

with the "Big Bertha". For two weeks the shell dropped regularly, and only the air raids served to relieve the monotony. The Americans were required to go to the French Abris during air raids and many interesting evenings were passed in these places singing American Rag Time and French Classics.

In the meantime work progressed rapidly at Camp Coëtquidan. The hangars and flying field were put in shape for systematized work. Ground was broken for the machine shop which in a short time was fully equipped with a complete line of machine tools and accessories, but the engine to run the shop was lacking and could not be located until a number of weeks later it was found at the balloon school. The whirr of pulleys and slap of belts was music to the ears of the machinists. With the turn of the first pulley, work came in a steady stream and pick and shovel were forgotten. This machine shop took care of the balloon school work, the Artillery Camp Work, and the airplane and transportation work for the Aviation Camp. It is needless to be said to the credit of this shop that a complaint was never made of work done. Captain W. H. Saunders 7th. F.A. was Commanding Officer of the camp until his departure for the front when Lieutenant Reed succeeded him. First Lieut. Harold Wilder replaced Lieut. Reed shortly afterwards as Commanding Officer.

About this time the Mascot craze hit camp and each squad had its pot sounds were heard at night around the camp that night well have been mistaken as coming from the cages of "Ringling Brothers" or "Barnum and Bailey". The camp boasted eleven dogs of sundry color and dispositions, three goats with and without horns, one Magpie named "Mag", four ground hogs, two fox four ducks, five chickens, a hoot owl, two rabbits and weasle. Most of these mascots met most untimely hands, for the weasle ate the magpie, half of the dogs died from drinking the camp water and the other half died from the effects of Creoline baths given them for the French Itch. One goat lost its life at the hands of sergeant Kilpatrick and an automatic. the other two lost their lives one afternoon after had eaten a lower aeroplane wing for supper. These two goats were last seen headed into the officers mess flanked by brown gravy and green peas. The French Chef prepared the meat as veal and the officers ate it after having turned it back previously because it was goat meat. Lieutenant Fouchard, the School Supply Officer, who owned Nannie before her untimely demise said it was like eating a friend to eat the poor goat, but he was around for seconds just the same. The two fox were sold to the Balloon School at a profit that goes to show that all profiteers are not out of the army yet. The owl eloped with an owl from another neighborhood, while the rabbits went to the flesh pot when rations were low. The chickens made off mysteriously just about the time the Colored Infantry pulled out for the front. The ground hogs were lost in the shuffle. Here today; gone tomorrow : C'est la Guerre!

About seven brigades were trained at the First Artillery Aerial Observation School in the use of serial adjustment of artillery fire, by planes maintained and sent up for work by the members of flight B 800th. Squadron. In spite of handicaps under which work was carried on all reglages, photographic missions, reconnaissances etc. were carried out on schedule time. This was due in no small way to the constant effort and painstaking care of the mechanics in both the repair shop and crews that cared for the aeroplanes. The pilots who came to the school have always spoken of the work done by the mechanics as the most conscientious work that had ever been done on their planes.

Five smashes at the school were due in nearly every case to the narrow limits of the flying field. Lieutenant Fouschard had the first accident with First Lieutenant Joe G. Estell Jr as his pilot. First Lieutenant Norman E. Fallot had the second accident. The only casualty in an accident at the Field was that of First Lieutenant James A. O'Daniel, Inf. Observer who was killed in a Caudron Machine with Lieutenant Sam L. Mathews as pilot. The machine went into a vrille and failed to come out. The pilot was very slight injured.

In May, 1918 a new Artillery Aerial Observation School, known as the Fourth Artillery Aerial Observation School was started at Meucon about 45 miles west of Coetquidan. First Lieutenant Norman E. Fallois was sent to Meucon with seven men to start the school, having with him Supply Sergeant John F. Jones, who was also acting as First Sergeant, Sergeant Major and Field Chief. Reveille with a company front of seven men was held whenever the Acting Top Sergeant could get his charges out of their bunks. This he usually accomplished by threatening to make them go without breakfast. An average of 25 enlisted men were taken from Coetquidan for the work at Meucon, exchanges of personnel being made from time to time. An average of eight planes were used at Meucon and 18 planes at Coetquidan.

The school at Meucon was supplied with aeroplanes from Coetquidan. In a short time the new school was doing its schedule of work and everything was running smoothly. Classes of observers reported and were trained and in addition to our drills in the morning before breakfast we gave up some of our leisure hours on more than one occasion to act as "Advancing Infantry" in order to give the observers an opportunity to observe infantry liaison with flares and panel signals before they left for the front. We felt gratified afterwards to read the name of some of these observers mentioned in citations. Some of them have made the supreme sacrifice.

In July the "Spanish Flu" hit our midst and in three days only five men were left in the men's barracks. At that time little was known of this disease but the Medical Officers handled it well and in a short time all of the men had recovered and work at the camp was resumed.

The French Mission detailed a French Officer to the school as an instructor. Lieutenant Bachelier planned and put into operation all of the Artillery Aerial Observation Schools. Lieutenant Burnier was permanent French Instructor for observation and he was favorably known for his able lectures on stereoptican views. Lieutenant Burnier was later succeeded by Lieutenant Schevane also of the French Army who remained at the school until the signing of the armistice by Germany.

In the month of July several Caudron Aeroplanes were added to the flying equipment of the school, replacing the Farmans which we found there upon reporting for duty. Our joy at the arrival of the formation of Caudrons which were being delivered to the school was marred by the death of First Lieutenant James A. O'Daniel who lost his life July 27th., 1918 as a result of a vrille. The following day we attended our first Military Funeral. As we stood beside the open grave with planes circling overhead and heard the last note of "Taps" die away, many of us were brought to sober realization that life is uncertain in the Air Service, whether the pilot be on duty a squadron at the front or further back in the training area. The death of Lieutenant O'Daniel coming suddenly as it did was a blow to every man and officer at the post. It was at the First Artillery Aerial Observation School that the Caudron G-3 was proved to be as well adapted to artillery reglage work as to the training of student pilots. They were strong enough for aerobatics, and in spite of contrary orders, we were treated to many thrills by various pilots who had ferried the planes from Tours to our School. On October 1st., 1918 Flight "C" of the 351st. Aero Squadron reported to relieve our flight. After several weeks of training on our planes, we turned the schools at Meucon and Coetquidan over to them with many words of caution about the mulish chemistry of each aeroplane. On October 25th., they tendered us a fare-well banquet in the Lecture Hall. On October 28th., we slung our packs and boarded the French Train for Bordeaux to rejoin the Headquarters Flight at the Second Artillery Aerial Observation School. On October 9th., First Lieutenant Loui E. Lindemann who had been Commanding Officer most of the time since the Squadron had been separated into flights in February was transferred from our organization to the 351st. Aero Squadron as Commanding Officer with station at Meucon. Second Lieutenant Theodor H. Mittendorf replaced Lieutenant Lindemann as Commanding Officer of the Flight and accompanied us to

Bordeaux. We were issued rifles, gas masks, and tin hats for the trip and marched away with the cheers of the 351st. Squadron ringing in our ears, - the first real cheer we have received in the Army, as all of our previous moves had been made in secrecy. Our only regret in leaving the camp was in leaving our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Loui E. Lindemann behind. We entrained at one o'clock and made the journey to Bordeaux without incident. Trucks were waiting for us when we reached Bordeaux at 3 o'clock in the morning and a short ride through the night brought us to the Camp at the Second Artillery Aerial Observation School where we were again among friends.

HISTORY OF FLIGHT "C" 800th., Aero Repair Squadron.

Dec. 15th., 1918.

On February 23th., 1918, we of flight "C" 800th., Aero Repair Squadron having been duly organized at St. Maixent and assembled with 1st Lt. Max Chapman as Commanding Officer, and 2nd. Lt. Harold Mead as Engineering Officer, bid farewell to the other Flights and began at once to make a history for ourselves. Owing to inadequate transportation our departure for the Zone of Advance was delayed some thirty six hours. There were no guards on our cars; we were prisoners no longer. This freedom was greatly appreciated and helped us to withstand the journey sleeping in hat racks and improvised beds. When our destination was reached, Le Valdahon, Doubs, four men were quarantined with mumps, but on account of our previous condition of servitude, quarantines were not a new experience.

Some hours before reaching our objective rain began to fall but, as we progressed eastward and ascended in altitude this condensed into snow and formed into a heavy compact mass which at Le Valdahon, we found to be a foot in depth and still growing deeper. This was our first impression of our new home and the effect was the greater since we had entrained amid the fragrance of flowers and blossoms in a section where snow is seldom seen.

But our reception here soon shattered our impression of unpleasantness. Trucks from the near by Artillery Camp met us at the station and we were guests of Headquarters Co 17th. Field Artillery. A warm supper awaited us and then an extra blanket and a substantial iron cot with a real cotton mattress, unquestionably the best bed we had had in the Army. The next day was Sunday and goes down in history as the day we received the best meal in three months. On that day also we had the most thorough bath we had experienced since the days at Garden City, L. I. All day long the snow fell and the wintry winds blew, but held no terror for us. We were oblivious to such trifles as we swapped stories with our new found friends and enjoyed their hospitality to the fullest, not knowing and little caring what the morrow might bring forth.

The Aviation Camp which was to be, and still is, our home as well as the Headquarters of the Fifth Artillery Aerial Observation School is situated about two miles from the Artillery Camp and consisted in those days of one small flying field, four extremely dirty and badly battered Adrian barracks, four canvas hangars, and one half starved dog which we called Bordeaux in honor of our mother organization. The personnel of the Fifth Artillery Aerial Observation School at that time consisted of only one pilot, and three enlisted men of a photographic detachment. So when in single file with our packs on our backs we trailed over across the fields and hills from the Artillery Camp and reported for duty, our arrival was hailed with considerable favor.

Our attention was first directed to the barracks where we were to spend the night. They had been lately taken over from the French, but from all appearances had been unoccupied for months. Doors hung in a delapidated condition from single hinges. Mud and dust covered the floor to a depth

of several inches, and coal had been heaped in a corner of the sleeping quarters for the sake of convenience. It seemed as though they had been given orders to "police up" the whole camp and village, and dump it in the barracks about to be occupied by the Americans. Cans, bottles, and pieces of wreckage were scattered promiscuously. To ever make it even a half way decent place to, live in seemed a hopeless and impossible task.

But we set to work with a will and a determination, some wielded brooms while others picked up bottles or mended doors. We soon had a coal bin constructed and the coal in its proper place. A detail was sent for some of those above mentioned iron cots and cotton mattresses, but the one truck we had, ran out of gasoline half a mile from camp and it had to run the remaining distance through the mud and slush on man power. Subsequent loads were hauled by slow moving oxen through all concerned agreed that they were better and even faster than human motor trucks. Other details hauled the kitchen supplies, set up stoves, made benches and tables and did everything in general. The work we accomplished was marvelous and surprising.

For the next few days, especially since the snow had covered the ground, nothing but personal work was carried on. Genius and individuality began to crop out on every hand. Shelves were constructed, wash boards devised, pictures collected and photographs resurrected. Every man tried his inventive skill and a sort of competition sprang up between them. Originally in decorative ability produced some unique and beautiful designs and our habitation developed into a real home. Our little home in the Alps as it were.

The four barracks were overhauled and put in a good condition and stocked with the finest furniture that good tools and the active imagination of our carpenter artists could produce. A bath house of six showers was built and fitted for hot and cold water. The kitchen was remodeled and covered with tar paper. An officer's recreation Hut was built and fitted with furniture. Out of chaos gradually came order and system and efficiency. As a mess hall, half of one of the barracks was refloored and the other half was fitted up for the Enlisted Men's Recreation Room.

But in the meantime outside construction and improvement did not suffer. Those who could not or wouldn't carpenter or were otherwise unfortunate, were given picks, shovels and wheel barrows and carefully instructed as to their use, though some considered such information entirely unnecessary in view of past experiences. For some days no urging was needed and it went well, so well in fact that cases of over zealousness and superfluous ambition were quite frequent and are on record. Among them is that of a detail which carted rock from the most distant stone wall of the reservation though many walls were more convenient. Another case of note tells how one hole was dug to get material to fill another and then in turn a hill leveled down to fill the second hole. Several hundred yards of substantial rock walks were made and long stretch of road built to the village and railroad station and leveled with a steam roller, borrowed from the Engineers and chauffeured by one of our members. It is estimated that 2700 cu yds of crushed rock were used in this manner, all of which were excavated and spread by members of the flight in the days that every shovel full of stone helped to win the war. The job outlasted the zeal of the shovelers however and the familiar nightmare was walks which stretched away for miles and ended only in pits and rock quarries. A complete sewerage system was constructed which consisted of two pipe lines and two deep cesspools dug in the rock with much expenditure of energy and some dynamite. These cesspools were the wonders and admiration of the natives, though disastrous to one "petit garcon". He came up gasping for breath emitting sweet essence of roses and required assistance, a bath, and a change of clothes. We have been on excellent terms with the inhabitants of the village ever since that notable and heroic event.

During the time that these necessary and significant happenings were

in progress Lieutenant Mead was engaged in a momentous task of weighing our various qualifications and giving each man one or two personal interviews. It was then that a new bunch was developed which in contravention to the pick-and-shovel gang was quite familiarly known as the "motor detail". This detail consisted of six men, picked in the manner indicated and their chief duties seemed to be to tear down, microscopically examine and reassemble one poor unoffending rotary motor at least once daily. This motor was to be kept under lock and key except during working hours, and some of the favored members of this detail took special delight in exhibiting and explaining its delicate mechanism to their friends. After selecting and designing the motor detail, Lieut. Mead was transferred on March 20th.

On March 26th., twelve men were called to Tours for training along their special lines at the Third Aviation Instruction Center and to us were conveniently known as the "D.S." Gang" which was roughly divided into two details one being the much explained and elucidated motor detail, and the remaining six the "plane detail". On arrival at Tours, they were attached to the 98th. Aero Squadron for rations only. Being there for instructions on Sopwith Planes and the Le Rhone Rotary 120 H.P. motor, they were privileged characters and roamed the grounds. The motor detail spent time in the shop where they observed the inner workings of the pistons, solved the mystery of the cams and rocker arms; learned the fine points of valve grinding, complete overhauling and testing of motors. At times they took a turn on the field at "trouble shooting" where the difficulty must be located and repaired in a minute. "The plane detail" gleaned valuable information in the dope shop where wings were patched or built anew and in the hangars where they were "lined up" the ailerons made to "droop" the leading edges to "stagger" and corrections made for torque in measurements of millimeters. By such intensive methods some of these men in time became so proficient and saturated with knowledge that they took turns standing reveille or managed to get on a night crew. Many hearkened to the tempting call of the Y.M.C.A. during working hours and some, maintaining that they already knew enough, wrote our C.O. advising that they be recalled to Le Valdahon.

While the training of the D.S. Gang was progressing so satisfactorily, the remainder of the flight continued at work adding the fruits of their labor and the result of their achievement to history. Thus certain ones proceeded to Colombey les Belles and returned with three Fiat one and one half ton trucks, a Fiat touring car and a Harley Davis Motorcycle as evidence of their victory. Also about this time six Sopwith planes, arrived by rail and were unloaded in the hangars by the remainder of the flight to await the help of the student mechanics, who would convert them into live, pulsating, almost human agents of usefulness fitted for duty on high.

During this time we lost one of our members Sgt. Leonard L. Scott. It was one of the saddest incidents in the career of the Flight. His memory is cherished by every member of the organization.

On Apr. 21st., the D.S. Gang returned and five days later, Lieut. Stunkard made the first flight. Planes were assigned to the mechanics and riggers and wireless equipment installed. On April 25th. Lieutenant Walter E. Dove arrived to take charge of the Mechanical Department and a repair shop and garage was constructed. The school officially opened on May 17th., 1918 and the work undertaken was artillery reglage and numerous photographic missions for the Artillery at the main camp. About this time we all pitched in and made garden. It proved to be a success and we are still having "french fries" for breakfast.

The flying field was found to be in a very uneven condition, but was leveled off by scrapers, picks, shovels and steam roller, which, guided by our able engineer made an attempt to demolish the bath house and almost succeeded. On June 15th., the first leaves were granted and the gang started for the front, Aix, Dinard, Nice, Paris and other parts of France, and returned extolling the advantages of this or that leave center.

The first crash occurred late in June as a result of an attempt to take off after a forced landing. The plane was put through our repair shop and came out the better for the scuffle.

July 4th. was observed by everyone taking a holiday, the trucks pulled out of camp filled with joy makers ready for anything and found it. Some went to the Swiss Frontier, others to Consolation, and still another truck to the city of Besancon. We showed the French natives just how to properly celebrate national holidays. On July 14th., the French national holiday the 412th. Escadrille at Tarceney, which protects Besancon from Boche raiders, invited our mechanics, to their field for dinner and hilarities. It was following this celebration that we became better acquainted with our neighbors, and on numerous occasions we "policed up" allied planes together, which consisted of Handley Pages, Bregets, and Caudrons. Also we became a gasoline and oil filling station for visiting planes, and it seemed that our landing "T" attracted them. It was August 6th., that 1st. Lieutenant Max Chapman was transferred to Tours much to our sincere regret. We gave him a rousing send off and our good wishes went with him.

On August 7th., our dual control crashed. It had been built here, with great care and already embryo fliers were learning to take off, land, nose her up, bank, and control the machine alone. When it came to a sudden end, it was beyond repair. Soon after the Inspector General of the A.E.F. visited our camp rather unexpectedly. However, he found everything in good conditions and the men at skirmish drill with rifles.

On August 21st., the first case of "Grippe Espagnale" was sent to the hospital. This disease proved to be very popular, no less than forty of our men contracting it. Twenty six cases were actually sent to the hospital. Life was made miserable for doctors, nurses, and orderlies, by our insistent demands for clothes food, fruit, and a discharge from the hospital. According to us the Aviation Camp was the only decent camp in France. The best fellows, food, and surroundings were found there, and we wanted to go back. Finally in desperation we were discharged, the last man coming out on September 17th. During the time we were confined, Lieutenant Dove and the men who remained in camp furnished us with cake, pie and fruit, almost daily.

A tennis court was constructed by the men and equipment furnished by the officers and many an exciting match was played between fatigue hours. We also had a volley ball court. Our base ball team and football team were the champions of this post having never suffered defeat. There is also a small lake near here where almost nightly swimming parties were staged.

For entertainment our hypnotist had a good record, and found our rest room well adapted for his shows. Certain negro entertainers from the Veterinary Corps left their songs among us and quite often the mechanics may be heard singing them while at work.

We want to take this opportunity to record the good work done by the American Red Cross, as they have sent us a victrola, games and magazines, and have taken excellent care of our sick members.

The first class of Student Observers arrived on October 1st. Up to this time we had been pulling off reglages for the Artillery. With the students, "Smoke bomb Details" sprang into existence, which caused the "top" much grief. There were always forty nine very busy men when he came around looking for bombers. About this time it became the painful duty for the entire fifty members to go forth and harvest our crop of "spuds". The excuses offered were many, but of no avail. We gathered some sixty bushels of good Irish potatoes.

The last day of October three more Sopwith planes arrived. But these planes were equipped with Clerget 150 H.P. moteurs.

It was at this time when all felt mechanically inclined to such an extent that an SOS call was made for K.P.'s., the men agreeing to hire them. The first to answer was a very bright little French youth weighing about fifty pounds, and as we could not award a medal for his courage we adopted him as a mascot. He became known as "Johnnie Osh" and his duties were to attend reveille, chow calls, look wise, and sing French songs. This caused us to open our hearts and purses for the French kids, so we hired two more "garcons" and adopted through the Stars and Stripes two French War Orphans. So taking it all in all we are taking care of quite a few French orphans.

On November 11th., to celebrate the armistice, our planes did some night flying, firing Very pistols and raising the devil in general. It was an entire success, but one Poilu not knowing the war was "finis" persisted in firing upon our planes with a shot gun.

Of course we did not miss having a real honest to goodness American Thanks-giving dinner. We had a terrible time finding our mock turkey and sage for the dressing, but where there are hungry Americans, there must be food. The turkey substitute consisted of ducks and chickens which we fattened for weeks in advance, and while they were in good shape when killed we must admit that ducks "hooverize" when planes fly over their heads.

December 6th. we received a Breguet with a 300 HP Renault motor and have some news that is not encouraging:

"When the dove of peace flies over the land, you
will hear the General Give the Command:
"We are Homeward Bound" etc.

Instead of this our General gives, "Snap out of it" the training department gives us notice that a Caudron, Nieuport, and D.H.4's were being shipped, and an inspector from G.H.Q. says stay here for three more months and train artillery officers. Air Service Headquarters are sending us three more student observers classes. And we won't be home until morning and may be not then. But the reason for continuing this terrible war is probably due to the fact that we are in the Zone of Advance.

Original signed Robert L. Bowers 1st. Lieut. A. S.
Edited Information Section, A. S. Jan. 9-1918.

of the
 ROSTER OF OFFICERS ASSIGNED AND RELIEVED FROM THE 800th. *1st Aero Repair Squadron since its organization*
~~(old 106th) Aero Repair Squadron since August, 1917.~~

Name	Rank	Assigned	Relieved.
Loring Pickering	Captain A.S.	Oct, 1917	Oct, 1917.
Lyman S. Baird	1st.Lieut. A.S.	Oct 27, 1917	1/30/18.
Robert E. Bowers	1st.Lieut. A.S.	Nov 30/17.	Commanding Officer
Max Chapman,	1st.Lieut. A.S.	Feb 19/17	Aug. 6, 1918.
Theodore P. Davis	1st.Lieut. A.S.	Dec 1/17	1/30/18
Phil A. Henderson	1st.Lieut. Inf.R.C.	1/18/18	2/6/18
Horace Jones	1st.Lieut. A.S.M.A.	12/7/17	2/10/18
George J. Korby,	1st.Lieut. M.R.C.	10/17/17	1/19/18
Gus Kohn	1st.Lieut. A.S.	2/16/18	2/26/18
Harley W. Lake	1st.Lieut. A.S.	9/22/18	Oct ³ 1917.
Loui E. Lindemann	1st.Lieut. A.S.	(12/1/17 (11/15/18	(10/8/18 (12/23/18
Cecil W. Mason	1st.Lieut. A.S.	2/21/18	Eng. Officer, aptd 1st.Lieut. fr 2nd Lt. 11/14/18.
Charles H. Piebes	1st.Lieut. A.S.M.A.	12/4/17	2/10/18.
Tom C. Perkins	1st.Lieut. A.S.M.A.	12/4/17	12/5/17.
H. W. Royal	1st.Lieut. A.S.	2/16/18	2/26/18
Thomas C. Sims	1st.Lieut. A.S.M.A.	11/12/17	11/16/17

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

W. E. Dove	2nd.Lieut. A.S.	4/25/18	Commanding Officer Flt "C"
E.E. Ives	2nd.Lieut. A.S.	2/21/18	4/14/18
Horace G. Mead	2nd Lieut. A.S.	2/21/18	3/20/18
Joseph F. Moore	2nd.Lieut. A.S.	11/17/17	11/22/17
T. H. Mittendorf	2nd.Lieut. A.S.	10/15/18	11/4/18
R.L. Mehornay	2nd.Lieut. A.S.	2/14/18	2/19/18.
George B. Wells Jr.	2nd.Lieut. A.S.	11/17/17	11/22/17.

Loui E. Lindemann
Acting Commanding Officer.

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