



Plane News.



Air Service Paper
of the A. E. F.

PASSED BY CENSOR

Vol. II, No. 8

On Active Service, France, January 11, 1919

Price 25 Centimes

CHINESE ARE WON BY TACT AND FAIRNESS

Over Two Hundred Laborers
From Orient Now Working
Here

INVALUABLE TO POST

Had Many Tasks in Machine Shops
and Aero Repair--Scheduled to
Leave Monday

In reply to numerous requests for labor, by this Center, the Commanding Officer, Colonel Kilner, was informed in January 1918 that arrangement had been made for 150 Chinamen to be sent here, to be used for labor in connection with construction. This information was shortly followed in the first part of February by a contract covering their employment. At that time there were few available officers on the Post to be used in connection with such labor and the Commanding Officer, after having had a look at the contract placed the contract, together with the Chinamen, in the hands of Lieut. George Bleistein, Jr., Disbursing Officer, with the remark that, "If the Chinamen are anything like the contract, they will be a hard proposition."

Preparations were immediately made in three Adrian barracks for the reception of the Chinese. These barracks contained fair bunks, no floors, two stoves per barracks and the ordinary field ranges for cooking. As there was no one on the Post who had ever handled Chinamen, it was somewhat of a gamble as to what kind of barracks, housing and living conditions they needed.

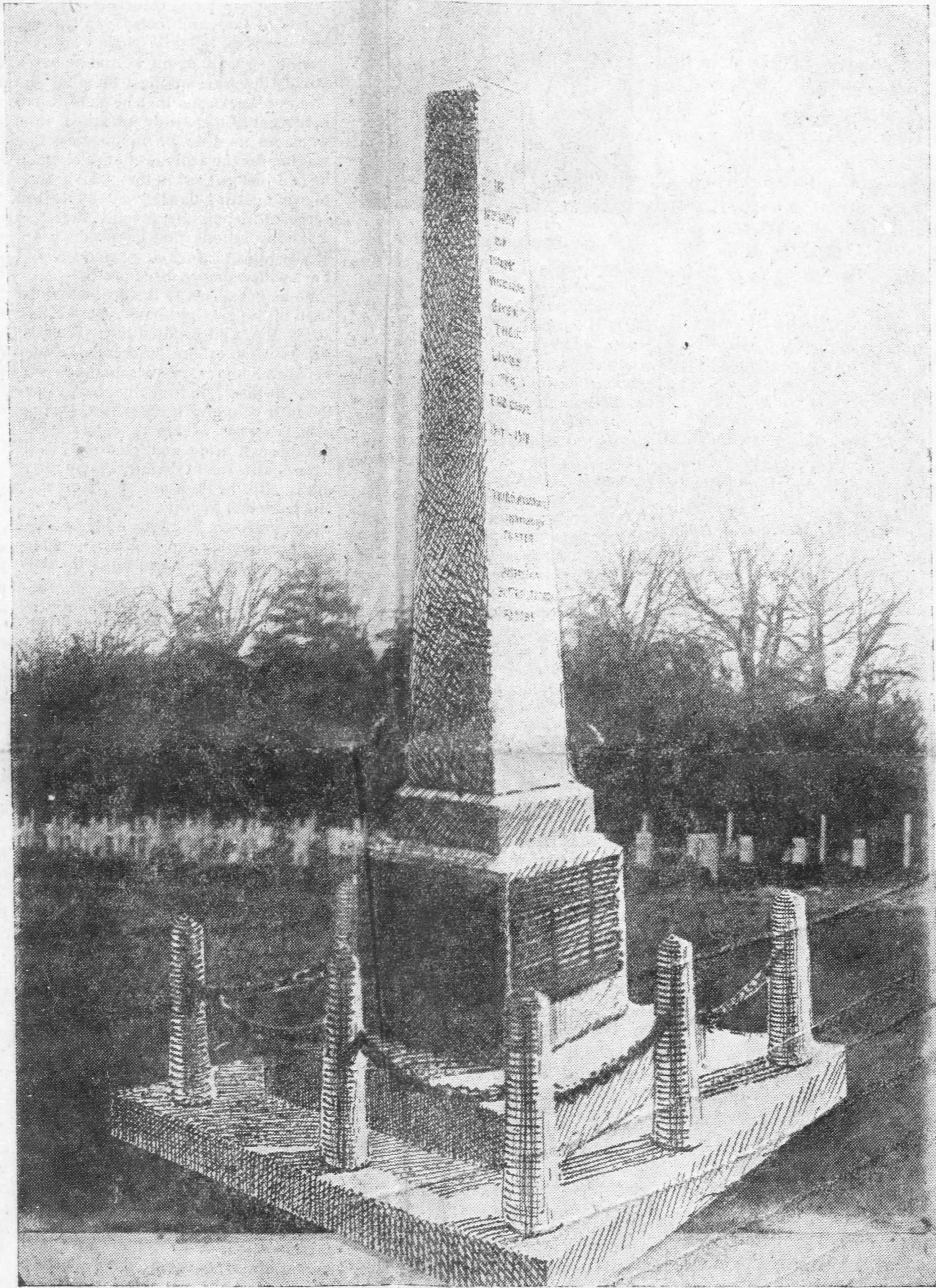
The 150 Chinamen arrived at 1 a. m., February 18th. They were a miserable looking lot, having been on the train for four days, with little food, having practically no clothing, except what they had on, and that in bad condition, and entirely insufficient to keep them warm in the sleet and snow which we had at that time. They were placed in their barracks and when they were inspected the next day by the Medical Corps, it was found that their condition would not permit their working in or near kitchens or in the proximity of other troops, owing to the fact that a large number had contagious diseases. It was also found that they had nothing in the line of bedding or other equipment, therefore it was necessary in the beginning to get them equipment. Blankets were obtained from the Quartermaster and after a series of telegrams, letters and telephoning, the French Government finally furnished shoes and clothing.

In the meantime, it was found that no provision had been made for rationing of Chinese Labor, other than the Filipino ration, which was entirely inadequate and did not supply sufficient rice. The matter was taken up at once with the Quartermaster and after considerable correspondence the ration requested was granted. The obtaining of clothing and rations covered a period of about a month, during which time the work of the Chinamen was seriously impeded, owing to their lack of clothing and the fact that their food was not what they wished.

When it was found impracticable to place them on K. P. or other work of that nature, owing to physical condition, the Commanding Officers directed that they be put on any kind of work where they were most needed. Owing to the large amount of incoming freight at that time, and the scarcity of labor, there being a large demand for unloading crews on the railroad, sixty men

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

A PERMANENT REMEMBRANCE OF AMERICAN DEAD AT ISSOUDUN



THE WORTHIER TO DIE

Think you that they loved not the life they gave So splendidly, the careless, youthful days? Did they, by curious chance, think nature's plays Not worth their acting through, so seek the grave? Was there no sun to shine for them above, Which cast before beams lighting future years Of dreams undreamed and even robbed of fears The mounting path of duty and of love?

'Twas scarcely so. To them the broader sense Of life, as winging through the cool, clear heights, In swift pursuit of honor's influence, They turned to shield our freedom's beacon lights, And gave, yet won, the courtyard of the sky By judging it the worthier to die.

J. H. S.

As a fitting remembrance to our noble dead, those who have here paid the toll that the world may be made safe, we will leave behind a monument denoting their unselfish sacrifice.

It is unnecessary for us to eulogize here those who have passed on as we all remember too well the days which were darkened by their departure.

While many of us will be homeward bound before this shaft will be in place, it will be consoling to those of us who have known and loved them, and those back in the States who have known them still better, to know that a token will be left for those whom our

Maker has destined to soldier's graves.

Arrangements have been completed by the PLANE NEWS for a monument as illustrated, and upon four bronze tablets at the base will be placed the names of our comrades. While there has been a shortage of material, and other obstacles to overcome, delivery has been promised during the first week in February, at which time the erection of shaft will take place in the center of our cemetery.

Four Days! Four Days!

We have already received a number of articles submitted under our Literary Contest. They are all of high order. But we are looking for more—to make the judging more exciting. Do not hold your copy until the last moment.

What we have received by no means covers the wide range of subjects the Air Service holds. Let us have, in 1000 words, your ideas on your own particular branch of work, be it piloting or washing down ships. Remember the prizes: 200 francs for the best, 100 for the second best, 50 for third and 25 for all others that are worthy of publication.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT DIES SUDDENLY AT HIS HOME

The whole world has lost a friend. Admired by all, with a history cram-full of more activity than falls to the lot of the ordinary man, the death of our ex-President, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was a shock to all.

Those of us here were drawn close to him by constant association with his son, the late Quentin Roosevelt, who met a hero's death after leaving this Center.

Colonel Roosevelt, as well as his beloved son, displayed an unusual interest in the activities here. In the early dark, discouraging days he sent sunshine into this camp by constant contributions of books and up to date magazines before there was any organized effort in this direction.

It is regrettable that he was called before he had an opportunity to see the fruits of Victory, to which he was such a great contributor and inspiration, as a typical American Father, by giving four sons to the service in which they were so active.

A LEAGUE OF ISSOUDUNITES IS PROPOSED

After War Arrangements Suggested for Meeting of Friends

IDEA FOR HOTEL MEN

Issoudun Room in Important Hostelties Should Prove Paying Agitation in Order

With everybody's thought pointing toward Home, one is liable to overlook what demobilization will mean for a lot of us. While many have said lots of things about our Post there are many who have been benefited by their duty here. They have built up by close association many friendships. The loss by separation will mean a great deal.

Why not, while many of us are together, advocate some means of getting together back in the good old U. S. A. once in a while. Of course every state in the Union is represented and our men will be scattered broadcast, but at the same time there have been enough men here from each section of the country so that they will be able to get together now and then. During our vacation periods, or during the course of business travels to some commercial center, there is always an accidental possibility of meeting some of our old acquaintances. Yet to make it more positive, there should be some means of knowing certain places where one is liable to meet up with one of their old comrades.

If some enterprising hotel men will designate in their hostelties a room as the "Issoudun Room" it will assure one of an opportunity of meeting an Issoudunite. Then again, in traveling we can wear the Issoudun pin, our famous Skull and Cross Bones, approved samples of which have already been ordered. At our meeting place we shall be able more easily to locate each other by having a special register containing perhaps a census of local Issoudunites. It will be worth while for any hotel man who is on the job, because almost every man in the A. E. F. Air Service has been stationed here at one time or another. A fraternity of friendship has been built up which it seems a pity to lose. Men from all walks of life are among the thousands who have been here. They are representatives of the country whose hand you will be proud to shake at any time.

If anybody has an idea along these lines we should be pleased to give it publicity. Those of you who get home before the rest of us might agitate something of this order and pave the way for its future fulfillment.

Educational Department,
3rd A. I. C., 1/10/19.

Out of a total enrollment of over 500 men from nine outfits on this post, over 200 men wanted motor work, 100 welding 185 wanted electrical work and 100 wanted machinist work.

In compliance with new orders, the machine shop is being immediately dismantled and packed for shipment.

Headquarters at Paris wired Thursday to Mr. Smythe of the Y. M. C. A. to send invoice of all books, that the Army was to take them over. Obviously shop courses without shops and book courses without the books are impossible.

We regret the necessity of holding a "post mortem" on the school idea because of the keen interest of the men. But, the dismantling of the shops, and the requisitioning of the books for outfits which must stay over here longer than ourselves, point toward a speedy return home which will more than compensate the loss of the school. Sam Smart, 2nd Lt. A. S.,
Educational Officer.

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"All For One Aim—One Aim For All"

GO HOME

"SO I wrote the Old Man the other day not to expect me back in the business. No more general merchandise for me. This South America proposition is too good to lose, too big a field, too much money in sight, for me to go back to be General Manager for Tompkins & Son.

"Oh, I don't know just what city we are going to establish our house, Rio or Buenos Ayres perhaps. The firm I'm to connect with has half a dozen oil fields under project and I shall be at some port where the pipe line is to run, as sort of general supervisor of its shipment to the States and Europe. A bit better than going back to the little home town, eh, what?"

He was only another of those about to return to the States who had seemingly definitely decided that he had far outgrown old ways, old prospects. Perhaps he had; who is to deny the possibility. Yet his statements, if applied indiscriminately, are capable of great and serious mischief.

Start a discussion among any body of American soldiers as to their plans upon demobilization; in the midst of valid projects, backed by sound interests, what a conglomeration of undefined, far-fetched schemes one is likely to hear expressed. There are mind tales of South America, vast in their lack of detail, easily familiar discourses upon the golden fruits of sheep raising, of copper mining, of banking in unknown cities of the Southern Continent. And though South America is prominent, it is merely illustrative of a more modest trend which many minds have set upon. Men talk freely of 'feelers' out for various positions in some new city; there is much loose avowal that one is giving up previous occupation. So it goes: plans multiply as return approaches.

Certainly only the champion cynic could wish that the United States or any individual in them be not affected, be not chastened by these months.

Yet where is this roving propensity to end; what will be the effects of an insatiate ambition on the part of the American soldier to 'be off', forgetting the past, to be different? American trade, American manufacturing, the new American merchant marine—the development of these is so obvious a necessity, their demands so insistent upon the well-being of future national life, that apologies to them need not even be suggested for the sentiments of these paragraphs.

Go home, Soldier boy. Go home; gather to yourself the cords of life as you laid them down, count yourself but the richer, the more capable, for the experiences that have been yours, for the broader outlook by which you have come in the past months; carry home with you what you have learned, your enthusiasm, your energy renewed, the wonders of the days that you, most fortunate of men, have seen with microscopic intensity. Think on strange lands, never loose your newfound clasp upon the pulse of the world, let 'provincial' be no longer a part of your vocabulary. Yet remember that the pleasantest part, by far, of leaving home is the opportunity given for returning.

And with thought for those refugees you have seen crowding from Southern France to the wastes of Flanders redeemed, consider your great, good fortune that there are somewhere for you four walls and a smiling face awaiting. Do not forget that it was only the steadfastness to 'home' in the heart of France that enabled us to fight our own battles on foreign soil.

What you have learned, the new being that you are, even your added skill army life may have given you, is not yours—alone. You are but the conveyor of this spirit of the forthcoming era to your own environment, your own community. It is for you to lead. And that you can best do where foundations have been laid. Do not shake the trust. Go Home!

THE UNIFICATION OF THE U. S. A.

ONE of the prime fruits of this War is the miracle it has worked in the lives of each citizen of the United States. It has made Americans of us all. More than ever in history are we united now. With our immense alien population, it was claimed that we were a huge melting pot; in reality, it must be admitted that we were not.

The City of New York had various quarters where native tongues and customs were retained, where the thoughts of returning to the Fatherland with American gold was uppermost. Yet these supposed foreigners have given their sons in service, as any casualty list proves. Through the baptism in fire and blood of their kin, more Americans have been made.

The people at home have marvelled at it all, hardly realizing how all this has happened; looming large as a cause is the work of the A. E. F.

That was, before the War, a shallow claim that democracy was gradually giving place to autocracy in our commercial struggles for gold. But the pervading force of all, of rich and poor, of the educated and the lesser educated, with one definite object in view has made us one and all alike. For the first time since we were formed as a Republic, we have had one goal for all to aim at, since every man has had the opportunity to measure his comrades, where sin-where every man has had the opportunity to measure his comrades, where sin-where every man has had the opportunity to measure his comrades, where sin-where every man has had the opportunity to measure his comrades, where sin-where every man has had the opportunity to measure his comrades, where sin-

WHO'S WHO AT THE THIRD A. I. C.



1st LIEUT. S. J. TILLESON

They may call him "Tilley", but it can truthfully be said that he is altogether different from what the name would imply. He is all man. He is one of the busiest men in the Post, yet he always has time to give one a smile. One striking characteristic is that he does not talk much. Maybe it is because he has plenty to think about, for as Officer in Charge of the Aero Supply, the responsibility and complications of which we all appreciate, he has to do some tall thinking.

His experience here is a striking example of the fact that there is always an opportunity to get ahead, providing one knows more than he is supposed to know. As Ordnance Officer he was stationed at Aero Supply.

While there he had an opportunity to see the other fellow work. When Captains Close and Walton were called away to other important duties there was a quiet Second Lieutenant called Tilleson who was the only logical man to fill their places, and while he has since been rewarded with promotion there is no doubt that he would have kept on climbing for he has established a reputation for efficiency second to none.

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THE THOUGHTFUL

Every day we see indications that point to the fact that there are many people at home who have our interests at heart. It means a lot to us, those of us who volunteered way back in the early days who still have a great deal of work before us and will not have the opportunity to get back and secure positions before all the choice ones are snapped up by those who have already been readjusting themselves to the Post-Bellum Days, including those who have been demobilized in the States.

It is re-assuring especially to see items providing preference for fighters. Senator Sage's proposed amendment to the New York State Constitution providing that all veterans of the world war be given preference in civil service is of especial interest. It is hoped that similar legislation will be agitated in the other States.

Choice jobs for discharged men will bring untold benefit both to employer and employee, for it offers an opportunity to men to choose vocations for which they are best adapted. The Employment Bureau of the Department of Labor announces that since the beginning of the system at army camps, more than 250,000 men about to be discharged from the United States Army have been offered an opportunity to choose their own jobs.

Let us trust that agitation along these lines continue until we all get back, for the majority of us here gave up good positions, tore ourselves away from the home ties and have been over here from 12 to 18 months. Such news as the above affords consolation worthy to succeed that of the Armistice. May the good work continue. We thank those who have already started something.

Finger Prints of Officers

As the finger prints of many officers have not been received by the Adjutant-General, all officers who have failed to have same made will immediately report to the camp hospital to have them taken. The post surgeon will then forward them.

Influence of the A. E. F. on the Future

By Sgt. Percy Lonergan, 26th Aero Squadron

What is going to be the influence of their sojourn in France of the overseas army, the A. E. F. returned home again?

The subject seems to have a width and breath of immensity. Take the individual—the boy who, about 19 years of age, has left home for the first time. He has been to France, crossed the big "pond"—as he has often heard people call the Atlantic; never thought it was quite so big anyway. He has been in a foreign country and returned safely; he is glad of that, and feels like a traveler and wants to tell his friends and acquaintances all about it, and he has a mighty fine time amongst them for the first few weeks and then he feels he had better get into a steady job again. For when he used to be in the mess line waiting for the bully beef hash or when he had just got out in the nick of time to avoid getting bawled out by the top sergeant for missing reveille, didn't he make resolutions that he would get a steady job and work along well ordered lines with no more discomforts.

So he goes back to the firm where he used to be, gets put back on a job and starts the well ordered life. Well, he thinks often of the difference he sees between his present surroundings and those he has left; he somehow misses the little stimulus there is in expecting something new all the time; he tries to put this call aside and plod on, for he figures the road to success is by plodding. Still he does not somehow take much interest in doing the routine work which falls to him; he finds himself longing to be up and looking for something new or at least exciting—that boy has got the wanderlust, and he won't be cured until he has satisfied himself that there is no place like home. However, these wanderlust people often go far and wide and often become the pioneers of American commerce over all the globe.

This is where the new American Merchant Marine will get many of its future seamen, to man its fleets to compete for the trade of the world, and it will offer a very good future for steady, although adventurous, youths.

Before the war showed us the necessity of a merchant fleet under our own flag, nearly all our shipping was done in foreign bottoms, and the days when our Yankee Clipper ships were a familiar sight in every foreign port had become a memory. The youth of the country did not hanker for adventure on the sea, because there were so few of our ships to go to sea in, and those that flew our Stars and Stripes were manned by foreign sailors.

Since entering the war we have a first rate merchant marine and we are training young men to man them.

Then again the influence which the A. E. F. will have on our future commerce will be felt in the big business which is sure to follow the close relations which have existed between the French and the British people and ourselves. Our Army is made up, among others, of a certain proportion of men who are connected with large business interests who have taken note of the opportunities for future trade and means which must be filled abroad. The men who have had to transport armies, build the roads to do so and to build docks to accommodate the transports are well aware of the

potentialities for business which these highways open up. France will need raw materials of all kinds for years to come; her coal mining districts will not be producing for a long period, nor her iron deposits, and we should get our portion of the business of supplying these and the many other raw materials; oil, potash for fertilizing, hides, etc. The agents who will be established to collect this business will undoubtedly be taken from those who have spent some period of their time in France with the A. E. F., who understand the French people and have made many friends there.

Germany formerly supplied French markets with much manufactured material. Is it likely that a Frenchman will buy anything which is made from material made in Germany or bearing any trace of German origin, if he can get it elsewhere? And is this not true of Belgium or any of the nations which have suffered from Hun aggressions and cruelties, irrespective of whether Chambers of Commerce or Boards of Trade institute a boycott or not? A proportion of this trade comes to us, a large portion of the trade of all Europe, in fact, and those of the A. E. F. who are interested in trade will have kept their eyes open and have already laid the foundations for after war business relations.

Thousands of young men who joined the colors are going back with the determination to make a change in their occupations; many of them who previously followed sedentary occupations have become skilled mechanics on airplane motors and other kinds of machinery, and find that they are now in the specialist class. They are going back to take up that work, where there is sure to be a demand for them. Many are determined to get at some outdoor work which they figure will give them a chance to be their own boss; these will take up farm lands for themselves. There will be room for them in the millions of acres now held in government reserve and which we are told, will be thrown open for settlement. Irrigation of desert and arid lands in the West and Southwest will open up millions of acres of land, than which there is none better if water can only be gotten to it. One particular instance of this is in the Imperial Valley of California, which, a few years ago, nothing but desert, is now, with the advent of the irrigation canal, a veritable Garden of Eden.

Again there is the man who has, by accident or by pushing some special aptitude he possessed, developed a new line of work, which, had he never come into the army, he would never had an opportunity to practice, such as construction work, woodwork, special work on fabrics to do with airplanes, balloons, camouflage artillery. These are the skilled flying men who will be leaders in the airplane industry which will attain large proportions. Testers of experience and mechanics who have worked on airplane motors and construction will all find their niche in the great new business.

That the influence of the A. E. F., both in America and abroad, will be far reaching is certain, for its members will themselves spread the gospel of expansion and their name is legion.

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By "Alex"



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 SALESMEN to demonstrate and sell the solution of simple lovers of the

THIS COLUMN'S GOING TO BE TH' MOST POPULAR ITEM IN TH' DAILIES

THIS WORLD

By Sgt. W. J. Devine, 21st Aero Sqdn., A. E. F.

It's a great old world,
 I would have you know;
 And a "square" old world,
 You may not think so!
 But, even at that—
 If you'll listen to me
 For a moment or two,
 Then I believe you'll agree
 That the world "shoots square,"
 With "nine out of ten,"
 And "a miss is a mile,"
 Why bother one, then?

Just for example,
 I first would tell
 Of a fellow I knew,
 Who was S. O. L.;
 He told the folks
 That I had no chance,
 I'd surely be killed
 Over here in France—
 That he'd stay at home,
 Had sense—He knew.
 Last month he was buried,
 "Bumped off" with the "flu."

Still another there was,
 And as he used to say:
 "While the staying was good,"
 He "was going to stay,"
 He "would never enlist,"
 And he sent to France—
 Be kept for three years
 With never a chance.
 But, despite all this talk,
 It simply means
 He's serving his time
 In the Philippines.

So now, this proves
 That the world "shoots square,"
 With "nine out of ten,"
 Either "here" or "there."
 And once again
 I would have you know,
 It's a great old world,
 You may not think so!
 But, if you'll consider,
 I believe you'll agree
 That the world "shoots square,"
 With you—and with me.

EPISTLE OF PETER

By Gene D. Robinson

CHAPTER NINE
 Oo, La La, France.
 Janvier, Apres Noel.

Sidekick Steve:—
 Well Steve, I seen where they was turning the soldiers which was the least good to Uncle Sam, loose first, which means of course that you have been to home since the Armourtiss was signed. No doubt its a relief to you to be holding a cue stick in your hands in place of a gun, and I guess your debt to the owner of the pool room runs way higher than what you beat the canteen out of, as its likely some of the home guys was so glad to see you back that they kinder got delirious and loaned you all the jack you asked for. But a bird like you Steve aint got much to be glad of in getting out of the army, as they don't have Vin Rouge and the like in the States, and when some of these guys which have got used to even shoving in Cognac, have to go back to soda water and bowl soup, they will wish Germany hadn't quit so quick.

The camp which is lucky enough to have me, is about ten killomeets from town, which is equal to eight blocks Steve, and they get a train here they call the Cognac express, 'cause the only time a guy figgers its going fast when he's got Cognac to help him argue it is. The train runs down twice a day, when the engineer aint A. W. O. L., and used to run three times, when they was grapes along the track, but the Kaiser and the grapes quit about the same time and the fireman says he aint able to keep the steam up, so theys just two runs down now. A guy can usually get a pass to town when he aint waiting on the rain to stop, or got a date to take chow in the guard house. But thats kinder off the subject as the hanger told the guy which asks if the rope was made of rubber, and skipping a lot which wouldn't interest a rookie bird like you Steve, heres what I fixed to tell you.

France aint got bone dry in its language Steve, and if Milwaukee was moved over here they would use it for the pen. Its a throw up which would be the less liked here, Billy Sunday or the Kaiser, and instead of fining a guy for getting drunk Steve, they find out how strong a drink he had, and fine him according to the taste. A wine list of a cafe looks like the train schedule of the Grand Central station, and some of these here wines can take a guy further off than any train what runs out of New York.

Now that the wars over Steve a guy aint no better off about writing, as these birds which censor the mail must figger that if a letter gets by 'em without the scissors being used on it, they would lose their jobs, or else they figger on being barbers when their wives make 'em go to work again. I asks the top

WISE CYNICS

Now-w-w Sam
 Charlie Chaplin:—Contrast spells interest.
 Gee, if the Mess Sergeant only knew that.

Oui, Ma Cherie
 Ruth Cameron:—Do you sometimes marvel at the two-ness of yourself?
 Yes, dear. Also of others.

Too Full For Words
 Champ Clark:—I felt bully over the armistice.
 We did too—corn bully.

French Artists Were Right
 Lady Duff Gordon:—Dress is the expression of the soul.
 Now we know why the K. P.'s wear gloomy blue denims.

Just Finding It Out?
 John D. Rockefeller, Jr.:—No longer is the question asked where a man comes from, who his parents are, what he is.
 You're right, Johnnie old boy. Odd how indifferent an M. P. is when he stamps the travel orders and says "next."

Good For A Medic Discharge
 Dr. Kristine Mann:—On rising in the morning walk around the room on all fours for three minutes.
 Which proves the Doctor never digested submarine fish and hard tack.

A Full House, Eh Mable?
 Colonel House:—You can't tell what I am thinking of by my smile.
 You win; what is it:—two of a kind, or a full House?

New Year's Day in France
 "—today was New Year's Day Steve, but the only way it was different from the other days was by being colder, and the only guys that are thankful are them which has as many blankets as theys give C. C. pills out every morning at sick call, but outside of that everything is lovely. Theys no way of telling how cold it is Steve, as all the calenders is printed in figgers that would look ridiculous if they was referring to this here camp. The Colonel has used up all the stuff in the thermometers to shave with and the cooks has to use icicles to stir the coffee with in the mornings, and aint that the limit. The Major says he's going to get the latest dope from the two poles and maybe figger out how cold it is here, but outside of that everything is lovely." (From Epistle of Peter)

Lieutenant:—"I want a pass to Monte Carlo."
 Lieut. L.:—"Monte Carlo is forbidden but I can take you over and show you through the back end of barrack six. We aim to please."

Definition of K. P.
 A K. P. is the only guy in the army who thinks the cook is worth a whoop in the guard house.

When The Top Sergeant Kicks Off
 When good folks die,
 Heaven, their souls hunt;
 But when the top kick, passes,
 He'll just start to grunt.

FATHER CAUDRON

"You are old, Father Caudron", the young Spad cried.
 "And you ought to be thrown on the heap; Yet you take to the air like a sky going bear. Please explain why you don't come to grief."

"I fail to see why", the old Caudron replied As he taxied across to the tee,
 "I fail to see why I should stay on the ground When I'm sound as an airship can be."

"Yet you're old, Father Caudron", the Young Spad cried.
 "And you don't build very like a corn popper. Still you don't give a whoop, and you go up and loop Do you think at your age it is proper?"

"In my youth", said the sage, "I never took off When it blew, or it snowed, or it rained,
 And thus to this day, there is none that can say,
 That my factor of safety was strained."

"I carried a pilot who owned me himself He always kept crease on my wipes He polished the hinges on all of my tails He cared for all four of my tires."

"Even so", said the Spad, "Just consider your style As a type you are quite 'Hors de Combat' Yet you spin and reverse, and what's even worse You fly on your back like a wombat."

"I have answered ten questions, and that is enough" Said the Caudron, and then with a grunt He took to the air like one climbing a stair And did stunt after stunt after stunt.

Life
 Those that didn't come over, wish they had. Those that came over sometimes wished they hadn't. Those that came over, now are glad they came over because they are going back. Those that didn't come over are glad that those that did come over are going back so that those that didn't come over can get the straight dope from those that did come over. Otherwise, everything's lovely, Steve.

Lots of Such Cases We're Thinking

An Airnat sent his girl in Indiana a photo of himself. One year later when he returned to the land of the free, he was talking with his girl one night.
 "Oh by the way", he says, "you never did tell me whether you received that photo I sent you about a year ago."
 "A photo", she exclaimed, "why I thought that was one of those puzzle pictures in which you try to find a man's face."

RIMELESS RYMES

By GENE ROBINSON

Now that this here
 Set-back King's war
 Is over, except in
 Albums which guys is
 Taking back
 To home, they
 Ought to be a
 End of rumors
 And the like—
 Some wise ones
 Has said that
 Rumors is
 Just the rearward
 Of the army,
 So to speak—

Which is false,
 As the convict guy
 Told the judge—
 A famous and
 Intellectual
 Blessed general
 Told me, a
 Army fought
 First on its
 Stomach and
 Then on
 Rumors—
 Which is partly
 True—

A Problem For The Peace Conference

Two Irishmen were standing in the trenches before the Germans. Pat took out a ten franc note to give Mike, whom he owed it. Just then a fragment of a shell hit the note taking the naught with it. The Irishman looked at the bill in astonishment, and then grabbed his gun and started to climb out of the trench.
 "Look out there", yelled the Captain, "where you going?"
 "Faith", says Pat, "I'm going and get that bloody Jerry that stole nine francs from me."

The general opinion of the young aviators in these parts is that Old Mother Earth is like any other lady—it's all in the way you approach her.

**"ON ALERT" DUTY IN THE ARGONNE;
TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES ON PATROL**

**American Pilot Dives Spad 1000 Meters Vertically
With Motor at 2600 Revs**

Realizing the unparalleled opportunity now at hand, PLANE NEWS is endeavoring to collect a few experiences from the many pilots of long service who are now passing thru the center in such numbers. Insofar as possible, it is desired that the public read these articles from time to time in the exact words of the principle, rather than that we should attempt to make of them strictly newspaper feature stories. The most difficult obstacle to overcome is the extreme modesty of those from whom material is possible.

To our insistent demands for 'something,' the chap who contributed this account of twenty-five minutes on patrol—'Aeons in Minutes Aerially,' he called it—appropriately—modestly enough, when we were out of sight, picked out a series of incidents in which he does not have to explain how he downed a Boche. But we didn't promise not to tell that he has six "Official" to his credit and wears the Croix de Guerre with Palm, as well as the D. S. C. with two Oak Leaves.—Editor

The Squadrons had an advanced field up along the balloon line on the Argonne Sector, and our Flight was there "on alert." On alert, watching for Huns who might fly over after our balloons, in the event of which we climbed into our Spads and downed the foolish Hun. Easy! but never mind that, it would be a long story. This, I was told, should be an account of a personal experience, and I've resolved to confine myself to a single patrol which lasted exactly twenty-five minutes.

It was the duty of our Flight to fly to the advanced field at dawn and to remain there until dark—no matter the weather. Weather didn't affect alert duty. In fact, orders tried to work it the other way around. At any rate, on this dull day in the early stages of the Argonne show, all available planes in B Flight took off as usual. The fact that there were only two planes excited no comment. Nevertheless had you been one of these two, you would have felt glad to have another for company.

By the middle of the afternoon, my own motor was suitable to fly the plane, so I prepared to join the other two who were still "on alert." When about to start off, I noticed A-Flight's contribution of two planes taxiing out for "concentration patrol." C-Flight had just returned. I resolved to join up to strengthen them up a bit. No time needed to be lost gaining altitude, for that had been solved by pushing a pin into an air chart, above which we were not supposed to go in patrol. As I swung in, A-Flight's leader recognized the Squadron's markings and fell in, but the other evidently didn't. I saw by his own number that he was the "Terrible Deuce" numbers and markings meant nothing to him, and as he afterwards explained, his engine wasn't turning up enough "revs."

Flying, thus, in three echelons, we reached the west end of our sector, I saw quite a number of Spads patrolling in small formations. Some, like ourselves, were just under the Pin, others were just below the clouds at 1100 meters, but they were Spads of another Group and had nothing to do with the Pin. As we turned along the Lines, I saw that our reception by our friends above us was to be rather disquieting. A formation of Spads was diving down from the right to look us over.

Friends Attack

You know the feeling if you have ever had some one point a double barreled shotgun at you and you know it is loaded and cocked—same thing except that one is worse than the other. Feeling this way, I very readily cocked the Spad on one ear so as to display the U. S. markings to their best advantage. Somewhat of a 'mill' resulted, but no one was hurt, and I still had two machines with me.

About this time, we were passing over Montfaucon, the middle point of our sector. An enemy formation of seven machines at 900 meters had crossed

our lines, flying at right angles to our course. We were not far from them, they were being Archied as they turned back. The enemy formation, being safely above the Pin and having turned as soon as they saw us, could make a safe getaway. The end man of their formation, however, must have been rather ambitious, for he dove on me. Seeing that he was a two seater, I dove and made a turn away from him. He was too far away to be dangerous, and I felt that the Spads following would not miss their opportunity. But they were not alive to what was going on, following me down in a turn.

The Rumpler had zoomed up and turned toward his lines. With wide motor, I gave chase. In this maneuver, I lost the "Deuce" and the other and was alone. The Boche was straggling two miles back of his formation, and by all laws of the game should have been downed. He had an advantage of some 300 meters altitude and was by no means slow in the pace he was leading. I chased him to the Meuse—which was the Hun line—and had gained his own altitude and was within 400 to 500 yards of him. I tried out my guns in a few short bursts and had him diving, when out of the clouds above him five Fokkers came side-slipping down. That was warning enough for me to turn toward our lines; at the same time a half-dozen 'Wrumps' breaking around me in the shape of black woolly cotton balls, warned me that Archie wanted me too. I was soon on our side again where the Fokkers weren't following.

Spad Rides Flaming Hun

Flying toward Montfaucon, I hoped to find some Spads to join up to. I was gliding down to 600 meter—above which I didn't belong—when I saw something going on 300 meters below. Three Spads were after two Fokkers. One of them turned north, but his chances couldn't have been good without others coming in to make a rescue. Seeing no other machines near, I devoted my attention to the other Fokker with one Spad on its tail firing at long range. The Boche was diving east at an angle of about 45 degrees.

They were passing under me about 1000 feet below. The Hun seemed to make a slow getaway, dodging the Spad's fire by a little rudder work. I suddenly came to life by kicking into a side-slip and dive. But too late—at that moment, the Spad, one of our group, closed up to 30 yards and I saw flames spring from the cockpit of the Fokker. He seemed so helpless that I could not help shuddering at the death he had practically invited. As he continued down, the Spad sat on his tail, as if not satisfied. Down, down, a little farther and, blooie!, the meeting of ground and Hun resulted in a sudden burst of smoke and fire. The Spad pulled up and went on. I made a note of time and place. Had my watch stopped? I had been on the lines ten minutes.

Magneto Disconnects

I noticed that the sky above, just beyond the lines, was foul with Huns. Our Archies were bursting everywhere. Two Boche two-seaters at 1,000 meters were being Archied over Donnevoux, a point well inside our lines. I felt that I should like to down a Hun after what I had witnessed. Laboriously, my ship was lifting the Pin and the defenseless ceiling it formed, up, up toward the two-seaters. One of them turned for home, so that I began to feel some excitement as I made for the other. He, too, however, made for his lines before I got in range. As he crossed the Meuse, I was still at long range, trying out occasional bursts, when something fell on my left foot. The nut from the left magneto had dropped, allowing the high tension wire to fly about, causing sparks where it made contact. The motor was turning up less than 2,000 and the race was lost. Disgustedly I turned back, and again Archies ugly growls; Wrump, Wrump, Wrump, WRUMPH.

But I was soon out of them, on our side of the lines at 1,000 meters. By some long formed habit, or instinct, I looked back over my shoulders—Ye Gods! Five Fokkers in a perfect V, sneaking down on me. They were scarcely 200

**Pilot Helps Down
Hun in Blaze With
Gun Running Wild**

Shortly after starting out on patrol with my flight, one morning in September, I was forced to return to the air-drome with a missing motor. Having obtained permission to take the Major's machine, I immediately set out to overtake my formation. As I neared Verdun, I saw a patrol of Spads from another Squadron, which I recognized. At the same time, I noticed our Archies giving something hell just east of Verdun. Seeing prospects of a scrap, I started that way, soon closing up to about 300 meters, recognizing the machine as an enemy bi-place fighter. In the mean time, two of the Spads also picked up the Boche, who was then at an altitude of about 2500 meters. As we commenced to fire short bursts, he was driven down nearly to 300 meters. However, one of my guns suddenly went wild, shooting, as I discovered later, six holes through one end of my "prop" and three through the other. After stopping it, I followed into the fighting, reducing the 300 meters to 250, using only one gun. I closed in from the top, while a Spad came up from beneath, setting the enemy on fire. At this time he was around 200 meters up. As the blaze developed, there was a huge puff of black smoke from the gas tank, followed an instant later by a rolling cloud of white, then the whole plane seemed to be a mass of flames. The observer jumped. The ship almost at once crashed, and for a moment blazed the brighter. The speed of the impact catapulted the pilot to a point fully 200 feet from the wreckage. Landing, I ran to the scene but was too late to do any good, as pilot and observer were both dead, the former having been shot through the head from left rear to the right temple. The observer was killed in his leap. Of the two seater fighter, there remained but a mass of kindling wood.

yards away; the picture made by ten balanced ailerons, sticking out grotesquely like charging turkey's wings, flashed through my mind as an ugly comedy. Hardly completing my half-glance, I jerked my throttle wide open and pushed the joystick to its limit forward. Ten machine guns were making a most infernal noise.

Diving With Full Motor

The Spad was in its element; I was raised out of the seat against my belt—incidentally, my hair was raised against my helmet. Tracer and incendiary bullets were going over my wing; I eased on a bit of rudder. The Spad's nose was so hard to hold down that I was forced to use both hands and my knees. Turning on them was quite out of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

**BOMBER SAVES
OBSERVER BY
BRAVING FIRE**

**Lieut. Cooper Pilots Blazing D
H. to Safety Behind
Hun Lines**

ARMS BURNED to BONE

The career of 1st Lieut. Meriam C. Cooper has been one of the most remarkable in the history of aviation. His work has been typified with grit from the very beginning. He is from old fighting stock and the squadron which he brought overseas all swear by his fighting ability.

Owing to his having displayed executive ability, he was placed on the staff of Colonel Kilner during the organization of this post, acting as Summary Court Officer and Intelligence Officer while undergoing flying instruction. In spite of the fact that he had two crashes, one of them quite severe, he kept on flying. After making repeated requests to Colonel Kilner he was permitted to transfer to bombing training. However, his ambitions were again retarded, as he was retained in Paris for special duty with the Intelligence Department, where promotion was in view. Disregarding personal ambition and in spite of discouraging delay, he finally reached the front with a bombing squadron using Liberty D.-H. 4s, where he displayed ability as a pilot and untold nerve as a fighting man. It was always his ambition to be included in the list of volunteers for special reconnaissance missions or bombing trips with objectives 30 to 50 kilometres in the rear of the German lines. He was well liked all the men and pilots, not only in his squadron, but in all squadrons on the front. His devotion to his duty cannot be spoken off too highly; it is gratifying to know that he will be rewarded with the D. S. C.

On one of these long distance flights, it was his fate to undergo as thrilling an experience as ever occurred to any pilot. A call was made for volunteers. Lieutenant Cooper, knowing how well the German air forces were supplied with pursuit planes in this territory over which they were to traverse, with his customary enthusiasm and desire to do his duty and get action, was one of the first to volunteer. During his mission to the objective, which was attained, he was repeatedly attacked by Fokkers and German planes of various types, always fighting them off with the assistance of his observer, Lieutenant —?—?—. But on the return trip one of his companions had the misfortune to experience motor trouble; with his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

**Yank Pilot Chases Hun
Officer Around Field**

**Piles Up Enemy Dead With Gun
Boche Truck Climbs
Up Tree**

The following is an experience of one of our ex-moniteurs, and is an example of bomb dropping and strafing by chase planes, which was such a considerable factor in the late American offensive:

"We received orders to be up at five o'clock for the early morning 'alerts,' to load on four twenty-pound bombs, with all the ammunition the planes would carry and with our bombs go over to an objective some 20 kilometres behind the German lines and drop bombs on any troops, truck transports or in any manner to cause as much destruction to the Germans possible.

"Four of us started out. It was raining and the clouds were very low, under 300 meters, but we crossed the German lines alright and reached our objective, 20 kilometres behind the lines, dropping our bombs on the town of —.

"Coming back we followed a road all the way, strafing troops and transport trucks enroute.

"While passing over another small town on our way back to our lines, I saw numerous troops in the village street—it was packed with soldiers—so I piqued at about 200 meters and fired into the mass with both guns, causing confusion amongst them. A great many tried to get into one doorway of a building, on seeing which I turned both guns into that doorway, killing a great many, as I could see them fall and pile up in a heap.

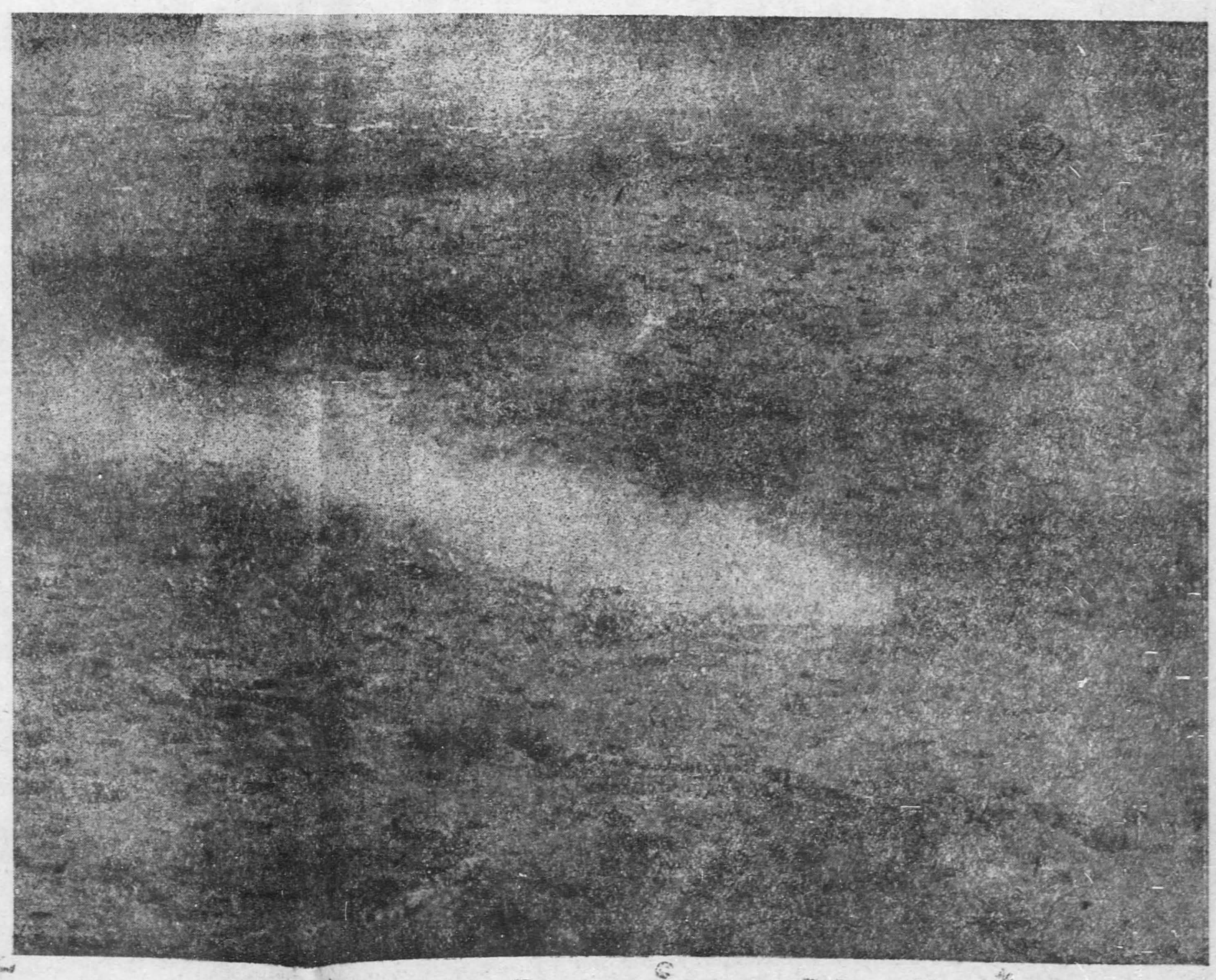
"By this time I was getting so close to the buildings and to the ground that I had to pull my machine up higher and immediately saw a company of riflemen just outside the town. They all seemed to be firing at me, so I turned and fired into them with both guns. They promptly scattered for shelter behind trees, into shell holes and to any place which afforded any protection, and in about half a minute there was no company formation in sight.

"A little further on I saw a German mounted officer and tried to get some fun at his expense by chasing him around a field, but was unable to hit him with my fire because of my speed and his ability to manoeuver.

"Shortly afterwards I ran into a truck transport heading in the direction of the lines and promptly centered my fire on one of the trucks. The driver jumped from one side and the mechanic from the other and away went the truck down the road and piled up on a tree. In the confusion five or six other trucks followed suit by jamming into the first one.

"SIM."

CRATER LAND FROM THE AIR



**BOMBER SAVES OBSERVER
BY BRAVING FIRE**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

ever present spirit of helping the other fellow, Lieut. Cooper dropped back to protect him. However, the enemy numbers were too great and during the scrap one of their bursts made a vital hit, the observer being struck by a tracer bullet, which passed through his shoulder and chest and thence through the gas tank, which immediately caught fire. Thinking his observer was dead, he made preparations to jump, knowing death waited below, but upon looking back and seeing his observer showed signs of life, placed valour before discretion and consigned himself to a hell of fire with but the one idea in mind of saving his observer's life, even to the sacrifice of his own. His hands and arms became so badly burned that he could no longer hold the stick with them. Crossing his arms, he held the stick between his elbows, and so, in spite of the agony of it all, managed to pilot the plane to the ground, where it crashed, though not seriously.

In his descent he had managed to turn off the gas feed; though the hellish rush of flame diminished somewhat, the plane had been partially consumed before landing. The pilot and observer were taken out by the Germans and taken to the Intelligence Office and First Aid dressing station. Lieutenant Cooper took one more chance on life while waiting for the doctors and questionnaire by placing all the papers in their possession into the stove; the re-



CAPT. MERIAM C. COOPER

sult was innumerable dire threats by the guards.

After this, however, their treatment was considerate, although they were separated and sent to different hospitals. Amputation was urged, but he steadfastly refused, and it is pleasing to know that at this date he has regained the use of one arm. At the hospital where he was cared for, near the Russian border, he managed very well with the exception of one disquieting incident. When news reached this isolated spot of the results of a very effective bombing raid made by an American squadron, the attitude of the nurses and doctors became threatening in the extreme.

After the armistice was signed Lieut. Cooper was released from the hospital to make a safe return to Paris by Switzerland. While reporting to the Personnel Bureau there in an outfit which neither indicated his rank or status, the Colonel in charge dictated in his presence a telegram in response to a cable request to J. C. Cooper, Jacksonville, Fla., in which he stated no reports had been received in regard to his son, but that he was last seen going down in flames over the German lines. During this incident Lieut. Cooper, appreciating the grim humor of the situation, remained silent. Then began an interview in which Lieut. Cooper requested information as to the whereabouts of his observer.

"Who are you?" said the colonel.
"Sir, I am Lieutenant Cooper."

[Editor's Note] Since the first part of this story has gone to press, we learn that Lt. Cooper has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

Memories Smiles--and Everything

The top reached for the 'phone and says: "Give me 107."

The company clerk sitting at the desk jumped up hastily when he heard the number and grabbed the top's arm. "Aw, don't," he pleaded; "I'll tell all about—"

"Say, you Cognac acrobat," he demanded, "whatta mean by grabbing me that way?"

"Oh!" explained the clerk, "when you called '107' it just revived old memories. It's the same number of the police station back home."

**Then Again We Have the
Liberty Heater**



Of the many useful and interesting devices devised at this center we show the portable oil and water heater for use in cold weather. The heater, with its separate tanks, was designed and built by our Engineering Department, primarily for the Liberty field.

It has proven most convenient, especially when the planes are widely separated, and has been used, not only around the hangars, but also in the field, at distances of two to three miles by having it towed.

FORBID IT LORD, THAT WE SHOULD BOAST

If ours the power to decide
Upon the far frontiers of France
Hath helped to stem the battle tide,
And turn the horde of arrogance;
If we, in hour of victory,
With long pent feelings, deeply stirred,
Unbridled tongues at last set free,
Give vent to braggard thought and word;
Shall we forget the debt we owe?
We, on our own unravished sod.
Nor yet our gratitude bestow
On them who first the wine press trod?
Oh! by that Allied outer post,
Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast!

If we, a foe half beaten, hurled,
Oh, be it our lasting shame!
If, to a free and bleeding world,
Our praises only we acclaim;
Can we not pierce the rain that drifts
And see before the bars of Kiel,
Beneath the fog screen, when it lifts,
A long grey barrier of steel?
Old England's "watch dogs" at the gate
Held fast in leash by England's sons,
Guarding, with theirs, our common fate,
Oh, by those far off British guns,
Oh, by our own unravaged coast,
Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast.

Shall we forget that bitter cup
They drank while we were unprepared?
Ere yet our loins were girded up,
Ere yet our mighty sinews bared?
Oh, by yon hill and plain,
Where Canada and England bled,
Where France turn'd while 'mid her slain,
And poppies took a deeper red;
Where Belgium, 'mid her crumpled walls,
Still bade defiance to the foe;
On Alpine heights, when twilight falls,
Italy's signal fires glow;
Oh, by that train of lifted souls,
The barrier of the dead between,
That like a mist-veil'd river rolls
From Flanders fields to Palestine;
By our own sons who died to share,
And paid, with lives, the fearful price,
Who caught the falling torch to bear
Through toil and pain and sacrifice,—
Oh, by that long and shadowy boast,
In humbleness of pride may we
Lift to our lips the silent toast,
And reverently bow, all reverently,
Our Allies, they who suffered most,
Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast."

—F. WARREN HARPER.
3rd A. I. C.

He Probable is—at Billiards
Ainrats:—"Say Buddie, did you ever see Fonch?"
Doughboy:—"Nope. I never did, but I think Willie Hoppe better than him."

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.

**"ON ALERT" DUTY IN THE
ARGOONE; 25 MINUTES PATROL**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

question, except as certain suicide. To do a half-spin and dive would bring temporary relief but place me in Hunland again, with no escape. There seemed to be no escape anyway. Pur-up, pur-up-up! sounding like a million crackling chestnuts. Great Lord! Ease the rudder; side-slip a bit. Pur-up-up-up! Approximately 100 shots a second. Why weren't they hitting me? Kick her the other way. I looked back and saw all five of them still in formation and shooting. As I watched the effect of kicking the rudder, I was rather surprised at the way it upset the Huns. A movement of two inches of my foot would cause them to alter their course, and then—"hold her, Will; kick the other rudder." Damn! I wasn't gaining on them as rapidly as I wished. Yet my wires and all parts of the plane were screeching their resistance to the wind.

"Going like hell, and the wings might come off. Might as well; otherwise I'll stop a thousand Hun bullets." Pur-rup-upup. "Come along, Spad. Damnation! Look what we're heading for." For on the ground, 200 meters below, directly ahead, was the burning Fokker of seven minutes before. Rather than add fuel to his flames, I forgot the Huns and started easing up on the joy-stick ("Joy-stick. God, what a term!). Slowly and carefully I allowed it to come back and found myself on a level about 100 feet from the ground. The Huns! They probably went home to request a confirmation on me.

Safe for Another Chase

I still had both hands on the stick, pushing forward, but I was climbing, nevertheless. I reached for the throttle to cut down the engine. The "rev-counter" registered 2600 r.p.m. Whoops! must have been going some. I squirmed about in the seat. No pain anywhere. I moved the stick forward, backward, right, left, into neutral—all there. The rudder was all right, flying and landing wires "all present;" I couldn't see any holes. I felt different again—furious and fell to talking to myself, cursing the Huns by every epithet the Wild West and civilization had taught me. I forgot that I had had a narrow escape—most narrow; I wanted a Hun for my pains. The yellow dogs; why couldn't I catch one on an even basis?

So I opened my motor again and made for two bi-place which were again over Donnevoux. Gloriously disregarding the pin, I did my best to reach their altitude with my one mag. Again they turned north, this time together, the observer on the rear one firing from a 500 yard range. Another trap, evidently enough. And that long range firing had a psychological effect at least. "You damn swine can go to —, for all of me," and I made the quickest turn a Spad knows how. Three minutes later I landed on our advanced field, taxying up to the two Spads already there.

My machine was gone over, magneto hooked up, a bucket of oil scraped off the fuselage, tanks filled. Meanwhile I had a cigarette, relating my encounter.

It was nearly dark as the three of us got off and went over to the lines. My machine was flying abnormally, due to the strain it had been under. The tail was heavy and a wing flew low. Shortly after the take-off, my left mag repeated its stunt, the motor pooping. An evening mist had settled. This felt better; I settled down a bit, looking at my instruments. The thermometer was climbing up to 180 degrees and as I watched it, it broke and fell to zero. "What isn't wrong?" I wondered. I watched the ground for fields to land in when my motor might get to pieces. Woods, hills, shell holes, what-not, everywhere.

A Smash at the Drome

But after twenty minutes there was our airdrome. It was practically dark; the other two were somewhere ahead of me trying to land. Throttling down, my motor quit entirely. More fun. Not being able to re-start my motor, I zoomed up and fired a short burst before the prop stopped, hoping that they would turn on the landing flares. No such luck. The forced landing was not nearly so bad as possible collision with the others. So I dove for the north end of the field where no one ever landed, tried to turn over the hangars, but without power lost flying

**ST. MAIXENT AMERICAN AIR SERVICE
CONCENTRATION BARRACKS IS NO MORE**

**Its Work Has Finished and Name is But a Memory
To Thousands Who Passed Through**

* St. Maixent, probably better known to more individual members of the Air Service, American Expeditionary Forces, than almost any other Air Service center in France, has heard these magic words; "Finis la Guerre".

It is really 'finis la guerre' for St. Maixent, which during its year and one month of business, has perhaps been one of the most active Air Service posts in France. As the chief Air Service concentration barracks for France, it has housed more Aviation personnel than any Air Service station east of Mineola, with the result that St. Maixent is down on the list of places visited by more Aviation officers and men than any place in the A. E. F. Now the Post is in the process of demobilization, and instead of troops hurrying from the railroad station to Coiffe, Canclaux and Presbytere Barracks, likewise camion after camion of supplies, the reverse is the condition, and everybody is looking forward to that glorious day when "bonjour" will be cried to Mademoiselle Liberty.

The Armistice came at one of the busiest times in the history of St. Maixent. A couple of weeks before hostilities ceased word came that more than one hundred Aviation Squadrons would pass through St. Maixent within the next few months. The Air Service was planning tremendous activities on the front during the coming winter, and Issoudun trained pilots needed real squadrons behind them to keep their ships in condition for the flight to and across the Rhine, which was becoming more and more of a certainty when the Armistice put an end to all ambitious Aviation plans. To prepare for these one hundred squadrons which were coming to St. Maixent to be completely equipped, it was necessary to lay in tremendous stocks of clothing, food-stuffs and equipment. Most of these supplies arrived when the Armistice was signed. The result was, it was necessary to send them right back again. It was also necessary to return to the respective supply departments the large stores of Quartermaster, Ordnance, Chemical and Air Service supplies which had been accumulated here.

Squadrons came to St. Maixent for two purposes: One, to be housed and fed until such time as their services were needed elsewhere, and two, to be completely equipped. The duties of the Supply Officer at this Post have been more active and included a wider range of activities than perhaps the duties of any other Supply Officer in the Air Service. One usually connects Air Service Supply Office with the officer who deals exclusively in aviation material, but not at St. Maixent. The Supply Officer at this Post signs on a dotted line for everything a squadron uses except the ships and the motor transportation. The Supply Officers at St. Maixent was to carry on his paper all Quartermaster material, including property, subsistence and all supplies;

speed and started into a spin. Pulled out of that, and the ground was there. Back with the stick, but still no speed. Wharrack. Something made me think I was crashing, so I ducked my head, waited until it was over, unfastened the belt, crawled from under and walked off. Running across the field came my mechanics.

"My God, are you hurt?" No—"Not hurt, really aren't you hurt?" as though it were perfectly incredible. "Of course not," I insisted. "Not a damn bit. Spad's a complete washout, but get my instruments."

In the same way, I met a score of others; none seemed able to believe that I had escaped without injury. "Why, it must have been quite a crash, I thought."

The operations officer came up as I walked in his tent.

"Anything to report?" he asked.
"No-o-o," I said. "What did the 'Terrible Deuce' and the other report when they came in?"

"Nothing; neither of them saw a thing."

"Quite right! Report the burial of a Spad on the airdrome."

all Ordnance equipment; all Chemical Warfare equipment; and all Air Service equipment other than airplanes and airplane supplies. In addition, the Supply Officer at St. Maixent was the Disbursing Officer and Transportation Officer, and as Transportation Officer it was up to him to see that when Air Service Headquarters ordered squadrons to any particular portion of France—and they moved from here to every Aviation Center in France—that their transportation was provided quickly and squadron officers would know in advance when they would reach their destination with the least possible delay.

Not only was material accumulated about the time the armistice was signed, but several squadrons which had left the United States from two weeks to a month before fighting ceased. Some of these squadrons arrived at St. Maixent a few days before the armistice and some a few days afterwards. With one exception, a construction squadron, all of them turned right around and have returned to St. Nazaire, where they will be returned to the States. Insofar as these particular squadrons were concerned, all of France that they saw was St. Maixent and the country between St. Maixent and the base ports.

St. Maixent has housed nearly 28,000 Aviation personnel, including more than 23,000 enlisted men and nearly 5,000 officers. To the list of officers should be added approximately 800 cadets, who are now officers. These cadets are not those who comprised the famous "Million Dollar Guard" at Issoudun, but they were brothers under the skin, for the cadets at St. Maixent, many of whom have since made the supreme sacrifice both at the front and at training centers, did kitchen police, fatigue work of all kinds, guard duty, latrine police and, in fact, everything that a buck private does in war times. The cadets of the 15th and 16th Foreign Detachments and the Beaumont Detachment will never

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

WHO'S WHO IN THE AIR SERVICE



CAPTAIN GEORGE C. AAROE

Captain Aaroe's rise from the ranks and subsequent promotions and important assignments is a striking example of ability being recognized in this man's Army.

His entire career since volunteering in May 1917 is marked with thoroughness, constant study and application to his duty, even to the detriment of his own health. As First Sergeant of the First Reserve Aero Squadron he was primarily responsible for whipping them into shape during their training period at Mineola until their arrival at this camp.

Upon the arrival of Colonel Kilner he was appointed Post Sergeant-Major where he proved his value and was commissioned as First Lieutenant, and appointed Assistant Adjutant and subsequently acting as Adjutant until being called to 'four' where he acted as Adjutant in the Office of Chief Training Section. Later he acted as Executive in new projects planned by the Air Service. He has since been promoted and is now acting as Assistant Chief of Training.

BRONZE SHIELD TO MARK SITES OF FIELDS HERE

Local Foundry Moulding Memorials That Exact Locations Be Not Forgotten

Progress has been reported by Captain Babcock, O. I. C. of Machine Shop in the form of a sample plate, copy of which is illustrated herewith which has been modelled for use in designating the respective fields of this Center.

The model, having been approved by the Commanding Officer, will be struck off in bronze in sufficient quantities at our Engineering Department foundry to be placed on suitable marking stones



which have been ordered by the PLANE NEWS.

These markers will be valuable in the future to indicate the site, even after all other physical objects cease to exist, of the greatest concentrated aviation activities that proved such a considerable factor in the Great War.

In addition, our foundry will commence work on the bronze tablets which will be placed on our monumental shaft in the cemetery, upon which will be placed the names of our deceased comrades.

ST. MAIXENT A. S. CONCENTRATION CAMP IS NO MORE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

In addition to being a concentration post for officers and men of the Air Service, St. Maixent also housed the Air Service Ground Officer's and Flying Officer's Schools, which furnished additional training for officers just over from the States and before they were assigned to permanent duty.

St. Maixent has served a very useful purpose for the Air Service and has more than justified its existence, and members of the Air Service who were stationed here will take home many pleasant memories, while at least a dozen officers and men who were attached to the permanent command will take home French mademoiselles who have become their wives.

Finis la guerre now for St. Maixent and there is real sorrow in the hearts of townspeople between whom and the American soldiers stationed here the most intimate friendships have developed.

Head: "What is Brewing in Germany?" For the sake of the A. of O. we hope it is better than the French draught.

Entertainments and Dances Are Daily Features in Camp

In addition to local talent shows at the theaters of the center the past week, the Airnats enjoyed the best minstrel show which visited us. Miss Baker, a Red Cross nurse from the hospital at Issoudun, organized the show, which showed at the outlying fields and Hut 1 at the main field. Two real negro rag pickers from the Mason-Dixon Line were the end men, while the remainder of the cast were black-face comedians. The crowd greatly enjoyed the show and gave them a big amount of applause.

The talent which is now organized into a rip roaring two dollar show is in great demand at all neighboring camps. "A. E. F." Frost, who is directing the entertainment end of affairs at the "Y," is proving very popular, and is giving us some of the best brand of entertainment through his energy.

Officers dances are now held weekly at the Red Cross on Thursday evenings, under the direction of Mrs. Wilson.

Much credit for social activities at the center, which has centered around Hut 2, is due to Mrs. Margaret Bowles of Boston, Mass., who has by untiring efforts, made the little hut cosy, comfortable and as homelike as possible under the conditions. A dance for enlisted men will be held in the hut every Saturday night.

No Jokes in Flying?

Twenty-five Francs For Really Funny Flying Stories

It is claimed that there are no funny flying stories, according to the *Daily Mail* in an article written by an R. A. F. captain. With this we beg to differ. We will go still further and back our statement up with money—real francs. Knowing that there will be a ready response, PLANE NEWS offers 25 francs for each of the best anecdotes dealing with aviation.

In a manner, we realize that it is difficult to relate an aviation story on paper in a way which will make one laugh. The lone example of humor that was told was of an American ferry pilot. From what we understand there is a fund of material dealing with ferry pilots alone.

One must not depend on the manner of telling the tale, or upon the character, like A. B. Gaines, for instance, who is familiar to us here, nor upon the understanding of technical terms to excite the laugh. It must have a general appeal.

You are going to help us make good, we are sure, knowing how readily you have responded to the literary contest, which is still booming.

Send in the funniest aviation yarn you know and you will get 25 francs for it if it is good, no matter how brief it may be.

Congestion at Marseilles

The authorities at Marseilles, according to recent official telegrams, report congestion of traffic due to officers and enlisted men passing through that city on way to leave areas on the Riviera. Following this, necessary orders have been issued to prevent officers and enlisted men on leave from stopping over in Marseilles.

CHINESE ARE WON BY TACT AND FAIRNESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

were put on this detail and the remainder were placed on similar details, such as garbage and policing. The third day, the Chinamen refused to work. A regular labor meeting was called and the Chinese appointed three representatives, by whom they agreed to stand. Their complaints were food, clothing and pay. They were assured that all of these would be taken care of and went to work the next day.

It was found that on account of the location of their barracks they were wandering around and bothering the Squadrons, and as there were three barracks at the edge of the reservation, away from the rest of the Post, consent was obtained to move them. Before moving them a squad of Chinamen were taken there to place the barracks in perfect order, not according to the way the Chinamen might want, but in exactly the same condition as barracks for American troops, the same stoves, the same bunks, in fact the barracks complete. One end of the barracks was turned into a hospital and one end of the other barracks was made into an office.

An open shed was build on the side of one barrack for a kitchen and special bowls in which they could cook their rice, in the same manner in which they were accustomed to, were obtained from Paris. The Chinamen were moved in a few days later and there were considerable change in their attitude from that date on.

About that time it was found that the system of driving the Chinese was not getting desired results, and as the Aero Repair and Machine Shop was very much in need of men, the managers of these departments were persuaded to take some Chinamen on trial, as was the Supply Officer. At first it was necessary to have guards go with the men to see that they went to work. The Chinese in the Machine Shop were placed on the work of cleaning and dissembling motors. Those in the Aero Repair were placed on cleaning wings, and those in the Supply were given work in assorting material.

At this time seventy-five additional Chinamen were requested, who arrived the latter part of March. These men were immediately placed in the Machine Shop and Aero Repair. At first there was considerable trouble, owing to the fact that the men who had just arrived were from the northern districts of China and did not agree in any respect with the Southern Chinese, but after being tactfully informed that they would have to agree and that any trouble would mean serious punishment, the trouble ceased.

There are 218 Chinese on the Post at present, of which 166 are working in the Aero Repair and Machine Shop, the rest being orderlies and on garbage detail.

Upon being interviewed after the Armistice the officers in charge of the Machine Shop and Aero Repair were questioned as to when the Chinamen could be spared, and they replied that they could not be spared until the Machine Shop and Aero Repair were closed down. That remark expresses fairly well the results that have been obtained with the Chinamen at this Center. Their present condition is this:—They are the first to go to work voluntarily

THIRD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER, FRANCE

MRS. COBB, WILSON, Directrice American Red Cross.

My dear Mrs. Wilson:

Before leaving this Post, I should like to take the liberty of telling you how greatly I have appreciated the work which the Red Cross has done at Issoudun.

It is my belief that our Officers and Soldiers are the very best that there are in the Army. Not only during the strenuous days of October but particularly in the difficult period immediately after the Armistice was signed, our personnel gave evidence of what splendid stuff they are made.

It must always be a source of great satisfaction to you and your fellow workers in the Red Cross to realize that none of these thousands of fine Americans that have been on duty at this Post are going to forget the unfailing kindness, courtesy and good cheer which has been given them at the Red Cross canteens. As an influence for good in helping to make this Post a bit of America in the midst of a foreign land, your work has been unsurpassed by that of any other agency or institution.

The sacrifice and hardships which the ladies of the Red Cross have endured, their despairing early hours and their wearisome drudgery have borne sweet fruit in the affectionate regard which they have won from both Officers and Soldiers of this camp.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) HIRAM BINGHAM:
Lt.-Col. A. S.

Dec. 25, 1918.

THIRD A. I. C. ADOPTS ARM INSIGNIA OF LOCAL DESIGN

U. S. Cocarde, With "3" in Center, For All Permanent Officers of This Center

Now we have our insignia. You will soon see the Red, Blue and White Cocarde on the sleeves of all officers attached to the post, similar to those you have seen floating around in the air on the planes, with a neat little figure three in the white center.

The commanding officer has approved of the design. The Uniform Regulations are prescribed by the War Department and cannot be modified except



by the same authority. We are reluctant to commit ourselves by issuing a post order prescribing that this insignia be worn, but we are going to wear it in the same way as other insignias are being worn by others.

It is understood that all officers who are or who have been assigned to this station are to be included as the wearers of this significant and useful insignia. This does not include those who have been assigned here for the purpose of instruction or for temporary duty.

Cutting More Paper Work

Another sign of near demobilization is seen in recent orders requiring all allotment duplicates to be checked on service records, corrected and brought down to date. They are then turned over to personnel adjutants, who verify them with post records. After that they are forwarded to the Adjutant General's office. As this includes War Risk insurance, allotments, voluntary allotments and Liberty Loans, it cuts the records of each unit or company down by several hundred sheets.

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.

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