1st Lieut	6 May 13, '18	
Lindsay, Robert O.	1st Lieut	6 Aug. 20, '18	
Stenseth, Martinus	1st Lieut	6 Aug. 14, '18	
Hays, Frank K.	2nd Lt.	6 July 31, '18	
Clotts, Howard C.	1st Lieut	5	
Thaw, William	Lt-Col.	5	
Peterson, David McK	Major	5	
Buckley, H. R.	Captain	5 Feb. 11, 1918	
Biddle, Charles J.	Major	5	
Knowles, James	1st Lieut	5 Feb. 6, '18	
Healey, James A.	1st Lieut	5 May 1, '18	
Potter, Innes	1st Lieut	5	
Symonds, Francis M.	1st Lieut	5 May 13, '18	
*Weber, Joseph F.	1st Lieut	5	
Seerly, John J.	1st Lieut	5 June 12, '18	
Haight, Edward M.	1st Lieut	5 July 30, '18	
George, Harold H.	1st Lieut	5 Aug. 22, '18	
Furlow, George W.	1st Lieut	5 June 12, '18	
Easterbrook, Arthur E.	1st Lieut	5	
Baucom, Byrne V.	1st Lieut	5	
McArthur, Harold	2nd Lt.	5	
Owens, J. Sidney	2nd Lt.	5 May 13, '18	

\*Deceased \*\*Missing in action

the Chaplain has been busy interviewing an unusual number of men interested in the courses offered.

## ROMO HOLDS LOOP RECORD

### Lieut. B. W. Maynard's Record-Breaking Feat

## USES 150-H. P. "SOP" CAMEL

### Loops 318 Consecutive Times in 67 Minutes

Lieut. Joyce's record for consecutive number of loops was not long lived, even though we thought he had set it where it would not be touched before he reached home at least. But 1st Lieut. B. W. Maynard, who has been acting as a tester at Air Service Production Center No. 2 at Romorantin, succeeded in going Lieut. Joyce a few better. With a tricky Sopwith-Camel, the eccentricities of which we all know too well, Lieut. Maynard made three hundred and eighteen successive loops in sixty-seven minutes, on Lincoln's Birthday, practically the same time required for Lieut. Joyce's three hundred loops.

An average altitude of 2,000 feet was maintained and all in all the performance was enacted with marked smoothness, and the barking of the 150 H. P. Monosoupape motor accentuated the spectacular work being done.

The new record holder is another example that it takes the quiet fellow to pull the big surprise. He has plugged along taking a great interest in the game, improving steadily and the record is proof that he is a top notcher. He, like Lieut. Joyce is an A. E. F. trained pilot, receiving preliminary instruction at Tours and completing the chasse course at Issoudun. Then attracted by the D. H-4 switched over to this type of plane which he handles like a scout and has in his official capacity at Romo had an opportunity to display his versatility with the variety of planes on hand up there. Now that something has started we trust still more competition can be stirred up and demonstrate outside of pilot production which was our prime object before the Armistice that more records can be broken.

## TRAINING DEPARTMENT GOES INTO TRAINING FOR BIG FEED

The Training Department did some dining room flying at their banquet last week in the town of Rueilly, a spot that M. P.s do not infest, and by the justice they did to the eats indicated that they were in training for a week or more. The officers connected with the Training Department were there with their boys, as they have always been in their work as in their play.

The guest of honor was 1st Lieut. Paul F. Dye, Infantry, 32nd Division of the Army of Occupation, who gave an interesting account of the life during the push and after, giving a humorous touch to it all. His brother, Lieut. Thomas O. Dye, Adjutant of the T. D., acted as toastmaster, assisted by M.S.E. "Olive Drab Prohibition" Joseph Myers.

Between this team they managed to squeeze a lot of unexpected founts of humor. Joe picked on Lonergan a couple of times but Lonny fooled him every time with his come-backs. Joe with his slogan: "You haven't heard a thing" proceeded to drag them out, including Counts of the water melon teeth; Singleton of the rosy smiles whose mouth was too full for words; Jess, a flyer in more ways than one, gave his ideas in both words and music; Sgt. Brooks gave his views whether they were liked or not; Typewriter Chauffeur Jacobs, known to all as Jake, and nothing else, rose majestically and said his say-between mouthfuls; Nelson rendered a short account of "Thirty nights in the Bastille" without music; Sgt. Boyd re-wrestled with some of the Training Department problems and between each and every speech, how-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)



# Plane News

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"All For One Aim—One Aim For All"

## A REAL AMERICAN FATHER

HE WAS noted as a soldier, a writer, a politician and a great President, but above all he will always be remembered as a real true American Father. With all his varied activities there was always one thing uppermost and that was his family—his boys. He was ever with them; if not in person he was there in spirit.

We had a greater opportunity to realize his value than the average, for in our personal dealings with the late Quentin Roosevelt, who was a member of our camp family, we had ample opportunity to appreciate the Roosevelt qualities. "Like father, like son" was certainly exemplified in the promising career of the younger Roosevelt who met a hero's death over the lines.

The memorial services held here this week owing to the close association and interest of the Roosevelt family had double significance and will go down in the history of the center as the most important event in the year of 1919 before the final curtain is drawn on the stage of our activities.

## WHAT NEXT?

NOW that our molly-coddling meddlers have thrown a national torpedo into the liquor situation, they are scouting around for another job. They have picked on tobacco for their next occupation. Dr. Franklin Hall, former head of the Anti-Saloon League, is now organizing secretary of the "No-Tobacco-League of Americans," together with Professor F. D. Roman, of the Department of Economics at Syracuse University, the father of the Anti-Narcotic crusade. They are now going to do their prettiest to make "the world a better place in which to live." They say the league will favor a constitutional amendment prohibiting the growing and use of tobacco.

We do not speculate on these people as we do not presume to know them but we assume they do not know anything about the practical side of life, war especially. They probably never did have any pleasure from life and are going to persist in their endeavors to deprive the rest of mankind of their Constitutional rights. They put one over on us by knocking Prohibition for a loop while we were away, but it will be quite certain that they won't put another, for the people will get wise to their methods and see that they are merely professional agitators to gather some more "simoleons" for their personal welfare.

Here, the very things which have proven necessities of life by our experiences in the war are being taken away. Wars are supposed to teach us great lessons and most every war has brought some benefits to mankind but from all appearances we learn and unlearn. What would the boys in the trenches have done without rum? They could not have withstood the rigors of trench life and more would have died of exposure than bullets if it had not been for this recognized necessity. They were important enough to be included in the ration issue to all troops on both sides. As to tobacco it is unnecessary to divulge what we all know. What is the first thing a wounded man asks for? A cigarette. What kills the dreaded monotony of the trenches? Tobacco. By removing these lesser evils it will encourage greater ones. Who knows? These dear old souls probably will make their next rash attack on soda water. Then running out of subjects they will start in cutting out other luxuries and recommend reducing the fineries of the weaker sex. Here the cards will be turned and the favor of the ladies whom they have been trying to win with their present agitation will be reversed. Then you will hear some howling.

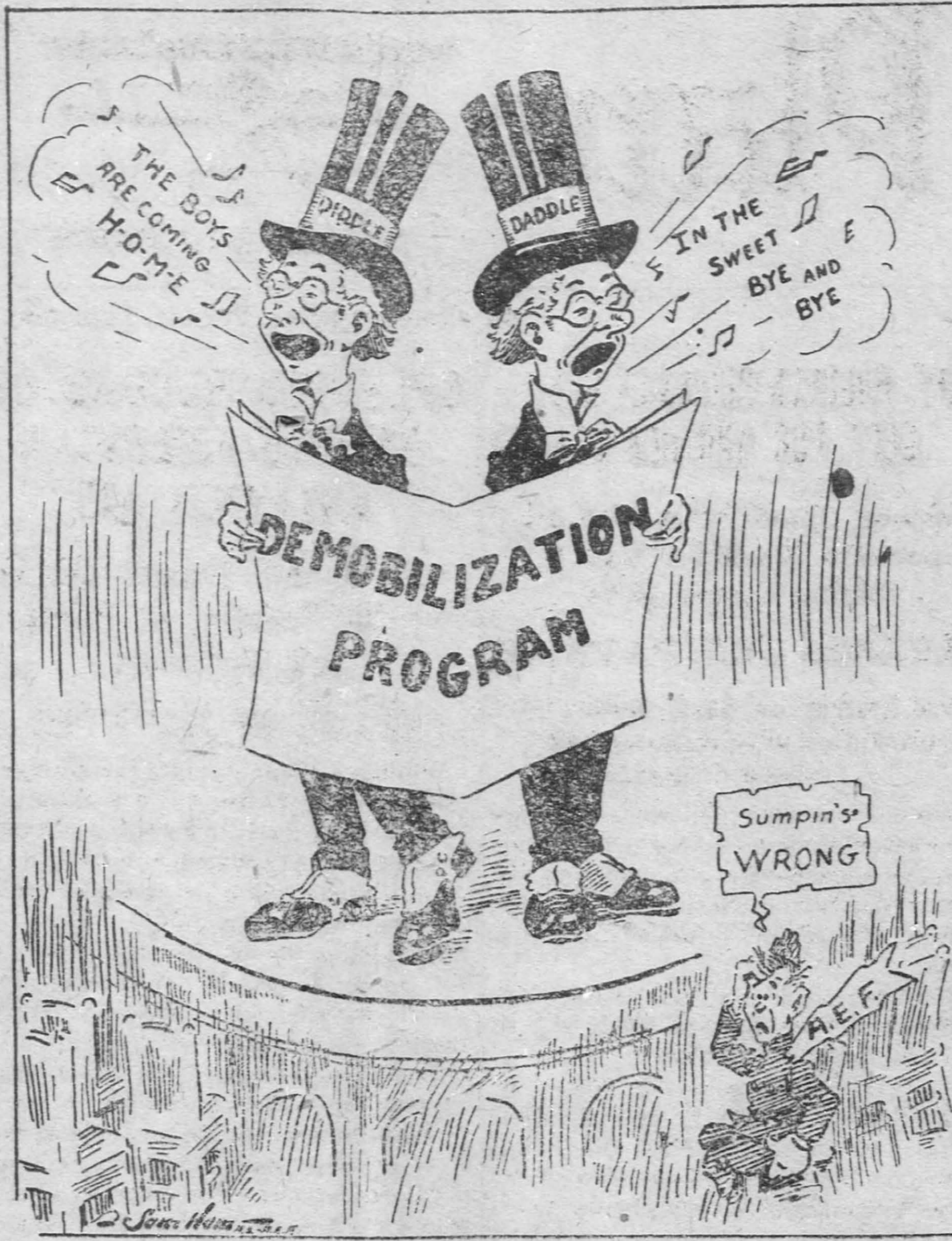
As a gentle hint to those who are falling for this line of chatter of attempted application of theoretical economics we might add that it needs only a few such movements to carry into effect the resolutions which some of the boys have made. There will be a crowded passenger list of ex-soldiers after demobilization back to Europe to live life again without such foolish restrictions.

O, the inconsistency of some men. What a howling misrepresentation of economics when our sage gets out his pencil and paper to figure the savings of a man if eliminating the use of the weed, when it is a known fact that it is something that cannot be figured. Misapplied energy. Why don't they pick on something else?

The most striking thing to us is that it seems strange that a college professor of economics should not apply some of the theories which he has preached. Any practical person knows that the basic economic law is that the value of a man depends upon his environment and pleasures. Take away those things to which he is accustomed and his morale drops, and consequently his earning power. We all know the importance of morale and the fact that the ration of rum and tobacco were factors in maintaining the morale of the troops. Even Henry Ford, who is a practical economist, encouraging savings of all kinds, at the same time recognizes the necessity of tobacco and other pleasures.

Already we can see the boys adding a few more names to their "get 'em" list.

## JOB HAD NOTHING ON US



## Splendid Record of British-American Aviation Aid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

various aerodromes for approximately half of the cadets. The remainder went nominally as gunnery to Home Defense squadrons.

By January 25th all these cadets were gathered up and placed in training aerodromes, some of them on the flying list immediately, and from that time on flying training went smoothly and fairly rapidly. Some of the earlier groups had by this time completed the preliminary training and were awaiting orders to advanced aerodromes.

In the English system certain aerodromes are bombing aerodromes, others observation, others scout or chasse. The men were assigned purely by chance and desperate attempts by the bombers to transfer to scout squadrons met with no success whatever. Apparently the Powers that be had decided to train no artillery observation pilots in England. So the 200 cadets were almost equally divided between bombing and scouting busses. At this stage the pilot was sent to Turnbury or Ayr in Scotland (later on to Marske in Yorkshire) where they received the final polishing off in aerial combat and aerial gunnery, and thence to the British lines unless there was some ferrying to be done between England and France.

After the pilot went to one of the above finishing schools, he sometimes later went to Stonehedge to the cloud flying school and then to the lines with occasionally a little ferrying in between.

In the early days of March 1918 a number of R. M. As. from the States arrived in England for further training, but these 200 cadets formed the majority of the Americans who flew on the British lines.

On the final completion of training the American pilots were sent out to British squadrons just as if they had been members of the Royal Flying Corps and for some time there was no purely American squadrons in the northern end of the line. Later on two squadrons, the 148th and 17th both Clerget Camel squadrons, the personnel of which were wholly Americans, made their appearance flying however in a British wing and subject entirely to British orders. Most of the S. E. 5 and Bristol pilots were retained in British squadrons until they were transferred individually to the American forces, or until the signing of the armistice.

The bombing pilots were assigned in the same way to D.H-4 or D.H-9 squadrons and played their part in an equally creditable fashion. The Independent Air Force which made the long distance raids on Frankfurt, Cologne and Mannheim had in its personnel a good number of the English trained American cadets. Of the original 200 in England at least

150 reached the lines, a high percentage indeed considering the number killed in training. The casualties were due perhaps to the English "make or break" system. Of the 150 many more were due to fall at the front but they established in the mind of the English flyer a complete respect for the courage and ability of the American pilots. In recognition of their services the much coveted D. F. C. (Distinguished Flying Cross) was awarded to several, and one, Lieut. Bonnalee won the D. S. O. (Distinguished Service Order).

By their exploits on the lines they repaid in some measure the uniform courtesy and kindness with which every American cadet was treated by every Englishman with whom he came in contact? English Colonels and English privates vied with one another in displaying their appreciation, of the help that America was rendering, on even such humble American Aviation Cadets.

The recital of the services rendered to and by the enlisted men in England must of necessity be briefer because the writer has comparatively little knowledge of the conditions. The original programme was to have in England at any given moment 100 aero squadrons replacing those which proceeded to France with newly arrived squadrons from the States. Just how far this programme was adhered to is a little uncertain at this moment but it was probably in a great measure carried out in full.

The bombing squadrons have had however months of intimate experience on the D.H-4 and the D.H-9. By taking one flight at a time the American squadrons almost imperceptibly became virtually responsible for more than one British aerodrome and so freed just that many English enlisted men for France. Then, too, the enthusiasm that the American troops brought to the fields

## Snips and Snaps

By Sgt. Percy N. Lonergan

### The Mouse on the Bar Room Floor

A mouse who lived in the barrels behind a barroom, in his nightly raids, came upon a small pool of whiskey that had dripped off the bar onto the floor. He sampled the liquid and disappeared. In a few minutes he returned and again sipped at the liquid puddle and went back feeling pretty merry. A third trip he made and went back humming a lively air, accompanied by a few mouse jig steps. After his fourth trip to the joy puddle he boldly stepped to the center of the barroom floor, and defiantly said: "Where's that son-of-a-gun cat that was looking for me."

A soldier was trying to sell a swagger stick to Lieut. Loth the other day—one that he had made of pieces of wreckage from airplanes—as a souvenir, and the price he was asking was a hundred francs. In reciting its good points he said: "Look at the amount of work on that stick." Lieut. Loth, looking carefully at the stick, asked: "Did you ever notice the amount of work on a hundred franc note?"

Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.  
Thus said the sage. But I wonder if he  
Ever got up to go on K. P.  
Long before daylight has tinted the skies;  
Out in the mess hall, rubbing his eyes,  
"Shake a leg," says the cook, "and fix up the stew."  
As the weather is zero, you're shaking in two.  
Health may be gotten, your frame put in tune,  
But not on K. P. by the light of the moon.  
Wealth and the army don't seem to agree,  
Not on the detail that's known as K. P.  
Wisdom is wondrous, the ag's applaud,  
But the wise keep away from the knife and board  
Where the bread is sliced and the taters are peeled,  
The onions undressed, their sweet fragrance to yield.

If the maker of proverbs should happen to be  
Seeking health, wealth and wisdom, or one of the  
three.

By the route of the kettle, dishcloth and such,  
Yet the kettle's sweet song might perchance start  
a bee

In his bonnet a-buzzing when, doing K. P.,  
And a different proverb he'd dedicate to  
The Knights of the Kitchen, the beans and the stew.

It was raining hard, the water was leaking through the roof and trickling down onto Private Snortem's bunk, and Private Snortem was growling about leaky barracks and rain in France.

Private Smilem, who occupied a bunk well out of range of the leaky patch, chirruped: "Gee, some guys ain't never satisfied; you've got running water in yer room, I suppose you'll want yer breakfast in bed soon."

went far to reinspire the war worn English army, and introduced a competitive spirit on the aerodrome which could not fail to produce beneficial results. The mechanical genius which seems an essential part of the American character enabled our men to profit rapidly by the excellent instruction afforded in the English schools and squadrons, and the combination of these two factors built up the air service of both nations and played a large part in the final victory.

Criticism has been heard from not too well informed quarters that American planes were seldom on certain parts of the front. A little more knowledge would put an end to these undeserved strictures. The 27th and 30th divisions which fought with the British in Flanders may not have seen any American planes, but American aviators flew over them every day flying British planes with British insignia. The record of the American pilots on this front, the Huns they brought down, and the English decorations they won constitute an adequate reply to those critics of the Air Service.

When Next in Paris Visit  
**MacDOUGAL & CO.**

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(Opposite American Express)

**American Military Tailors**

All Aviation Insignia in Stock  
Detachables Fur Collar  
Trench Coats, etc.

3rd AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER INSIGNIA IN STOCK



# Verse and Near Verse

By HUGHEY

## I'M SIMPLY WILD ABOUT IT

Oh, flying is such a wonderful thing  
And of its thrills I love to sing  
It's loop or wrille or other trick  
May cause some fellows to feel sick,  
But me . . . I'm simply wild about it.  
I love to hear the motors roar  
As it gets warm for the skyward soar  
I enjoy the long cross country trips  
The bumps and falls and deep side-flips  
Dear me! . . . I'm simply wild about it.  
Me take one up? Not on your life.  
I'm a married man with a dependent wife,  
It's the game I'll admit where joys abound  
But I'm satisfied to watch them—from the ground,  
Ah me! . . . I'm simply wild about it.

## THE BARRACKS STOVE AT NIGHT

Sittin' round the Barracks Stove  
In Issoudun, at night, we wove  
Stories of our flying, most fanciful and free  
We all wove wonderful stories, yea even me  
Of the many close calls we had had  
In a Standard, a Curtiss, a Nieuport or Spad.  
We'd haul out the ships after supper at night  
And start out our stories, a-tellin' 'em right  
We'd pull out of hangar do a reversal or wrille  
And get all the sensation of a wild bumpy sea  
Of course something quite different always occurred  
And it made our blood curdle, the things we heard.  
One fellow would, in detail, describe  
A certain, particular, terrible ride  
How his motor suddenly pooped and went dead  
While below him were forests, then houses ahead  
How in his mind's eye, he pictured the crash  
Then some wonderful maneuver occurred like a flash.  
So he came out of course, and explained us the why  
Then sat back in comfort for some other to try  
The next one perhaps was of fence-busting days  
Of faulty construction, or bad motor's ways  
How she wouldn't come out when he dove at the fence  
But he forced her to zoom, using mighty good sense.  
Another would tell of the time that he saw  
A thin stream of oil leaking out through a flaw  
How his mind stopt it's function when a wee little spark  
From somewhere connected and set fire to his bark  
But his senses came back and he side-slipped  
around  
And after much trouble got down to the ground.  
Then some mild mannered fellow  
Fair haired, with voice rich and mellow  
Would tell of the time that he fell in the lake  
'Twas a low hanging fog cloud that caused his mistake  
It all happened quickly, but he blamed nearly  
drowned  
For he could not swim, and was all in when found.  
Then the Monitor told his tempestuous career  
Of the time when he he felt cold death coming near  
How a simple cadet in a loop got quite sick  
And foolishly; hung like a log to the stick  
He had nosed her straight down and was going  
ahead  
'Till the monitor's extinguisher bounced on his head.  
The stories galore take too long to relate  
We can tell you more of them at some later date.  
Now most of the gang have gone home to repeat  
A few of their own and some other's great feat  
And the stove is alone, the poor brave old bird  
I wonder what she thinks of the stories she's heard.

Our flying "Poemer" has gone on a spree  
To fight a battle in Gay Paree.  
He was a great warrior back in Chi,  
A place that's great on stepping high.  
But if he out steps a Paree 'demoiselle  
He will have to step and step like h—.

## THAT LITTLE SIGN

By HUGHEY

There's a tiny little sign—  
Notice it next time  
You buy your paper at the News,  
Then try not to abuse  
The chap who wrote:

### If There's Any Swearing to be Done, Let Me Do It:

It's meaning is very plain,  
But it seems a dirty shame  
That all of us should shirk  
The very necessary work  
Of the chap who wrote:

### If There's Any Swearing to be Done, Let Me Do It:

Is the task a self imposed one?  
Or has he laurels that he's won?  
If the latter, let's compete  
And bring down in black defeat  
The chap who wrote:

### If There's Any Swearing to be Done, Let Me Do It:

There are many of us here  
Who can handle without fear  
A mighty bunch of cuss words  
That would shock the little birds  
And the chap who wrote:

### If There's Any Swearing to be Done, Let Me Do It:

## WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE KID

When I was just a little kid  
I often used to say and sigh,  
"I can no more do it than I can fly,"  
Then I'd take a look at the big blue sky.

When I was just a little kid  
I'd clap my hands with child's delight  
When some wild bird would pass in flight  
It's freedom and grace, a marvelous sight.

When I was just a little kid  
I'd sit and dream that some day, I  
Could make a pair of wings and try  
The same as they do, to soar and fly.

When I was just a little older  
I saw brave men with courage great  
Climb into funny ships and tempt their fate,  
They learned much, but sometimes too late.

And now, at last I was a man,  
The great war came and lessons taught  
Young men enlisted, fearing naught,  
They flew the skies, and flying fought.

When I was just a little kid  
My wonderful dreams seemed far away  
But time has changed and so today  
"I can no more do it than fly," we never say.

Alibi Alex—our cartoonist—  
Made us feel like a balloonist,  
Without his Editorial picture,  
Which has now become a fixture,  
We were in the air this week and knew it,  
But the poems came and saved us quite a fit.

## CHATEAU-THIERRY

When we sit around the fire in the sweet "apres la guerre"  
To talk about the glory days we put in "over there"  
They may tell about the Flanders front, of Toul and Picardy  
Of dugouts down in Alsace or of peak in high Vosges  
But I'll be looking backward thru Memory's golden sheen  
To those days 'round Chateau Thierry in the summer of '18.

When we held them at the bridge-heads in the early days of June  
While the lines were all assembled and the big guns set in tune  
How they withered at the pontoons, where the Hoichkiss' deadly play  
Piled them up and flung them backward, scattered them in wild dismay  
Men in olive drab had met them and had shattered Victory's dream  
In the fields 'round Chateau Thierry in the summer of '18.

Infantry and Field Artillery, Ammunition Train  
Put their training into use and won themselves a name  
Chateau Thierry, Mont St. Pere, Jaulgonne, Le Charnel,  
All along the river road we gave them "bloody hell"  
Day and night the guns were roaring, earth and sky one flaming scene  
In the fight 'round Chateau Thierry in the summer of '18

Then came baths and rest and quiet—plus some hikes and drills, you know  
And a two day leave in Paris—Paris, filled to overflow  
With the joy and flush of victory, Gone were all her former fears  
Vanished for the fleeting moment all the sorrows of the years;  
There we drank to those who'd saien and to triumphs soon to come  
Lights and song and women's laughter, all in one mad, joyous run  
Bacchus was made king of revels, Venus was the Queen  
Of that "leave" from Chateau Thierry in the summer of '18.

There are those in other sectors who were fighting back in May  
There are those who still are training, eager for "Commencement Day"  
There are those for whom we're waiting, in these mighty States of Home  
Pining for that happy transport that shall bear them 'cross the foam  
All have missed one glimpse of glory that will never come again  
Glory that is safely prisoned in the hearts of all those men  
That are in the blank division (quite the best they've ever seen)  
Glory won at Chateau Thierry in the summer of '18. —Unknown.

# SAWDUST

By First Lieut. C. C. Loth

## Slogan of the A. E. F.

We came to fight and we are going  
back to do the same thing—God help  
the prohibitionists.

The cry in the papers seems to be for  
more ships, but judging from the speed  
that the men are leaving this center the  
A. E. F. would be satisfied if Santa  
Claus would bring it a ship next Xmas.

## Interesting News Item

Plane News, Feb. 11, 1920.—Mr. Will  
E. Waite passed away quietly of old  
age in his bunk in barrack 7 in the ruins  
known as the A. E. F. Aviation camp  
near Issoudun, France. His last request  
was that the following letters be read  
to the few remaining members of that  
ill-fated expedition known in days of  
old as the A. E. F.

New York, Feb. 5, 1919.

Dearest Will:—If you could only see  
the new baby. He is a darling, and so  
like his dear father. I have named him  
Will Jr., after you, dear. When are  
you coming home?

Your loving wife,  
Laura.

New York, June 1, 1942.

Dear Dad:—You should see her; such  
hair and such eyes. Dad, you couldn't  
help loving her. Nell and I were mar-  
ried three days ago. When are you  
coming home? Your son,  
Will Jr.

New York, May 1, 1944.

Dear Dad:—He is a chip off the old  
block—your grandson I mean. I have  
named him Tom, after your brother,  
Uncle Tom, who was killed, so you  
wrote, in the battle of the S. O. S. When  
are you coming home?

Your son,  
Will Jr.

New York, June 20, 1965.

Dear Grandfather:—I have just re-  
turned from college. Father and mother  
are away on a little trip, so granny and  
I are here alone. She is becoming very  
old and feeble and her one thought is  
just to see you again before she is call-  
ed away. When are you coming home?

Your grandson,  
Tom.

N. B.—Mr. Will E. Waite has been ex-  
pecting orders from Tours since the  
date of the first letter. During all the  
long years of waiting he has never lost  
faith. Every day for sixty years he  
would return from the Personnel Office  
with the same old cheerful smile that  
we all knew and loved. God rest his  
soul in peace.

## SADDEST OF LINES

The "gold brick" boy lay dying,  
There in the S. O. S. he fell  
And to his loving sweetheart  
These sad, sad words did tell:

"Darling, a secret, guard it well."  
Then with one last bit of pluck  
He faintly whispered: "S. O. L.  
Means just,"—but he died.  
And so, she'll never, never know.  
—Tom.

## Those Cadet Commissions

Examiner: "If you are granted a com-  
mission, where do you want it sent?"  
Fat Cadet: "Right wherever I am and  
I'll wait right there for it."

Examiner: "No; it must be sent to  
some one at home."

Fat Cadet: "Well, mother'll make the  
best 'shave tail;' send it right to Slatt,  
Kansas. That sure is a 'reserve com-  
mission'—you reserve it, but somebody  
else gets it."

## Chateau Conversation

'Demoiselle Noblesse (quoting from a  
book of polite conversation in English):  
"Weel vous have enny kebbawge."

Lieut. Pas Compré: "Yes, I think it  
is going to be a nice day."

Mlle. N.: "You are not hungry, are  
you?"

Lieut. P. C.: "No; I'm not angry."

Mlle. N.: "Do you feel Thursday?"

Lieut. P. C.: "No, I feel Monday."

Lieut. P. C.: "Here's mud in your eye."

Mlle. N.: "Merci; beaucoup high mud."

Lieut. P. C. (playing beeyards): "Re-  
gardez vous this shot. Watch me kiss  
avec vous; qu'est qu'il dite, Paudy."

# RICOCHETS

By 1st Lieut. J. H. CLAYTON

## IT MIGHT BE WORSE

When it's twenty days to payday  
And the whole darned gang is broke,  
And you cannot borrow anything  
From any other bloke;  
When you'd sell your cockeyed oulfit  
And you'd pawn your shoes  
For just one drink to warm you  
And to drive away the blues.

When your gang's not on priority  
And you don't know when they'll be,  
And your longin' for the homefolks  
Far across the cockeyed sea,  
You're much better off than some lads  
Home, and I will tell you why:  
Before they can get their discharge  
The whole country will be dry.

There's one consolation for those who have to stay in France until everylling  
is cleaned up. They will be able to get their vin rouge when the homefolks are  
trying to look happy over an ice cream soda.

Oggs: "Why does Lootna Loth call that column 'Sawdust'?"  
Boggs: "Perhaps because it's the child of his brain".

It has a forty horse-power motor. It also has two struts, one at each wing  
tip. It makes 100 miles an hour—on the advertising manager's typewriter. It  
lands and takes off from country roads, dodging trees and telegraph wires. And  
the "Aviation Editor" of the Boston Post says, "The air will soon be filled with  
these tiny, wasplike planes". And we might add, the morgues will be filled with  
their pilots toute de suite after the fulfillment of the above prediction.

We respectfully suggest a censor for the aviation departments of the dailies.  
Either that or some aviation editors who will not let the advertising department  
put it over on them in such a bald-faced manner.

## THE ADVERTISING MAN

When you have a bunch of tinware that you call an aeroplane,  
The product of some "genius" who has water on the brain,  
Don't take it to an expert and have him O. K. the plan;  
Just go and tell your troubles to the advertising man.

He will give the crate a ceiling that no scout has equaled yet,  
And a hundred miles an hour, on that you can safely bet.  
(He doesn't add it makes the speed when travelling straight down.)  
Lands in country lane or farmyard, also in the streets of town.

Runs from Boston down to Texas on a quart of gasoline.  
Such a marvelous creation, he will add, you've never seen.  
It will carry two with safety. Take the missus for a ride,  
Or go sailing through the heavens with your lady by your side.  
Oh, he'll tell 'em all about it, he will blow your trumpet loud,  
And the ready gang of suckers to your offices will crowd.  
But when the near and dear ones of the ones who bought the can  
Sue, then do not take your troubles to the advertising man.

Another of the new ships climbs to twenty-five thousand feet, with a forty  
horse power motor, and sells for twenty-five hundred dollars ready to fly. No  
mention is made of its having ever been flown. They might call it the ten cents  
a foot ship.

Seriously, though, something should be done to prevent the market from being  
flooded with death traps such as are being advertised in the States at the present  
time.

Dear Mr. Congress:

When you are considering the measures for the reduction of the air forces to  
500 officers and 5,000 men, please figure up what it has cost to train our present  
force, and the amount of money expended by private individuals in developing  
new types of American planes. Then ask yourself if you can throw this amount  
of government money on the scrap heap.

It's a shame to do this to one of Keats' finest, but we must fill up the column  
somehow:

## SONNET

By an "Après la Guerre" Pilot

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before I've earned the right to wear my wings,  
Before I sport them for all men to see,—  
Ah, then my heart is full of many things;  
When I behold, upon the earth's scarred face  
The wrecks of ships that once explored the sky  
And think that I may never live to trace  
The borders of that fairy land on high;  
And when I think, fair creature of that hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more  
And have a relish in the airy power  
Of yet unlearned stunts;—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone and sigh.  
Is it, for silver wings, worth while to die?

# Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens  
Tours Agency: 7 Rue Etienne Pallu

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY OF PUBLIC MONEYS

Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers  
and Men of the

## American Expeditionary Forces

Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this  
institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere  
in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United  
States by draft or cable.

Capital and Surplus - - - - \$50,000,000  
Resources more than - - - - \$700,000,000

AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS



## Tenth A. S. Minstrels Advances on Paris

The reputation of the 3rd A. I. C.'s entertainment crew has been boosted several notches by the fine work of the 10th Squadron Minstrels, who have been entertaining our own and surrounding camps for the last three weeks. Their first appearance was made during January at Montierchaume, and they followed this with a performance at the Municipal Theater at Chateauroux.

The debut of the troupe at home was made in Hut No. 1 a little more than two weeks ago, and they followed this, a week later, by a performance at Hut No. 2.

Among the out-of-town engagements filled by the show were two nights at Limoges, a performance for the W. A. A. C. at Bourges, a second appearance at Montierchaume, performances in the Issoudun, Chateauroux and field hospitals, and at several other camps in this district. During the coming week they will fill an engagement at Nevers, and a three night stand at the Palais de Glace, Paris.

The success of the troupe is due, in no small measure, to the work of Miss Dorothy Chesmond and Miss Clara Blandick of the Y. M. C. A. entertainment division.

Lieutenants Volney D. Hurd, at the pianos "Billie" Hostetter, and his jazz-town banjo, and "Turk" Turtellot, with his ragtime mandolin, furnish the accompaniments for the various numbers, and the entre act music.

Private "Jimmie" Welch with his songs and clogging furnishes lots of pep to the show, and his work as an end man is top notch. Beauty personified is the work of E. H. Buchanan as a country girl who puts over a clever skit with W. E. Maupin as the Bowery Bum. G. A. McGahan and T. J. Durkin exchange a good line followed by J. Halpin in Scottish songs. Many a good laugh is caused by the two end men, R. A. Crandal and G. M. Carson in a long dispute about a bull and a tree in which "Penelope," a man sized razor comes into play. J. L. O'Neill makes a good interlocutor. Other members of the cast are Franz Wolfgang who puts over a snappy song, E. Wilcox, L. A. Binsley, W. B. Jones, F. L. Thompson, T. Lake, Fred J. Campbell, R. T. Mallicoat, Paul Rarey, S. D. Gleen, E. Pottinger, P. H. Nyhus and Edw. J. Espheter. Sergeant R. H. Haviland is the assisting manager.

### Training Department In Training

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

ever, commendable they might have been, Joe would snort his slogan.

Lieut. T. O. Dye, he of the musical voice, rendered some amusing descriptive songs of his home town, Urbana, Ohio, and not content with that Joe very politely requested the recitation that he was holding back, which he did. Lieuts. Ward and Hughes both had their say in the way of stories, immediately followed by Lieut. Loth complaining that his predecessors had stolen his stuff, but he lived up to Joe's slogan "plain tales from the hills". His character stuff was of such a flavor that one cannot imitate.

The whole affair helped to accentuate the cordial spirit already existing between the officers and men.

## Temporary Set-Back to Entertainment Activities

The entertainment bill has been upset by conditions over which we have no control. Everything looked bright and rosey and the added impetus given by our new entertainment committee was just getting results when flu-ey, enter the flu, at least a suspicion that it was present necessitating the closing of the theatres at the "Y" huts temporarily until the scare is over. We had engagements which had to be called off at the last moment, but in spite of the setback we will have the opportunity of seeing them sometime soon.

Our Over-There Theatre League friends realized we were on the map, due to our little speech and the efforts of our committee, and one troupe was due the latter part of this week. However, it has been necessary to change the itinerary and as a result are going to play Montierchaume, and Chateauroux and if we are able to open the "Y" theatres again in time before their departure we will also be graced by their presence. Among the other prospective shows are the 20th Engineers and the one from Nevers. Our customary Friday night dance which our W. A. A. C. friends from Bourges have helped to make so successful will be temporarily discontinued during the enforced lull in the entertainment schedule.

What we have said about the entertainment also applies to athletics.

### WE STAND CORRECTED

Headquarters 93rd Aero Squadron  
January 27, 1919.

Editor, Plane News,  
Third Aviation Instruction Center,  
Air Service, American E. F., France.

Dear Sir:—Your issue of January 18th narrating the "Famous Air Fight of October 18" has come to my attention. I desire to make a correction if your columns will permit of the space. Your report describes the First Pursuit Group acting as protection for the Second Pursuit Group during the bombing raid conducted on that date. The reconnaissance report designated that the Third Pursuit Group should protect the Second Pursuit Group and bomb Bayonville. The 93rd Aero Pursuit Squadron was called upon to accomplish the mission. Lieutenant Wright led the formation accompanied by Lieutenants Goulding, Harding and Patterson. The formation reached Imecourt and seeing several enemy formations dropped 19 bombs, one of which was seen to hit a house. That was at 2,500 meters. Our formation then climbed to 3,000 meters altitude and attacked 6 Fokkers. The entire enemy formation was shot down and official confirmation was given as follows: Lieutenant Goulding, 2 enemy planes; Lieutenant Wright, 2 enemy planes; and Lieutenant Harding, 2 enemy planes. All these pilots were members of the 93rd Aero Squadron, Third Pursuit Group.

I do not care to detract from the First Pursuit Group any credit due them at the front and really admire their enviable record. However, I do insist that pilots of the 93rd Aero Squadrons receive credit for their work and for the mission which you describe as having been accomplished by the First Pursuit Group.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) R. L. ROCKWELL,  
Captain, A. S., U. S. A.  
Commanding 93rd Aero Squadron.

## OUTA THE AIR

### A Blessing in Disguise

The discovery is announced that prunes contain a large percentage of alcohol. There is no doubt now that there will be an added rush for re-nlistment.

By the time we are ready to go home the Farman aerobus will include Paris, London and New York.

France shivering while New York is warm. New York expects shortage of ice supply next summer, due to mild weather.

Why should they fret; they won't need any—there won't be any mint juleps.

Comments from back home on the "No Beer, No Work" resolution are that there has been general surprise at the fact that the protest is not more universal.

Evidently they don't count us at all, at all.

We are thankful that after removing all war service chevrons, as per proposed amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill, and discarding the Sam Browne belt and other overseas insignia, they cannot take away the faded streaks of the campaign on each and every uniform of the boys from over here. Some Senator's son who did not get over probably had daddy start this for him.

"All unashamed they stood before their Gods,  
Shook hands with Fate  
And matched with Destiny for beers."  
And yet there are a few people in Indiana who are worried that cigarettes may do them harm.

### Field Service Have Banquet

Our Field Service friends hid themselves to the town of Massay on Friday evening, February 7th, and at the Cafe National had a "blow-out" which was distinctive in many respects. You can leave it to the Field Service boys to do things up properly, and they did.

With their knowledge of geography gleaned through many months of chasing planes over the Plains of Borry, they naturally knew where to go to conduct their party properly. Almost fifty were in attendance and before the end it seemed there were double that amount.

Lieutenant Donaldson led his doughty band to the M. P. less town which seemed to be located on the main pipe line of the Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc line. During the repast accompanied by the necessary to make a banquet complete the oratory flowed and everything.

Owing to the nature of their work which has been of a character that it was practically impossible to get them together at once, this was the first chance that Lieut. Donaldson had to talk to them as a body. He took this opportunity to express his appreciation of their efforts in keeping the department going, which he has built up with their aid. Several other speakers, including Lieuts. Freeman, Williams, Cousins, VanHouten and Ward made appropriate talks. Immediately following the dinner a dance was held, in which the local Massayites participated.

## CADETS MAKE MERRY

The largest banquet of the week conducted by the Cadets with the assistance of our Red Cross friends on Monday night, Feb. 10th, revealed many novelties which proved quite a surprise to many of the flyers themselves. The Red Cross dining room was arranged in true banquet style with over a hundred plates set around the big board, presided over by our Commanding Officer, Major T. J. Lanphier.

The guests of honor included, U. S. Army nurses from our Camp Hospital, A. R. C. canteen workers, Y. M. C. A. workers and the Post Staff. It was quite a novelty to our Canteen friends to be waited on for once at least during their stay here.

Much interest was displayed in the unique illustrations decorating the walls which caricatured every one of the enlisted flyers present. They were so cleverly executed by Freeman, Ross and Kline that even the visitors could identify the originals in the gathering. The program indicated a great deal of time and thought and will remain as a novel souvenir.

Luke Annella and his jazz band, with Cadets Spatz, at the piano, injected a lot of pep into the entertainment and the dancing which followed. The following extract of the program will give a conception of the budding R. M. A. s in attendance, their characteristics, and the why and wherefore of the whole show:

Carl F. Anderson, Combien; Henry M. Anderson, Honest Andy; Gloyd S. Arnold, Night Baggage Smasher; Edwin H. Bassett, Shoot 'Em Eddie; Frederick D. Booth, The Caudron Ace; Vernon C. Boyd, Show Me, Boyd; Reginald R. Brooks, Set 'Em Down Easy; Weldon P. Branch, Off in a Cloud; Charles F. Campbell, The Boston Pilot; Daniel G. Cline, Von Hindy; George D. Converse, 90 Hour Wonder; Sidney J. Cullingham, The Bon Pilot; Oliver A. DeCelle, Make It Snappy; Kenneth M. Dingwall, There Every Day; Elwood B. Ensor, Goldbrick Ensor; Lloyd L. Evans, The Veteran Flyer; Peter J. Falsey, The Flying Warbler; Harold M. Fitch, They Done Me Wrong; William L. Follett, Easy on the Rudder; Otis C. Freeman, The Flying Artist; Clarence G. Fuller, Chase Me and I'll Chase You; Harry G. Gableman, Vell, Let's Sell d'Coat; Thomas L. Garrett, Qu'est que vous dite; Thurman M. Gregory, The Sandwich Man; Edward J. Harold, A Knight of Issoudun; Raymond J. Hart, Changeable; Merrick W. Hellyar, The Sarkus Doctor; Thomas F. Hilsop, The Flying "Poemer"; Garrett C. Houman, Tin Cup Ace; William C. Johnson, Heard the Archies; Don C. Johnson, Move Paris to Issoudun; Ralph W. Jones, The Blushing Pilot; Fred Keating, The Little Aviator; John Landau, The Oriental Pilot; David McCaw, I Feel So Sick; Robert C. McShane, One of the Cadets; Edward R. Marcroft, Sarkus Photographer; William F. Miller, Professor, William J. Miller, With His Tail High; George W. Moody, Roll Jordan, Roll; Harold H. Moyer, You're Sound Asleep; Howard J. Myers, Knee Hi-Myers; Liberty Parker, The Combat Kid; Charleston D. Peterson, Foreign Legion; Fremont G. Redfield, Going Up; Kenneth S. Reynolds, A Splendid Helper; George G. Ross, 4—Austrian Ace—4; Theodore P. Smith, Essence Beaucoup; Clyde H. Smith, To All But Field 13; Frederick W. Spatz, Full of Jazz; Ben H. Schwartz, Ten Nights in Tours; Loyal S. Tinder, Vive la Kansas; James R. Thomas, Forgetful Tommy; Homer B. Thompson, A Smile for All; James G. Towne, No Wheels to Land on; Otto R. Twiford; Landed on a Brown Spot; John Vail, It Must Be Slipping; Homer E. VanDerwerken, Hula Town Van; Edwin D. Vaughan, Goofpe; Ralph G. Vaughan, The Other Goof, Olive A. Walker, Another Forced Landing; John H. Walsh, Queenie; Guy Wheeler, The Other Cadet, Robert K. Widdicombe, The Other Sandwich Man; Warren D. Williams, Old Timer; Jesse B. Young, Air Tight; Joseph J. Zenke, Chasse Pilot, Caudron.

### CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS

Confessions Saturdays at the chapel 4 to 6 and 7 to 9:30 p. m. Mass and sermon Sundays 7:45 and 11 a. m. Doctrinal Instruction and Benediction Sundays 8 p. m.

### Y. M. C. A. SERVICES

Morning services, 11:00 a. m., at all fields. Special speakers. Evening services, 7:30 p. m., at all fields Song services and speaking.

## Another Man Wounded in "Battle of Issoudun"

Murder will out. Our contention is that you cannot tell an untruth and get away with it. It takes a little time for these things to leak back before we can squelch them while they are warm, but we are reciting another case for the benefit of all those concerned to show that we won't tolerate any similar cases.

We admit the 10th Aero Squadron is getting a little publicity from the actions of a member who beat them home and whose methods have been questioned right along, but it is not the kind of publicity they want, as their record speaks for itself. He was never further than Issoudun and had not been wounded up until the time he left for Bordeaux, where the only possible wound he could receive was from a M. P. or some other rude person. We admit he was in the hospital and received his discharge due to eye trouble which we have heard was caused by reading and playing cards at night. He was of a type from whom we would expect just this sort of stuff. He was an example known as a "gold-brick," who worked it to a fare-thee-well.

We admit there have been boys crippled here in line of duty, swinging props and in other ways, who have no provisions made to wear wound chevrons but are really entitled to them, so that is the reason why such things as we are re-printing below hurts:

"San Jose Mercury-Herald, December 6th, 1918."

"San Jose Boy Returns from the Battlefield.—Raymond J. Kerr Wears Service Stripes for Wounds Received in Service.

"While engaged near the front lines in France in the Aviation Corps, Raymond J. Kerr of this city received a wound for which he is now wearing a service stripe on his left arm, while upon his right arm he proudly displays a nine month's service stripe. Raymond returned from France last week after being mustered out of service and is paying an indefinite visit to his sister. Kerr was a member of the 10th A. S."

### A Vote of Thanks

Camp Hospital No. 14,  
February 12, 1919

Editor Plane News:  
There is a daily occurrence here that never fails and one that is looked forward to with pleasure and expectation by every patient in the ward.

It usually occurs about three o'clock in the afternoon and if our hopes are not fulfilled by then, there is a general query up and down the room "where is Miss Graves" or "Miss Graves hasn't been around yet has she?" and "Don't worry she never misses a day".

We have tried to tell her how much we appreciate her visits and the never failing sandwich of orange jam and the countless other things she plans and fixes to bring around. But she is always in such a hurry that we never have a chance, so we take this method of letting her and the public know how much we like her and what she does. Quietly she has gone about the work she has planned for herself, and a thousand soldiers who have experienced her kindness know how well she does her work.

"The Boys"

Gone are Service Chevrons and Booze;  
That only leaves us our clothes to lose.

## PRIVATE G. I. KAN AND THE OLD ARMY GAME

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By "Tim"

