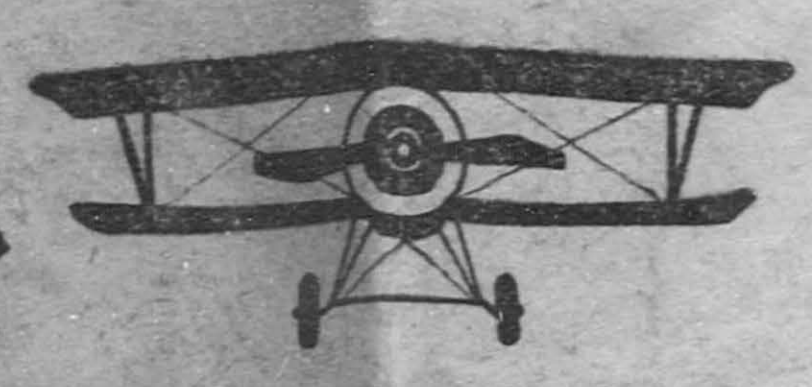


Plane News.



PASSED BY CENSOR

Air Service Paper
of the A. E. F.

Vol. II, No. 9

On Active Service, France, January 13, 1919

Price 25 Centimes

FAMOUS AIR FIGHT OF OCT. 18th IS TOLD

First Pursuit Group Protecting Great Formation Has Lively Encounter

SIX FOKKERS DOWNED

Fifteen Minute Engagement With Cream of Boche Air Service Was Hard on Germans

The great day bombardment and straffing exhibition of the U. S. Air Service which took place on October 18, with 360 planes engaged should interest all. The First Pursuit group took an important part, of which the following is a partial account.

An extensive bombing and straffing program upon the enemy's rear areas was planned for our group. In conjunction with the other squadrons, we sent up a patrol of eight planes. As had been the custom for some time, all of us, though of a pursuit group, carried bombs. Orders were that we should fly from 2,500 to 3,000 meters, acting as protection for the planes of the Second Pursuit Group below, also for our day bombardment planes. There was a pre-arranged route for all planes behind our lines, which led us at a low altitude over Seuilly, where the General Staff had gathered to observe our greatest concentration of aerial activity.

Difficult to See

Visibility was only fair, with mist and broken cloud layers at low altitude. Following the specified route, the formation reached the lines on schedule time, less three of the patrol which had been forced to turn back. Soon after crossing the lines, we were treated to a superb exhibition of the Hun's choicest anti-aircraft fire. Directly in front of us appeared a veritable fountain of Archies; black bursts dotted the sky from 500 to 5,000 meters over a large area. Streaking their white tails through the black puffs were the latest type of 'Flaming Onions'. It was a wonderful display, but we did not linger long to admire it, preferring to change our course to the west to pass around it. In the misty air to the north, we could see large numbers of Fokkers, moving in formation with their quick, characteristic motions. The whole was like a hornet's nest suddenly stirred to action. On our left and right, above and below, were the attacking American planes, ahead the aroused enemy Fokkers.

Dropped Bombs at Immocourt

In the vicinity of Immocourt, upon signal, we dropped our bombs. One hit a house, was to seen carry away a corner. Others hit the roads and fields occupied by the Boche infantry. A formation of Fokkers was now near us, so that we manoeuvred for the attack. Climbing on a course parallel to theirs, we soon turned into the sun, evidently lost to their sight, for they turned in the direction of our lines.

We flew on, however, and as we approached Landres, came upon our prey in "V" formation, with one above and behind the four others. They were fully 500 meters below us and we could already see their black wings, with crosses outlined in white. The signal to attack was given and as we dove at them we could see that they endeavored in their surprise to form a quick defense.

Following a long burst of shots at close range, the last man in the enemy formation was seen to go down out of control in a steep nose dive. A battle royal, plane to plane, ensued and just as a second Fokker was seen to spiral down out of control, five other enemy ships

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA



Bon Souvenir, Monsieur!

The best, most comprehensive and convenient souvenir of your stay in the A. E. F. will be the Souvenir Edition of the PLANE NEWS. The staff has exerted itself to the utmost to cover the field of activity not only here but at the 2nd A. I. C. and Romorantin. From present indications, even though there will be a double issue, both literally and figuratively, a clean-up similar to our Holiday edition is expected. As the issue will be printed on a highly calendared paper, the cuts will show up better than would be possible with ordinary paper. All of the pictures will aid you in your descriptions when you get home. We are going to lose money on this issue in order to pay you an extra unexpected dividend for your hearty support in the past. Estimates submitted so far by the various squadrons range from 300 to 500, which indicates that there will be no over-issues. This will be one time that each man will buy his own paper.

Great Number of Planes To Be Shipped Home

It is understood that between 600 and 700 planes, including Moranes, Avrocs, and Nieuports, will be crated here and sent back to the States for use at the various training centers. This will be encouraging news and an incentive to those pilots who will remain in the army, as they will be assured of an opportunity of flying the planes upon which they trained. It will also be a wonderful demonstration to the folks back home of what our boys have been doing. Our pilots will have an opportunity of keeping their hand in, which is so necessary to the pilot, but in order to do this you have to keep him interested. However, now that we have our Baby Nieuports to play with this will solve the problem.

General's Visit This Week

While we expected General Patrick to visit us this week we have not been so honored up to time of going to press. However, we had the honor and pleasure to entertain on an unofficial visit General Bard of the French Army, and member of the Staff of General Petain, who was spending a short permission at Chateau Dangi, as the guest of the Commandant and Madame Rouget Belletour. He was much impressed with the work of the school, stating that the extent of our center could not be realized or appreciated until visited. The work of our pilots at the front which he has seen can now be understood, as it can be observed that it was the result of marvellous organization which he has noted on every hand here.

Major Spatz Busy in U. S.

Gives Notable Demonstration on Pacific Coast

Indirectly word has leaked back here of the work of former Issoudun pilots back in the United States.

It is understood that recently an airplane pageant was staged in San Diego with a demonstration of more than two hundred ships evolving over the city. Major Carl Spatz, our former officer in charge of training and C. O., who won distinguished service at the front before being ordered back to America for duty, took the San Diego fleet out to do its prettiest. Among the machines was a group piloted by former 3rd A. I. C. instructors who performed acrobatics to the wonderment of the natives.

After this carnival of flying sport, a great amount of newspaper space was devoted to its description. To those who have been here and have seen the skies dotted with hundreds of our scouts in training, this may not seem so wonderful; but after hearing of the unalloyed enthusiasm of the folks back home over one example of every day occurrences here, we can appreciate how fortunate we have been in witnessing the accomplishments of our flyers in their actual battle training which simulate so nearly the typical aerial fighting tactics our pilots have undergone at the front.

Can be Worn by Enlisted Men

We have just learned that if the cocarde is going to be worn at all it should be worn by all. It is representative of the center and not 3rd A. I. C. officers alone.

Insignias were required at the front as a means of identification. They originated to assist the M. P.s in locating and identifying men of various divisions.

Therefore, by wearing our insignia the Issoudun boys can recognize their comrades immediately, no matter how far they may stray from the center.

MacDougal & Co., 1 bis Rue Auber, Paris, are forwarding samples and will be in a position to supply insignias upon request.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

None of us are perfect. Therefore we have no claim to perfection. But with each issue we are striving to supply the material that we think everyone likes to read, things that have the most general appeal. We strive to supply the necessary Jazz, sufficient technical articles, stories of the front, and subjects that need agitation. If we have overlooked anything it is up to you to call our attention to it.

Almost Fell Into Typical Boche Trap

Nibbled at Wholesome Bait, But Succeeded in Escaping After Hot Fight

We were patrolling in the St. Mihiel sector—four of us—on one of those cloudless days when it seemed incredible that another plane could approach us without being seen. Yet those were the days when it behooved a flier to be careful, because the Boche had an annoying habit of sitting in the sun and waiting.

For fully half an hour we had been circling between the towns our patrol orders designated, and I had shaded my eyes several times without seeing an enemy ship. Finally, at a moment when an attack from above seemed out of the question, we were delighted to sight a Pfalz coming in our direction and about 300 meters below us. Although we were one kilometer inside the German lines, conditions seemed ideal for an easy victory. After waiting cautiously for an opportune position, our leader dived from his altitude of 4,000 meters at the dull gray and pure white tailed object below. He was soon on the Boche's tail, and I watched fascinated as the other two dived down to assist him. Three were enough so I waited from above as was the custom. With the leading Spad close on his tail, the Pfalz soon started for a haven of safety with a steady stream of tracer and other bullets passing on all sides of him. Would they get him?

Eight Fokkers To Rescue

I could see the tracer bullets close in upon the plane, and when his left wing collapsed I looked away, and in doing so my blood turned cold, for directly behind me I saw eight Fokkers come tumbling down out of the blazing sun in a series of spins and side slips. Painted every imaginable color, they passed within 200 yards of me and they were persistent in their effort to down the three Spads which had swallowed the bait laid out for them. It was an old trick of theirs, but we had fallen for it beautifully.

The odds were now two to one against us and we were well over the German lines, with altitude also in their favor. For an instant I watch the Pfalz go spinning down with a wing floating in another direction 100 yards away. The sun was flashing on silver wings as the machines banked over on their sides, and a blue web of tracer smoke lines the sky. It was a weird but beautiful sight.

A Fokker with a blue stripped fuselage passed a thousand meters below me, and his color made him so easy to follow that I decided to give chase. It was not long before I was on his tail and pumping a steady stream of lead in his direction. When he saw me he twisted into a half vrille turn. I followed and we dropped from 3,000 to 300 meters. A moment more and he must straightened out and seek a place of safety—that would be my chance. But it wasn't.

I looked over my shoulder to see a brilliant yellow nose sending two streams of tracers past my head. Behind came another, and in the meantime my friend with the blue fuselage was getting in his licks.

It was a great ride for the next few minutes, pushing the stick, pulling the throttle and kicking the rudder. My Spad was faster than their Fokkers.

Evaded The Fokkers

Due, perhaps, to poor judgment on behalf of the Boche, I finally succeeded in squirming out of the awkward position, and I gave a sigh of relief when I noticed my followers finally turn their noses back toward Germany. I continued on my course homeward.

The patrol leader greeted me on my arrival and we both waited on the field

BATTLE FRONT PICTURED BY YANKEE PILOT

Visited Scenes of Devastation After Flying Over Lines For Months

PRAISE FOR DOUGHBOY

Rack and Ruin in Northern Country Can Only Be Appreciated By Visit on Foot

While the PLANE NEWS has necessarily devoted the major portion of its space to the activities of the clouds, it was pleased to receive the following story which dwells upon the present appearance of the former battle fields as seen by a flier on a sight seeing expedition, but not from an airplane:

"A person who has never visited the front on foot, before or after hostilities ceased, no matter whether he may have flown over the lines scores and scores of times, has only a vague conception of what the devastated territory really looks like.

"As you go to Nancy and walk along the banks of the Marne and see mile after mile of barbed wire entanglements, innumerable villages with only ruined walls standing, old rifle pits, trenches and machine gun emplacements, a sense of bewilderment comes over you and you wonder how any human being ever came through the shuffle alive. The banks of the river are flooded in many places and the shell holes are frequently filled with water—a condition which existed while the armies were still in action.

Conditions at Chateau Thierry

"Chateau-Thierry is in a moderately good condition compared with many of the other villages, but even there one is vividly reminded of the gallant battle staged by the Americans at that place as he sees house after house blown to pieces and the walls of others literally riddled with shell holes. Here and there some of the former inhabitants can be seen digging into the ruins for lost possessions.

"Along the road to Vaux and Belleau Woods, all one can see is country ploughed up by shells, trees one foot in diameter completely severed, while even the smaller trees and shrubs have suffered from the gun fire. Vaux is a mass of ruins and everywhere are scattered the remains of hand grenades, machine gun belts, shell fragments and aerial bombs. To get a good idea of what the fighting must have been, however, one must leave the road and walk through the woods where few tourists have been.

Sink to Your Shoe Tops

"In every square yard of the ground here can be seen a shell hole, and the ground is so badly torn up in places that you will sink to your shoe tops. Frequently you will fall upon a few loose branches and upon closer examination it will show that a machine gun was located there. The ground is carpeted with empty belts. Here and there can be seen shallow trenches covered with branches which cleverly concealed the occupants.

"The story of the bitter encounters which took place in these 'havens of Hell' where it hardly seems credible that a person could advance without being hindered by the whistle of bull-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

until after dark for the return of the others. It was a gloomy supper that night, but our enthusiasm returned stronger than ever, when we received two telephone calls reporting two badly damaged planes back of our lines but no casualties.

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Second Lieutenant William J. Gaynor, A. S. - Assistant Officer in Charge
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"All For One Aim—One Aim For All"

MESS SERGEANTS, ATTENTION!

NOW that there is an early prospect of starting home, we are constantly being urged to improve our refined senses, in the matter of high school and college subjects, taught by competent teachers among us; history, science, art, travel, philosophy, fiction, etc., which awaits our pleasure in the libraries. Our physical welfare is being looked after by athletic directors, and realizing our need for recreation and entertainment, these subjects have been given new impetus, and we are receiving the best available in France. Our moral and religious welfare is under the supervision of men who work ceaselessly and earnestly to impress things upon us. But how about our food?

There is nothing bad about the food Uncle Sam has always given us. On the other hand, it is most wholesome and of a healthful nature, therefore there is no room to grumble about our food. Nobody has died from hunger—but there is a monotony in eating the same food, cooked the same way, every day in the month. After a while one's system becomes accustomed to certain food elements, his enthusiasm and "pep" acts accordingly. Every human being likes a change of food. Note the smile a fellow carries after an extraordinarily good meal. The American is accustomed to good food, and addicted to rich foods especially.

While we are awaiting orders to start homeward, any mess sergeant capable of a little thought, and having any energy whatever, could greatly lessen the strain by drawing idle foodstuffs from the quartermaster, and supervising its formulation into such salubrious and appetizing dishes as pies, cookies, doughnuts, puddings and the like, all dear to the soldier. Such a mess sergeant would be almost idolized by his comrades—all past food problems would be quickly forgotten.

Napoleon tells us an army fights on its stomach, but his army failed to get home from Moscow because of empty stomachs. Our present food will surely carry us home safely—indeed it is excellent, but it seems that some honest-to-goodness food, like mother used to make, would add much cheer.

TIME WAS NOT LOST

TIRE REPAIR MEN and automobile mechanics were never in greater demand—wages were never higher. The biggest firms are clamoring for help.—Chicago Herald-Examiner.

THE foregoing, published in the editions of November 12th, is self explanatory. Every American knows, no matter how short-sighted he may be, that the automobile and other motor industries, are merely at the dawn of an unprecedented era of prosperity. Notwithstanding that before the war there was hardly an American city of any size that did not have its busy motor plant, there is little question but what the surface of the field of that industry has hardly been scratched. This is especially true of the farm tractor branch of the motor industry.

Just what, then, is the officially signed recommendation to be furnished to the various mechanics who will soon leave this post for the United States, going to mean?

It will not only attest to his patriotism and practical experience as an all-around motor mechanic as the word is implied in America, but he will be classed among the select few who have kept in constant repair the delicate and high classed foreign motors which were such a vital asset in winning the greatest of all wars!

Every promoter of the motor industry, as well as every aviator, knows full well the importance of a perfect functioning aerial motor. The promoter, first of all, knows that it required skillfully trained mechanics to keep these delicate motors up to standard and the results attained by our Air Forces obviously testifies as to the efficiency of the men who worked in the hangars and repair shops in France.

The motor mechanics who so patriotically volunteered to come to France will indeed be recognized when they return home. Their time has not been lost.

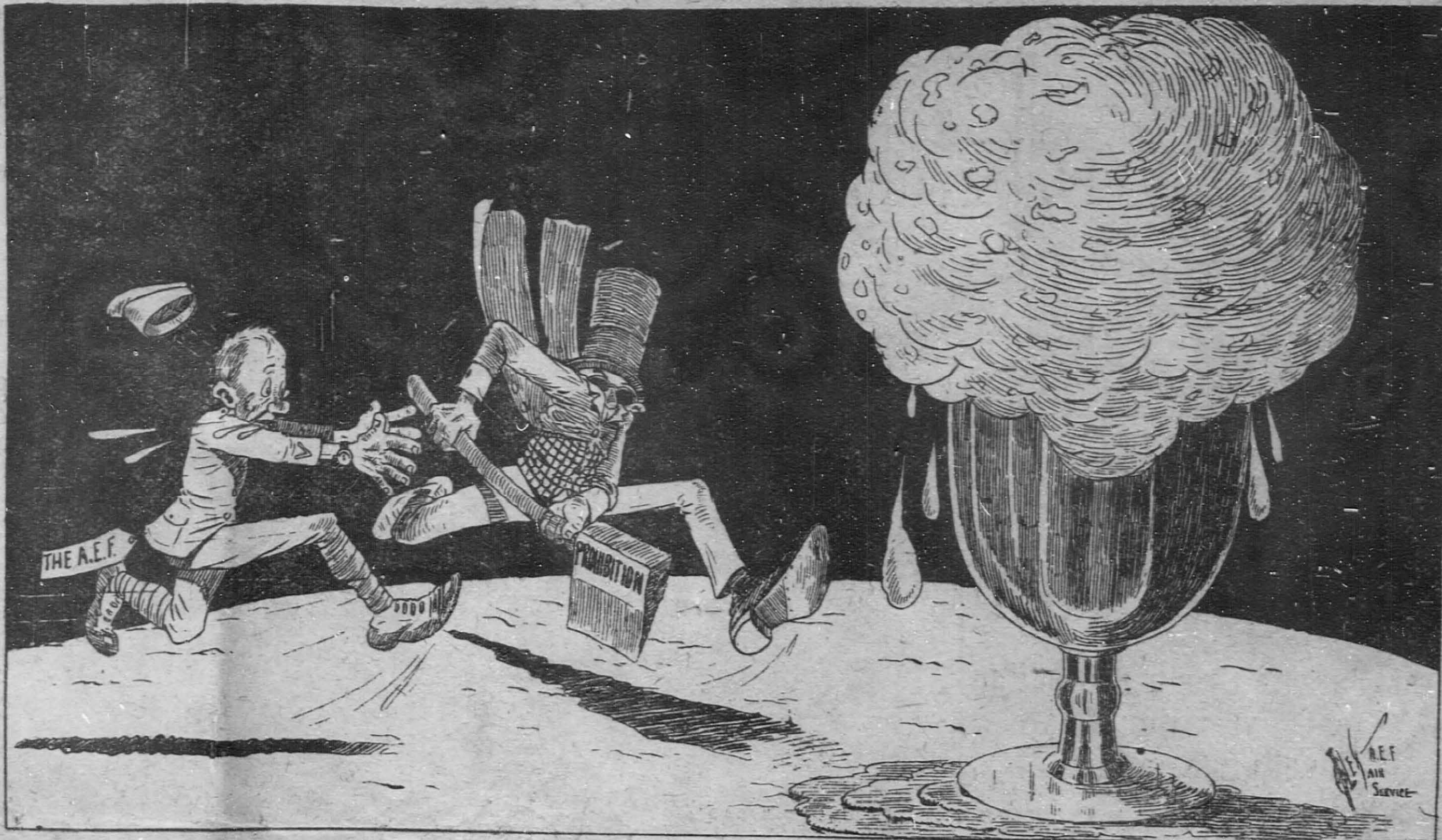
INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE

HAVE you realized that the War has done for the U. S., something which years and years of exploiting could not have possibly done. It has brought the peoples of the earth at our door steps literally begging us for goods. With our vast resources we have been able in a way to supply a great part of the demand not only in raw products but in manufactured articles of all kinds. Previous to our entry and before we actually entered into the conflict this was even more emphasized while we were occupied with supplying the sinews of war for not only ourselves but our Allies. With the supply of "Made in Germany" goods at zero our neighbors from all sides demanded articles of all varieties and they obtained the best, in fact so good it will take years of propaganda of the most violent kind to upset the reputation we have made. The question is: Will we draw back in our shell and overlook the wonderful opportunities of the future?

We are better prepared than ever. The War has placed our shipping back in a position equivalent to that of the old Cutter days, and in addition we have given many a lad an eye-opener which will lead him to all quarters of the Globe to spread the worth of goods "Made in America." The use of automatic machinery of all kinds in our own enterprises over here and their usage by our Allies due to shortage of man power here has been the greatest educational factor along these lines. The use of American tractors, "flivvers", tools, etc., have taught their commercial lesson.

WILL THE SLACKERS WIN THE BATTLE?

By "Alex"



FREDERICK COLLINS' FLYING THEORIES MAKE PRACTICAL AVIATOR SMILE

Lieut. Clayton Disagrees With Writer Who Would Teach Flying Without Use of An Airplane

By 1st Lieut. J. H. Clayton

When Frederick Collins gazed out over the green hills of Rockland County, New York, in search of further material for his already large collection of "How to do it, by one who never has" and decided on aviation as his next attempt in the realm of fiction, he did not dream that that pastime would soon become as popular with the youth of America as it has. Either that, or he saw another opportunity for an unscrupulous assault on the credulity of the American reading public.

But whatever his motive, it is a safe wager that Mr. Collins never got closer to an aeroplane than the Germans to Paris. Far be it from us to pick on any hard working writer man in search of his daily bread, but there is a limit to everything, and he has passed this limit in his book on aviation, "How to Fly", Appleton's, 1917.

It was evidently Mr. Collins' intention to make the book not only a correspondence course in flying, but a practical treatise on the mechanics of aviation as well. And in both he has failed lamentably and humorously, as well.

Mr. Collins gets away on the wrong foot when he makes the statement in his preface, "To be an airman in time of war is not only less dangerous than fighting in the trenches but it is far more exciting, and besides, it puts you in the front rank to win honor and glory".

You're All Wrong, Collins!

Now, Mr. Collins, in making such a statement, do you think the Air Service would appeal to red blooded Americans? If it were true, I know a good many men in the Air Service who would be elsewhere in the ranks of Uncle Sam's armies.

We could forgive you on this score if any of your information were somewhere near correct. But let's look over your theory of flight. The veriest tyro in the science of aerodynamics knows that the chief supporting agency for an aeroplane in flight is obtained from the lift generated on the upper surface of the wings by reduced air pressure there. Let's see what you say about it. "A kite, or the wings of an aeroplane, is set at an angle so that when it is in flight the air strikes the under side of the planes; this deflects—that is, turns the air down,—and it is this force of the planes striking the air, or the air striking them, or both together, that keeps the machine from falling".

So much for the scientific information. This is only one of many examples, but the greatest fund of humor is found in the chapters devoted to the rudiments of flying, and instructions in how to acquire the art. It is here that you rise to real heights, Mr. Collins, heights you never have attained in the air.

The One Wheel Balance

For instance, your instructions on the method of first procedure. "First you run the machine along the ground like a wind-wagon, and you need a big, level field to do it on, for you steer it with

the rudder. When you get this control down fine run the machine on the ground and balance it on one wheel; this will quickly teach you how to warp the wings, shift the ailerons or control the elevating planes".

Now, in the name of the immortal Darius Green, who ever told you that you could balance a bus on one wheel, Mr. Collins? That's a task which would try the skill of the greatest acrobatic flyer who ever went over the lines, and with a tyro would end at once with a machine in the junk heap. In point of fact it is just what an instructor works hardest to avoid during the first few landings and takeoffs of his dual control pupils. But the rarest gem of wit follows the above lines in the next paragraph. "As soon as you are able to do the above things you will have no trouble in flying. Indeed your greatest difficulty will be not to fly." Vraiment.

And let us consider your instructions for a landing. First, the method you advise when the motor is running. You say, "always keep your engine running. If you stop your engine just before you touch the earth your machine may fall." How extraordinary.

New Way To Land

And here are your instructions in regard to landing with a dead motor, "When your machine is within 100 feet of the ground tilt up your elevating plane and this will make it nose up a bit and glide off at a tangent, and as you are more nearly parallel with the ground you can strike it very gently." Over many and many a grave might be written this epitaph: "He made a Collins' landing". That is if many pilots adopted this method of reaching the ground. It would be perfectly alright if there was something up there to land on, but there isn't, Mr. Collins.

Here's another choice bit of instruction. "When you are flying it is a good scheme always to keep the tail of your machine a trifle higher than the nose, so that should your engine go dead

OUR VOTE OF THANKS

PLANE NEWS desires to thank those who have submitted material which has been used in recent issues. The general opinion is that it has helped to "pepp" things up a hundred per cent. "Merci beau coup."

when you are not expecting it your aeroplane will already be pointed down ready for the glide; otherwise it might lose headway and fall to the earth tail first." Oh, Mr. Collins, where did you learn to fly?

Another paragraph. Pause to consider that it appears in a work published in 1917. "In the Wright school you are taught to fly on an old style Wright Model B, which is acknowledged to be the world's safest and most efficient aeroplane." Now we have a great deal of respect for the results achieved by the Wright brothers, but when one mentions the Wright of 1909 as the safest—but what's the use.

Simply A Raving Scribe

We could carry on with quotations for a column or more, and every one would be as absurd and laughable as those above. But here's the point. It is the men like Mr. Collins who writes what appears to be an authoritative treatise on something he knows nothing about, who brings the greatest discredit on the profession of letters. Such absurdities should not be permitted to be foisted off on a public which knows so little of this great game, but which is eager to know more. It is as much the fault of the publishers as of the writer, whose real knowledge of the game appears to be about equal with that of a certain Texas farmer. The pilot of a military bus was forced to land, during solo cross-country flight, because of a heavy rain storm. The farmer ran over to the machine, and after the usual inquiries as to injuries, etc., stood looking from ship to pilot and pilot to ship. Finally he asked, "Why don't you drive in the front seat sonny? You've got a kiver up thair."

Take the advice of a pilot who has had a great many hours in the air, Mr. Collins, and stick to your books on magic, wireless, etc. It's easier to obtain the necessary material, and you are not endangering any one's life but your own.

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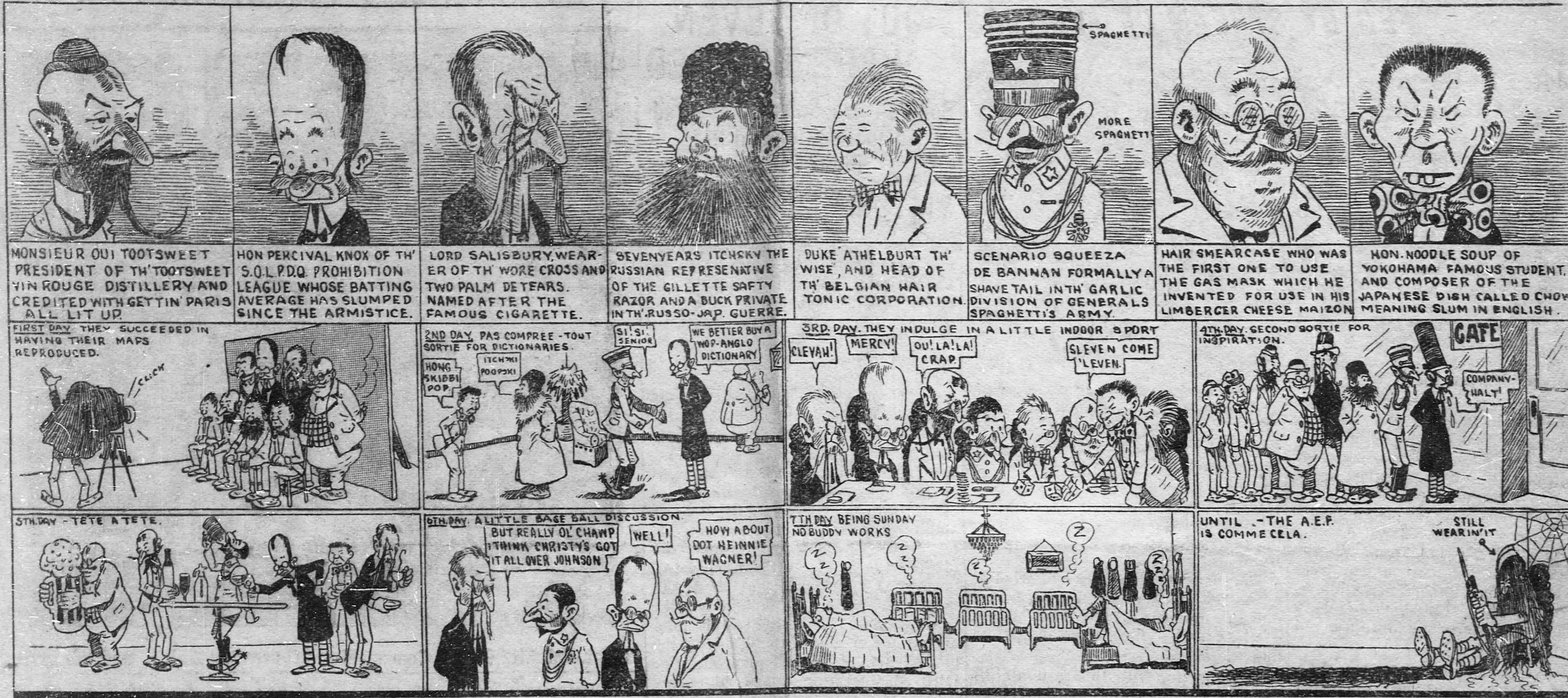
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AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

Peace Commission--Not a National Convention By "Alex"



PEACE, RED SKINS and NOODLE SOUP

Brains of World Are Now Fighting Battle of Paris While the Soldiers Wait, Wait, Wait

Oh, Peace it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from Cork to Rome,
Ex-Kaiser Bill who saw defeat
Did send for gentle Peace toute suite,
When he got clouted on the dome.

It is known that the apostles and "dupes" of ex-Kaiser Bill notified his army to watch for gaudily painted redskins, feathers and bows and arrows, when the zero hour approached for the "uncivilized" Yanks to stage their first push. This same army had visions of an early peace conference, at which time the notorious and triumphant Kaiser would produce the "Made in Germany" pipe, while he strutted about in the center of a ring of wild-eyed Indians who had nothing to do or say but prepare the feast dishes which were to follow.

But as wine is wonderfully affected with age, so time brought a great change over the situation. Instead of ungraceful dancing, strange dishes and Limberger cheese, with the "Me und Gott" as master of ceremonies, we have a strange conglomeration of races, vin rouge, dictionaries and noodle soup, with "ven" from Berlin playing a comparatively unimportant role.

But now the official photographs have been taken, crap games have ceased, sight seeing and wine tasting is over with and the battle of Paris is begun. Recovered of the disease, may we not die of the cure. In the meantime we wait, wait, wait for the longed for peace, while the scribes write, write, write about "Supremacy of the Seas," "A League of Nations," "Indemnities," etc. May the Good Lord hasten on "gentle peace."

A Lesson For Goofys

Things not to talk about in your sleep when you get back home and are married—that is if your wife has a French dictionary handy—"Ma cheri," Cognac, Vin Blanc, fiancée, garçon, Triple Sec, etc.

Well Up On Aviation This Man

The hard boiled infantry Captain had accepted the Flying Lieutenant's invitation to take a ride.

Warned the Captain just before taking off, "did you know I am a former pugilist?"

"That so?" laughed the Lieutenant, "but what of it?"

"Just this, if you let the blamed thing fall, I'll even up matters when we get down where I can get at you."

Heard During Amateur Night

"Ladies and gentlemen, while the M. P.'s club the corporal into unconsciousness, and the bugler blows taps over those in the audience who are asleep, I will endeavor to sing a sad and most pathetic little ballad entitled, 'father has a new alarm clock, and its name is baby'".

EPISTLE OF PETER

By Gene D. Robinson

Oohlala, France,
Just before chow.

Sidekick Steve:—

No doubt Steve, you seen by the papers and what not else where the armytiss was signed on November 11th, so's both sides could get ready for Thanksgiving. A armytiss between two armies is the same as a divorce is in civilization life Steve, only the two which is divorced don't leave as many hungry kids behind 'em as the armys does, and aint that the limit Steve? I'll tell the chorus it is.

Which is getting kinder near the subject, as the guy told the undertaker which asks him if he wanted to buy a coffin Steve, and as a bird like you which has the chronic cold feet, would never

their best scouts over to tell the Alleys everything was lovely, and that they took to Fochs suggestions like a poker player takes to full-houses and the like.

The guys which come to apply for a birth in the new league Steve, started in autos but run into a hole made by a American canyon, and had to write the Alleys they was stalled. Well, General Pershing was anxious to get things signed up before dinner time, so Foch phones the Germans not to pump up the flat tires as the Alleys would send a earplane to fetch 'em over, which same was did steve. I was up to the front line Steve, which I was sent to find the Major's razor that he figgered had been blowed out in No Hun's Land. I was down to the bottom of a well waiting for 11 o'clock to come Steve, so's I could go out and look for the razor without taking one or two doughboys with me, and when the dirt quit falling



PEACE EMISSARY AS PETE SAW HIM

of got to France anyway. I figger you will be proud as a bachelor of his first wife, of me when I tell you what a headliner part I took in stopping the war Steve, only don't tip off the papers as its likely they have told a different yarn about it and would be kinder embarrassed to find out they was only running rumors.

Well this here world serious scrapping had been going on for so long Steve, that they begin to need a umpire, so Fire Marshal Foch was called in, only they call him field marshal as he was to work in the field. He read the dope on how the Red Sox and Cubs settled things, and tips Germany off that they was either to forfeit the game inside of a certain time, or else they would only belong to the Federal League hereafter, which same dope lost the management for the Kaiser, and won the flag for the Alleys. Turkey, Bullygary and Ostria had jumped their contracts, and Germany figgered it would be better to start at the bottom of the big league than to reorganize the Feds and what not other bush leagues, so they sent

on me I knowed the time had passed, so I comes out.

They was guys running about and cheering Steve, and the German guys was standing on top of their trenches and looking like they wants to shake hands all 'round and forget it, and I seen a big earplain with white streamers put its brakes on, come down near me. I asks a guy if it was loaded with mail from the States, as lots of birds was crowding about it, and he says no, that it was the German diplomas come to give France the deed to Alsass-Lowrain and to call the game. I didn't have no kodak Steve, but General Pershing had a guy take a picture of the earplain and guy what got out of it, which I got a print of by trading the general one of myself for it.

My girl wrote me Steve that you was doing no less a low trick than letting the newspaper guys print these here privateer letters I been writing you, and which same I figger you are getting considerable lucre for. In case you are Steve, I tell the chorus you better come across with them ten bucks you been

"CORPORAL OF THE GUARD---" POST NUMBER F-O-U-R

Neither the creaking of the great sliding doors on the nearby hangar nor the noise of the wind driving flurries of snow about the guardhouse could drown out that cry coming from the night. It roused me from my reverie beside the stove.

"Corporal of the Guard, post four!"

"Corporal of the Guard, post four!"

It grew louder and louder as it was relayed from guard to guard across the huge aviation field "Somewhere in France."

I knew what was wanted. Joe Gish, on post number four, was sick and wished to be relieved.

On the floor of the guardhouse lay Hal Tolman, my supernumerary, the only possible substitute. He, too, was sick. I say they were sick because they both told me so and I'll take any man's word about his insides; however, I didn't know which was the sickest and it worried me.

I knew Joe was sick because I'd been in the hospital with him. He had indigestion and because of his sickness they gave him a special diet of milk. So that he wouldn't bother the nurse, Joe kept cans of lobster under his bunk. He had a little alcohol stove and after the nurse had left he'd put the lobster in the milk, warm it, eat it and say he felt much better.

It finally cured him, I gness, because a few days after I left the doctor came in unexpectedly and tasted his mixture. He let Joe out next morning.

Maybe his supply of lobster had given out and he'd had a relapse—maybe not—anyway he was sick and hollering for relief, so I roused Hal.

The cause of Hal's grumbling was rheumatism, but I took a chance on making it worse and marched him to post number four to relieve Joe.

I had a feeling that there might be an argument and sure enough I was right. Hal opened it with a line of conversation about the relative pain of his rheumatism compared with Joe's tummy. Not being conversant on either topic, I just listened.

owing me since your old man first made friends with the warden, and which if you don't will cause your back yard to look like Belgium, and you playing the part of King Albert, when the Kaiser first rushed the Alleys. If you let this here picture General Pershing give me, get in the papers Steve, don't fail to write out that I aint in the picture as no doubt lots of my friends would figger on seeing me and buy up a stock of the papers, but outside of that everything would be lovely.

Yours for Democracy,
PETE.

P.S. The Kaiser flew Steve, but I'm hot after Looneydorf, and no doubt will bring his sword home as a suvynear.

"You're a hell of a guy to pull me out of the guard house. My rheumatism hurts so I can't raise my arm," said Hal. Joe, a lad from Texas, came back strong. "Hush yo' face, boy; I got cramps so I can't stand up; I'm sick—I'm sho' nuff sick."

"Oh, dry up," said Hal; "you're no more sick than the corporal here."

Joe came nearer and talked into Hal's face: "Listen here, don't yo' tell me who's sick or ain't; take yo' gun an' march yo' post an' don't shoot yo' face at me; yo' can't chuck me the lie; no sub."

"Well, I say you aren't sick; you're quitting, that's all," hollered Hal.

Joe threw down his gun. "I'll show ya," he cried, "I'll show ya' who's sick an' who's a liar 'round here," and he caught Hal one under the chin.

Right there and then, by the light of my lantern, in the midst of the blinding storm, occurred one of the prettiest fights I've ever seen. I followed it closely, but for a long time I was unable to decide which was going to prove himself the sicker.

Hal ended it by rolling Joe over into a snow bank with a wallup from his rheumatic right arm.

Joe was licked. He got up, picked up his gun and without another word started walking his post again. Hal and I went back to the guard house.

I heaved a sigh of relief as we sat down by the warm stove. To the thorough satisfaction of both I had brought the real sick man back.

It's wonderful to know you've done right.

One Way To Become A K. P.

The Major was assorting the mornings deluge of memorandums and the like. A smoke ring ascended from the glowing end of the "Y" cigar, just released from his mouth. A few flecks of dust settled gracefully into a rent created in the carpet by the spurs upon his heels. The orderly stood silent beside his desk—ready to take immediate flight if the Major scowled, or his time increase there was a despatch to carry.

Suddenly a corporal entered swiftly, paused, and then saluted, West Point like, as the Major glanced up.

"Sir", he says with a grin, "I am very sorry in reporting for duty this late."

"Well", says the Major, "what's to-days excuse?"

"Well sir", says the Corporal, "when I arose this morning my watch had stopped running, and in examining its works I found a bed bug inside them."

"What", exclaimed the Major, "how in the world did a bed bug get inside the works?"

"Oh", grins the Corporal, "between the ticks sir."

"Good", says the Major, "and now between the ticks of 6 and 10 p. m. every day you will get inside the works of the kitchen."

FAMOUS "LOST BATTALION" IS FED BY STREAM OF AVIATORS

Isolated By Germans, Starving American Unit Refused To Surrender—Birdmen Came to Rescue

Is there an American who has not heard of the "Lost Battalion"? Is there one whom the story does not stir as did the deeds of those pioneers of the type of Boone and Crockett? The Lost Battalion, the 2nd Battalion of the 308th Infantry, 77th Division, those who remember the accounts know, entered into action in the Argonne on October 2nd, with 463 officers and men.

Surrounded, practically trapped, these Americans, with nothing more than their emergency rations and the ammunition carried into battle, would surely never have survived in the number they did had not our planes kept up a running series of flights in which they dropped food, ammunition, and medical supplies, and at last been the sole means of locating their exact position. As it was, when they were reached on October 7, there were but 394 officers and men, of whom 156 were wounded. The losses from the original number were 69 killed and missing. There follows some notes taken from the relief work which the 50th Aero Squadron carried on:

October 6. The one outstanding feature of the day's work was the effort made by our available forces to carry aid to the Lost Battalion. It is remembered that the coordinates were sent back by Major Whittlesey, via carrier pigeon. Also, there was no way of checking up these coordinates as the conditions under which the surrounded men existed prevented them either from showing themselves or exhibiting any very noticeable panel. For our part, therefore, we could use but the exact location given as our objective, and drop our packages in such a manner that they would fall on an east and west line in the deep ravine at the bottom of which our men were supposed to be.

Planes Bring Relief

Consequently, at slightly before noon Lieutenant Pickrell, pilot, with Lieutenant George, observer, left the field to drop supplies. These supplies consisted, in each case, of ammunition, food and medical supplies together with what chocolate we could find. From noon on a continuous series of flights was kept in progress until dark, dropping a considerable quantity of these supplies and in addition two baskets of carrier pigeons. To insure a fairly soft landing for the imprisoned birds, a number of parachutes, taken from parachute flares were fastened to each basket, about eight to each, and were seen to open and act with surprising efficiency.

The effort of every mission to bring aid successfully to the unfortunate detachment resulted in throwing away that caution which under ordinary circumstances is used to insure the return of information. As a result, every plane flew well under a thousand feet, which brought them down scarcely above the hill tops over their objective. After it became apparent to the enemy that a determined bid was being made for that certain point—clearly evidenced by the arrival of plane after plane over the same spot—they quite naturally prepared for others to follow and to break up the work if possible. Their success was only partial.

One Plane Lost

Lieutenant Phillips, pilot, and Lieutenant Brown, observer, were shot down northeast of Binarville by machine gun and rifle fire from the location of the objective. Fortunately they were uninjured and landed safely, escaping from their machine and making their way south.

October 7. weather conditions were very unfavorable with low clouds and intermittent rain throughout the day. Four infantry contact missions were sent out—two of which were successful.

A panel was seen considerably to the east of the supposed location of the Lost Battalion. When they were finally rescued, it was learned that the coordinates furnished our squadron were not correct and that in consequence practically all of the material dropped by us fell into the hands of the enemy at the point originally given to us. However a few sacks of supplies fell within the

area held by our men and were naturally appreciated.

The missions sent out by the 50th Aero Squadron to drop food, medical supplies, ammunition, and pigeons numbered fifteen.

One thousand pounds of food ammunition and medical supplies were dropped from the planes.

Observer Responsible for Rescue

The Battalion was finally rescued on October 7th. At 12 o'clock one of the observers of the 50th Squadron called for the front lines of the 77th Division and the battalion panel of the 2nd Battalion was displayed. The observer immediately marked the correct coordinates down and dropped a message to that effect at the headquarters of the 77th Division. At six o'clock on the afternoon of October 7 the "Lost Battalion" was rescued by the Divisional Reserves.

The Divisional Reserves had tried to get to the battalion several times, but due to confusion in the transmission of co-ordinates they were unable to find the battalion.

In connection with this recouital of the efforts of the 50th Squadron in behalf of the surrounded, the following incident is dramatically interesting:

Hun Commander Demands Surrender
"To the Commanding Officer of the 2nd Bn., 308th, of the 77th American Division.

"Sir: The bearer of the present, Crowell R. Hollingshead, has been taken prisoner by us on October —. He refused to the German Intelligence every answer to his questions, and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his Fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

"He has been charged against his will, believing in doing no ill to his country, is carrying forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the 2nd Bn., 308th, of the 77th Division with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces as it would be quite useless to resist any more in view of the present conditions.

"The suffering of your wounded can be heard over here in the German lines and we are appealing to your human sentiments.

"A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions.

"Please treat the Crowell R. Hollingshead as an honorable man. He is quite an honorable soldier, we envy you.

"(Signed)

"The German Commanding Officer.
Major Whittlesey's reply to the above was: "Go to hell!"

Flyer Tells How He Downed A Boche Airplane

Brushed Up Against Many Enemy Birds But Escaped Without Mishap Within Range of Enemy Archies

The following narrative is the substance of a statement made by Lieut. Frank Luke on his first combat. Lieut. Luke needs no introduction to Issoudun readers.

It was not until an hour after the formation left our drome that my machine was ready to go. Although I expected to pick them up on the lines, it was impossible to find them. However, I saw a Hun formation which I followed, gradually getting above into the sun. The formation was so poorly carried out that one machine was some distance in the rear. By the time I was in piquing distance I was considerably above the Boche. Cutting my motor I dove on the end man, keeping all the while directly between him and the sun.

It was not until I was at a range of 100 feet that I opened fire, keeping both guns rained full upon him within a few feet when I zoomed away. Turning I saw him fall upon his back, but appearing as though he were about to straighten out, so I dove again with both guns open. Instead of coming out he sideslipped off the opposite, much like a falling leaf and went down on his neck.

My last dive carried me out of the reach of the next machine, which had turned about. With the rest of the

FOUR FOKKERS OUT OF SEVEN WERE DOWNED

Spad Flyers Gained Advantage Position and Hot Fight Ensued

VICTORIES CONFIRMED

In September, 1918, a surprise drive was started in the region between Verdun and the Argonne Forest. One of our Squadrons received orders to be over the lines as soon after daybreak as possible and to clear the air of enemy air-craft to a depth of 9 kilometers into the German lines.

In planning this offensive patrol several elements were considered. First of these was altitude. To obtain the largest field of activity and the greatest advantage of position it was decided to fly as high as possible. This depended upon the weather. Secondly, the size and position of the formations were determined. The Squadron Commander divided the available planes into two groups of seven each, one to fly 500 meters about the other and both in the conventional "V". The flight commander of the lower flight could direct the movement of the entire Squadron. The third consideration concerned enemy activity in the air and what might be expected. We knew that the German pursuit was in strength in the general district, having been attracted thither by the St. Mihiel offensive. We knew where their dromes were located and that they would answer an alert to the surprised front, approaching from the east.

The morning was clear, save for a ground mist in the river valleys. The Squadron took off as soon as there was sufficient light and made formation above our drome. Three planes developed motor trouble so that there were five planes in the upper flight and six in the lower when they started for the lines. The two formations climbed steadily toward the lines, entering just over the Argonne at an altitude of 5,000 meters. The Fokkers chose this high altitude when possible in order to escape a Spad attack from above, a circumstance they particularly feared.

After a tour of the sector it became evident that our formation was ahead of the Fokkers. We returned to the west end of the sector and then swung into the German lines, travelling in an arc. As we turned back towards our lines a formation of seven Fokkers was sighted. It was heading west just as had been anticipated and our semi-circular manoeuvre had cut it off. It had about 4500 meters of altitude and our lower formation had 5500 meters.

Our Squadron Commander leading upon isolated Fokkers and pulling up and diving again. Below were the twisting, squirming Fokkers, dodging about and trying to shoot at us by zooming and "hanging on their props". This is a last gasp method of shooting, rarely effective and dangerous because it throws the ship out of control until it recovers from the stall. Our patrol could have continued this fight as long as our motors held good without any of our pilots being in a position of extreme danger for an instant.

One of the Fokkers went down in a dive immediately after our attack. Two more were soon sent down in vrilles. The fight began to spread out. Most of us endeavored to limit our activity to an area beneath our protection. Two of our men became a little too impetuous and followed the Huns farther and farther into their lines. One of them followed his antagonist too far down, permitting two of the Fokkers to get "on his tail". Our Squadron Commander was able to drive them off.

Our Spads formed together in little groups and returned into our lines. We shot down four of the seven. Confirmation was obtained on two of them and we considered ourselves lucky. The fight was too far into enemy territory to have been observed very well.

My motor was fixed at Coincey, where I gassed and oiled up. Heard there that our formation was held up by the Salmsons it was to escort and that it had just started. Attempted to find them again; flew from Soissons past Fismes at around 5000 meters, but saw nothing of them. Saw one Salmson but no enemy E. A. Returned home.

WING SLIPS AT THE 2nd A. I. C.



Lieut.-Col. Fitz Gerald, Commanding Officer, 2nd A. I. C. and His Staff

was strategically ideal. Our rear was secure from attack by virtue of our altitude and the protecting flight of five Spads which was above. Our lower flight of six planes was in position to make a diving attack, best for any type of plane and most perfectly suited to the Spad. The fact of our attacking seven planes with six was of no consequence. We could have well afforded to attack with three planes from such a position. Our play was to dive upon the highest Fokker and pull up, never permitting the lowest Spad from getting below the highest Fokker.

Our lower flight turned into the sun and dived towards the hostile group. They did not even see us until just before our leader opened fire. The first four men in our flight went down with the leader, firing bursts at every Fokker that attempted to climb. In an instant the enemy group was entirely broken up. The Fokkers were acting quite singly. Their usual "milling circle" was not possible because they had no time to form it. They dared not dive because they knew we could out dive them. All they could do was to manoeuvre their way to the ground. We were about nine miles inside the enemy lines.

The second phase of the combat resolved itself into three planes of action. Above were the five Spads watching the fight closely and ready to dive the moment situation became dangerous for us. Next were our Spads, diving upon isolated Fokkers and pulling up and diving again. Below were the twisting, squirming Fokkers, dodging about and trying to shoot at us by zooming and "hanging on their props". This is a last gasp method of shooting, rarely effective and dangerous because it throws the ship out of control until it recovers from the stall. Our patrol could have continued this fight as long as our motors held good without any of our pilots being in a position of extreme danger for an instant.

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CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS

Confessions Saturdays at the chapel 4 to 6 and 7 to 9:30 p. m. Mass and sermon Sundays 7:30 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.

Second A. I. C. Football Team Un- defeated.—Bids for Championship

Lieutenant Nelson, assistant athletic officer, contends that the post football team is a likely aspirant for A. E. F. first honors. Under the coaching of Lieuts Kendrick and Vidal a fast, smooth running machine has been built up, the backfield being especially formidable.

After their decisive victories over the Paris Marines and the Camp de Grasse outfit, the men are eager to take on other opponents and a challenge has been issued to St. Nazaire, which is rated as having one of the best teams in France.

Any organization desiring to indulge in a lively gridiron dispute should communicate with Lieut. Chas. Nelson, 2nd A. I. C., A. P. O. 717.

Homeward Bound Squadrons

Having completed their duties in such a fashion so as to be able to look back on their record with a feeling of pride, the 184th and 469th Squadrons marched out to the tune of "Homeward Bound" a few mornings ago. The 636th Squadron has also gone on its way and there are hopes of more following soon.

Winter Sports in Full Swing

No athletic armistice is in sight at the 2nd A. I. C. Basketball teams are now being formed and the league schedule will be in full swing soon.

The athletic gymnasium has been fitted up for winter sport and the spare hours are chucked full of training. Every squadron is out for the post championship and the season promises to be a successful one.

Band is Growing

Lieutenant O'Brien, director of the 2nd A. I. C. band, has just returned from Paris with a fine bass saxophone and a batch of new music.

The band recently made its debut at guard mount, proving that it has become, in a short time, one of the largest additions to the post. The members having all been relieved from other duties are devoting much time to practice and the general feeling of wanting to go home is not found among them to the slightest degree.

Hennessy Ready for Another

Having administered the sleep punch to Sgt. Wright of Issoudun and annexed the scalps of a number of other strong fighters, Jerry Hennessy, the speedy boxer of the 2nd A. I. C. is looking around for another worthy opponent.

Experts who have watched Hennessy box declare that he can more than take care of himself with the best in A. E. F.

Going to Town? Then stop at the

Liberty Shop

12 rue Porte Neuve
there you will find pretty SOUVENIRS,
military supplies, good LUNCHES
and people who speak American
ready to do their utmost
to please you.

History of Field Seven Represents Story of Progress of Air Service

In Addition to Overcoming Untold Obstacles This Center Forged Ahead Until It Represented Model of Efficiency--143 Pilots Graduating During One Week

A history of field 7 of the Third Aviation Instruction Center, American Expeditionary Forces, presents a story which largely duplicates the history of the organization, progress and development of the American Air Service.

It is a narrative depicting the manner in which untold obstacles were overcome, setting forth the trials of long periods of vicissitudes, and conditions that required absolute faith in the officers at the head of our service to prevent a lowering of morale to the point of breaking. In short, a recital of the accomplishments of field 7 show that in much less than one year after the first body of men arrived at the site of the field, the post now stands as a completely equipped, thoroughly organized military institution functioning in a highly satisfactory manner.

It was on November 13, 1917, that a detachment of 30 enlisted men from the 37th Aero Squadron and commanded by 1st Lieut. A. B. Patterson, Jr., A. S., arrived at what was then known as Valentine field. The only building at that time on the site was one partially completed barrack. This was used as living quarters for the men. Following their arrival the men, in the face of the most severe winter weather in years, at once started the construction of barracks and hangars. Living conditions were necessarily unsatisfactory. The men were quartered in the same barracks with kitchen, mess hall, work shop, etc. There was no flooring in the barracks and all water had to be carried from a neighboring farmhouse. Lieut. Patterson continued in command of the post until November 25, 1917, when he was relieved by 1st Lieut. Frederick Bowne.

First Airplane Arrives

It was about this time that the first airplane reached the field. It was a type 27 Nieuport, 120-h. p. LeRhone motor, and was flown to the field by Captain Miller, who incidentally was the first casualty at the front among the pilots of the American Air Service. However, this flight did not establish field 7 as a flying field, because operations were still confined to construction and improvement. Thanksgiving day, being the first holiday the men enjoyed at the field, every facility was given over to their enjoyment and after dinner most of them spent the remainder of the day at the adjacent village of St. Valentine.

On December 1, 1917, the first real official flying started at the field. Lieuts. Masson and Benois, of the French Air Service, were assigned to the field as instructors and on this day made their first flights. Lieut. Cord Meyer, A. S., was assigned on December 5, 1917, as officer in charge of the field and officer in charge of training, and at the same time the first group of student pilots arrived for instruction. These pilots were the vanguard of the future American pursuit squadrons at the front. Many, however, were detailed for special duty in connection with the development of the air program. Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, Douglass Campbell, Edgar Tobin, James Meissner, Edward Buford and others were among the first to graduate.

Field Ten Established

On December 10, 1917, the enlisted personnel at the field was augmented by the arrival of a detachment of 15 enlisted men of the 37th Aero Squadron and 10 days later 50 men of the 57th Aero Squadron reached the field. At this time Lieut. Bowne was relieved of command of the 37th A. S. by 1st Lieut. William Wyatt Nolting. Lieut. Nolting was shortly relieved by 1st Lieut. Richard H. Merkie, who held command of the squadron until October, 1918, when he was given command of the new field number 10. It was to the untiring endeavors of Lieut. Merkie that the success of the field was largely due. The work at the field was now assuming such proportions that the enlisted personnel constantly required increasing and on December 24th a detachment of

46 enlisted men of the 37th A. S. arrived at this post. It was during this month that the first fatality at the field occurred. 1st Lieut. John D. Paull was killed on the 20th of December when the plane which he was flying crashed to the ground in a vrille.

During the months of December, January and February, weather conditions militated against extensive flying, but despite the severity of the winter construction was not slackened and barracks, hangars and other buildings of the post, roadways, walks, water works, sanitary projects, etc., were springing into being. However, these cold, damp days took their toll among the enlisted men and officers alike. Not yet acclimated to the sudden change from the weather of the United States, the men were ready victims to grippe, measles, mumps and severe colds. Only the faithful adherence to duty on the part of the medical officer, 1st Lieut. A. G. Neighbors, and the commanding officer, was able to prevent a cessation of work at times. It was at this juncture of the field's history that the blackest days appeared. In addition to sickness, all other conditions combined to produce a depression of morale among enlisted personnel and pilots alike. Living conditions were far from satisfactory as yet and only the realization that their efforts would in time bear fruit bore the personnel of the field during this period.

Green Mechanics Instructed

On January 23, 1918, the 81st Aero Squadron, commanded by Capt. Schefflin and Lieut. Polythemus, arrived at the field, thoroughly inexperienced. The squadron was finally housed and fed and their instruction as future aviation mechanics was carried on by the 37th Aero Squadron.

Toward the close of January, 1918, the work of training the pilots was assigned to 1st Lieut. R. S. Davis (now captain and present commanding officer of the field). A course in aerial combat and reconnaissance was instituted at this time in connection with the formation flying. 1st Lieut. W. B. Snook was placed in charge and organized a thorough and practical course of instruction. This work was later transferred to the new field 8. The training department was then in an experimental stage and Major Raoul Lufberry spent several days here giving valuable hints and selecting pilots for a proposed squadron which he was to command.

The month of February marked the completion of the training of the first body of pilots who were at once dispatched to the front with the 95th Aero Squadron. This was the first unit of the American Air Service to reach the fighting lines. These eighteen "green" pilots, many of whom were to gain fame, while others paid the supreme sacrifice, were chosen by Lieuts. Davis, Snook and R. V. Waller. The original 95th should be justly included in a history of this field: Blodgett, Buckley, Buford, Casfrain, Curtis, Fisher, G. F., Hall, Heinrichs, McLanahan, McKeown, Sewall, Quirk, Rhodes, Richards, Jones, Wolley, Avery, Taylor, W. H. The pilots, upon completion of their course at the field, were sent at once to the front under Capt. James E. Miller and then began the activities of our chasse pilots at the front.

Meyer Sent to Front

Lieut. Cord Meyer was sent to the British front with an R. F. C. squadron February 8th for practical experience. Lieut. Davis assumed command as officer in charge of field and training, with Lieut. Snook as assistant. Much of the success of the field through this period of organization and development of training is due to the fine work of two cadets (now lieutenants) M. C. Wall and F. U. Wilcox. Selected by Major Carl Spatz as possessing the qualifications necessary for this special work, their endeavors proved the trust was not misplaced. Capt. Lester T. Gayle, Jr., 26th Infantry, recently transferred

to the Air Service, was detailed as officer in charge of administration and discipline of field 7 February 15, 1918. Under the regime of Capt. Gayle various officers had charge of training, due to shifting personnel caused by the policy of the C. A. S. to keep the methods of instruction in close touch with the work at the front. The following had charge at various times: Lieuts. Davis and Snook, Feb. 15-Mar. 27; Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, Mar. 27-Apr. 16; Lieut. Davis, Apr. 16-June 14; Lieut. Snook, June 14-Aug. 17 (left for front); Lieut. Davis, Aug. 17-Aug. 22.

During this period the expansion and development of field 7 was at once rapid and substantial. Improvements in the living conditions of the men, their morale, additions to the field in the way of shower baths, electric power plant, increase in the number of aeroplanes, hangars, barracks and many other innovations all served to establish the field as one of the model flying fields of the American Air Service. It soon became apparent that the field was going ahead of the others of the 3rd A. I. C. in the training of pilots, not only from the standpoint of careful and systematic training, but with a minimum of accidents.

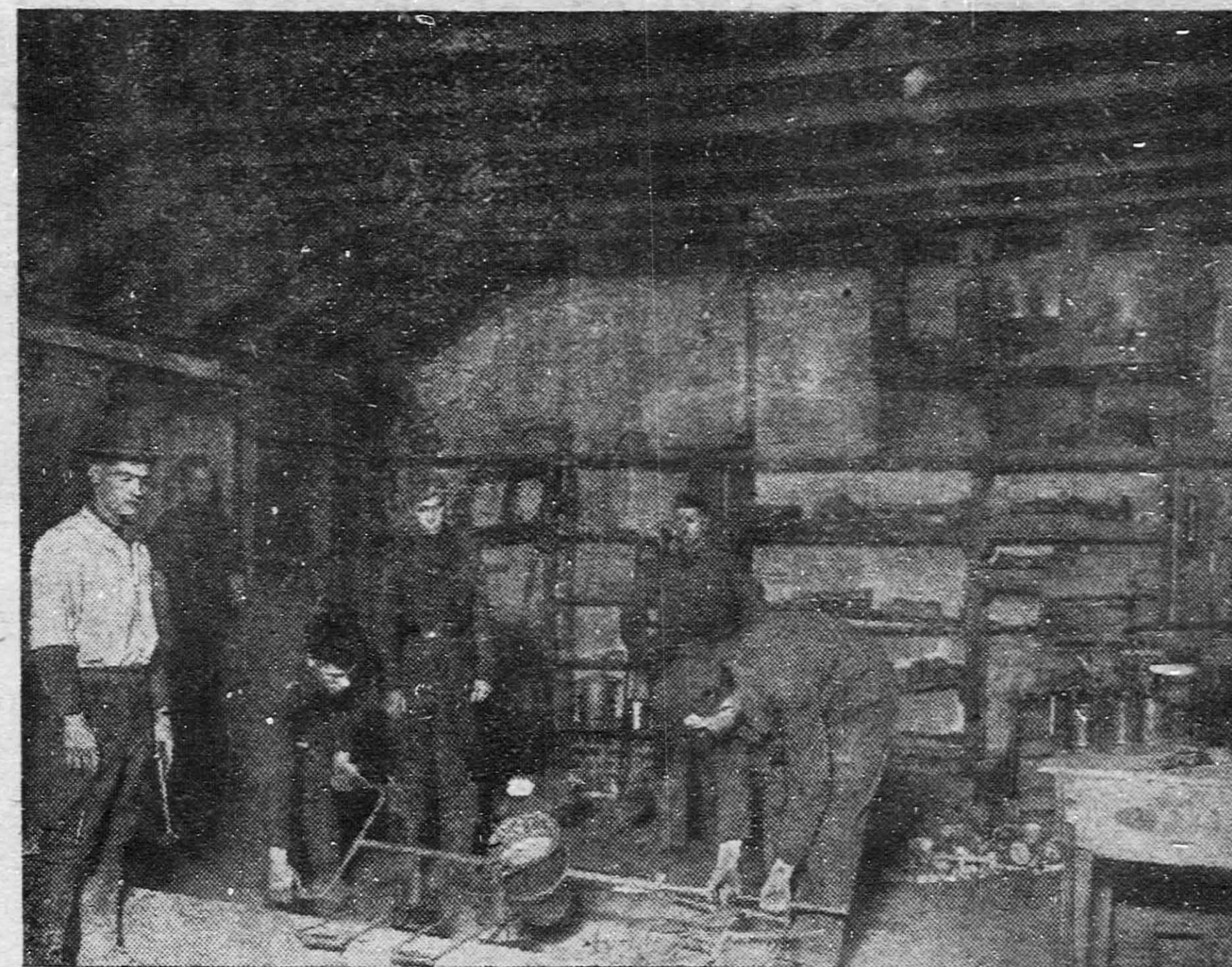
Gayle Meets With Accident

On August 22, 1918, Captain Gayle met with an accident while flying at an adjacent field, and command of field 7 was taken over by Lieut. Davis (now captain). Captain Davis, being familiar with the policies that had brought the field under Capt. Gayle's guidance to such a high standard of efficiency, at once instituted a practice of broadening this policy wherever practicable. Close relations between the officers of the staff, the student officers and the enlisted personnel of the field was urged and the result was that field 7 became to be recognized as a great family and co-operation was made the by-word of all activities. As an example of all relations maintained, under the direction of Capt. Davis, between the officers and men of the field, on Thanksgiving day, 1918, a great noon-day dinner was held in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., at which every enlisted man of the field joined with the officers. A policy of entertainment and athletic diversion was started and the men, so long stationed at the field, were given relief from the monotony of work by football, baseball, basketball, entertainments by local talent, etc. When Capt. Davis assumed command of the field 1st Lieut. E. H. Molthan was appointed officer in charge of training and continued until September 6th, being transferred to take charge of training at field 9, later becoming commanding officer. He was relieved by 1st Lieut. O. J. Randau. Lieut. Randau was in turn relieved on October 2nd by 1st Lieut. T. P. Sultan, who at present continues to direct the training of student pilots.

During the command of Capt. Gayle and Davis the expansion of the field was such that frequent additions to the personnel of the field became necessary from time to time. The first of these increases occurred on March 17th when the 640th Aero Squadron, under the command of 1st Lieut. Wm. C. Repass, and with an enlisted strength of 150 men, was assigned to the field. The men of the squadron joined with those of the 37th Aero Squadron in the work of construction and maintenance of the field and aeroplanes, which latter were always arriving in constantly increasing numbers. Lieut. Repass was relieved of command of the 640th A. S. by 1st Lieut. Wm. G. Rector on May 25, 1918. On July 24th the last increase to the personnel of the field was effected with the arrival of the 173rd Aero Squadron, under the command of 1st Lieut. Jos. B. Irvin. The enlisted personnel of this squadron was 149 and the men were at once assigned to duties similar to that being performed by the other two squadrons on the field.

The record of achievements at field 7 cannot, it is felt, be justly told by plac-

FOUNDRY A NECESSARY ENTERPRISE



The busiest place in our machine shop building has been the foundry, which has been operating day and night during the busy seasons which we have just passed through.

The foundry has been used in making all bronze and aluminum castings used here, including aluminum pistons which has made it possible to secure the maximum efficiency and usage from all motors used at this center. This item alone has been instrumental in saving thousands of dollars for the Government.

Only recently an example of the versatility of the Engineering Department has been the artistic samples of markers to be used designating the various fields. Again when the PLANE NEWS attempted to secure bronze tablets for the monument in the cemetery and the bids and time required by the local manufacturers were most discouraging, the foundry men came to fore and promised to not only cast the tablets but to inscribe the names of our deceased comrades in ample time.

BOUND FOR BASE PORT? THIS MAY INTEREST YOU

"Dope" on Trip and Life Preliminary to Sailing is Received

The following letter received by "Tim" of the PLANE NEWS from a squadron member who left the 3rd A. I. C., on January 5th, for a port of embarkation, will give you an idea of what you may expect after you leave Issoudun on the first leg of your trip homeward bound: Chateau Le Moun, Jan. 10/19.

Dear Tim:

Arrived at St. Loubes, Monday 6th, and believe me I will never forget that trip. Talk about the "Rocky Roads to Dublin"! Ooo, La! La! When I say that there were fifty-five men in our petit cheval car, I am not exaggerating it one bit. A regular sardine box for fair. We had fully concluded on throwing one "brat" out bodily who insisted on declaring himself just about the time we had all dropped off to sleep, but the "gong saved him" for at the climax of things our train stopped and we piled out to proceed on our journey by foot.

We marched about eight kilometers to Montussan, a city about the size of Montreals, so you can imagine the kind of life we are leading at present. We are billeted all around the town and as the heading of this letter shows, I am living in a chateau. Pretty soft, eh? Ha! Ha! Oh, yes, we are about fifteen kilometers from Bordeaux.

I do not know, Tim, how long we will be here, although I hope it will not be long. We are trusting to luck that we will be sailing soon. This part of the country is far more beautiful than Issoudun, but, nevertheless King Rain is still reigning!

Well, old scout, I will let you know when we move again, and I would like to hear from you in the meantime.

Your old pal, Jimmy O'Neill,
33rd Aero Squadron, A.E.F.

ing them in the sequence of their occurrence. Although these achievements are more than anything else, the stellar position of the field, it is felt that they should be narrated in separate chapters so that they will stand forth clearly in their own light.

No Sickness at Field

As stated in preceding chapters, despite the inclemency of climatic conditions which have been endured at the field—conditions that ordinarily would have resulted in a great proportion of the personnel being transferred to the hospital—official records show that field 7 is at the bottom of the list for men in the hospital. At the latest writing just one man from the field was at the hospital, and he was there not because of sickness but because of an aeroplane accident. Capt. P. D. Moulton, M. D.,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

SAWDUST

Nursery Rhymes Taken From the Air

Peter, Peter, the aeroplane tester
Had a wife and couldn't best her
Took her up in a worn old shell
There he kept her very well
(Until her safety belt broke)

Little Jack Lad sat in a Spa
To see how the derved thing worked
He reached out his thumb and pulled
back the gum
(10,000 dollars gone home to the folks)

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a plane and away he run,
The plane was crashed
And Tom was mashed (On the
ground one month and confined
to post for duration.)

Poor Field Three has lost an Avro you
see,
And does not know where to find it.
Leave it alone and it will come home
Bringing its tail behind it.

Heydiddle diddle, the prop and the fiddle
The Liberty flew over the moon
The 15 looped to see such sport
And the 23 ran away with the spoon.

Thank Gawd the drought is broken.

One of the Lieutenants at the Croix
Rouge liked the turkey so well, he asked
if there were any spare parts.

The Officers of outlying Fields say it
isn't right that they should be left out
on the Travel Orders. Suburbanitis
make the best citizens in any town.

Heard At Squadron Banquet
Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow
the States will be dry.

Ode to Hdqtrs Detachment Mess
(Beside Some Francs)
Some day I am going to murder the Cook
Some day you'll find him dead.
For I'm the poor unlucky pup
That has to eat his products up,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

Five Guesses

Speaking of outlying Fields, which
one outlied all the rest.

WANTS

Rates: 1 franc per line, 8 words to line

LOST—Between barrack 6 and Post Headquarters
Tan leather pocketbook, containing money and pay
check of Lieut. Samuel R. Williams. 200 francs
reward for return to Headquarters Detachment.

A Square Deal on the Square A. GIRARD

Large assortment of
Books, Stationery, Office Supplies
and Leather Goods
AT REASONABLE PRICES

History of Field Seven Represents Story of Progress of the Air Service

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

the doctor of the field, states as follows, relative to the health of the personnel of the field: "While the field is admirably located as a site for an army post, yet the men have not been content with that. They overlook no opportunity of safeguarding their health. They are privileged to come to the dispensary at any hour of the day and obtain medical attention, regardless of the triviality of their ailments. The mess halls, kitchens, barracks and other buildings are in absolutely first-class condition from the standpoint of sanitation. Field 7, from a medical viewpoint, is the best army post I have ever seen."

At present the structures at the field include 15 barracks, 13 hangars and numerous smaller buildings. An electric power plant of 200 ampere capacity provides illumination for all lights and power required at the field. A band of

signed position in a formation he is considered unfit for pursuit work at the front. The course is very thoroughly and once a student has completed it, there is no doubt as to his ability to fly formations. When De Haviland 4 planes, equipped with Liberty motors, were first brought to the center for transformation work the course was assigned to field 7 and continued until field 10 was established. Later a course in night flying was instituted at field 7 in which Sopwith "Camels" and Avro aeroplanes were used. The night flying was started at the field during the month of October and completed during November. Despite the hazards of this form of flying but one fatality actually occurred and that happened during the daytime when one of the pilots was "ferrying" an aeroplane from the main field.

The actual training of pilots is the



30 pieces has been organized and perfected from among the enlisted personnel of the field, something of which no other individual field of the 3rd A. I. C. can boast.

The efficiency of the field is accentuated by the records of the engineering office, under direct charge of 1st Lieut. F. E. Rozar. Field 7, to which is assigned the greatest number of planes of any field at the center, has maintained a percentage of aeroplanes ready for flight that is the envy of every flying field of the American Air Service. During the months of October and November, when records for actual flying were broken throughout the entire center, field 7 maintained an average of 95.8 per cent for aeroplanes ready for flight. This was accomplished with a daily average during the month of 142 aeroplanes assigned to the field. The reader may gain some idea of the amount of flying that has occurred at field 7 when it is known that frequently the consumption of gasoline for aeroplanes at the field per day passes 2000 gallons. The largest item recorded in this connection was the use of over 4000 gallons of gasoline in one day. This occurred when there were a number of De Haviland 4 planes being flown in conjunction with Nieuports at the field.

Formation Flying Important

The regular course of training at the field embraces really the first and, in many ways, the most important phase of flying used by pursuit pilots at the front. The training is that of formation flying and unless a student demonstrates his ability to maintain his as-

stellar accomplishment of the field. As a testimonial to the efficiency with which the training has been carried out, not only from the standpoint of development of pursuit pilots, but from the preservation of life and property, out of the vast number of pilots who have passed through the field, but 16 fatalities have occurred. As a result of the enterprise of the commanding officer and officers in charge of training, during the month of October a total of 5100 hours of flying was recorded as having occurred at the field. The record for one day's achievement was when in a single day in November 256 hours of flying time was effected by the student pilots at the field. It was during the month of October that in one week 143 student pilots were graduated from the course in formation flying.

Scene Laid At Issoudun

Plot of Popular Drama Woven About French City

The thousands of American soldiers who have been stationed at the 3rd A. I. C., will be interested in learning that one of the scenes in "For the Honor of the Family", a popular French drama which at present is making the rounds of the principal cities of America, with Otis Skinner playing the leading role, is laid at "Issoudun, a historical city near Bourges". The play dates back to the time of Napoleon III.

Musings of a Moniteur

Consider the Roulers of the field, they loop not, neither do they spin; yet Rickenbacker in all his glory, did still cheval in one of these.

BATTLE FRONT PICTURED BY YANKEE PILOT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

ets and the presence of charged bayonets, is even made more gruesome by a few dead and half decayed bodies strewn about. In addition to the abundance of live ammunition still there it is evident that the aviation activities were especially effective over the woods because of the numerous fragments of aerial bombs that can be found in the sector.

"Words are useless in an effort to describe the scenes of the battle fronts. All I can say in honor of those who fought in the trenches is: 'You deserve the credit'."

"It is next to impossible to get a pass to the various centers and the M. P.'s are especially active."

Issoudunites Idea Takes Let's Go After the Details

On all sides we have heard favorable comment on our Issoudunite idea in regard to agitating means of getting together back in the States in the most convenient and feasible manner.

It is felt that if it is taken up by hotel men that it will be a paying proposition to them by the constant patronage of thousands of former Issoudun men all over the country. In addition, it will simplify the possibilities of reunion without the intricacies of an organized society. A few of the comments heard on all sides are as follows:

Our C. O. remarked: "It is an excellent idea, especially if adopted in the larger cities like New York, Chicago and San Francisco."

Our Executive officer is quoted to the effect that: "I do not see why it is not an excellent idea. If they do not live in the big towns they will visit them very often."

"Bully idea," said Major Curry; "those who do not enthuse now will be very glad that such a movement has taken place ten years from now."

Our Adjutant: "It should not be a difficult matter; however, I think the idea could be broadened still more by designating one central meeting place in addition to the others, where an index of all the men who had been at the 3rd A. I. C. could be obtained."

Our O. I. C. Training commented that "The future meeting places of Issoudunites will be known as the 'Temple of Barracks Flying'."

"If there are no dues, I think the idea is good," quoth another.

Entertainment Activities

During the past week Lieut. Jack Flaherty's vaudeville troupe has shown to the big camp at Foecy, the Caserne Carnet over at Bourge, Mehun, the giant salvage depot and the big base hospital at Limoges with success.

Here on the post, movies, band concerts, a concert company from Foecy, minstrel show from Issoudun hospital, under direction of Miss Baker, Red Cross nurse; the usual weekly enlisted men's dance at 'Y' Hut 2 and the officers' dance at the Red Cross Club with the usual array of pretty girls have kept the Airmats amused.

During the coming week another bill full of high class entertainment is promised, while within the fortnight an all "girlie" show will make its appearance here on the Avion Vaudeville Circuit, so step right this way and get your tickets in advance.

FAMOUS AIR FIGHT OF OCT. 18th IS TOLD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

appeared on the scene. Inspired by what had already been accomplished the reinforcements were fiercely attacked and it was not long before the third Boche fell, leaving a trail of smoke behind.

In the meantime Lieut. D'Olive was having a vigorous combat, and Lieut. Goulding, having missed the Fokker he first engaged, joined D'Olive who was then close on the other Fokker, firing. The Fokker flopped over from in front of D'Olive and Lieut. Goulding fired a long burst into it, after which it also went down spinning out of control. Lieut. D'Olive was then fired on from below, and as two bullets penetrated his gas tank and two more passed through a wing close to the fuselage, he was forced to retire from the fight.

Lieut. Goulding pulled up and engaged another Fokker, and after firing several long bursts, it went down out of control in a slow spinning nose dive. Pulling up from this attack they saw the burning wreckage of a plane on the ground, and nearby a large yellow parachute descending, evidently from the smoking plane shot down by Lieut. Harding.

The combat lasted for about fifteen minutes, and during the entire period our pilots were continuously engaged first with one and then with the other of the numerous enemy. The Fokkers which reinforced the first formation were brightly painted and were apparently from one of the best German flights. All of our planes reached our lines safely, although Lieut. D'Olive was at first obliged to land at Clermont. We requested confirmation for five certain victories, but were given official credit for the destruction of six planes in this single encounter.

A SIGH

*I want to rest!
To cover myself in the soft warm sands of the beach
And bask in the sun.
Or sit on the cushioned arm of the chair
Of my mother in the fireglows,
While she strokes my hair and tells me tales
Of childhood.
For evermore my wings are folded,
My ship has passed
Through the thick and fetid stormcloud
Where dwells the putrid slimy dragon
Whose greenish yellow ooze has drift upon
And sickened the earth
Into the laughing sunshine
Glistening dewdrops—
Tears of happiness of the world.
I have finished
Let me rest.*

—ENOTSA.

LONGED FOR THE FRONT; ATTAINS SUCCESS AS FIGHTER

Eddie Leonard Passed Up Opportunity to Become Pilot, But Proves His Mettle

Last week the PLANE NEWS printed an account of Captain Cooper's courageous conduct in a battle with Huns. There was an obvious omission in the story—the name of his observer. It was Lieut. Eddie Leonard, who wintered here in the winter of 1917-18 and is well known wherever there are members of the "Million Dollar Guard."

Leonard passed up his opportunity to become a pilot in order to get to the front sooner. He traveled the Gondrecourt, Tours, Cazaux, Clermont training route and landed in a squadron in the First Day Bombing Group.

Everybody knows what the bombers went through in the St. Mihiel sector and the fight over the Argonne. Eddie was there through it all—one of the best observers in his squadron.

Lieutenant Leonard's part of the experience described last week was slighted through lack of information received here, as the story was gleaned from two or three sources, but we are pleased here to be able to record the part he played in this dramatic and heroic episode.

As he and Capt. Cooper proceeded on their mission, the Fokkers were everywhere about them. It is mainly up to the observer in such a case and Leonard beat them off continuously, swinging his gun from side to side to fire into the face of the Hun fighters. It was related how Captain Cooper saw Eddie knocked into the bottom of the gunner's cock-pit by a bullet through the chest from one of the Fokkers and how the same bullet fired the gas tank. It was not stated, however, that Capt. Cooper's next glance beheld Eddie on his feet again, blazing away at the enemy—incidentally "knocking one of them for a loop."

The last part of Cooper's piloting the flaming ship to the ground, of their being taken prisoner and subsequent treatment was related last week.

We just want to write "Leonard" in the place of the question mark which took the place of the observer's name in the story.

A Military Problem

"What are you knitting, my pretty maid?"
She purred, then dropped a stitch.
"A sock or a sweater, sir," she said,
"And darned if I know which!"

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(Opposite American Express)

American Military Tailors

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

3rd AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER INSIGNIA IN STOCK

Private G. I. Kan and the Cadet Guard

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By Tim

