

"Two men looked out of prison bars;  
One saw mud, the other stars."  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

# Plane News.

PASSED BY CENSOR

Air Service Paper  
of the A. E. F.

Vol. II, No 19

On Active Service, France, March 29, 1919

Price 25 Centimes

## MAJOR LANPHIER LEAVES FOR RHINE

One dark shadow on the bright prospects of the week was the information that our C. O., Major Thomas G. Lanphier, had received orders to leave before we do, but he is going in another direction—to Rhineland. He will be one of the three Aviation advisors at the next course of the Army center of Artillery studies at Treves, Germany.

It is unfortunate that we cannot look forward to having him remain in command to the very end of our stay, which is limited to a matter of days, and also accompany us on our journey homeward, for he has been our guiding spirit. Long before he took command of the post, first acting as C. O. of Headquarters Detachment, then O. I. C. of Training and later as Executive Officer, he made the force of his personality felt.

Being always interested in athletics, having starred at West Point on the gridiron and track, he was naturally attracted to aviation and therefore made application while making soldiers out of the first draft and in the course of human events this application was acted upon while Major Lanphier (then Captain) was with his Machine Gun Battalion in the 3rd Division, after they went through the Chateau-Thierry scrap. By that time he had forgotten all about aviation. He received orders to go to Tours, where he had a few hops in a Caudron, and started in on the Nieuport here a very short time afterwards, and it is a matter of official record that he made one of the quickest transformations into a finished pilot at this center, being practically an all-Nieuport man, and in his enthusiasm even as a novice he flew everything they had on the test line, from the Nieuport 27 to a Spad.

Having been in a different sort of atmosphere he naturally was an acquisition to the post, for he had a faculty of sizing up the situation from the outsider's point of view, and as a result when he took command of the flying officers his efforts were expended in the proper directions to increase morale.

Owing to his executive ability he easily adapted himself to the various duties assigned to him which deprived him of the opportunity to meet the Hun in the air instead of in his previous role on the ground, and there is no doubt that he would have been an important factor in the Air Service activities at the front. However, we are thankful that we have been fortunate to have him in our midst and we are mighty proud of his record and wish him success.

We trust that we will have the pleasure of meeting him back in God's country in the future and hope that we will be able to honor him with a salute, even if we are garbed in "civvies."

## THE EYES OF THE NIGHT



Sharp, hard and white, across the night,  
Long silent gleams of ribbon beams  
Like ghostly fingers feeling for the foe.  
On dread Hun moth your beams you cross  
A moments wait, then round you hate,  
Breaks sharply from the batteries below.

Flying Poem

## HEADQUARTERS Third Aviation Instruction AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Issoudun, France, March 29th, 1919.

To the Officers and Men of the Third A. I. C.:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the officers and men of the 3rd A. I. C. for their hearty co-operation in all of the work that I have undertaken and give them the credit for any worthy service that I have rendered here.

It has been a pleasure to serve with such officers and men. I feel that the extra results obtained have been largely due to team play and to no one individual's efforts and for that reason any commendation due the 3rd A. I. C. should be given to the entire officer and enlisted personnel combined.

I wish also to take this opportunity to inform everyone that we hope to have you on your way before the 10th of April. I would like to be accompanying you home, but my superiors decree otherwise.

At any time and in any place in the future I will be glad to meet any of the members of the 3rd. A. I. C.

The nine months that I have spent here have been the most gratifying and enjoyable that I have ever experienced, for which I thank you and extend to you all my hearty wishes for a speedy, "bon voyage."

(Signed) THOMAS G. LANPHIER,  
Major, Infantry, U. S. A.

## OCCUPANTS OF OBSERVATION BALLOON CAPTURED AFTER THRILLING RIDE

### Two Balloonists Ran the Gamut of Daring Sensations--As Prisoners They Had Opportunity to Confirm Effectiveness of American Artillery and Bombing Activities

It was from a position about 400 meters south of Sommedieu on the morning of September 12, 1918, when Lieuts. Geo. W. Hinman and R. S. Tait of the Twelfth Balloon Company made the ascension which resulted in their becoming prisoners of war.

Although a damp fog barely cleared the tree-tops of the rugged hills in the St. Mihiel Sector, and in spite of the high wind which was then blowing, it was determined to attempt an ascension.

Before it had reached 500 meters the balloon was entirely out of sight and tugging fiercely at the winch which was poorly situated between two hills, and facing the direction of the wind. Visibility was so impossible that after fifteen minutes of exceedingly rough riding, the balloon was hauled down. As it swung about fiercely in wide circles, it is recorded that, "Lieutenant Tait was very sick." Suddenly the bag shifted from broadside to tail into the wind. As it was likewise being hauled down much too rapidly, the balloon made a wild nose dive to the ground of perhaps seventy meters. The men operating the winch and the basket detail rushed to the assistance of the observers, one stepped over Lieutenant Hinman's parachute rope, pulled the parachute out of the container and was immediately tumbled over, when the balloon again rose.

### Parachute Opens Going Up.

The upper rush on the basket opened Lieutenant Hinman's parachute so that he was pulled head and shoulders to the edge of the basket, and wedged there, unable to move; the chest strap on his parachute harness slipped upward to his throat and would have choked him to insensibility had not Lieutenant Tait frantically cut himself free from the entangling telephone cords, and valved the balloon sufficiently to check its progress and cease the dragging of Lieutenant Hinman's parachute.

Lieutenant Tait was a free-balloon pilot, and now sought to bring the runaway safely to the ground, the westerly wind had carried it beyond the lines and over Boche territory. However, as the ground rose dimly to them, shells began to whistle by, and the flashes of the American light artillery were plainly visible; it was the 7 o'clock barrage.

In the attempt to gain altitude again, nearly everything of weight was thrown from the basket—that particular area

offered hardly a pleasant reception. "Maps and photographs, four pairs of glasses, one thermos bottle of coffee, one large round loaf of bread, one can of beans, one can of corned beef, the telephone and swinging seat, were all thrown out." So unburdened, the balloon rose to a height of approximately four thousand meters; the bag expanded and became tight, and the sun was reflected brilliantly from the surging whiteness below, which quite obscured the ground; not an airplane was to be seen.

### Fired at by Big Guns.

As the clouds began to break, the balloon was fired at by anti-aircraft batteries. That they might land as soon as possible, Lieutenant Tait valved the balloon and a rapid descent was made. It was only by clearing the basket of the last few articles that the balloon was somewhat checked in its progress, for it was ripped fully half open when about fifteen meters from the ground. The basket crashed hard, but on one edge. The nose of the balloon, still containing some gas, held the flabby tail over the basket into which it hung. With the buoyancy which it still possessed, the balloon bounced upwards fully fifty meters; the rip-cord which had been lost again dangled towards the basket, and both lieutenants grabbing it ripped the balloon wide open; its basket crashed a second time, a third and a fourth; finally it was tipped over and the observers rolled out. They were caught, however, in the rigging, and dragged with the bouncing balloon in a lively fashion for nearly one hundred meters. Lieutenant Tait was dragged on his stomach quite as one is accustomed in the circus to see the desperado dragged by cow-boys on horse back. Lieutenant Hinman, balancing himself with the valve-cord, road the trailing edge of the deflated bag.

Several Russian prisoners under German guards nearby, ran towards the balloon, and children seemed to appear from nowhere. Both lieutenants were quickly surrounded and prevented from burning the balloon which was last seen tossing clumsily about in the high wind. It had passed over Conflans and landed on the German Border near the village of Habonville, a distance from the winch of some forty-two kilometers, which it had accomplished in forty-five minutes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

## Brief History of Air Service A. E. F.

### Chronological Summary of Events From the Start Until the Anniversary of Our Entrance Into War

An attempt is not made to give a complete chronological history of Air Service activities in the A. E. F., but merely to cover the first dates upon which certain steps or movements took place. As a result squadron's arrivals, etc. are left out, with the exception of the first squadron to arrive in the A. E. F., first construction work and first squadron to go into action.

### In the Year 1917

April 6: Five Aviation officers in Europe at this time (one observer, one attached to American embassy in London and three students in France flying schools).

May 24: Cable received in Washington from M. Ribot, Premier of France, suggesting air program, later adopted.

May 26: Major T. F. Dodd, A. S., appointed Aviation officer on the staff of C. in C., A. E. F.

June 16: Civilian Motor Mechanics depart from New York as members of the Aeronautical Mission, Aircraft Production Board.

June 17: The Aeronautical Mission, in charge of Major Bolling, Aircraft Production Board, departed for Europe.

June 20: Arrival in France of Aviation officer, A. E. F.

June 26: Aeronautical Mission arrived in England; Cadets cabled for from U. S. for flying training in Europe.

June 30: Lieut.-Col. Wm. Mitchell, A. S. C. assigned Aviation officer A. E. F.

July 2: Aeronautical Mission arrived in France; Technical Section began operation under Capt. (now colonel) E. S. Gorrell, A. S.; Training Section created by Aviation officer A. E. F.

July 4: First samples of aeronautical material sent from Europe to the U. S.

July 11: General organization project, including A. S., approved by C. in C.

July 16: Bolling Aeronautical Mission arrived in Italy.

July 23: A. S. Personnel Section created.

July 30: Construction begun by French on 3rd Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun.

August 7: Designs and Projects Division formed as Construction Division, A. S.

Aug. 18: Construction 3rd A. I. C. taken over by Americans.

Aug. 28: Col. Wm. L. Kenley became Aviation officer A. E. F.

Aug. 30: Agreement with French to supply A. S., A. E. F., with 5000 airplanes and 8500 engines.

September 1: Officers C. A. S. and Air Commander Z. of A. officially moved to Chaumont, Hdq. A. E. F.; 1st Aero Squadron arrived in France.

Sept. 2: First Am. detachment for flying training arrived in England.

Sept. 3: Brig.-Gen. Wm. L. Kenly became Chief of Air Service A. E. F., providing single head for all air activities.

Sept. 4: American flying instruction began in England.

Sept. 11: First organization A. S. Z. of A. approved by C. in C.

Sept. 14: Col. R. C. Bolling appointed Asst. C. A. S., Paris.

Sept. 15: First tables of organization of A. S. approved; Production Division formed (later Production and Maintenance).

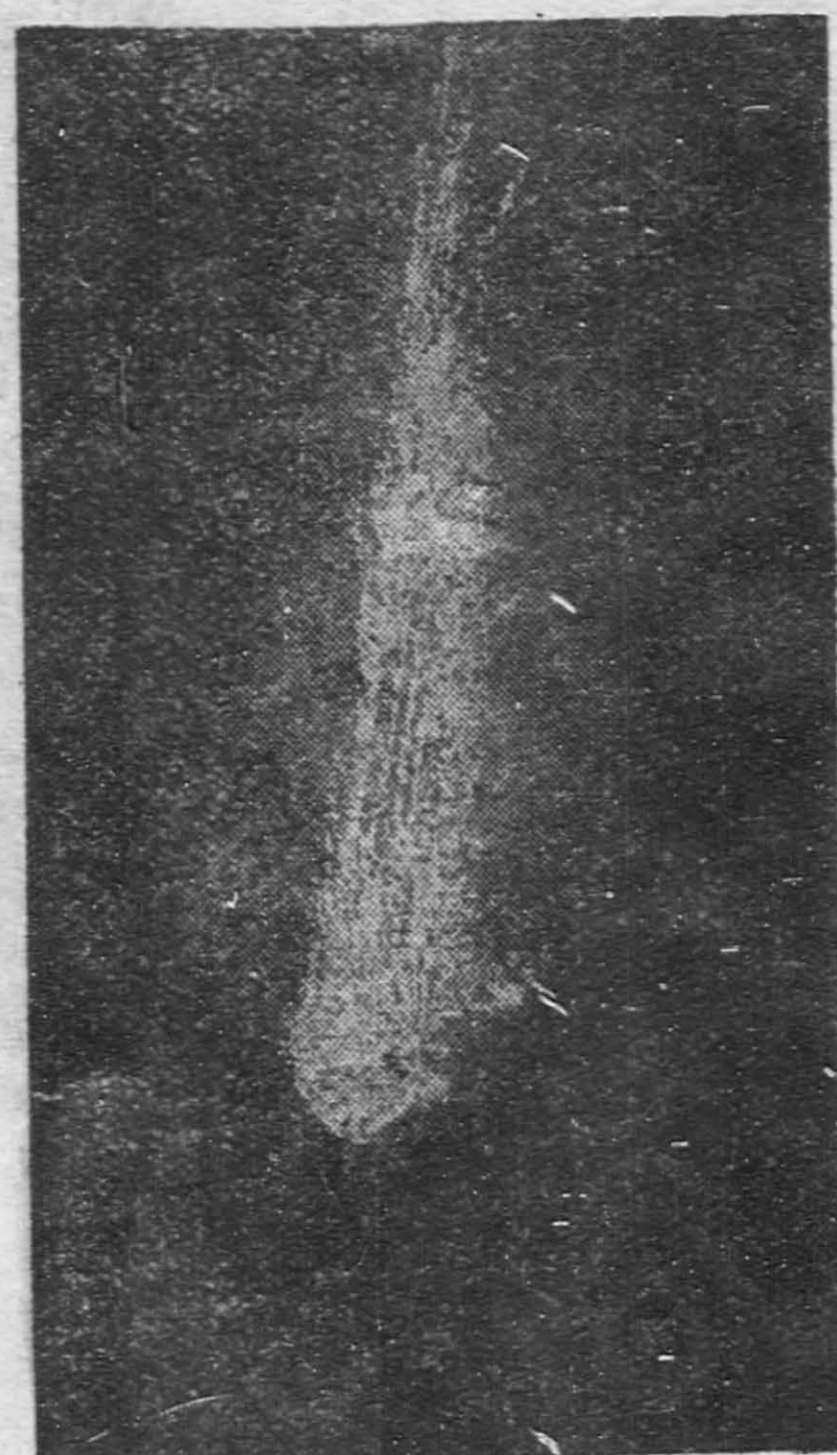
Sept. 18: Service of the Rear project approved by C. in C., conforming A. S. program to plans of Washington.

Sept. 28: Instruction in preliminary flying for American cadets started at Foggia, Italy.

October 1: Orders issued to create Board of Officers to examine Lafayette flyers for transfer to A. S. A. E. F.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

## The Zeppelins Fall



Across the city's darkened ways the warning signals sound;  
A rattling rush of blinds and feet as terror whispered round;  
Sharp, silent streak across the sky, the searching eyes of night,  
A sinister drone now sounds above the shrapnels blooming flight.  
A flash, a meteor rush of flame, breaks white upon the sky,  
One blinding vivid streak, then lights and sounds all die.  
'Till soon, "All Clear" the sirens bravely shriek and whine,  
But "All Clear" for these will never sound on far Saint Peter's Shrine.

Flying Poem

## Athletic Activities

In spite of the fact that everybody has his mind on going home, it has been surprising to see the interest everyone has taken in the athletic activities.

The basketball team, since its reorganization, is better than ever and the various squadron baseball squads have brought out beaucoup talent. Captain Streett has taken steps to secure the equipment, but there is still one obstacle in broadening our field, and that is the financial incumbrance of traveling.

During the short life of the basketball team it has been discovered that the "addictions" flashed before our athletes in the course of their travels have been somewhat staggering to the pocket-book, and in view of their efforts to maintain the prestige of the center it is felt that a little more than moral support would be most welcome. Therefore Capt. Streett requests that if each officer of the post will kindly contribute five francs a week it will give us a start at least. In order to show that we are sincere about this and to give a foundation to the fund, PLANE NEWS will give 500 francs.

Leave your contribution at the office of Capt. Streett at the Training Dept.

## Headquarters Detachment

Headquarters Detachment, which has been playing such an important part in the 3rd A. I. C. organization, ceased to exist this week.

It is a striking co-incidence that three of our Commanding Officers before taking up the reins have acted as C. O. of Headquarters Detachment. From 1000 to 1500 flying officers were quartered and received their instructions through the Detachment and due to the distribution of its personnel throughout the center and the movement of students from field to field as they progressed through the course necessarily made the handling of this organization a complex operation.

Major Curry, who has applied himself to the task of handling of Headquarters Detachment, took a much deserved leave this week, and upon Major Lanphier's departure will assume command of the post.

# Plane News

Published Every Saturday at Third Aviation Instruction Center  
American Expeditionary Forces, France

First Lieutenant Thomas Washington Ward, A. S., Officer in Charge  
Second Lieutenant Lowell W. Bassett, A. S., Asst. Officer in Charge  
Cpl. Timoleon O. Johnston, Art Editor  
Sgt. Emmet E. Frank, Circulation Manager

Address all communications to: Plane News, A. P. O. 724, Amer. E. F.

Copy for Publication must be in the hands of the Editor not later than Wednesday

"All For One Aim—One Aim For All"

## PERSPECTIVE—

**D**ID you ever stop to think what a natural education you have received since you have been over here, not only in the ordinary or extraordinary course of your duties, but also in your contact and relations with both the British and the French populations? It all should have had a broadening influence. Just take yourself back to your pre-war occupation. You did not think much further than the boundaries of the United States. Of course you did take a passive interest in international questions but then you could not appreciate them.

Now everything has changed. You have had a first hand working knowledge of these foreign lands, their customs and conditions. You can go back and look back and see further when other international situations arise and you will always have a clearer conception owing to your experience during your stay in foreign climes. Then again you have had an opportunity to see the operation of our own great government from a distance, to watch the folks at home from afar, and notice public opinion sway to and fro. Travel benefits one in the ordinary course of events but the value of your travels have been multiplied due to the momentous times that you have been going thru and the history that you have helped to make.

You may not realize it now but as your life progresses you will appreciate and utilize the experience you have undergone and even take back ideas which you will adapt to your future. You are young in years maybe, but your mind has matured more rapidly, and your appreciation of big things has increased, owing to your stay over here. Let us trust that you may make the best of the future.

## GOODBYE FRANCE—HELLO BROADWAY

**E**ACH day we see indications, and events are shaping which draws the date of our departure almost to a realization. While the prime desire is to get home and see the folks, it is impossible to express our feelings on the subject. We have passed through many weary monotonous days in this spot, but at the same time we have lived in an atmosphere of excitement equal to none other back of the firing line.

Things happened so swiftly here that one almost became callous to the surroundings. We really had an opportunity to know what War was before the actual active entry of any of our services at the front, and have experienced the sorrow of losing a chum at the call of the Reaper or else crippled for life.

Little did we think that we should be here to see our combat field which was used as the last stepping-stone to the front used in the peaceful pursuit of agriculture and the famous field five be converted back into its original purpose as a sheep pasture.

We have seen a modern city built up in the midst of barren plains, we have seen men living on borrowed time after the most marvellous and miraculous escapes, we have seen the greatest concentration of planes in the world and in constant use so that the skies were literally panelled with scouts piloted by the aces-to-be, we have seen the gradual slowing up after the Armistice until the sight of a plane would almost attract our attention, we have been told the most thrilling of tales by our old pilots upon their return from their duties at the front, we have seen carloads of planes, which have used up their share of the sky, like birds with their wings tucked in, ready to nest at Romo.

But the most thrilling sensation of all will be the actual orders for us to pull out, homeward bound—now practically a realization.

## FRIENDS

*The wars may come and the wars may go  
With their blood and sorrow and strife;  
But the friends we make and the men we know  
Will linger forever in Memory's tether,  
As the richest loot of our Soldier life.*

—H. R. T.

**W**HILE it certainly will be wonderful to get back home to see the folks and meet all our old friends, let us not forget the friends and acquaintances which we have made during our experience in the army, whether a member of your own squad, or squadron, department, Red Cross or "Y" worker, a Nurse who has cared for you in the hospital, or a French family which has shown you the hospitality of their home taking you in like one of their own.

The war has given a most practical demonstration that there is plenty of good in the world after all, and that human kindness prevails as much as ever here below in spite of the many claims that people, as a whole, were becoming too self-centered and selfish.

Now that through our association and rubbing elbows with our fellow men has broadened us out let us not withdraw into our shell, and forget the many lessons of unselfishness that we have learned in these dreary months, and do not forget the friends who have demonstrated by actual acts and deeds that they are friends.

## Facts vs. Statistics

Reprinted From  
CENT SOIXANTE SIX  
Newspaper of the 166th Aero Squadron, A. E. F.

[Editor's Note. The following figures were announced by the War Department this week:  
The casualties of the United States Air Service personnel serving at the front numbered 554, of which 171 were killed in actual combat. The record further shows 135 prisoners, 120 wounded, 73 missing and 42 killed in action, while 4 died of other causes.]

It may be presumed that everybody is familiar with the old Yankee's classification of lying. There are three kinds he maintained, 'a lie, a d--n lie and statistics. Now of course that's being pretty hard on statistics, especially since governments are always compiling them, and health boards, politicians and lawyers always quoting them, but the fact remains that if you want to misrepresent anything you can do it more successfully by means of statistics than anything else. The methods for doing this are sundry, and they vary in complexity, but in this editorial we have to do with one which embodies the acme of simplicity. It concerns the means employed to establish the comparative hazard which the different branches of the army faced during the recent war. According to the figures evolved by officialdom the infantry took the biggest chances, while the Air Service had a job about as dangerous as running a Q. M. depot in the S. O. S. As regards the Air Service it will be believed by everybody who knows nothing more about it that the government trained a lot of pilots who never saw the front, and built a lot of planes that were successfully flown somewhere in America.

To these confiding multitudes, yes and to all the world, even including the compilers of casualty lists, we have but one word to say and one assertion to make, and that is, that the Air Service lost proportionately more men in training and suffered a bigger percentage of casualties in action than any other branch of the army. We're not going to bore you with statistics, not after what we've just said about them—, but if you have a sense of humor, don't misplace it in ridiculing the pilots and observers in the A. E. F. If you must laugh at something let it be the ingenious trucklers who fixed up that microscopic percentage of Air Service losses by basing their calculations on a personnel that included everyone connected with the aero squadrons in the Zone of Advance, from K. Ps. to Supply Officers, quite regardless of whether their capacity was a belligerent one or not.

That sort of thing simply won't do. That is, not if you want to be fair. It may be the acme of simplicity, as we have already pointed out, from the statisticians's viewpoint, but it won't wash if you're after the facts.

Working in an airdrome in the Zone of Advance involved no more risks than the same kind of a job in the S. O. S. Then why embrace the whole airdrome force in an estimate of risks encountered in aerial warfare? Cranking a "prop" on a Liberty may not be the surest way of prolonging your life either at the 7th A. I. C., or at a *terrain d'aviation* within 30 kilometers of the front line trenches, but the dangers are no greater doing it at one place than the other; while the business of flirting with Hun pursuit planes and sailing in formation through a smear of Archie bursts did give an aspect to the flying man's tour of duty at the front that wouldn't exactly be rated by insurance companies as safe employment.

The flying personnel of an aero squadron constitutes a very small proportion of its strength, but it is on the basis of this flying personnel alone that casualty ratings for aerial warfare should be computed, and to anyone with a grain of common sense this will be perfectly apparent. When so computed it will be found, as has been asserted, that the percentage of losses among the officer personnel—that is to say pilots and observers—in the Air Service exceeded that of any other branch. Of course we didn't do anything that any other man in the army wouldn't have done if he'd had the chance: that isn't the point. The point is that we were there and did it, and now those of us who are left want it truthfully recorded and not distorted to our apparent discredit.

Sem says: "You can't insult me; you're too late."

## THE SOLDIER'S DILEMMA

By R. R. Brooks



## Word Picture of War's Desolation at Rheims

As President Wilson has expressed it: "Words cannot picture the desolation that has been wrought."

Imagine a town of over 100,000 population, with established and prosperous industries, with not a house or building unscathed. It seems as though a combination of disasters, including earthquakes, fire, flood and all, could not wreak greater havoc than the hand of man. If each standing wall could only tell of the misery enacted therein and thereabouts during the furious bombardments and attacks on this wonderful old city. After his visit in the early days of the war the Huns appreciation of its value had increased and upon it he wreaked his vilest of hates.

Whenever one feels discouraged they have but to think of the only future the unfortunate inhabitants who are straggling back to their once prosperous environment can have to look forward to. Their hearts have been torn and their lives broken. It is not encouraging, to say the least. Some of them seem to walk around in a daze, thinking not only of their material loss but the loss of their dear ones who failed to escape the scourge of war. It seems almost impossible that anyone should have escaped.

The Cathedral, or what remains of it, is a veritable monument to the heroic inhabitants and defenders, and the spires that have been spared will ever point an accusing finger to the hateful Hun. The wonderful work of centuries, with its priceless stained glass and statuary, desecrated in a comparatively short period of time, can never be replaced, but with all the destruction its history has double significance of both ancient and modern times, with everything in favor of the ancient, however.

During the course of the journey one's sensibilities are more or less attuned to the havoc wrought in the path of the war, town after town decimated, a pile

of stones being all that remains of former town sites. Take a place like Fismes, for instance. You cannot describe it. There is no such place now. The journey is, to say the least, tedious, due to reconstructed road beds and bridges, with fine examples of concrete and stone construction obliterated.

One wonders why anyone should ever come back, but what remains is all that remains of their belongings. They built up prosperity before and will attempt to pick up the loose ends and start life anew, but not with the same companionship and inspiration they had before, for there has not been a family which has escaped the loss of some member.

After passing through this land of desolation you have felt that your sense of appreciation of the horrible had been exhausted, but the greatest shock is due you when you enter into the town of Rheims, for in spite of the destruction you can see that it once bore the earmarks of prosperity.

It has been assured that the first great memorial to the American dead in France will be erected at Rheims, in the form of a great American hospital. The American Fund for the French Wounded has guaranteed 100,000 dollars already and the French Government will deed the necessary ground. Steps will be taken to raise an endowment in the United States for the support of the hospital. This memorial in the shadow of the battered Cathedral and adjacent to the present shell-torn and roofless houses will serve as a significant monument to not only those Americans who gave up their lives on the battlefields of France, but to those who brought relief to France even before our armies entered the great struggle.

Although there are 15,000 roofless houses in Rheims at the present time, there are 8,453 persons there, among them being 500 school children. The population *avant la guerre* was 115,178.

## Guaranty Trust Company of New York

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**AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS**

**TO SCRIBBLING PARASITES**

A tale there was that we should blind the Hun,  
 Create an aerial gossamer so fast  
 That its entangling mesh should dim the sun  
 And quickly set the spoiler's heart aghast.

A fantasy of scribbling parasites,  
 Of circling fools who juggle arabics,  
 For whom are never simple wrongs and rights  
 Save by the proof of algebraic tricks.  
 The sport of critics from the pinnacles  
 Of their high, self-assumed authority;  
 The dream of sacred editorials  
 Which lightly deign speak to infinity.  
 The prey of publishers for public taste  
 Who carelessly invest another's blood  
 By spreading perjured truth abroad, in haste  
 To profit well from this aerial flood.

'Twas not for them to wing the lofty way;  
 When the grey verge of earth is framed in red;  
 'Twas not for them to greet the biting day  
 On dawn patrol ten thousand feet overhead.  
 How well they knew that they should never try  
 Venturesome Boche (whose valor they forgot)  
 In lone combat close to a watchful sky  
 That sets the flaming wreck in silhouette.  
 A volunteer for battles of the pen,  
 They disciplined their mind's agility  
 To seek with deep, strategic acumen  
 A staff commission in Mendacity.  
 Yet scarce contented with their own fruition,  
 They drafted hacks to fly their swivel chair,  
 And drilled them with a martial repetition  
 In acrostics through the press-room air.

'Till soon they led their country to expect  
 What human hearts, and yet more human hands  
 With human implements could not effect.  
 Yet daily turned their pen to wild demands,  
 They drenched full half our arms in ignorance  
 By stamping the absurd with mark of "Truth",  
 They jingle coins and laugh at penitence  
 For the wrongs done to the wings of Youth.

—John H. Small, Jr.

**MADMOISELLE, ADIEU!**

From "Out of Control," a paper published by the First Pursuit Group

Mademoiselle, la guerre est fini,  
 Toot sweet American soldat parti.  
 Restay pour toujours aux Etats Unis—  
 Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, you are sorry I know,  
 Sorry to see the Americans go,  
 Loved us because of the francs we would blow,  
 Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, parti avec nous?  
 Ah, non, ma chérie, that would never do;  
 What would our sweethearts and folks think of you?  
 Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, there's a girl over there  
 Who has all those charms that make one really care  
 She's witty and pretty and wholesome and fair,  
 Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, when bright shone the moon  
 O'er the wheat fields, often we'd spoon,  
 But I never thought 't would be over so soon,  
 Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, if you said "kees me queek,"  
 And swifly I kissed you upon your soft cheek,  
 It was for my fiancée en Amérique;  
 Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, birds of feather in flocks,  
 It's petites for Frenchmen and nurses for docs,  
 And me for the girlie who knitted my socks;  
 Mademoiselle, Adieu.

**THAT D-- GREEN FLAG AGAIN**

An incident of the Civil War in the U. S. occurred when the Irish Brigade were going into action on the charge; A rebel Colonel seeing the green flag waving shouted, "Lookout, boys, here comes that d-- green flag again; this is the place for the hottest fighting." 'Tis nothing new, that battle cry was shouted off of yore, When Erin's banner proudly rose on many a foreign shore; It rose before St. Mary's Heights, backed up by Meagher's men, When a rebel Colonel shouted "Here's that damned green flag again."

That dear old flag so proudly borne through triple ranks of steel  
 By names whom history's page adorn, O'Donald and O'Neill,  
 That flag that waved at Fontenoy, when Saxons fled amain  
 And Frenchman hailed with tears of joy "that damned green flag again."

**Y.M.C.A. SUNDAY SERVICES**

Morning services will be held at 10.30, and evening services at 7.00. Chaplain Vette will speak at both services. The communion service will be observed in connection with the morning service.

**CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS**

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

**WANTS**

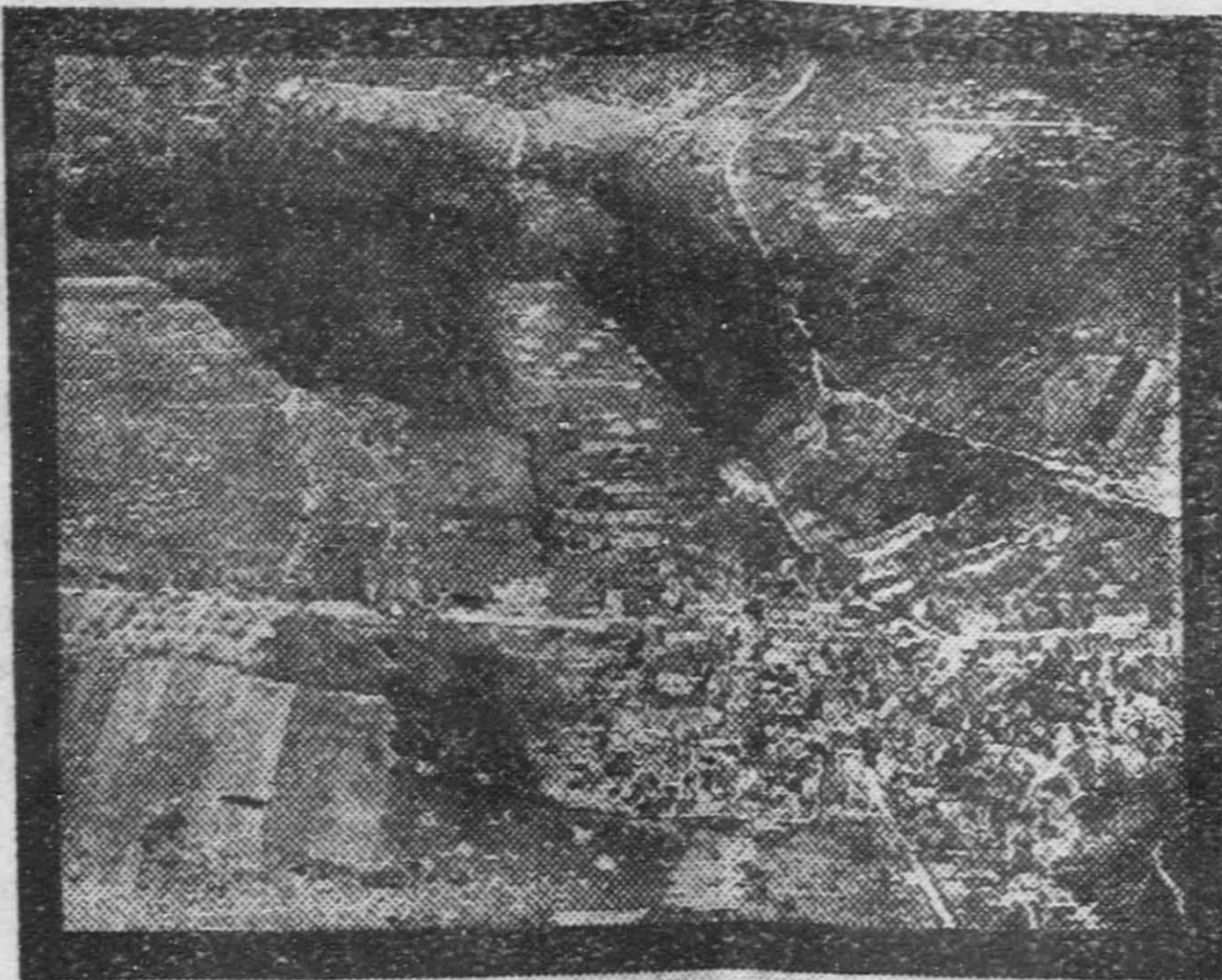
Rates: 1 franc per line, 8 words to line

**FOUND**—In Athletic Hangar, gold medal awarded for an athletic event. Owner can have same by applying Athletic Officer, Barrack 13.

**FILMS**

For all kinds of Kodaks, from Vest Pocket up. Finest assortment of photographic goods. Reasonable prices. Guillaume's Pharmacy. Rue d'Republic. Issoudun. English Spoken

**CHRONOLOGICAL PICTORIAL STORY OF VAUX**



Upper Left—June 30—Before last attack by American Troops.  
 Lower Left—July 1—Victory.

Upper Right—July 18—After Final Retreat. Roads Repaired.  
 Lower Right—Ground View of Ruins.

**RICKY SHAYS**

*Taking John's Patrol*

We used to know him when he was an ordinary Keewee, of the "We don't have to fly over Germany," or common garden variety, and properly self-effacing.

Later they called off the war in the seventh inning, and the boy lieutenants hurried back to their new "avions de chasse" to whom they still addressed letters in her maiden name, half the time. Well, during the lull, someone gave him some rides in an Avro, and one off-day they let him make three landings by himself, while his squadron prayed, 50-50.

Whereupon the wings grew.

And now, while waiting at Bordeaux, he remarks quite casually, "I wish we had a couple of 27's down here, so we could put on a little combat for the boys this afternoon."

We wonder what it will be like when he gets back in the old home town. Prohibition won't have any affect on that brand.

*Don't take that, Lady!*

**But Speaking of Bordeaux—**

There was a time when drilling was a joke,

And anyone who drilled, an awful bloke.

But to get by at Bordeaux,

We must learn to do Squads Right-O

We no longer sit around the fire and smoke.

(For the American Edition and those who still pronounce French as she is spelled, substitute above.)

But to get by at Bordeaux,

We must drill like dough-boy bucks.

Major. "Wha cher doin' tonight, Ray?"

Captain "Nothin'. Wha cher doin'?"

Major. "Nothin'. Who else 'll play?"

**Little Things to Be Thankful for**

That there is a Base Hospital at Chateauroux, and a W. A. A. C. camp at Bourges.

That we are not entirely dependent on the French railroads to move the planes.

**I DREAM OF YOU**

Strange! All thru the night  
 My fancy played with the candle light;  
 And, in the corners of the tent,  
 Where fairy phantoms dancing went  
 And purple shadows turned to blue,  
 Where e'er I looked I saw but you.

And again, all through the day,  
 Sobre, raining, cold and grey,  
 Where e'er I strolled or chanced to be  
 I thought that you were close to me;  
 And when I turned, as dreamers do,  
 A fleeting glance I caught of you.

Strange! Strange did I say?  
 Alone in thought and far away,  
 Amongst strange people in strange lands,  
 And restless hours on my hands,  
 That when I dream as dreamers do,  
 That I should turn my thoughts to you.

Oh! memories dear are thoughts to prize,  
 And pleasant is the glad surprise,  
 When, turning with a hastened glance,  
 One sees a friend as if by chance;  
 And thankful I, that thru the blue,  
 For comfort I can dream of you—  
 My friend.

—CPL. FRED. R. ARCHER.

**BONE DRY**

Sent by a sympathiser from the States.

Stop and listen  
 Look and think  
 In the future, nary drink  
 Only way  
 To get a soak  
 Is in rain—and that's no joke.

If you're sick  
 Around the house  
 Doctor's help may bring a souce;  
 Therefore we  
 Expect to see  
 Awful lot of mystery  
 In the ailments  
 That will come  
 And whose only cure is rum.

Influenza  
 Won't be in it—  
 Case of sickness every minute.  
 Awful pains  
 And aches and things—  
 Relief that only whisky brings.

If the doctors  
 Keep at work—  
 If they never stop or shirk  
 There'll be sickness  
 Without end  
 For which whisky is a friend.

**Stenographers**

A stenographer is the only woman in existence who can be dictated to for any length of time without causing bloodshed.

A stenographer is not chosen for her good looks (as is generally supposed), but for her ability to translate the thoughts of an employer who is not able to express himself without a fountain pen.

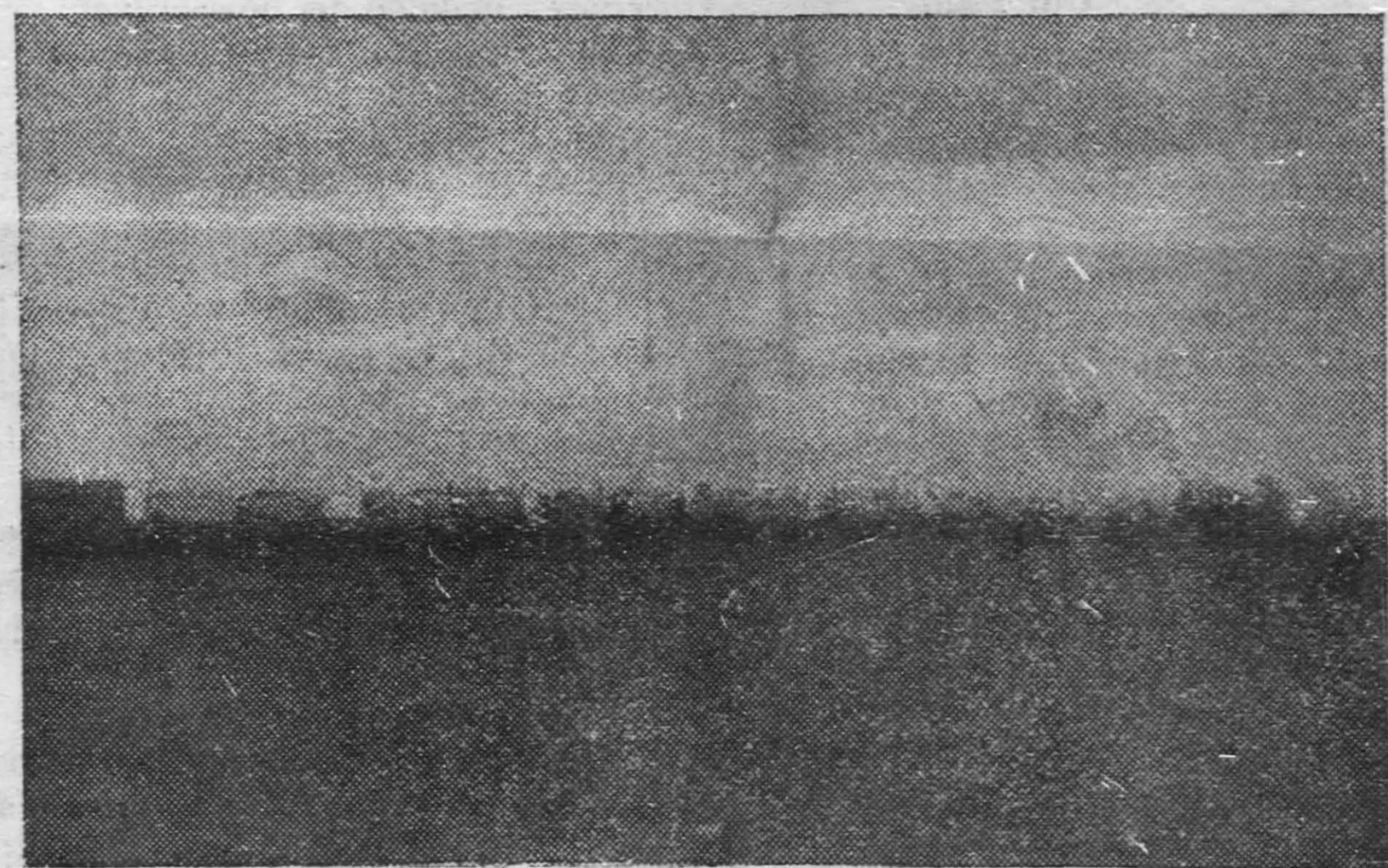
A stenographer has many bitter experiences and heavy trials—among which is the absent-minded dictator, who starts a long, serpentine sentence, breaks off in the middle to think of something else and then demands that the last four pages be read aloud. This probably accounts for the look of settled melancholy on the faces of so many stenographers, who would otherwise be as gay and care-free as humming birds.

The chief implements of her profession are a note book, a collection of soft lead pencils and an occasional gleam of human intelligence.

A short perky form of conversation is used, which is known as "Shorthand" and resembles the epitaph on the tomb of Rameses II. This is given a free translation—so free that it sometimes runs away with the context, and what is left is run through the typewriter.—*By One of Them.*

Sam says he knows an M. S. E. in the A. E. F. who was stationed in the S. O. S. at a certain A. I. C. whose A. P. O. he does not remember who got a C. M. for telling an A. P. M. when picked up by an M. P. near a certain R. T. O. that his C. O. told him it would be O. K. if he went A. W. O. L. to visit his Mlle. who was working in the A. R. C. near G. H. Q. and was therefore S. O. L.

**AIRPLANES LEAVING CAMP ON FLAT CARS**



**WE'RE GOIN' HOME**

By HUGHEY

Apologies to Kipling

"What's the excitement all about?" said the private on parade,  
 "Why we're goin' home, we're goin' home," the old top sergeant said.  
 "What makes you all so nervous?" said the private on parade,  
 "We're afraid it's just a rumor," the old top sergeant said,

"For we've had many a promise,  
 Then something would go amiss  
 And it made the outfit kinda blue  
 When given something else to do."

"What makes the boys so anxious," said the private on parade,  
 "They're trying to drill again," the old top sergeant said.  
 "What makes 'em look half sad, half sad?" said the private on parade,  
 "They're wonderin' now what next they'll do," the old top sergeant said,

"For they're kinda used to seein' planes  
 And gettin' wet in these blinkin' rains;  
 They've pulled down the ships and packed 'em up  
 And they've bidden farewell to the Squadron pup."

"I should think they'd be glad, be powerful glad," said the private on parade,  
 "They are, you blamed fool, they're mighty glad," the old top sergeant said.  
 "I want to get home and see all my folks," said the private on parade,  
 "We've been here a long time and all want to go, the old top sergeant said,

"The work is finished, the ships are gone,  
 And one of these mornin's just after dawn,  
 We'll pack up our stuff and say goodbye,  
 A 'biddin' farewell with a tear in our eye."

"It sure will seem strange to leave the place," said the private on parade,  
 "And well miss it some after we're gone," the old top sergeant said;  
 "We'll remember the place we helped build up," said the private on parade,  
 "And the work we did to help tear it down," the old top sergeant said;

"We'll think of the French and their quaint ways,  
 And the fun they furnished on our off days;  
 We're anxious for the time to say goodbye,  
 To shout our farewell with a mighty cry."

## Observation Balloon Occupants Captured After Thrilling Ride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

### Questioned by Intelligence Officers

German intelligence officers were at once telephoned for. Upon being refused all information, especially in regard to the American guns firing on Conflans, the questioning officers said "I will have to take you to Conflans and you will be under the shellfire of your own artillery."

The original reason for attempting the ascension on such a day was to secure a rough adjustment on Conflans for the 400mm. guns under Captain Small, whose objective was the railroad yards of that city.

The runaway balloon had travelled almost the entire distance along the trajectory of these guns, and the whistle of their projectiles had been plainly heard.

On the day of the arrival of Lieutenants Tait and Hinman at Conflans, it was decided, because of the accuracy of these American guns, to evacuate all civilians from Conflans. The lieutenants were taken to the station about 4:30 p. m. Almost on the instant they arrived, a shell burst in the immediate neighborhood of the station; the Americans were then seated in a second class coach. Exactly fifteen minutes after the previous burst, a terrific explosion shook the car; another shell had burst in the rear of the train. Many were hurt by shell fragments and railroad iron, and a large piece of iron crashed through the compartment, civilians and soldiers ran about in confusion, many with bleeding wounds. The train pulled out for Metz before another shell came.

### Our Raid

In Metz, the lieutenants were housed in an incompleated canteen where they were sleeping on tables when the sirens for an air-raid sounded at two o'clock in the morning; they were then rushed to an underground passage in the station where many people were gathered. The continuance of the raid kept them there for the remainder of the night. For a few days they were imprisoned at Montmedy, then again returned to Metz during the night. At nearly every station where the train stopped, there was an air-raid in progress. Lieutenant Hinman says, "To sit in a train, locked in a compartment with a couple of Germans, listening to bombs bursting and seeing nothing but now and then a great flash, was anything but pleasant."

### Poor Food

They did not remain in Metz, but were immediately dispatched to Karlsruhe, where a week was spent in a vermine-infested hotel, with dirty beds and blankets, locked in a small room with only four white walls and a ceiling to look at for the windows were locked and painted. Their food at this place was very poor, consisting mainly of black bread made from potato flour, and of soup with many sticks and leaves in it. It seems that the sole amusement of the two Americans consisted in examining the soup at each meal, to see what new matter could be found in it.

Villingen in Baden was the next camp to which the American observers were sent; here they were better fed received

## Major LaSalle

The long expected finally arrived for Capt. LaSalle in the form of a Majority. While we had all expected it ere this, when it did come it was a surprise; so much so that when the Captain returned from supper to continue his work—which is generally his custom—he waited until he completed the job in front of him before opening a few envelopes which had just arrived, thinking they were merely invoices for him to sign. Consequently there was due a considerable shock when he opened up the document promoting him to the rank of Major.

Major LaSalle has handled more money than we ever hope to own, as Post Q. M. Disbursing Officer, and he has acted as C. O. of Post Q. M. Depot at various stages of his and its career, and while he secures a maximum amount of work from his staff and personnel, he does not ask any one of them to do any more work than he does, which is a considerably large order and which will account for the methodical operation of our depot.

Incidentally we might mention that former Capt. Porter, with whom Capt. LaSalle was so closely associated in the establishment of our Depot, and has since been acting as Supply Officer of the 1st Army, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

## Sgt. Jim Meenan Goes Home

Its certain now that the Field is closing shortly for Big Six Meenan, alias Slim Jim, has left the Center with the Air Service Casual Co. No 6, a year and twenty days from the time he planted his nine and a half EE in the muddy ooze of Berrie. Meenan enlisted on August 22nd, 1917 at Ft. Slocum, N. Y. He was present at the birth of the 123rd Aero Squadron at Kelly Field, and after a careful consideration of all the openings, decided to be Sergeant Major. The Squadron career has been varied and evenful but Jim never loosened his grip on his organization, until he transferred to the 26th Aero Squadron, in 1919.

Meenan has been the assistant to the entertainment officer at this post from the start. Due to his efforts and unflinching tact, the work of providing entertainment at this Center has been notable for its success in amusing the boys.

many Red-Cross supplies and German newspapers which kept them informed of the progress of the Allies.

### Change of Officers.

During the revolution which followed the Armistice, the camp was visited by the "Soldiers and Sailors" committee. The Commandant, a major, was relieved of his position and rank, and the former adjutant, a lieutenant and Socialist, was put into command, but a buck private in the camp guard, wearing the red ribbon, had authority to veto or pass upon all actions of the new Commandant.

The Americans were shortly released on "parole" and allowed to walk about the town of Villigen at will between certain hours. Home coming troops were very jubilant and the soldiers' horses and wagons were decorated with the red flags and ribbons. Each of the returning troops had a red flag in the muzzle of his rifle. Finally on November 26, the occupants of the camp boarded a train for Switzerland, and were released on November 29, through the town of Constance.

## Front Line Revue Troupe Make Big Hit

It is the consensus of general opinion that the "Front Line Revue" which played at Y-M hut No. 1, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights of this week was by far the best show that has appeared here to date. Together with its orchestra of ten pieces, which was equal to any you would expect in the best of theatres back home, it went big due to its originality and the conception of the humor which had a most general appeal.

Starting off with the talent assembled in the customary minstrel formation, ducked out in swallow tails and everything, and led by Interlocutor Barnett they managed to draw out a lot of fun. Variety was furnished in the way of songs, ranging from a real raggy rag, with added zest just furnished by the end men in costume, whose grimaces and gyrations gave a real professional touch, to light opera. When the Siren's Song was played from "Leave it to Jane" one felt literally transported back to a seat back home in the Hall of Musical Comedy, the orchestration and the acting being perfect.

To add realism to the whole thing the customary first night bald-headed audience was there also, and the female impersonators dolled up in the best that could be furnished by the modiste Francais made them feel at home. Originality ran right through the jokes, and even though a few of a rare vintage were uncorked, they were perfectly in order, as they fitted the situations. The ward scene in the second act was a hummer, as it was so human and brought out the atmosphere of the soldier, the two tiny dog mascots who were indifferent to the surroundings, not appearing one bit stage shy, lent a natural touch to the performance.

All that had gone before was equal to any one entertainment itself, but when the final act was staged—a French cafe scene, ending up in a high crescendo—there was simply an uproar right thru, the songs and dancing pepped up to the highest possible pitch, and the burlesquing of the supposed female dancer by the various colored waiters resulted in a composite howl from the audience. It is regretted that they did not have a little more room in which to dance. Most of the songs were composed by the pianist, any one of which would make the most unmusical person go back to the barracks whistling.

When the men came out in their regulation uniforms, most of them with two service chevrons and at least one wound stripe, one would really think that reinforcements had been called for, the quartet and double quartet work being particularly good.

They far from resembled the performers who appeared in costume a few moments before. The uniform does make a difference.

The organization represented twenty-six different divisions and twenty-eight different States and all but three had been wounded, including the two dogs.

### Intermediate Section Track Meets

Major C. J. Miller, Athletic Director Intermediate Section, S. O. S., announces that the preliminary elimination track meets of the Intermediate Section will be held on March 29th and the final Intermediate Section track meet will be held April 5th.

## Brief History of Air Service A. E. F.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Oct. 10: Signal Corps began to exercise supervision over radio stations for communication with airplanes.

Oct. 16: Troops arrived at Colombes-Belles to start construction First Air Depot.

Oct. 18: Medical Research Board organized at Mineola, L. I., N. Y., before its move to Europe.

Oct. 24: Flying began at Issoudun: November 1: Nucleus of officers for Aircraft Armament Section arrived in Paris and placed under Technical Section A. S.; school at Tours transferred by French to American control.

Nov. 18: Balloon Section created, Col. C. de F. Chandler in charge.

Nov. 23: U. S. instructed it would have to provide fully trained aviators.

Nov. 25: Schedule of Personnel to be shipped with priority of approximately 7500 per month sent from U. S. (cable 436).

Nov. 27: Brig.-Gen. B. D. Foulois, S. C., made C. A. S., A. E. F.; Balloon School authorized.

December 1: Gen. Foulois recommended formation Joint Army and Navy Aircraft in Paris; bombardment training begun at Clermont-Ferrand, school taken over from French.

Dec. 5: Agreement with England to send A. S. troops to England for construction and training purposes.

Dec. 6: St. Maixent station taken over from French for concentration of 1060 extra cadets.

Dec. 12: A. S. construction recommended to be placed in hands of Corps of Engineers.

Dec. 28: First four Balloon companies arrive overseas; American instruction started at French School of Aerial Gunnery, Cazeaux.

### 1918

January 1: Report submitted by General Staff Committee recommending suggested A. S. program Jan.-June, 1918. Approved by C. in C. Jan. 5, '18.

Jan. 9: Balloon School located at Cuperly (Marne), near French School at Vadenay.

Jan. 15: Formal authority from Hdq. A. E. F. for creation joint Army and Navy Aircraft Committee in A. E. F.

Jan. 16: Observation course opened at Tours; construction started on A. S. P. C. No. 2, Romorantin.

Jan. 19: Flying field at Foggia extended.

Jan. 26: Agreement with British for assembly of Handley-Page airplanes from parts fabricated in the U. S.

## BASKETBALL

The 3rd A. I. C. basketball team played one of its fastest and hardest fought games of the season at Nevers Wednesday night and came out on top with the score of 43 to 36.

In spite of the small floor and the lead which the Nevers team obtained in the first 10 minutes, the goals which were shot by Fullington, Garretson and Golden soon placed Issoudun in the lead. Two of the M. T. kept Lieut. Fullington covered all the time, but he managed to get nine baskets and Golden nearly started a riot when he got one in from the jump. Richardson and Trettin at guard were terribly unpopular with the audience, as they were very much in the way of Nevers when they had the ball. The score stood 24 to 20, with the 3rd A. I. C. in the lead at the end of the first half.

Issoudun: Golden, f.; Garretson, f.; Fullington, c.; Trettin, g.; Richardson, g. Nevers: Simpson, f.; Ostby, f.; Jackson, c.; Newlin, g.; Sisson, g.

Feb. 15: Headquarters Lines of communication. A. S. Headquarters moved to Tours, France.

February 10: Headquarters 1st Corps Air Service created.

Feb. 18: 95th Aero Squadron arrived at Villeneuve; 103rd Lafayette Aero Squadron arrived at Lanoblette to begin work on the front, but under the French.

Feb. 24: 1st Regiment A. S. Mechanics arrived in France.

Feb. 28: 2nd Balloon Co. arrived in the Toul sector.

March 4: 22nd Squadron arrived at Dunkirk and flights were assigned to British squadrons on British front.

Mar. 5: 94th Squadron arrived at Villeneuve.

Mar. 14: First activities of 1st Pursuit Group, flight of 3 pilots of 95th Squadron on patrol.

Mar. 15: Chief Photographic Officer appointed.

Mar. 19: 94th Squadron's first patrol crossed lines.

Mar. 20: 28th Squadron attached to R. A. F. Squadron's flights on British front.

Mar. 28: 94th Squadron began active service on the front, few patrols sent out.

Mar. 31: American Aviation Acceptance Park No. 1. at Orly, established.

April 1: Definite agreement with Italians on training of American pilots; Production and Maintenance Division Supply Section began work at Romorantin for receiving American made airplanes. *concluded next week*

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