



General Pershing's Inspection and Review Successful Despite Stormy Day

Commander-in-Chief in Speech Covers Work of A.E.F., Including Air Service—Commends Pilots, Mechanics, Nurses and Canteeners

General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F., made his third and probably last visit to the Third Aviation Instruction Center on Wednesday, March 5, 1919. The General and his staff arrived by special train at Issoudun early in the afternoon where they were met by Major H. S. Curry, Acting Commanding Officer, and the staff of the post.

The General's party reached Post Headquarters a little before two o'clock, inspected and reviewed the troops and after a short talk to the men of the field left at once for the train. Major Lanphier was unable to be present, owing to a conference in Paris.

Arrives in Rain Storm

Two typical and distinct kinds of weather greeted the General and party and gave them a real test of the worst and best in Issoudun weather production. When the special train pulled in a heavy rain was falling, one of the kind that makes first class mud a la Issoudun, and would easily dampen even a Commanding General's review. At last satisfied that a sufficient demonstration of the kind of weather that made the wonderful work at the 3rd A. I. C. even more remarkable, the clouds broke up and the clear, bright blue of the sky showed in the West. Shortly before the reviewing parties arrived at the field the sun started to shine and it seemed as though nature realized such a day, as this was no time for dark dreary weather.

Talks With Men in Ranks

As the General passed down the line of troops on his tour of inspection he spoke to five or six of the men in each outfit, asking them where they came from, etc. Some of the men were rather bashful and lost their voices just at this critical moment, making it necessary for the General to lean and catch the "Punkinville, Cal.," or "Rosemondelle, Illinois," they whispered in reply.

Aerial Exhibitions

After the review an aerial exhibition was staged and the pilots did creditable work, combat and other tactics being demonstrated.

With all the excitement he did not overlook the boys in the hospital, where he chatted with them and exchanged some cheery words.

During his entire stay he was in a particularly jovial mood. He commented on the neat appearance of the men and the post. His talk, delivered in his characteristic terse style, made a visible impression upon his hearers. In point it was as follows:

Brief Excerpt of Speech

It was never his policy to compliment any one branch of the service as the work of them all was what made victory possible.

We should all feel proud of our organization and the wonderful work we have done over here, and should go back to our mothers and sweethearts with the same high ideals that we had put into our work for victory. That the men at the front fighting with almost a divine fervor put heart and strength into our allies and made them all speed up to a wonderful pitch that insured a quick and sure defeat of the enemy. The very fact that the United States was putting an army in the field strengthened the faith of our allies in the ultimate victory of right over might.

Wonderful Body of Men

Never in the history of the United States, or indeed in the history of the world, was there ever such a wonder-



GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

ful body of men as the A. E. F., not only from the standpoint of a marvelous fighting host, but from the standpoint of morality and general mental fineness. Morally they were the marvel of the world and they brought to the European nations new higher ideals of what a great fighting force should be, as fighting men and as individuals, with the highest ideals of right and wrong and moral purity. All these ideals should be carefully cherished and carried back to the States to become traditions of the armies of liberty.

He said that the boys who came over here have profited by their experience and will return as men with broader ideals and maturer minds to take their places in the political affairs of community, state and nation.

Worthy of Special Praise

Special praise was due the mechanics of the Air Service who came over here early in the conflict and through their unceasing and tireless efforts built up the Air Service to a high state of efficiency and made the work of the pilots at the front possible of accomplishment.

The men at the front had never failed to take any objective they set out for and had never retreated, but had always gone unceasingly forward and set an example of courage and devotion that was a wonderful help and stimulus to their allies and a marvel to the entire world.

Women Not Overlooked

Great honor was also due the women who had come over here with the men and helped them through the conflict, sacrificing everything to give the men of the A. E. F. physical comforts and the moral uplift that their presence amid the horrors of war was bound to bring.

Exciting Events

During the final phase of his visit several exciting events happened, including the Hun locomotive going thru the back of the round-house and the regrettable airplane accident which occurred simultaneously with his departure, both of which events it was impossible to record in the PLANE NEWS Special Extra Edition commemorative of our distinguished visitors trip and which was delivered to him in person as he was proceeding to his car.

More Scrappers Coming

Captain Moulton, our entertainment officer, was quick to realize how popular last Saturday evening's boxing carnival was with the boys who filled the auditorium at 'Y' Hut No. 1, and as his policy has always been to give the soldiers what they want in the way of entertainment, he immediately started to find more of the padded mitt artists. Arrangements are now being made through the Knights of Columbus Entertainment Committee to send us some of the best scrappers now in France. We have been promised such well-known men as Eddie McGoorty, Mike O'Dowd and many others of equally high calibre.

With such men as these coming within the next few weeks there is little doubt but that our boxing fans are going to be well entertained and that our entertainment officer will be more popular than ever.

Air Service Athletes to the Fore

The 25th Aero Squadron basketball team are now champions of the 2nd Army Corps, having defeated the Pont-A-Mousson team this week by a score of 51 to 19.

Paris Aviation Club Continues Strong

The Aviation Service has been particularly fortunate to enjoy the advantages of the club operated by the Foreign Service Committee of the Aero Club of America. It has been the meeting place of all aviation officers on leave or duty in Paris, and gives flyers on duty there and elsewhere the chance of meeting their chums who have been at the front at widely separated aerodromes.

The semi-weekly dances, with the Air Service Jazz Orchestra, have always been a feature and they have proven such a success that dances are now held nightly beginning with the dinner hour, giving one the real eat and dance New York atmosphere.

The Pavillon de L'Elysee, Avenue des Champs des Elysee, is an ideal clubhouse and the Air Service officers certainly have had the advantage of a purely distinctive and comfortable rendezvous.

Many Entertainments Are Being Planned

The inspections and reviews that have been taking place hereabouts the past week have more or less interfered with the entertainment program. Because of the fact that their camps were inspected both the Verdun Minstrels and the Red Devil Vaudeville Troupe had to stay at home instead of showing us a good time. Both of these shows will make this camp within the next few weeks and we have been assured by the entertainment officer that they are worth waiting for, as they are among the best in the A. E. F.

As the schedule for next week will not be made up until Saturday afternoon it is impossible for us to publish it in advance. All of the squadrons will be furnished the complete program for the week at the Sergeant-Majors meeting on Monday, and notices will be posted each day at the "Y" giving details of evening performance. With Hut 2 closed there will probably be but one night of movies a week at Hut 1, as there will be enough Army and "Y" road shows to give us a big time almost every night.

Arrangements have been made so there should be no delay in shows reaching here.

"Ramblers" Vaudeville Troupe Produce Real Comedy

On February 27, "The Ramblers" a vaudeville troupe consisting of fifteen soldiers, made its first appearance at this center, performing that evening at "Y" Hut 2 and the following evening at "Y" Hut 1.

The entire cast was made up of wounded or gassed soldiers from Base Hospital 14, all of whom had the opportunity to return to the States before Christmas but seeing the need of entertainment throughout the A. E. F. they volunteered their assistance, which has been a great help and gladly received by all who have had the opportunity to attend their performances.

The "Ramblers" presented the latest song hits and jokes. The entire show consisted of good, clean wholesome comedy with plenty of variety and the pep kept the audience in a happy mood. The big hit of the evening was the last act, at which time "The Ramblers" presented "Closing Day at the Old School" which brings out the comic traits of seven different nationalities.

Aviation Exhibition in New York

A very extensive aviation exhibition is being put on in N. Y., with types of latest American and foreign planes, including German. Ten of our American Aces, who are familiar to us are in N. Y. to see the show and incidentally meet their old friends. We can picture all future exhibits of this kind as great reunions for our aviation boys and we can expect to hear lots of old barracks flying hashed over.

Another Talkative Issoudun Ace

Newspaper Atrocity Converts Good Flyer into Ace

A VICTIM OF PUBLICITY

Still they come. We have still an- type. Maybe he is not to blame for we have not his letter this time but merely a write up and we know quite well the tendency of newspapers to exaggerate so we are not going to place the blame entirely upon him but merely correct the impression and save him the embarrassment of confirming the heroic deeds credited to him.

Extract from the Lawrence, Massachusetts *Evening Tribune* is as follows:

"Lieut. Chas. A. Cronin, was one of the three Massachusetts aviators to arrive in New York on the transport Minnekahda. He brought back with him the French military medal, which he won for bringing down three German planes in the Argonne sector. He flew for 15 months in France and was never wounded despite the fact that he was three times shot out of the air, once at the height of 1,500 feet.

"Lieut. Cronin rendered distinguished service, performing hazardous duties with no thought of his own personal safety, but thinking only of the help his bit would aid the cause. He enlisted in July 1917 and elected the aviation branch of the service, while his brother, Sergeant John A. Cronin went into the medical detachment of the 101st Infantry. Both were in the drug business, following in the footsteps of their father. Lieut. Cronin trained at Tech and went across with the 14th Foreign Detachment as a flying cadet. He clung tenaciously to his work, became proficient in flying and his commission came in due time. He had a very busy time in France and had some thrilling experiences, but he acquitted himself so well his family and friends take great pride in the part he played in the great war."

After preliminary training at Voves and Avord, where he obtained his French brevet in August it was necessary for him to go to the hospital. Upon his release he started training at Issoudun on October 28th and proceeded rapidly through the course and had a record averaging from fair to good, but training was discontinued immediately after the Armistice upon his own request. There is no doubt that had he not been retarded through illness he would have been able to do the things he was credited with having done. The French medal which he brought back was the Brevet Militaire Francais which was presented to all Americans receiving their preliminary training with the French.

We cannot find a record of forced landings during this man's career here so that he could not attribute coming down over the telephone lines on the Issoudun-Vatan road to the Huns.

Dear, Dear, Dearer Ice Cream Sodas

The price of ice cream sodas in New York has been advanced to twenty cents a glass. We do not see where prohibition is going to save any money for us now. The boys who have been kicking about prices over here better save some of their kicks. We can see a prospective plank in somebody's platform coming for cheaper ice cream sodas and they surely will get the petticoat vote.

Putting It too Strong

We want to be consistent especially as we had printed an editorial on exaggerated aviation stories. Therefore we wish to call your attention to the fact that the "borrowed time" aviator was catapulted about 450 yards less than he was credited with.

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
Cadet Thomas Ford Hislop "Flying Poet"
Sgt. Geo. D. Alexander Art Editor
Cpt. Timoleon O. Johnston Associate Art Editor
Sgt. Emmet E. Frank Circulation Manager

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GENERAL PERSHING'S VISIT

IT WAS absorbing, it was inspiring, it was thrilling. Our sense of appreciation of big things and big men was intensified by just such events as the visit of General Pershing on Wednesday. Each time he has visited here we could feel the force of the man and appreciate his ability and the qualities which go to make a great man. We have always looked upon him as a soldier, but this time he brought with him an even more personal feeling.

His message to "his boys" was one of warmth and was more or less in the nature of a personal chat and one which we will all cherish for the rest of our days. It was cram full of good sound advice and there is no doubt that each and every one felt benefitted. Let us profit by his talk and inspiration.

WRITE HOME

THIS is not a command but merely a request. Almost every mail brings many letters to the PLANE NEWS from anxious parents as to the whereabouts of their sons. While we appreciate that the PLANE NEWS is considered by many of the boys as equivalent to a letter home this is accepted too much in the spirit. We try to give it a personal touch and yet have a general appeal but still a little note home with that individual touch in still essential.

The PLANE NEWS spends much time and effort in making the paper as interesting and snappy as possible, even to the neglect of its own personal correspondence. Add to this the duty of investigating and acknowledging the letters from the States, it places an extra burden on its shoulders to such an extent that its own personal letters are neglected. We have mothers and sweethearts also.

Some of the letters have a most pathetic touch and in a great many cases parents have not heard from their sons in months. This is unnecessary and unwarranted for even if you but send a postal card it relieves a weight of anxiety from the shoulders of those back home, which we over here hardly realize. To appreciate the seriousness of this state of affairs we have but to point the recent order requiring each and every man to send a postal card home, stating condition of health, etc. Now that you have the habit keep it up. It is a good one. A vital question like this should not require a command, so we beg of you each and every one to sit down and send a post card home tonight, even if you have written a letter home as late as yesterday. It may beat the letter home. Do it now.

DRILL!

THE RECENT program which has been inaugurated at this Center for Drill is evidently the signs of preparations for the closing of the Field. So brace up men and meet the situation at hand with the same determination that you used to conquer all obstacles in the past.

The Air Service does not pretend that its personnel can drill as well as the combatant branches of the services, but there is no reason why we should not be able to do "Squads Right" so that it will not excite derision. The work has slackened of late so that no one is prevented from drilling and getting out the work necessary for his department, wherein he works.

The French are prone to regard their Air Service with leniency overlooking their deficiencies on account of their achievements in maintaining the air fleets aloft. That is all very well during a war when a Nation is fighting with its back to the wall, but we lack at this time, that excuse. Few of the men received much instruction in drilling before leaving the States, for the great problem was then to get the men and supplies together quickly. The record of this Center shows that the men were able to overcome all obstacles that lay in their way of getting pilots trained for the front. Shall we, then, now that the work is done, lay back and live on our past records simply because we regard drill as irksome and boring? Don't you think it would be better for the Service and for ourselves if we were to put all our energies into this work so that we can go back to the States—Soldiers every inch; not like a collection of civilian employees on a holiday.

It may be that we will be called up on to parade in some of our cities. Let us make sure before we leave this Field that we will be able to march and execute any commands that may be necessary with smartness and precision, and carry ourselves with poise and confidence, knowing that we won't have to watch or keep our eye on the other fellow to see what has to be done.

Put into it all the pep and ginger that only Americans can, so that General Pershing will know that we will not bring the service into ridicule. We know that it is far from pleasant to march over the parade grounds with French mud at its worst but however bad it is or has been here, we have been spared the hardships and difficulties that others experienced at the front. There is no question but that the men of the Third Aviation Instruction Center have stamina enough to laugh away a few discomforts even at a time, when "to crab" at everything is natural. Fall in with a stiff upper lip and a will to do, no matter the weather or what's underfoot. Think how the poor C. O. has to burn the midnight Tungsten and thumb his I. D. R. It's as hard for him as it is for you.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS STEAM-CLEANED LILY WHITE AT EMBARKATION PORTS

Popular Author of "Lazy Lines" Tells His Experience Going Through the Mill at Bordeaux

By Lynn

Pauillac Embarkation Camp, France—
The American soldier upon his embarkation to America is as pure as the driven snow, as Lilly White (third row in the church choir) used to say on formation nights.

Organizations coming here from the interior of France are first billeted in French shelters throughout the country around Bordeaux. Sometime later they are moved to the Bordeaux Embarkation Camp, where they are run through the "mill". The name is very fitting.

The Mill

The mill consists of several buildings. On entering, the soldier gets his dog tags inspected and is given a blank clothing slip, together with a new barrack bag and Red Cross kit bag. Third lutes (black bars and everything that might have been) look equipment over carefully and all unservicable is salvaged.

Service Records

From there the soldier enters a record room. His service record and all papers pertaining to it are examined carefully, and any missing certificates noted. Sergeant Majors and Company Clerks should be especially careful to have all records complete before moving in this neck of the woods. This system is hard to beat and some poor buck is liable to get dragged out at the docks if his records are not complete.

Seeing The Elephant Jump

Moving down the line the soldier gets corralled for the big show. All clothes are taken from him and he is as naked as September Morn the day she took her plunge. Clothes are hung on big truck racks and shoved in the steam room for forty minutes, while the soldier proceeds to a bath. Just as he thinks its not so bad after all, a very careful Medic happens in the path and insists on the world famed army inspection.

The Medic then says the two sweetest words in army life, "pass on". Passing on, the bath comes next. The water is hot. A peculiar liquid soap is used which brings out any skin troubles. Attendants furnish clean towels, after which comes a Medical Corral again. They have every kind of a Medic specialist from the "say ah" variety to the "admit him to the hospital" killjoy. They go over every inch of the body with electric glimmers and seem durned interested in vermin. A fellow should take all this good naturedly for whenever any bird gets "crabby" he gets shaved from the toes up. Many a hard-boiled gold bar came out as hairless as the bucks. Flying Officers fly high but they "go wild, simply wild" over them just as easy as they do over the dough-boy of the trenches.

Getting A Kick Outta It

When a fellow is lucky he can get a great kick out of watching some bird "shave 'em off". They slap the lather on sort of easy like and then begin the torture of shaving. (Awful fix to go home in.)

"Scabies General"

I started this article in the third person, but I'll let you in on a little of the "I" and "we" stuff. It will be mostly "I" for there are still lots of G. I. cans to be emptied in the dawn of the early morn and I'm not particular on slipping loose with any tales out of school.

Just when I was getting a great laugh watching an ex-officer of Field Five use the razor, a fellow began getting personal around me with an electric light. I wasn't interested to any great extent; I simply knew I was pure. But then, I came out of it with the controls in neutral when the kind Medic says: "admit him to the hospital, he's got general scabies".

And then I howled, "Sir, you mean ME? Why sir, I ain't got nothing. I'm just getting over some mosquito bites". (Imagine mosquitos in this country.)

"It's nothing serious", he says right disinterested like, "just scabies".

"Listen, Doctor, I can't go to any hospital. I want to go home with my outfit. Gee, they're leaving tomorrow.

He was sure a heartless brute. "Sam", he says, calling an attendant, "put this important goof under guard. And say,

by the way, mark up that old stall of his on the wall with the other 999".

That blooming guard got my pedigree, who my father was, where the War Risk was to be paid, and so on, and then pushed me through a door. I was seeing red. I knew exactly how a cow felt when they ran it or her to the gang plank of a ham and steak factory.

New Clothes

Barely through the door, somebody threw a clean undershirt in my face. I didn't give a whoop in hell for clothes, I wanted to be out of there. A hard-boiled guy said put it on, and I'm dadblamed if I don't still think he meant it.

I did.

As I pulled my ivory dome through the neck of it, another bird slams a hot blanket in my face. From there on I got clothes slung at me. Finally I got to where my clothes were coming out of the steam room. I tried to duck that guard a dozen times but he stuck to me like some of those funny little animals I saw shaved off the Field Five lute. (Now a Capt.)

I pulled all the stunts I knew, but I went to the hospital with the rest of the lousy ones.

(Fanny would die of mortification if she knew about this, and she'd wish she could if she ever gets what I had.)

What It Was

Well, it was an Air Service gathering. I was put in Ward 17, a nice tent to let the vermin exercise in. Lots of balloon boys and aero squadron non-coms and other traditional gold bricks were scratching their heads off. Twice a day we got sulphur ointment rubbed over our anatomy. It killed the itch. But while I had it I used to get a bigger kick than doing a vrille with a Field Three cadet. I used to bet fellows they couldn't name a square inch of my body that I couldn't scratch and get genuine enjoyment. Thank Kind Providence (not Rhode Island) I'm pure again.

Camp Genécart

Camp Genécart is the formal name of this embarkation camp. Fatigue is a popular sport. Many troops are there. The camp is very modern, has splendid facilities for entertainment and so on. The Salvation Army is popular with the boys, and the girls working therein, bless their hearts, are wearing three stripes.

Getting Ready To Push Off

Some troops sail from Bordeaux and some are sent nearer the mouth of the river, to Pauillac. Pauillac was at one time, as I understand it, a Naval seaplane base. It is built along the latest aviation lines; the Navy has a wonderful camp that would service as a model to any army in the world. Aero squadrons are bunking on the "doubles" in big ex-machine shops, well ventilated, and housing several hundred men. From Camp Genécart troops are put on river tugs and brought down the stream to the Naval docks.

Rumors

Rumors, both of the famous old army variety, and otherwise float fast and thick. The Navy boys have "all the latest dope". When ships are to come in, when they are to leave, number of troops they will hold, etc., is the topic of most interest. The Navy and Army

Athletic Activities During Past Week

The athletes of the 3rd A. I. C. will soon be able to train on a real indoor track, probably the only one of its kind in the A. E. F. It will be about 120-yards in length per lap and have raised corners; in fact, it will be in every particular a close reproduction of the famous Boston Athletic Association track on which the New England indoor championship games are annually held.

The construction of this track should give a great impetus to the work of our runners. It is not much fun to train train outdoors at this season in the rain and mud, but a good indoor track is quite inviting to all lovers of this oldest and noblest of sports.

The track should be ready for use during the week and then regular training will commence in earnest. The Athletic Officer is planning to arrange a handicap meet in the near future to stir up further interest, bring out more candidates and get a better line on the athletics at this center.

Basketball Team Comes Back Strong

During the past week our basketball team disposed of another rival in a series of two games with Marmagne. Although weakened by the loss of our most experienced player, Lieut. M. H. Freedman, the team defeated Marmagne February 20th on its own floor in a hard fought battle by a score of 26 to 21.

The 3rd A. I. C. basketball team lost a hard fought contest at Nevers, February 25th by a score of 20 to 16. It was a stiff fight from the first minute of play until the last whistle blew, first one team having the lead, then the other. Lieut. Fullington worked in beautiful form, scoring fourteen of our sixteen points for Issoudun. Line up; Forwards, Trettin, Lewis, substitute McKenzie. Center Fullington, Guards Sweigart, Stringer.

On March 5th the Gievres team visited the 3rd A. I. C. and met defeat, 31 to 23 in another closely contested match. At the end of the first half, the score was tied 15 all and during most of the game there were only one or two points separating the teams. It was only the brilliant work of Lewis and Fullington in the last few minutes that gave Issoudun a lead of 8 points. The line up was the same as in the Nevers game.

This gives the basketball team a creditable record, having won six out of eight games played so far.

The following is the schedule for the next week; March 8th, Romorantin at Romorantin. March 10th, Romorantin at Issoudun. March 12th, Nevers at Issoudun. March 15th, Gievres at Gievres.

Y.M.C.A. SUNDAY SERVICES

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

get along splendidly, by the by.

As I write this, a fellow knows all about signalling and wireless swears up and down he just caught a message we're sailing Friday. He's says its straight dope. He's a pretty good fellow and I don't believe he would spread any of the old stuff. So, I guess I'm going home. Ah-wa, or au revoir as the Parisians say, and don't take in any wooden nickles or get shaved when they run you through, gang. I sure got a kick out of watching that Field Five bird get trimmed.

P. S.—Just got the latest dope. That rumor was all B. S.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens

Tours Agency: 7 Rue Etienne Pallu

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY OF PUBLIC MONEYS

Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers and Men of the

American Expeditionary Forces

Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable.

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

AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

"Popular War Songs"

By "Alex"

IN THE DRY BYE AND BYE

MUSIC BY I'M DRY
WORDS BY THE PROHIBITIONISTS

"IN THE DRY BYE 'N BYE"
TO BE PLAYED VERY SLOWLY
IN THE DRY BYE 'N BYE
WE WILL BUY AT THE
NEAREST DRUG STORE,
IN THE DRY BYE 'N BYE
WE WILL TRY 'PE-RU-NI,
AND SOME MORE.

IN SINGING THIS
SONG IF THE SINGER
GETS TOO DRY—USE THE
NEAREST PYRENE.

WAR-ROLL-DS HER-RRE WITH HIS HO-O-O-OBS!!

HERE'S TH' WORDS—
WRITE YER OWN
MUSIC!

THE TINCUP ACE

WHEN HE GOT HIS LITTLE HUN
IT SEEMED EASY, IT WAS FUN,
AND HE FELT AS THOUGH
HE'D WON A D.S.C.
BUT HIS LITTLE RED CROSS HON
FELL FOR HIM, TO GIT
THINGS DONE,
AND AWARDED HIM A
BIG RED CROIX K.P.

THE TINCUP ACE

A THRILLING
WAR TIME
SONG

HE MET HER AT THE BABY BUGGY'S SIDE

ALWAYS, MY HERO, I'LL WAIT
FOR YOU SHE CRIED,
AND SHE KISSED HIM WHILE
HE SWALLOWED HIS T'BACKER
WHEN HE CAME BACK HOME—
SHE WAITED,
WITH TH' TWINS OUT FOR A RIDE
JUST TO TELL HIM SHE
WAS MARRIED—
TO A SLACKER

HE MET HER AT THE BABY BUGGY'S SIDE

POPULAR WAR LYRIC

NOW!

**"MOTHER TAKE UP TH' CARPETS
HAROLD'S HERE WITH HIS HOBBS"**

MOTHER TAKE 'EM UP! ROLL 'EM UP! TEAR 'EM UP!
HAROLD'S ON TH' JOB! WITH HIS HOBBS FULL O' KNOBS
FERGIT TH' LANDLORDS FLOOR WE'LL GIT OUT IF HE GETS SORE.
BUT HURRY UP TH' CARPETS FOR OUR HAROLDS AT TH' DOOR.

LYRICS BY TH' FLYING POEMER

FIGHTING FIELD CLERKS

FIGHTING FIELD CLERKS

IN DAYS OF OLD,
WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD,
YE BATTLING TOILERS,
BUCKLED IN OLD BOILERS
UNSHEATHED TH' TRUSTY BLADE,
AND FOUGHT LIKE MEN.
BUT IN THESE DAYS
OF MODERN WAYS,
YE FIELD CLERKS GAY,
WIN WARS THEY SAY
BY FIGHTING WITH
A BLOTTER AND PEN

OUTA THE AIR

From the President's last speech "There is another thing which I think the critics of this Covenant have not observed. They not only have not observed the temper of those splendid boys in khaki that they sent across the seas. I have had the proud consciousness of the reflected glory of those boys because the Constitution made me their Commander-in-Chief, and they have taught me some lessons." Those are our sentiments and if anybody doubts it they have but to refer to our issue of February 1st.

From One Who Knows War
"Now that civilization has been saved, victory must be safeguarded. This can be done best by not only bringing the League of Nations into life, but by rendering it strong."—Marshal Joffre.

"A priceless treasure is within our reach. We must make it our own and bestow it as a heritage upon our children, who, in this way may know the true fraternity of mankind."—Marshal Joffre.

"I do not mean to come back until its over, over there," said President Wilson in his last speech. Here he again proves that he is not purely an academician but "one of the boys", in using our friend George M. Cohan's well known expression.

Paris—a Year Ago, and Now

So this is Paris! In a great many respects it is the same—only more so. Paris, the beautiful, is revealed in more of its beauty: The statues are stripped of the sand bag garb. The green lights have changed to red, both literally and figuratively. The restrained gayety in the "depuis la guerre" days has been changed to unrestrained. There was too much anxiety and sorrow before to have any real, wholesome enjoyment. The fun was too forced. The greatest feature is that prices of everything keeps going up. Hotel and living accommodations are at par and one wonders where all the money comes from.

The Americans are not alone the sufferers for contrary to the general impression the French population has to cough up its good, cold cash also. It hardly becomes cold though, for one cannot hold on long enough to keep it warm. The taxi drivers are even different to the natives also. As has been said, "one has to know them socially" before they condescend to carry you for any distance and then at a fixed rate and in the direction their whim may take them.

One possible way to stop them is to jump in front of them. Since the Armistice one does not care to take their chances even with the tamest of taxis, as they are liable not to lose their flying speed.

Round the Round House

"S-shh, Swatsum," shushed Beerblock Domes, the great defective, in a dark whisper, as he stubbed his toe on a tie. "Wot do you make of dis?"

"Booked, Beerblock, booked," stutted Swatsum, rubbing his swollen dome where he had just rapped it on a rail. "Your wonderful dejection has led us only to ties and rails."

"Simple, my dumb conductor, ailmentary in the extremes. Tracks, old fellow, R. R. Tracks, and unless my plans go astray we will soon hold tightly the most famous lady spry of the whole Hun Indiscreet Serveus."

"Oh, boy," hissed the old conductor, "but why we? I'd like to hold her alone."

"M-m-m, just as I thought, Swatsum," breathed Domes as he rounded the wood pile and skidded for the round-house. "Clever rascallette, she has neglected nothing; even the round-house is square but we will soon see thru her deepest plot, Swatsum."

Quickly slapping an M. P. badge on his own and the conductor's arm, the great defective, now completely disguised, stuck his head thru a scarcely noticeable crack in the back wall of the round-house. "Swatsum our work is nearly finished," thought the crummiologist aloud; "but she is a foe worthy of our best efforts. Look!"

"Domes you are beaten," shrieked Swatsum quietly; "she has all the marks of a true American, 10073, U. S. A., and is humming contentedly like a great tea-kettle."

"Boob," cursed Beerblock, "look! there on her side, 5970. She is a German; she is a Hannover—hush."

"Hist-hist-puff-puff-shhs." Surrounded, but not beaten, she made one last slide for liberty straight at Domes and Swatsum, carrying the square end of the round-house with her. But Domes, the super-defective, had neglected nothing. She was at the end of her track and could go no further.

"There, dear conductor," smiled Domes as he helped pick himself up; "I told you I'd see thru this thing. See the German prison camp thru the door at the other end? Come; our work is done and it's time for chow. Simply marvelous, Beerblock, but how do you know it's time to eat? "Swatsum you disappoint me," coughed the man hunter, "have you forgotten the bugler?"

"Now ain't that a hell of a mess," remarked hostler D?—??— as he climbed down out of the cab of the big German locomotive and surveyed the wreck of the machine shop and the great hole where the end of the round-house should have been. "I sure closed her throttle but she never even hesitated. Wonder what got into the old girl? She acted just like she was scared or had water in her super-heater or something. Guess I better go back to running a hod and let regular machinery alone."

RICOCHETS

By 1st Lieut. J. H. CLAYTON

The following came in the morning mail from Minott Saunders of the Ninth Aero Squadron. Lieutenant Saunders is a well known San Francisco newspaper man, and one of Roosevelt's most ardent supporters, one of the many things we heartily agree upon:

Roosevelt dead?
What is this awful thing we hear?
And is this German jabber clear?
That's what she said.

A fraulien brought the news at breakfast time
And spoke as though she sensed what God had wrought.
We sat and stared, who had admired the man
Who lived and trained and warred as he had taught.

Yes, he had gone;
Word passed along.
For officers and men were stirred alike,
They spoke and paused, those men whom red blood thrilled;
Americans they were; they felt the loss.
The blood that he had roused his death had chilled.

And when we stood in line to pay respect—
For custom says we must, the order ran—
We felt, we soldiers of a war he urged
That ne'er could we salute a better man.

Guns thundered, last a bugle called;
The silence then, that fell appalled.
For those who felt a thrill in life and heard
Adventure call, he nobly set the pace;
His zeal and courage cheered. Now that he's gone
The world most strangely seems a lesser place.

Death takes; God gives—
His valiant spirit lives.

No matter what a man's politics, Colonel Roosevelt compelled his respect and admiration. Not all believed as he believed, but every man must admit he taught nothing he was unwilling to practice. To many of us he was America's greatest leader, and to all one of God's greatest gentlemen.

Every where the white light of publicity blazed full upon him. His was the penalty of leadership. Lesser men accepted the target for their littleness, and some of the mud found its mark. But may God send us more leaders of the same fearless ness, the same bitter hatred for sham and hypocrisy, and the same dauntless courage to fight for an ideal.

Another from Lieutenant Saunders, written the night before the signing of the armistice:

Oh, some men cringed and some men fled,
The some bore shame's hot sting;
Those some men stepped from duty's path—
For war is a terrible thing.

Yes, some men stayed and worked and gained,
The some denied their king;
Those some men clung like rats to life—
For war is a sifting thing.

And some men went, and some men bled,
The some, they had their sling;
Those some men saved their country's name—
For war is an honorable thing.

But some men smiled and some men cheered,
The some heard Romance sing;
Those some helped win, then sighed within—
For war is a strange, strange thing.

Thanks, "Sandy" old top, for the able assistance. You did the work, I get the glory, and the PLANE NEWS gets the money. All of which is as fair as some other things that might be mentioned.

SOME SWEET LITTLE THING

By HUGHEY

In the bright moonlight
Of a summer's night
I love to fight
Then hug right tight
Some sweet little thing.

When the night is dark
And I long for a lark
I go to some park
And proceed to spark
With some sweet little thing.

When it's June and awtully hot
We begin to plan and plot
In some secluded spot,
She's a wee dear little tot,
And such a sweet little thing.

When it's cold as can be
Where no one can see
In the parlor she takes me
Then maybe sits on my knee,
Oh, that sweet little thing.

Regardless of the type of weather,
You will find we two together,
And in planning how I'll get her
And take her to my family heather,
For she surely is a sweet little thing.

HE LANDED ON THE STOVE

By HUGHEY

A wonderful story has just come to hand
And if it is true it sure beats the band,
Makes pie of the stories we told our stove,
The ones we embellished and those valiantly wove,
'Twas told to me by a good friend of mine
And if it's not so he sure has some line.
He told me it happened in the Hotel de France
And that the brave flier burnt a hole in his pants;
It seems that this fellow was feeling quite gay,
Sought to buy out the place and give it away,
But failing in that it so hurt his pride
That he climbed on their banister to have a wild ride.
This railing in question is a winding affair,
Begins just above at the head of the stair,
Well, he climbed up the steps and began at the top,
Made the first curve alright, hit the second, then—
He flew from the railing away from the stair
And fell from below him the warm rising air,
His controls got so mixed as he frantically strove
That he landed tail-low on the red hot stove.

WAITING: *** STARS CHANGED TO GOLD

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."—1 Cor., 15: 41-42

Waiting a message from over the seas;
Waiting in anguish on suppliant knees.
The voice of good cheer, with hope bright and strong,
Too long has been silent,—too long! too long!

Waiting a message from over the seas—
Swift as lightning there came on the breeze
The message of peace; but not from the one
Whose life was the price, whose warfare is done.

Waiting a message from over the seas
For laurels unclaimed—and sad hearts to please;
While paens of vict'ry ring in the air,
No message, no shout from one over there.

Waiting a message from over the seas;
Still, we keep vigil on suppliant knees,
Praying, if stars may have changed into gold,
That TAPS will soon call to glories untold.

L'ENVOI
The message of peace brought a joyous thrill;
But it came too late, for the voice was still.
Waiting in anguish but not in despair;
Waiting a message from one over there.
—A. ALLEN JOHN, M.D., Ph.D., S.T.D.
Oregon, Illinois.

Troops May Come, Troops May Go But the Q. M. Remains Forever

Post Fortunate Since Inception to Have Well Organized Q. M.--Capt. LaSalle Guiding Spirit--Plucky Bakery Detachment

To properly record the history of the 3rd A. I. C., we must not overlook the Post Quartermaster, formerly Intermediate Q. M. Depot No. 5, which has not only clothed, fed and paid us during many months but has also performed a similar function for the surrounding country. When the 29th Aero Squadron camped here in the early part of September, 1917, the Q. M. was right on the job, with Captain L. E. Ransom in charge.

After the general influx of squadrons began in earnest, from that date the warehouses extended until at present it consists of 12 warehouses, a bakery and immense rolling stock which has been utilized in keeping up a steady supply of wood. In December, 1917, Captain John A. Porter and his assistant, Captain Chas. A. LaSalle, who is at present in charge, appeared on the scene and things began to hum and a re-organization took place.

The establishment of the Finance Department at that time and its smooth operation has continued operation up to this time and Captain LaSalle who has been acting in this capacity for over a year now has disbursed from 150,000 to 600,000 dollars monthly. The Post has been particularly fortunate in this respect as the Captain and his assistants have through experience and study handled as high as 1200 to 1500 flying officer's pay vouchers per month, in addition to enlisted personnel. Anyone who has had similar work can appreciate the technical difficulties encountered, because of many complicated orders and regulations governing flying pay, etc.

Lieut. Marks who came here as a sergeant twenty months ago and is leaving for concentration camp with the hopes of getting home, has efficiently held the position of accountability and property officer.

In August last Captain Porter was promoted to major and received orders to go to the front, where he has since acted as Supply Officer for the First Army. Captain LaSalle assumed charge of the Depot until the arrival of Captain Leland Wilson, and after a month Captain Wilson proceeded to Montierchaume where he remained active as Depot Q. M. until his death. Captain LaSalle again assumed command until the arrival of Major C. W. Godfrey late in September.

Major Godfrey had been in command until transferred to Montierchaume, last month.

Major Godfrey found extended Quartermaster activities which included not only the 3rd A. I. C., but many surrounding camps. He found a trained personnel and ample facilities; twelve warehouses fully stocked; Garden Service in charge of 1st Lieut. R. L. Suppes, Air Service with 600 acres of grain and vegetables, and sixty-eight horses which had been used both on the farm and in construction and maintenance of the Post. The Bakery Detachment under com-



OFFICERS OF POST QUARTERMASTER CORPS

Left to right: Lieuts. Branshaw, Strimmel and White, Capt. LaSalle, Major Godfrey, Lieuts. Stivers, Beyer, and Marks.

mand of Lieut. Wm. J. Cotty turning out 10,000 pounds of excellent bread daily was another feature. It may be added that one of the most remarkable instances of devotion to duty that can be recorded outside of the Zone of Advance happened right with Detachment No. 337. During the flu epidemic the active force of eighteen men was reduced to below a minimum.

Three of the men—Sergeant Dreher, Corporal Clarke and First Class Private Barnes died and approximately ten others were confined to the Camp Hospital. The men kept going until they dropped, those who remained on the job worked through from one shift to another without rest or sleep in order that the troops might be supplied with bread. After the full force of the scourge had passed the crest it was found possible to secure a few additional bakers from the squadrons which helped the bakers recover somewhat but too late.

The Detachment included Sergeants Maxwell E. Fokett, Frank J. O'Neill, L. C. Rokinson, O. T. Dreher; Corporals W. J. Clarke, Geo. S. Hord, S. Kobus; First Class Privates L. B. Barnes, H. G. Burger, C. Bryan, R. F. Lloyd, J. T. Pennington, T. O. Steward, J. C. Vernon, C. E. Wilkerson; Privates E. W. Dufault, C. Herbert and B. F. Jones.

To sum up the accomplishments of the Q. M. Depot at this Center it can best be done by quoting the memo of former Commanding Officer which fitly expresses the appreciation of the work of the personnel:

Nov. 20, 1918

Headquarters, Third A. I. C.
Memorandum No. 4—To the Quartermaster
1. The Commanding Officer desires to express his hearty appreciation of the work done by the officers and men of your department, and the cooperation which he has received from you. The work of your department being away from the excitement of the flying field, and the glamor of the front, is usually denied popular favor; nevertheless, the comfort, contentment and success of the

men in the more spectacular, though no more important work of the flying fields depends on those who provide them clothing, pay, food and fuel.

2. The record made on this post during the past two months is one of which we shall always have occasion to be proud. Your contribution to this is cordially acknowledged and heartily appreciated.

HIRAM BINGHAM,
Lieut.-Col., A. S., Com'dg.

College Classes Start

This past week has seen a great influx of officers and men who have been selected to attend the various courses arranged for by the A. E. F. in the various French and British universities. It is positively the biggest thing put over by the authorities and there is no doubt it will be of lasting benefit to those qualifying and to the mutual benefit to the nations concerned.

WANTS

Rates: 4 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.

NO, I DON'T WANT TO BE A PILOT, I WANT TO BE AN OBSERVER

Every Flying Day Is Like Moving Day—Not Even Room Enough For Argument

by Bernard Heineman, 1st Lieut., F. A.

We were scheduled to leave at 7:55, but breakfast was so good that I just had to have one more biscuit. Walked out on the field at 8:00 o'clock and climbed in. The observer has just about as much room as a sardine in a can, a pea in a pod, or a finger in a glove. You just get settled as comfortably as is possible. The word comfort belies your position though.

One's Hands Are Full

And then the mechanics start to hand you things. First come rockets. Oh, ever so many, all kinds, all sizes, all colors and all guaranteed to go off. A few slip out of boxes and get under the seat, which does not increase your comfort much, but you haven't time to move them for just then someone pokes a lot of pistols in your face. There is nothing to be afraid of but you have to try to shoot the rockets with them anyway. And besides every inch of space must be occupied. Then come the maps ever so many of them. You see we have never been far away from here and it is necessary that we are thoroughly supplied with road maps, relief maps and colored sections of Alaska, South America, Egypt, Greenland and Points North. Then come the message containers (tin cans with red streamers). The Infantry are Bulls, you know, and Red is the only color that attracts them. By this time you are so covered that your arms are buried and you can't reach for anything more, so they just pile a couple of machine guns on you, hang a wireless set around your neck, put a whistle in your mouth and pull your goggles down over your nose and ask you if you are alright. If you say "No," they pile some cameras on top of you, and if you say "Yes," you are liable to push a lot of things overboard so you just give a sickly smile and they go away satisfied.

Signal Must Be Perfect.

The pilot bothers you then to find out if you are ready to start and you blow your whistle seventy-nine times as that has been the pre-arranged signal. You must be careful not to blow it more than that because anything more than seventy-nine means "you had better land, your nose is bleeding." Finally they crank the motor and you do what

all good, true, straight, sober observers do—Pray. Just pray, that's all. A roar, a bump, a screech, a thud and you know you are off. So are your goggles, your helmet, your machine guns, and your pilot, but that's part of the flying game.

Things start to blow away, maps, rockets, pistols, cans and pretty soon you begin to get a little elbow room and start to look around. Suddenly you notice that your pilot has lost his way and you kick the rudder turning the ship in the right direction. He curses you and kicks it the other way. For the next five or ten minutes you engage in a kicking contest with him while the ship stands on its head, does a couple of hand-springs, a few flip-flops and you get a little more room when some more paraphernalia drops over.

It looks as if the fellow that kicks the longest is going to win until you remember the maps. Carefully selecting the one of Afganistan, you hold it up to him definitely pointing to the Cape of Good Hope. The map is not very convincing, but your defiant attitude does the trick. Then he starts in the direction you indicated.

At last you approach your destination. What if you are twelve minutes late? It's an easy thing to set your watch back that much and blame it on the Eiffel Tower. True you would have made it but for the last biscuit at breakfast, but it was awful good.

At 8:30 you stagger to your feet, and closing your eyes, clenching your feet and hanging on with your toes, you fire a rocket. That signifies the zero hour and the effect is wonderful.

Over The Top.

The Infantry rush out of the trenches and start over the top. Yes it's a thrilling sight. You get excited, start shooting rockets with both hands, with your other hand you send wireless messages, such as "Damn the Kaiser," "Home, Hell or Hoboken by 1492," "Saturday Evening Post 5 cents a copy" and many such reports which will assist the Infantry.

You drop messages right and left, important messages only are wanted, giving detailed accounts of "how cold it is in the air," "whata punk pilot you have" and "have you heard the Squadron is going home as soon as they collect enough Cognac in New York to keep them alive."

This continues for an hour and a half, by this time you are to be relieved by another plane. It is a comfort to know that sometime one of them might mistake you for the fellow he should have relieved an hour before. Your rockets are gone, your wireless broken and the only thing you have left is a smashed lead pencil, a Rusty Very pistol and a busted thumb. You throw the whole three overboard, making sure to aim them at a Hun and then sail for home, knowing you have done your work well and faithfully. Yes, this is what a practice liason mission means.

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.

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 HAS A DREAM

