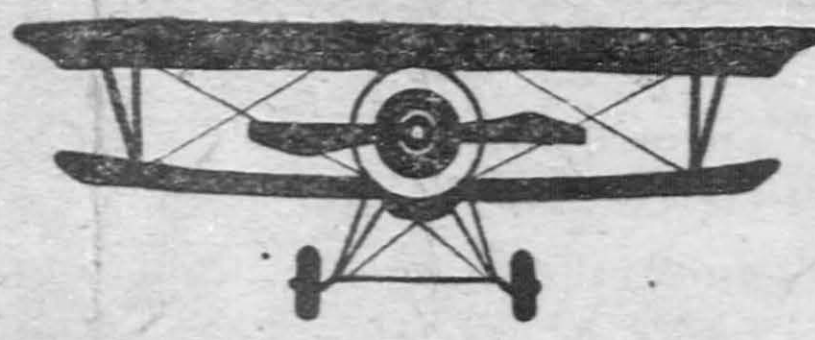


I never say anything of a man that I have the smallest scruple of saying to him.
—George Washington

Plane News.



PASSED BY CENSOR

Air Service Paper
of the A. E. F.

Vol. II, No. 14

On Active Service, France, Washington's Birthday, 1919

Price 25 Centimes

RECORD OF NEW CHAMPION

Lt. P. W. Maynard Original Sky Pilot, Has "Rep" For Acrobatic Skill

Last week the news of Lieut. P. W. Maynard's record came so shortly before going to press, that it is felt that in view of his splendid performance on Lincoln's Birthday more space should be given to the ex-minister from Mount Olive, North Carolina.

Circling the flying field at Air Service Production Center No. 2 at Romorantin, he looped 318 times consecutively in 67 minutes, exceeding Lieut. Joyce's 300 loops in 66 minutes performance made at Issoudun. Like Lieut. Joyce's record it was limited by the exhaustion of his gasoline supply.

With a determination to exceed Lieut. Joyce's record, he climbed into the tricky Sopwith-Camel, in which he had had a narrow escape a few hours earlier by coming out of a 1,200 feet fall dangerously near the ground, enough to daunt the average flyer. He shot off the ground straight toward the silvery reflection of the big full moon in the blue eastern-sky, the powerful, whining exhaust of the 160 Monosoupape motor adding to the flight spectacular.

Securing enough altitude, approximately 2,000 feet, he started on his record breaking looping journey. He simultaneously circled the field so that 50 to 52 loops would be made in each circuit, averaging five loops a minute or rather 12 seconds per loop. By the time he had circled the field over six times he had broken the world's loop record for time and number, bringing our memory back to scrawling our familiar penmanship loops over the pages of our copy book in the old days.

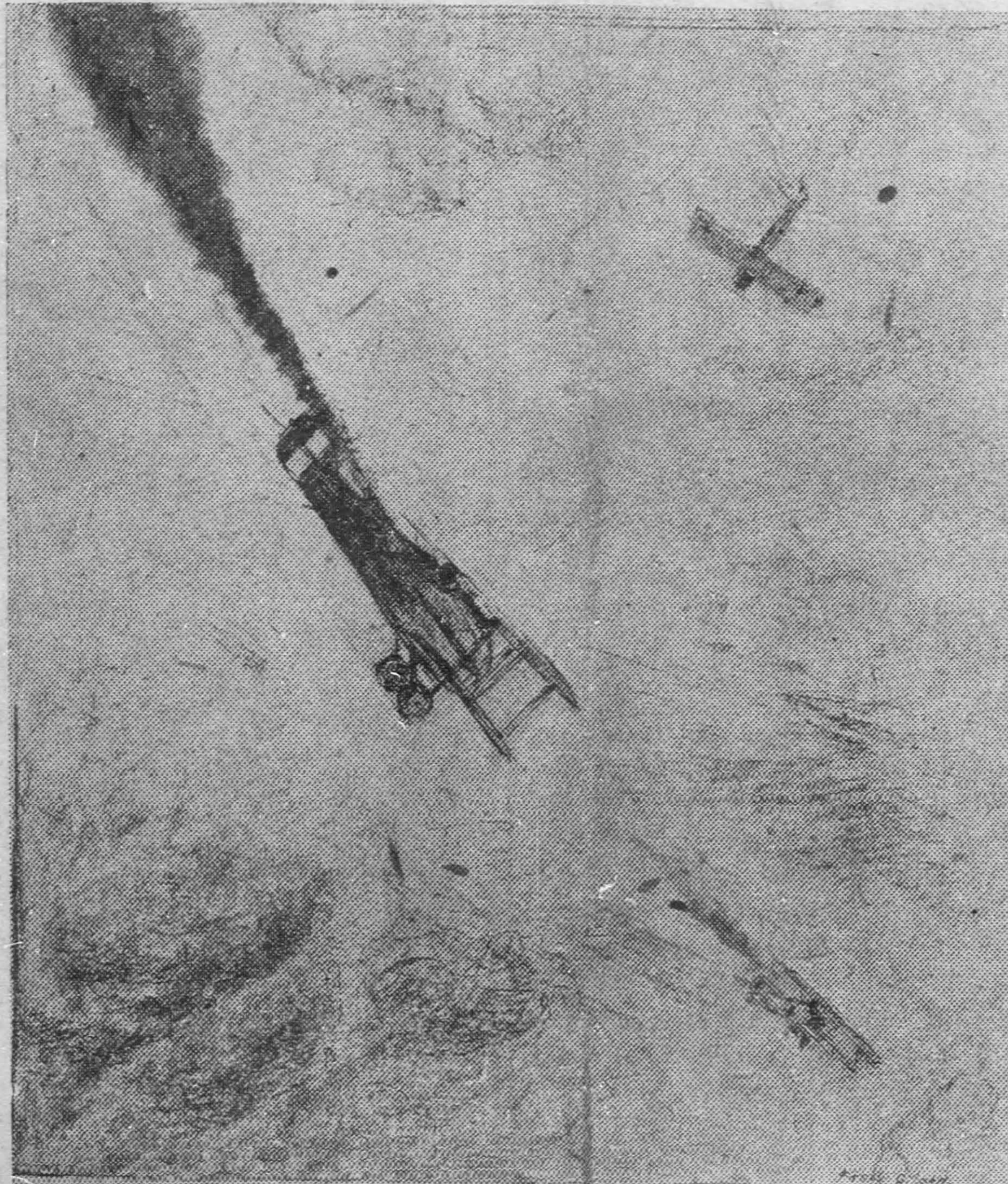
Incidentally numerous spectators developed a new malady and that was non-flyers cramp, making itself evident around the region of the collar button. It is reported that his previous greatest number of loops was 16, although his acrobatic skill had been previously demonstrated in the execution of vrilles, sideslips, Immelman turns, barrel rolls and sky-rock rolls. In addition to his regular performance he executed 18 loops after his main pressure gasoline supply tank became empty, for instead of gliding to earth he switched on his gravity emergency tank and threw in the extra loops for good measure nearer the ground. On account of the known fact that the gravity feed is useless in the upper halves of the loops, while the plane is upside down, this added further zest to the trip.

His regular duties requires constant testing of the DeHaviland 4 Liberty motored plane, but he has spent all his additional flying time in playing with the scout and his favorite stunt is the sky rocket roll, perhaps known by another name to the reader. In this the pilot does a barrel roll on a zoom, rolling over at least two and one-half times, and shooting to the pinnacle of the zoom head downward. There hanging for an instant suspended, it appears to the spectator as if the plane slips back on its tail, but before going out of control, he turns down in the last part of an Immelman turn and retraces the path of the zoom.

Pretty Soft!

Athletic Bulletin No. 9, Hdq. Inter. Sec., S. O. S., offers unusual opportunities for track men and every one here is urged to participate in preliminaries. Special facilities are being provided for training of track men of exceptional ability at Nice, beginning about March 1st. We have heard a lot of people speak highly of Nice.

WITH PLANE AFLAME PLUCKY PILOT DIVES ON TWO BOCHE AND GETS ONE



The difficulty of describing aviation combat is well known. The average pilot will tell you that the only way to get the thrill is to be right on the spot. We will, however, with the above illustration and brief description, try to show that the boys in the air never gave up, always fighting to the end.

As there had been a pronounced increase in the Boche's aerial activity in a certain sector, there was considerable work ahead. The long looked for active sector became more obvious every day. The big question was: Were the Germans going to attempt another retreat in that neighborhood? It was here the Crown Prince had launched his last grand offensive and buried what little military reputation he had.

We all remember Lieutenant Phelan, who early displayed in his flying here that he possessed an unusual amount of initiative and flying instinct. He was on patrol which left early one morning long before dawn. The mist was still heavy, but as the engines began to warm up it vanished gradually.

After the formation took off, the customary and nerve racking suspense until their safe return hovered over the aerodrome. Suddenly the word flew round that the patrol was returning, one plane short. As they approached nearer it was found that Lieutenant Phelan was missing. The others described how this plucky little pilot's plane was seen going down ablaze, as he desperately battled with two Fokkers.

It was a subdued company that assembled that night, for the account was not one to encourage even the faintest of hopes.

The customary steps of filling out the blanks and inventory of his personal effects were taken. A noticeable pall hung over the quarters the following day. However, the dramatic suspense was broken when a little blonde pilot, a bit unkempt but still debonnaire, strolled in. In a few sentences he bridged the time when the patrol left till his sudden re-appearance:

"I went down on a Fokker, and had another on my tail who riddled my ship with his gun fire. He succeeded in setting my tanks aflame, this while I was 3000 meters up. There seemed to be

little choice between staying up or going down. As I figured everything was over, I decided to make the best of my time. In diving I managed by a lucky chance to get on the tail of one of the two Fokkers and shot him down. His companion wasted no time in getting away. The surprise of surprises was that the fire suddenly ceased, for while making this sudden maneuver, the flames went out. However, during this time, my plane was damaged so badly that I had to land where I could. I came down in that conglomeration of trenches, barbed wire and shell holes north of Verdun. After that it was simply a matter of transportation."

A combination of fighting ability and luck was with him that day, for not only did he escape serious injury, but next day the Official Bulletin credited First Lieut. Richard Phelan of the 213th Aero Squadron for his Boche.

OUR WASHINGTON TODAY

By "Hughey"

This day Americans will all celebrate, And in fondest memory they'll commemorate The life and achievements of our greatest son A story familiar to most every one How he cared for the masses and choosing the right Led the scattered colonies in their mighty fight. Fed them, and led them in what seemed a lost game Then defeated the foe, and earned undying fame Now turned he from war to the duties of State And united the peoples, ere it was too late Brought forth from the chaos, a new nation grand And wiped out the tyrant, the yoke and the brand The Republic he founded has wonderfully grown From that tiny beginning of Liberty sown. Today a great nation and champion of right She welcomes all people to share freedom's light. In the world's greatest conflict, just fought and won The end was made possible by what she had done. The spirit of Washington called forth the men From each of her states, from the mountain and glen And sent them to France, to fight and to win They've all done their part, and have all heroes been. The conflict has ended and the Nations have sent Their brainiest men those of deepest intent To plan out the future, and guard against war That trouble and sorrow may grieve us, no more And I wonder what part Washington would have to play Were he taking part in the League of Nations today For 'tis but the fruition of his wonderful dream With Nations for States in a world wide Peace scheme.

A Sensible Movement For War Memorial

Reading, Pa., Takes Steps to Provide Museum to House Relics

The first intimation that we have received of immediate steps to commemorate the efforts in various civic centers, of the men who participated in the big war is signified by a letter just received from the Director of the Public Museum and Art Gallery at Reading, Pa. Several of the boys here have received letters from the committee, including the Museum Officials and newspaper people of Reading, the home of the Pretzel, indicating that they are right on the job.

The movement is rather broad in scope and includes erecting a suitable memorial to be dedicated to the soldiers and sailors who entered the service from Reading and Berks County. Incidentally we might mention that our former C. O., Major Carl Spatz, is a Berks County product, having been a resident of Boyertown for many years and that his parents still reside there.

The present museum is already overcrowded with relics of the past wars and therefore it will be necessary to expand. This is a most opportune time to carry out this movement while the enthusiasm remains and when it is possible to secure material of value. It is one of the most sensible ideas that we have heard proposed as yet and its value will increase as the years roll by.

Those who are proposing the idea have acted very sensibly by taking the men into their confidence and requested their endorsement by letter. This is a step in the right direction for by doing this they will receive the whole hearted support of the men in the Service. We are for it, and it is trusted that other communities will take similar steps. The general public will then have an opportunity to see relics of value and interest which might otherwise be relegated to some dusty attics after the novelty wears out.

Ran Out of Ink 8000 ft. Up

The Paducah Democrat, (Ky.), has a rather enlightening news item from their "Soldier Boys News" column quoting a letter sent home by James R. McArthur, of the 35th Aero Squadron, which was stationed at Field 2, Issoudun, for many months. It goes as follows:

"He now flies to a height of 8,000 feet and that his plane is equipped with high power guns. He stated that the number of planes in his squadron, the 35th Aero Squadron now in France, was reduced materially by the last drive."

While we appreciate that it was quite an incentive to the boys who worked on the planes by permitting the monitors to give them rides back and forth from the hangars we did not know that it had caused such extreme cases of Bunk Housetis, such as this.

Our Ex-Barrack Flyer, or Orderly Room Pilot, certainly must be a good judge of height or distance, for to our knowledge we did not know that any of the doubles were equipped with altimeters. We will give him one point and that is that the field 2 stock may have been reduced materially in the last drive. In the necessary record pilot production during that last drive to furnish pilots for replacement at the front it was necessary to use every flying hour available which caused a natural depreciation in planes here as expected.

If he was located at field 8 the statement about the guns might have been correct as the planes which he would have worked on would have that equipment. Outside of that everything else is true.

YANK PILOT PLAYS 'POSSUM

Driven Down By Two Boche And Given Up For Dead

In last week's issue we published a list of the Aces. To record the individual accomplishments of these flyers, it would require volumes, for each and every name and victory means a story.

All branches of the Air Service are represented and a remarkable feature is that among the Aces there are observation pilots included: Lieut. Erwin with 9, Lieut. Easterbrook with 5 and Lieut. Baucom with 5. This is a remarkable feature considering the nature of the work and the planes which they were flying in the First Aero Squadron, which was equipped with Salmson Biplane.

Take for instance Lieut. Edward M. Haight. All of us here known of his efforts to assist others to master the art of flying, when he volunteered for instructor work at Field 3 while awaiting orders, and the resulting crash, from which he has been recovering.

A good story has been told of an incident of the front, where he showed unusual coolness and headwork:—

"A beautiful dog fight followed in which Fokkers and Spads were all mixed up in a diving, turning, twisting affair with guns running wild. A number of the Huns were sent to the ground, just how many is uncertain. Lieut. Gerner's motor went bad at a critical time, but he was able to make a landing within our lines. Lieut. Haight had a very odd experience. Two of the Fokkers got on his tail, a defenceless position for a single seater scout. Haight did his best to shake them off by quick maneuvers but it was hopeless. He had either to go down or be shot down, and the Huns finally drove him to the ground.

"The fight was well inside the German lines, but there was only one thing to do—land. Haight slid into a pasture with the Fokkers blazing away at his back, and landed his Spad safely. But the Huns were not satisfied. They continued firing at the plane as it sat there in the pasture. Then Haight played "possum". He fell over the fuselage as though he had been hit. The Germans were evidently convinced he was dead and pulled off and flew away. When the coast was quite clear, Haight pulled open the motor, which had been idling all the time, took off, and sailed away home.

"One on friend Fritz, wasn't it?"

Another Homeward Movement

The results of the efforts on the part of the authorities to assist those who are needed urgently at home was shown this week in the formation of Air Service Casual Co. No. 6.

Authority was originally requested to secure the transfer of a limited number of members of the Air Service Mechanic Regiments, who up to the present time have not been able to transfer into outgoing squadrons, and those higher up realizing the justice doubled the quota. As a result an additional number of men whose assistance is required at home, in the other organizations which are not on priority list, have been given an equal opportunity.

The selection of five men from each organization was governed by priority of previous application, merit and necessity. It is expected that movement will be made rapidly and that they will arrive on the heels of the organizations which left sometime ago. If conditions permit, there will no doubt be additional steps taken in a similar direction so that no hardship will be inflicted in any other real deserving cases.

Plane News

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

First Lieutenant Thomas Washington Ward, A. S., *Officer in Charge*
Cadet Thomas Ford Hislop *"Flying Poem"*
Sgt. Geo. D. Alexander *Art Editor*
Cpl. Timoleon O. Johnston *Associate Art Editor*
Sgt. Emmet E. Frank *Circulation Manager*

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

"All For One Aim—One Aim For All"

LEST YOU FORGET

WE WILL not tolerate it. Yes, we are talking to you. We won't hesitate to take a crack at each and every one writing or talking any camouflaged front line stuff. It does not go well, that's all. We do not like it—in fact no real, honest thinking person does. It is childish.

The people at home have been fed a lot of supposedly true stories from those over here even by those closest to them. Some people may laugh and say, "well, boys will be boys." You are not boys. You are men. Real, live, red-blooded men, or you would not have gotten even this far in the big struggle in which you took a most active and important part. One cannot write a lot of "bunk" and get away with it for any length of time. Some one is going to "call you" sooner or later. The old axiom, "It is but a small world after all," will be most unexpectedly and quickly demonstrated, if one oversteps the borders of truth.

Even though you may come from an obscure place you will always run across some one who can check you up. As an example, take anyone going back home and doing some combatting in the Hot Stove League. Every part of the States has been represented here; distribution has been so general that there have been many squadrons which had men from each and every State of the Union. You positively cannot cover up if you divert from the truth. It will be difficult to maintain your bold front about the front that you have never seen, over which latter circumstance you had no control.

Another thing, you all know the number of authoritative men who previous to taking up flying were writers and will take up their old profession again. They are the men who will do the job of showing up camouflaged fighters and flyers.

Lying is just as big a sin as thieving, at least that is how we were taught, and even though you only lie once to make an impression on some debutante back home, it does not end there. You will have to maintain this procedure throughout the rest of your life. It is thus you start your chain of lies. The little ones will multiply and spread until you are in over your head. Then some one will step in and show you up with the consequent result of cheapening yourself in the eyes of all, including yourself. It is just the same as stealing, for you are stealing away the glory that belongs to others.

Frankness is admired by all, and the great majority of you have told the truth in your letters home. You will get just as much credit as if you told them all about the Boche you shot down, when as a matter of fact you were doing expert and difficult work here to keep the planes in the air in which the pilots were getting their final finishing touches to shoot the Boche which you claimed you shot down. Most of you made resolutions to continue this way but there will be an opportunity for you to make a big hit sometime and you are liable to spread it a bit. Be careful that you do not put your foot into it.

"With the Truth all things are true, but with the false the truth at once disagrees."

PATIENCE

STEADY, men!—We have heard a lot of agitation of sending home the boys "toot sweet," on both sides of the water, and while we have felt home-sick at times, we came to do our duty. The big goal has been reached and we have seen great strides toward the surety of that Victory being maintained, due to the strong minds which have guided the various Ships of State.

A whole lot depends on its maintenance, and until such time as our leaders decide we are not needed over here we should strive to content ourselves. Those higher up cannot tell us all, and if we have the confidence which brought us to victory, that confidence should increase in view of the outcome of the events that have come to pass. Accept the order of things, retaining your faith in God and mankind, occupying yourself and you will be content; and before you know it you will become.

IMPROVE THYSELF

This title may lead you to believe that we are going to sermonize again. We are going to do this much. We want to impress upon you the necessity of improving yourself. While it is a universal failing to follow the laws of least resistance, there is no reason for one to overlook entirely the opportunity of improving every hour.

We regret that conditions were such that the very comprehensive educational program was abandoned, but even though organized effort has ceased there are no obstacles to personal efforts. Do you know that the finest kind of books, covering all subjects, are still available at the Y. M. C. A. and the Technical Library in the Red Cross Group. These collections give a chance to every one, no matter what their tastes may be, to keep occupied. There is no use to fret about what you are going home. If you keep occupied the time will pass so rapidly that the long looked for date will come before you realize it.

Have you read the history of France. You perhaps read it in your High School days, but then it may have been a rather forced duty. Today it will prove a pleasure. Now you have lived where this history was made and can appreciate it. There is nothing like a first hand impression.

SAWDUST

By 1st Lieut. C. C. Loft

"Fifteen men on a prohibitionist's chest
Yo ho ho! and a bottle of rum."

Whatever the charges brought against the PLANE NEWS, they can never say that the *Sawdust Column* and *Ricochets* were bought by the prohibitionist interests.

Lieut. Clayton will never, never know how nice it is for a brain to have children, instead of being sterile.

Life won't be so bad after all, with the National, American and League of Nations going in full swing after the war.

Letum Up 'E's All Cut

Weary Willie (in the coop again):
"Now I wonder how I will ever get out of this?"

Sgt. of Guard (Pokin' bean thru the door): "Snap out of it!"

"Aw, Be Still"

The only thing that will ever stop the little "still on the hill" will be a hot box.

OUTA THE AIR

President Wilson certainly knocked a home-run with three men on bases in the League of Nations.

Allies in the true sense of the word. One of the best examples or universal brotherhood is the opening of the British and French universities to the soldiers of the A. E. F.

Now we can see our Gold Chevron pin idea which we proposed in our editorial page some time ago taking hold when the boys get back in "civvies."

Sawdust claims that a French friend inquired about the inconvenient shape of American money, but he replied that he always managed to get along with the bills—when he had them. He further stated that when he got his hands on a French 500 franc note it generally required a music roll or brief case to carry it.

We would like to tell Miss Blankety Blank of Pittsburgh who signed herself as our "Unknown Friend" that we have carefully noted her address on the back of the envelope and turned it over to our Circulation Manager. We are assigning all such addresses according to locality to the boys in the composing room, etc., for notation in their little red books. They are assured that they have a few friends back home at least who will recognize them in spite of lack of service chevrons.

A post card from young Joe Seymour sent from Ben Riley's place on Riverside Drive indicates that Joe's old slogan and resolution has come true. We give you credit, Joe, you were always there.

Be patient, boys. While you are in the Army of Occupation of Issoudun you are not as lonesome as some of the boys who are enjoying the scenery further up the line, where there are only three things—morning, noon and night.

Sawdust was seen going into the Q. M. today. As he is never known to call there other than on the first of the month, it is surmised that he has bought his own box of cigars.

British Government's Air Laws Now Made Public: If the Birds do not use up all of the sky we cannot expect to see any "Merci" or "Thank you" signs hung up for sometime at least.

Referring to an unofficial newspaper published in the 3rd Army entitled "Die Wacht am Rhein" the *N. Y. Herald* states that it is personal and funny. The title is anyway.

New York Health Commissioner declares drug evil is increasing and warns that with the establishment of prohibition "dope taking" will gain. Professors Hall and Roman, please note. We told you so.

G. I. Kan (ex-blacksmith) in execution of his regular K. P. duties cutting up frozen beef.

"This is the same horse I shod two years ago—I recognize him by the brand."

One of the Lessons We Have Learned



HERE, gentle readers back home, we have a picture to prove that while we have talked a great deal both seriously and jestingly about Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge that it is not entirely the subject of our conversation or consumption. Among the things which the boys have learned over here has been the value of good water, which is quite rare with the exception of certain parts of this country. Many times have we heard them say: "Oh, for a good drink of cold, spring water." But due to existing sanitary conditions it has been necessary to refrain unless sterilized by boiling or Lysterization. Once given an opportunity they imbibe freely of "the nectar of the gods".

However, the general species of d'leau requires a certain tempering of wine in order to kill the germs. That is the one reason, which the lessons of the generations have taught, why wine is used more freely in the old country than our own. The juice of the grape is mixed with water for sanitary purposes and incidentally lessening the intoxicating effect. The wine lacking the proverbial kick has taught men who have lived over here to drink sensibly.

We have put forth our arguments from other angles but this too is another reason why the men over here do not favor prohibition. They have learned many lessons, including temperance to a degree, which combined with our own progressive ideas will continue to make our country a land of promise. The example set by our French brethren who confine their beverage taking to meal times, and whom we rarely see intoxicated, is proof that moderation instead of prohibition will be of more lasting benefit to our country at large.

More Glory For Tin Cup Aces

Slim: All of our Canteen workers are going to leave for the States.

Slam: Are they going to close the Red Cross canteen?

Slim: Oh, no! The canteen will continue to do business.

Slam: Well, who's going to run it?

Slim: The Cadets.

Society Notes

Lieutenants Stevenson, Campbell and several other of our well known aviators are considering a prolonged stay in Europe.

The Queen's English as She is Wrote

Requisition submitted by a buck for new equipment:

"For close—one blus, one pance 3-34, one sute undirwair, one pair of raps at onct Please Pvt. Jimmie Fewclothes."

CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS

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

Y. M. C. A. SERVICES

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

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

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

AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

Can You Imagine It?

By "Alex"



A Song Of The Old Bull Gang

By Art Foster, formerly King of the Gang, who subsequently abdicated to serve as a Kitchen Policeman with the Gallant 65th Squadron.

Do you remember, dear brother of mine,
Those long, long days in the hot sunshine,
And the daily grind, and the slam and bang
Of the Lumber Yard and the old Bull Gang?
Rising at hours unknown to God
From dusty old mattress, hard as the sod!
Lacing our shoes by the candle light
Or a kerosene "glimmer" that wasn't "right"
Then out on the street we all fell in
To see the light of a day begin.
"Attention men! Here, cut that short!
Right dress! Front! Now then. Report!
Now you men are all dismissed".
Gosh! I'd like to plant my fist
Right beneath that sergeant's nose
Where his little moustache grows!
Then back to the shack at dovole time,
Grab your mess kit and fall in line,
Uncooked mush and a hunk of bread,
And a plate of hash—as heavy as lead!
Then we all lined up out in front
From the biggest guy to the littlest runt
And all marched out to the Lumber Yard,
Where the birch is heavy and the oak is hard,
And there we toiled in the blazing sun
At work, work, WORK that was never done,
Till noon time came, when we went to mess—
Oh, sweet and glorious blissfulness;
An onion, a pickle, a prune, a spud—
And perhaps a dab of the old bread "pud"
At one o'clock the whistle blew,
And then with sinking hearts we knew
That the time had come when we once more
Must all go back, with muscles sore,
And drag our shoes along so slow
When the sergeant said, "All Right—Let's Go!"
At last the dreary afternoon
Would come to an end—yet none too soon!
And then we'd stand up for retreat
Upon our poor and weary feet,
Another mess and the day is done—
Curse the Kaiser and Damn the Hun!
This is a tale of the old Bull Gang
With its kicks and cusses and army slang
A story of Courage, a Battle with Fate,
Of a Fight, which was often rewarded, too late.
Then here's to the brows that are wrinkled with care
To the lips that have courage to smile in despair
To the boys who took the one long chance—
To The Soldier Boys in Sunny France.

"The Song of the Grub Spoiler"

The K. P.'s life is a merry life,
The K. P. sed, sed he,
We cook the mush with the unwashed
spud,
With a heart that is gay and free.
Mess sergeants growl, with many a howl.
At the K. P.'s lack of pep
But we worry along with a little song
That puts the Sergeant hep.
Oh K. P.'s gather 'round and sing,
Sing with unabated fervor,
Work may come and work may go,
But K. P.'s live on forever.
Now, when I married Mabel dear
The K. P. sed, sed he
I told that maid of the useful trade
The army life taught me.
The honey-moon was over soon
And I'd get up from the table
To hear, "Willie dear, come over here,
And wipe these plates for Mabel."
I want to say that every day
The work grew more and more,
'Till I was doing twice the work
I'd ever done before.
Oh K. P.'s gather 'round and sing
Sing with unabated fervor
Wars may come and wars may go,
But work goes on forever.

—Pvt. C. A. Teal, 372nd A, S.

RICOCHETS

By 1st Lieut. J. H. CLAYTON

[Editor's Note: We see by the papers that Indiana is preparing a league to prevent hasty marriages. Had it been in force throughout the country at the time of the declaration of war, the following outbursts of Edward Hope of the Navy Air Service, in the *New York Sun*, probably would not have found such ready appeal to the brides who, after the armistice, face the return of a husband whom they married because they thought he would not return.]

MILITARISM REBORN

When she knew him
For the few short weeks
Before he went across,
His face was so brown
And his eyes were so bright,
And he was so straight
And muscular,
And his uniform was so perfect,
With its little gold bars on the shoulders
And the heavily embroidered wings over the heart,
And the shiny puttees,
He was so much the man
And the soldier
That she forgot that the war was going to end some day
And she went and married him—

And when the war was over
He came back
And got out of the army.

Whereupon it developed
That he had his hair cut round from choice,
And that he liked silk shirts
With broad red and blue stripes
Or purple dots
The size of moth balls,
And that he wore yellow shoes
With bumpy toes,
And bright green hats,
And vivid suits,
And that he had a passion
For Pinochle and Snappy Stories
And cigars with bright bands
Which he never removed,
And that he had a happy way of making himself
More comfortable than any one else
At social gatherings,
And that he said, "He don't" and "You was",
And "Athaletic"—

So now
She sits at home
In the house Father pays for,
While Charlie punishes an adding machine,
And she prays fervently
For more wars—

We don't want to be accused of plagiarizing, but there are a few things to be said on the other side of the fence:

When he met her at that dance
Which was to be his last
Before he left for France
And fame and favor,
Or a grave beneath the poppies in Flanders,
And she danced so gracefully,
And she looked into his eyes so fondly,
And said, "Oh, Lieutenant, you are so big and strong".
And he just wanted to take her
Into his arms
And protect her
And fight the whole world for her,
And he forgot that he might not fall,

But that he had a chance to return in his right mind,
And he went and married her.

And after awhile the war was over,
And he had fought the battle of the S. O. S.
And Issoudun,
And Paris,
And she met him on the dock,
And stayed right with him
Until he got out of the army.

Whereupon it developed
That her beautiful golden hair
Was muddy brown by rights,
And those rosy cheeks
Were found in the rouge box,
And she chewed gum in public,
And wrote to movie heroes
And spent her afternoons with a yellow-backed novel
And a box of bon bons,
Or with a "friend"
At the movies,
While little Fred
Got along the best he could
With the nurse-maid.
And she "doted on" tea-dansants
And "Gentleman Friends"
And Eugenics
And woman suffrage—

So now
She sits at "home"
In her gold and scarlet apartment
"On the Drive"
While he eats his dinners
At the clubs
And prays
For another epidemic
Of the "flu".

After all, they do have some good ideas in Indiana, even if they are responsible for an anti-cigarette league and George Ade and "Beanie" Walker.

Did you ever stop to consider how much of the suffering and sadness of this world have been caused by "The Blue Danube" and a little dab of moonlight?

Speaking of slackers—How about the well known New York society belle who is suing her husband on the ground of non-support, when friend husband is an officer in the army who has done his bit on the front, and who was among the first to enlist; and she has an income of her own of 300,000 dollars a year? To quote Meb Long, we suspect "Some dashing son of War who joined the Quartermaster Corps."

WHAT'LL I TELL HIM?

By Hughey

Dear Son, his last letter began
Your mother and I are beginin' to plan
For your return to us. The papers said
Your branch of service's comin' quick; we read
It over several times, then your mother cried
And I felt like it too, but only sighed
For boy how we missed you, you'll never know
We felt patriotic, course when you signed to go
But after you left us then reaction came
I guess every family felt about the same
And now that it's over, and you have done
The best you knew how, to beat the Hun
We feel that the country ought to let you return.
And ease our old hearts of their lingerin' yearn
The boys in the States came back in a mob
Their employers met 'em and gave 'em a job
Your mother's been sick, laid up with the flu
Outside of that there ain't nothin' new
Now write to me Son, and tell me just when
All the home folks can expect you again
Your gal don't go nowhere, tho invites she's had
So hurry up home boy. Yours, Lovingly, Dad.

You'll Get There, Somehow

They say the remains of the boys who died
Will sometime be shipped to the other side,
So quit your crabbing, and cease your groans,
If they don't ship you, why, they will your bones

THAT FIRST LANDING

You hold the joy-stick tightly,
And eye the "Tacs" black hand,
You kick the rudder, slightly,
And commence, to start, to land.
You feel you're just about,
As busy as one gets,
'Till suddenly you realize,
You've forgotten, the Manettes.
You grab a thousand levers,
Start to pique, and then
With both hands on the joy-stick,
You take her 'round, again.

First Trailer to Town

My wild ride to town,
The wildest ride I've known—
None else can compare,
No joy ride in air.
With my wild trailer into town.
He carries it wh'er he goes, our Sawdust's mus-
ette bag.
Is it full of inspiration or some prohibition gag?

Flock of Boche Birds at Romo

Every fine day sees a great many planes coming to Romo by air route. Most of these are D. H. 4s from Issoudun, Tours and other centers, sent in to be either salvaged or boxed for shipment to the States. While Liberty planes are in the majority, birds of every feather are flocking in, from Caudron flying bathtubs, to the latest Sopwith Snipes.

The railroads are doing their part, for within the past week quite a few trainloads of ships have come in from the German border around Coblenz. Some of the new Hun planes turned over to the Allies in compliance with the Armistice, were in the last shipment. It is probable that most of these will be sent to the United States for exhibition and experimental purpose, along with the various types of allied aircraft. Two trainloads went to the ports for shipment a short time ago; one to Bordeaux and the other to Brest.

Flying Circus of American Aces

It is reported that Major Hartney, Captain Rickenbacker, Captain Faunt le Roy and several other famous Aces and former Issoudunites have received their respective discharges from the Army and propose to organize a travelling flying circus.

We are assured from these few names that it will be a success. It is fortunate that these men who have meant so much for aviation in this Great War will give the general public an idea of the skillful and dangerous work they have been undergoing for months in sweeping the Hans from the sky.

Hablá Ud Espagniol

The Army Educational Commission have established the following classes which can be joined now by those wishing to learn: French, beginners, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 1:00 to 2:00 p. m., 6:45 to 7:30 p. m. and 8:15 to 9:00 p. m. French, special advanced, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 7:30 to 8:15 p. m. Spanish, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:00 to 2:00 p. m. and 7:00 to 8:00 p. m.

The following is a list of subjects which it is proposed to teach, particulars of which will be announced later, when arrangements are completed:

Trigonometry, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic, French History, English Grammar, Mechanical Drawing, Shorthand, Typewriting, Salesmanship, Business Law, Penmanship, Spelling, Agriculture.

Real Coaching By Men Who Know

All track candidates commissioned or enlisted, whether or not they have had previous experience are urged to try out at once. Cadet Carl Anderson, formerly of the Boston A. A., and also the Irish American A. C., of New York is coaching for field events men at the athletic hangar every morning and is coaching track candidates every afternoon, meeting them at the Steam Shower Baths, near Barracks 16 at two o'clock. Come out and show your wares, for if you give promise you will have a chance to go to Nice or Marseilles for training for the Intersectional and A. E. F. games to be held. Lieutenant Koch, our athletic officer, is an ex-Harvard track man.

The Pretzel says, "Wonder whether it's true that some fellows are growing beards to hide their Christmas neckties." That is one of the things we have never had to worry about in the Army.

Headquarters Third Aviation Instruction Center General Order No. 13. 21st February, 1919. Tomorrow, February 22nd, 1919, being the one hundred and eighty-seventh anniversary of the birth of George Washington, first President of the United States, all duties at this Post, except necessary guard and fatigue, will be suspended on that date.

By Order of Major LANPHER,
L. E. CUMMINGS,
Captain, A. S., Adjutant

"FIREMEN, FIREMEN SAVE MY CHILD!" NOT HEARD AT RECENT BLAZE HERE

Fire Was Spectacular Nevertheless While It Lasted

FIRE FIGHTER'S PROMPT WORK

Spearo says, "Very good for me, the barber shop burned down." He is our travelling tonsorial artist, who has been conducting an exclusive trade amongst the German prisoners, the Chinks, and the Cadets, it is said, and now plans to expand his business due to the destruction by fire of our post barbershop.

The blaze, which might have proven destructive but for the prompt work of our efficient local fire fighters, started mysteriously in the laundry. If prompt action had not been taken there is no doubt would have been considerable havoc wrought to the adjoining hospital group. It is almost miraculous that the bath house was saved considering its close proximity, being within eight feet of the blazing structure. The men from Transportation Department, the Q. M. and other organizations in the zone who worked in their efforts to quench the blaze can truthfully say now that they secured at least one singe from the barbershop during its existence free of charge.

Rumors have it that the fire was caused by some cleansing liquid in the laundry and that two Boche were badly burned in saving one of the Q. M. boys over whom the fire had spread. This is only one of the many, as the rumors spread almost as fast as the fire. Major Godfrey, who is now Post Quartermaster at Montierchaume, and always a 3rd A. I. C. booster, contributed to the fire considerably. Only late as Tuesday he had collected a lot of his belongings bringing them over from his new home and they were consumed with ease, as the fire showed no regard for rank at all. In fact rank was disregarded in another case where a busy major was forced to leave with only a half of a hair cut.

As to the intensity of the fire we wish to assure the readers that the barbers had removed their bales of francs so that the increased conflagration when the force hit the shop can not be attributed to their accumulation of kale. In all seriousness, the laundry, which has proven to be an important fixture, being very essential in maintaining the sanitary conditions in the hospital, will be greatly missed.

The entire scene with the rush of cars and motorcycles so that Broadway looked almost like its namesake, the scurrying bucket brigade including German prisoner, detail and the saturating squad, was a spectacular fire picture that any movie director would envy. Our Fire Marshal and his assistant, Major Curry and Captain Bolton are to be congratulated on their prompt and efficient direction and organization of the fire fighters.

But anyway, Sgt. Green has at last lost his job as camp "chink."

Issoudun Barbery

Gasoline Mike: "Essence, Coupe".
Monsieur Coiffure: "Qu'est que sais"?
Gasoline Mike: "Petrol shampoo and a hair cut, toute de suite".

ISSOUDUN, FRANCE

Editor Plane News: And even said "Looks"
I know Can get a bed
A little lady Hot chocolate
Who does lots of work Cigarettes.
For little praise
Unselfishly.
Still more, a cheery
Word, and best of all
Her smile.
Through four, long,
Wearing, warring
Years she has given
Herself that others
Might enjoy
Some few of the sweet
Comforts dear to all
Of which she one time
Had her share.
You know her, surely,
Our
Miss Jane McCullough.
But there are those who
Don't; and she
Would never tell.
Few realize all that
She has done
In hospital
Camp and
Railroad Canteen.
So fore all's said
And done we want to
Tell the World, that,
There in the quiet
Shadow of the Arch
Of Issoudun
Is working patiently for
Us, our ideal of charity
Of womanhood
Of love.
I met her
Where she now
Holds sway
In a cozy hut
Where Poilus
And Doughboys
Corp. Bill Perrill.

Entertainments

The "flu" barrage will lift on Monday night and we can expect a rush of shows. "You haven't heard a thing, you haven't heard a thing." This will give you an idea of what is coming. Next week there will be two army shows, two "Y" shows and a fighting carnival, besides the movies.

Monday, Feb. 24th—Nestorescu Y. M. C. A. party of Violinist, Soprano and Pianist.

Tuesday, Feb. 25th—Movies and Music at hut 1; Nestorescu party at hut 2.

Wednesday, Feb. 26th—Bible class followed by movies at hut 1; Army vaudeville 15 man show from Camp Montierchaume, hut 2.

Thursday, Feb. 27th—Army Vaudeville, road show at hut 1. The Ramblers, Army road show consisting of 18 Hospital men at hut 2.

Friday, Feb. 28th—The Ramblers at hut 1. Enlisted men's dance (Beau coup W. A. A. C.s) at hut 2.

Saturday, March 1st—Fights under direction of Jack Hanlon, of Paris. He is better known for promoting the Willard-Moran fight, and also matched Jack Johnson for all his European fights. He will bring a galaxy of boxing stars, including French and American boys from Mehun, Bourges & Montierchaume who will meet some of our best, at hut 1. Delafunts party consisting of pianist, harpist, soprano and contortionist (Y. M. C. A. show) at hut 2.

The Post and Jazz Band have both swept everything before them in their tours. The Jazz Band played at Vierzon, Chateauroux, Bourges and Valancey. Two days last week, and two days this week the Post Band undertook a rather unique stunt to lighten the journey of the travelling troops by playing at the Vierzon terminal. It has proven such a success that Miss Gray, of the Vierzon canteen has requested that it be a regular feature of their work, owing to the importance of the railroad center with twelve to fifteen troop trains passing every day and the beneficial results obtained.

Latest Communique

Hostilities renewed. Regular officers dance will be held at the A. R. C. on Wednesday night. Lieutenants Jefferson and Cotey will be there. Music by Post Jazz orchestra.

MEDICAL RESEARCH BOARD DEPARTS FOR AMERICA



With all their equipment and technical paraphernalia, Colonel Wilmer and his staff of medical flying experts pulled out on Wednesday direct for Brest, where they expect immediate transportation to the States. You all know of their highly technical and valuable work which has been accomplished here, their experiments and research which will mean so much to future generations of flying men; it needs no recitation here.

Colonel Wilmer, Colonel Rountree, Colonel Horn, Major Hampden, Captain Behrens, and the rest of the

staff all had a host of friends. They were men who left big jobs for what they considered a still bigger one. With the information which they have gleaned here through the examination of thousands of pilots, and other work conducted in conjunction with the French and British Flying Corps the factor of safety of future student pilots will be increased materially. They were beginning to make their force felt month by month and they brought to us many lessons which they had absorbed in their work in the States.

Major Brownell in Germany

In a letter received from Major Brownell, dated Feb. 11th, Coblenz, he states that he is still with the 3rd Army, A. O. and that he took a wonderful trip up the Rhine recently. Langres where the school of the Line is located was the coldest place he has yet visited. He was present at the funeral of Captain Hobart Baker, which touched him deeply as they were both in the original 1st Reserve Aero Squadron and a deep bond of friendship had grown up between them.

Major Brownell also attended the Memorial Service for the late President Theodore Roosevelt, held in the Church of the Royal Palace, Coblenz, Germany, on February 9th and stated what a curious anomaly of War that he should attend this memorial service in the Royal Chapel of the haughty Hohenzollerns.

Tours Team Wonderful

The 3rd A. I. C. basketball team met their first defeat at the hands of the Headquarter S. O. S. team at Tours on Monday, February 17th. The Tours team had four old professional players who showed wonderful form and speed throughout the game. The Issoudun players put up a good fight until the last whistle blew but the odds were against them, as their opponents far outweighed them and had a great advantage in reach, being composed of men from six feet to six feet four in height. We are ashamed to tell you the score.

Encore Sign of the Times

Ye Editor was always known to us as Lieut. Thos. W. Ward. We thought the "W" stood for "work" till of his own accord 'Twas "Washington", and Father of the Plane News lets it by. But to say he never told "one" would be just to tell a --- (fib).
—Composed and slipped in by "Printer's Devil,"

When Next in Paris Visit MacDOUGAL & CO.

1 bis Rue Auber
(Opposite American Express)

American Military Tailors

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

• 3rd AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER INSIGNIA IN STOCK

PRIVATE G. I. KAN PULLS SOME SLICK STUFF

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By "Tim"

