

"The representatives of the United States are never put to the embarrassment of choosing a way of expediency because they have laid down for them the unalterable lines of principle."—Woodrow Wilson

Plane News.

PASSED BY CENSOR

Air Service Paper
of the A. E. F.

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THE LEADER OF "A" FLIGHT

Nifty Bag of Huns Described
By One of Many Americans
With R. A. F.

Contest Story No. 7

Ten miles from the line Capt. Leitch, the C. O. of "A" Flight, gave his undivided attention to the skies. One quarter in particular—to the northeast, among white feather clouds at fourteen thousand—he examined with minute care. He discovered nothing whatever; but out of the east and on his level presently appeared a solitary Bristol coming toward him. No doubt he was on a lone reconnaissance—but what was his hurry?

"A" Flight crossed the line at eight thousand and now there appeared a single wild burst of black "Archie" smoke to one side. No more followed. "Ha! what have we here?" he thought, and at once turned to the sky ahead and above. After a few moments he made out a struggling cluster of seven dots, just under the haze and almost a part of it. They were going southeast and were six thousand feet higher and accounted for the retreat of the Bristol. At the same time Eaton, deputy leader, wagged his wings vigorously and Leitch silently commended him as he signaled "Huns" for the benefit of the flight.

Leader Studies Situation

The leader of "A" Flight turned round in his seat and studied the situation. "B" Flight, five Camels, led by White, were a quarter of a mile behind and two thousand feet higher, traveling due east. John Hancock, leading "C" Flight, also five Camels, was four thousand feet above, to the left and going north. The two flights of SE-5s, being no longer visible, had evidently climbed above the cloud ceiling—a favorite patrol of Nelson's. Except for a few lonely artillery busses, there were no other inhabitants of the sky.

Recognizes Black Dots as "Archie"

The Bristol banked round and started east again as the Camels approached, and suddenly the Fokkers high above also came around and started back. Had they then seen the SE-5s? The explanation did not entirely satisfy. Again Leitch searched the sky, and now, away on the distant northern horizon became perceptible a number of slowly moving black dots. Five—seven—twelve—fifteen he made out. And as he counted there appeared smaller stationary dots which he recognized as black "Archie". The strangers were headed south and coming from Hunland. Were they Huns? and if so why had the Fokkers turned back? Was it the old trick? Hasty reconnaissance revealed no other formations in the sky. Captain Leitch now swung his forces north. Three minutes later he recognized the foremost of the oncoming planes as D.H.-4s. Reassured, he turned northeast under their line of flight, and now he counted fifteen 4s, escorted by two flights of Bentley Camels—twenty-five in all. The seven Fokkers had turned north, but kept well east of the approaching bombing formation.

Leitch Forces Withdraw

Leitch led "A" Flight under the raiding party, dodged a various salute from "Archie" and faced a new situation. On the trail of the bombers and higher appeared five planes and they were headed straight for the path of the Fokkers. The Captain looked the sky over, could not find the SE-5s, and remembered his old motto: "In case of doubt don't be too offensive." He half-rolled and retreated west, noting with satisfaction the excellent form display-

We Are Proud of You, President Wilson



The Commander-in-Chief of Our Army and Navy

It is regretted that during these days when the eyes of the world are fixed upon our President that there should be some of his compatriots so inspired by their own political ambitions that they should attack and attempt to misrepresent the ideals of Mr. Wilson. The most regrettable features of these flam-bastic criticisms is that they find their way to France, and thus misrepresent to the French the attitude of the American nation.

We have particular reference to the articles which appear in the *Echo de Paris* under the signature of Welliver. These write-ups cabled from New York give to the average Frenchman, ignorant of our political situation, the impression that the American people as a whole are opposed to our President's policy, and that Senator Lodge and various adherents of the Republican party are the true supporters of France in America. It is only natural that the Frenchman should

adhere to that party whose sentiments he believes to be the most Francophile. As soon as the French believe that the American people are not backing Wilson it is not long before their own loyalty is weakened by this propoganda. It is sincerely believed that Woodrow Wilson has from the beginning sought to interpret the ideals for which we have fought. As upholders of his ideals, let us resent any slanderous attacks against the one man who had the courage to put his peace terms into concrete articles.

Following our general policy of refraining from politics we have not touched subjects such as these, but after seeing what the effect of such persistent, insidious propoganda, through which we ourselves could see, might have upon our French friends, whose credulence we know so well, we step to the defense of our Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy knowing how disgusting it all is to the service.

WORLD'S LOOP RECORD BROKEN

Lieut. T. N. Joyce Loops 300
Times Consecutively in
66 Minutes

[Editor's Note:—While we were the first to publish the news of the new loop record set by Lieut. Joyce, the feat happened so shortly before we went to press that space did not permit our doing justice to it last week.]

It was Lieut. T. N. Joyce who broke the spell that has encompassed the center since the armistice was signed.

Lieut. Joyce, our tester of acrobatic fame, took a Morane monoplane equipped with a 120-h. p. J. B. LeRhône motor and looped three hundred consecutive times, maintaining an average altitude of 2000 feet, circling over the main field in constant sight of the onlookers during the entire time.

This is but a high water mark of a career in the air at this field. His flying is a by-word—his mastery of an airplane of any description excites praise even from the barracks flyers. Only those who have been at an advanced flying school can appreciate what this means, where the most spectacular feats become but commonplace.

January 24th was the day Lieut. Joyce made history here. He left the ground in his Morane at 1:51 3/4 p. m. and climbed until his altimeter registered 2000 feet, then proceeded to imitate a cart wheel. He executed loop after loop with a curiously graceful ease until one became sympathetically dizzy just from counting. It was interesting to note how the tension of the small crowd tightened noticeably when the total kept climbing steadily. It was really one of the finest exhibitions of air mastery ever seen at this field. After the score passed the 200 mark one became almost incredulous of their own observation and expected each succeeding one to be the last, yet it was not until the 300th loop that the unceasing circular sweep was stopped and the machine glided to the ground, making a perfect landing within 100 feet of the starting point. The only fatigue felt was caused by kicking the rudder constantly to overcome the torque of the motor. The plane was undamaged, with the sole exception that the engine bolts had been loosened. The total time the plane had been in the air was one hour and six minutes, and the only reason the exhibition stopped when it did was exhaustion of the gasoline supply.

Previous Loop Record

The nearest records made previously at this center were all well under 200 and then the loops were not consecutively. From what we understand here the U. S. record was 151, made recently in a preliminary training plane by starting at an altitude of 8000 feet and finishing at 1000 feet. The marvelousness of Lieut. Joyce's feat is emphasized when one considers the short length of time necessary for the 300 loops and the type of plane used, which required the constant concentration of the pilot, for one who has handled a Morane monoplane appreciates that it has to be flown right through every time, owing to its tendency to slip off on the wing. The only time lost by Lieut. Joyce was about five minutes straight flying to warm the motor and obtain the desired altitude. It took 24 1/4 minutes to make the first 100 loops, while the second hundred but 20 1/2 minutes, which was shortened to exactly 20 for the third, the average time per loop being 13 1/4 seconds. The spectators all spoke of his skillful manoeuvring to keep the machine in view of the field in spite of the wind, his calculation of the drift being almost uncanny.

The record of the flight, confirmed by affidavits of three timekeepers, has been forwarded to the Chief of Air Service for confirmation as an official record.

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"All For One Aim—One Aim For All"

HOW ABOUT A GOLD CHEVRON PIN?

WE ALL appreciate what the fraternalism of the uniform means. Have you realized what you will miss when you are demobilized and you change your garb for civilian clothes? Some of you will be overwhelmed by the lonesomeness of it all. In order to perpetuate the fraternal spirit and comradeship of the soldiers over here why don't we adopt an easily identified pin which is so typical of the A. E. F.? The gold service chevrons, symbolizing the service over here, would be the ideal insignia to adopt. One, two, or more gold chevrons indicating length of Overseas service, on a neat black enamelled background, with a gold border could be made into a neat pin and worn in the lapel of one's coat. As a means of identifying an ex-A. E. F. man it would be ideal. We all appreciate the companionship of Comrades in Arms. One never hesitates to speak to a fellow soldier in O. D. and many a lonesome journey has been brightened by the acquaintance of another casual traveller in uniform, which is in such striking contrast to one's experience in civil life, where a day's journey sometimes is never broken by the good fellowship of another traveller. Its scope would be still broader. It would demand recognition immediately for an ex-soldier as soon as applying for a position. It would be assurance to the employer also that he would be making no mistake in selecting the applicant. Neighbors would be made more neighborly, which is a rarity in the big towns, and there would be many other advantages which it is needless to outline here.

This is only a suggestion. There is no doubt that it will be done. The sooner that it is done, the better. The next few months mean a lot to the boys who have been doing their bit. They are heroes for a day. As long as they wear their uniforms they obtain some recognition but their identity and connection with the A. E. F. is soon lost as they don their "civvies."

We do not merely make this as a tame suggestion but trust it will be agitated widely and trust that our good neighbor *The Stars and Stripes* will boost the game along and that the Press in the U. S. will give it publicity also.

We have talked about our Issoudunite League, our Skull and Cross Bones insignia for the 3rd A. I. C. but what is wanted is something with even a greater scope and have a more national appeal.

GIVE US A CHANCE—THAT'S ALL WE ASK!

THE PLANE NEWS is not taking a stand for or against prohibition—we wish that to be distinctly understood. We have always contended, however, that when war was declared it was a notice for Congress to confine its efforts to business pertaining to Army activities and that other matters be pigeon-holed until the soldiers return.

Every member of the A. E. F., is interested in prohibition—one way or the other—and as it concerns his personal welfare, we believe that he has a constitutional right to be heard on the subject.

It is not desired to flaunt before the folks back home anything in regard to debt of gratitude due the boys in France, but they should stand up as one person and see that they get a fair shake on any subject in which they are interested.

Why is it so necessary to put Prohibition before the people at a time when hundreds of thousands of those interested are away from home?

We do not believe that the question has become so critical that it should be disposed of with all possible speed.

AT LAST

AT LAST it arrived. No, not our travel orders for home. Something, however, which brightens up everything in a figurative sense. That is the rather tardy fall of snow which mantled the landscape in its white drapery. To each and every one it brought its story. The flakes that fell brought with them the association of ideas that meant a lot. To those boys from the ranges of Texas who embarked for the great adventure it reminded them of home—it was so different. But to the great majority of the pioneers of the field it had a greater significance. It brought back the memories of a bitter winter spent on the plains of Issoudun last year, when King Snow was a constant visitor. It is a page in the history of each of our lives which we will never forget. The vivid and indelible impression of struggling over ice-clad motors, or digging frozen ditches can never be erased, and it is incidents such as these which freshen the memory.

When we consider what has gone in the past when we combatted against the elements in a climate which included the most penetrating kind of cold weather we can appreciate how fortunate we have been this winter with comparatively mild weather and improved housing facilities. B-r-r-r it makes us shiver to think of those bitter nights robed in pajamas de teddy bear and those reveilles we have attended that would knock an Eskimo cold. It was the finest sort of training for a campaign in Russia or Siberia, and never did those paradoxical words "Sunny France" seem more bitter.

GIVE US A CHANCE!



How the Spads Did It

An Incident of the front in which our former C. O., Major Spatz figured

Shortly there were two clusters of Spads up there making left circles as they waited for the leaders. And then one Spad with a blue diamond on the top of its fuselage flew beneath them and began circling to the right and rocking from side to side. The leader was immediately recognized and the flight began to form quickly into the V formation which is used over the front. Eleven Spads headed for the lines in that patrol. Lieut. Gaynor Armstrong led the high flight and with him were Lieutenants Stovall, Guthrie, Harrington and Billard. Captain Biddle the Squadron Commander, led the lower formation of six planes. Among the pilots following were Lieutenants Brewer, Elliot, Burgen and Major Spatz who was flying with the 13th at the time.

Above a few hundred meters the air was clear, brightening blue as the sun rose and smooth as a lake in the evening. The most blase pilot could not resist its appeal. And as the patrol flew Northward between the mist filled valleys of the Aisne and the Meuse, the land lay out charmingly in forest green and village gray, all joined by winding shining strands which were roads. Climbing steadily the eleven planes drew near the lines, travelling along the Eastern edge of the forest of Argonne. Along the front the ground mist which filled the river valleys had spread until it lay below as a soft white mantle. There the peace of the soundless sky and the quiet of the picturesque panorama ended. Along the whole line the guns were tearing the enveloping mist apart in great brick red gashes of fire and black clots of smoke, and occasionally a ring of smoke swelled from the muzzle of some big fellow and drifted lazily upward.

The patrol crossed in the region of Grandpre and soon several black puff balls appeared off to the left and then in front and then trailing behind—archies, but poor shooting.

The dromes of the Fokkers were known to be located in the vicinity of Conflans, to the east, and the Huns were expected to approach from that direction. One good look over the sector

was enough to determine that our fellows were first on the field, or over the field, so the patrol led off from Grandpre heading into Germany in a semi-circular course. It was an excellent manoeuvre, intended to cut off from the rear any Hun planes which flew in from the east. Thus far nothing had been seen.

As the two flights crossed the Meuse about over Briellules, with some 5000 metres of altitude, a formation of seven or eight Fokkers was sighted, traveling eastward and about a thousand meters below. It was a beautiful shame. Capt. Biddle led on for a bit as though the Huns were unobserved. At the opportune instant he swung the patrol around into position between the sun and the enemy and dived for the rear of the Fokker formation. The lower flights followed on his back. The high flight patrolled on above to protect against surprise from another group of Huns.

The Fokkers did not break formation until the Spads began to spit their streams of tracer bullets. They were evidently surprised and had not even time to form their "milling" circle, a favorite manoeuvre when attacked from

above. They broke up all over the sky. Three went down in the first few seconds.

The fight then resolved itself into three levels. Above were the five Spads who were protecting. They did not get into action at all, but patrolled above to guard against a Hun surprise. Fokker formations, one above the other, were the usual thing. The second level was one of Spads standing on their noses, to drop on an enemy, fire a burst and pull up again. Below were the twisting squirming Fokkers—and what can squirm better? Manoeuvring and circling around and turning and hanging on their props to get a shot at one of our men. They could not dive because Spads out-dove Fokkers; they could not run because the Spads could catch them; they could not climb because the Spads were over them. They spread out farther and farther apart and worked deeper into their lines.

It became bad strategy to follow what remained of the Fokkers any further in. It seemed that other Fokkers had drifted into the melee as it spread apart. By this time the Spad's two hours worth of gas was nearly spent and our men began to re-group and return and strike out for home. It was later learned that eight Fokkers had been knocked down, four going into flames when they hit the ground.

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AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

Occupations in France and Germany

By "Alex"



VERSE AND NEAR VERSE

THE EYES OF THE CLOUDS

By Lieut. John H. Small, A. S.

I sailed away to-day
On a new ship of man
Along the vassal way
Of heaven:

And forthwith I forgot there was an earth
Of little men and broken brotherhood,
Forgot the jealousies and ravag'd hearth
Of man, the endless sacrifice in blood.
I sailed away to-day and left behind
The travail of mankind.

Out of the realm of time and measurement,
Above the cabined walls of each day's span,
Into the blue of God's own firmament—
I sailed away upon this ship of man.
And soon there stretched below from side to side
A looting and contented land of peace;
Great ships of commerce idling in the tide,
Low-burdened with their cargoes from the East.
A busy city, like a fawn drinking,
Its forelegs spread afloat into the bay;
Twin shimmering lines of freighted steel linking
Far inland maris of plenty to the quay.
Squat factories, brick-red or bygone white,
Take on a phantom shape as everywhere
Belched smoke spreads like a gossamer of night,
A velvet dome which life and fancy share.
In tiny squares of light a rainbow lay,
Each hue a home and prism of each life's role,
As if the sun had learned to play
In rarest chorus of light upon the soul.
I sailed away to-day on surest wings
Above the sphere of things.

Now open land, where pastures green with spring
Wear robes of purest silk and differ each
From each by barest shade of coloring.
And, there, a brook so near that one might reach
Its depths and pluck the opalescent pearls.
The sun has lost beneath each limpid ray.
And ever mounting high'r 'till there unfurls
All nature's wealth once more reborn in May.
The morning's sun provoked by flakes of white
That crouch beneath the blue and idly brood,
Has weaved into a plaid of blended light
The cubist's heaven of fields and deeper wood.
A touch of black against the flatter sod
Where man and beast bend to their furrowed toil,
And with rare content ever forward plod
That they might leave behind a richer soil.
The charm of space has softened, levelled all
Into a plain unbroken; and each tree
Buds like a rose beyond some garden wall
'Till all the world's abloom exquisitely
The clouds perceive the land through happy eyes,
As we are wont to film the past with years;
No earthly sordidness can taint the skies,
Yet aught of good below but each star hears.
I sailed away to-day and found in heaven
Why God so loves the world and men.

"F-LYING"

F is for these foolish barracks flyers,
L means only beaucoup lies and loops,
Y is for the "yaps" hearing these liars,
I is hero "I" whose motor "poops",
N is for the "nuts" now stovepipe spir-
ling,
G is for their ground, the barracks floor!
Put them all together they spell
F-L-Y-I-N-G; F-LYING in the Barracks
Flying Corps.

Oh, fly away boys, up in the sky,
When the prop turns the boys will fly,
When the motor poops the boys will fall,
Down will come plane, wings, rudder
and all.

Battles We Have Fought

They say a man is a hero bold when he sails across the sea—
When he puts on the O. D. of Uncle Sam to fight for Liberty.
They say this war was a very tough war—and a very tough war is right;
But between us friends a lot depends on the place we had to fight.

We fought the battle of St. Nazaire; we fought in the battle of Tours.
We fought in the battle of Chateauroux, and the battle of Gondrecourt.
We helped at dear St. Jean-de-Mont, and Colombey-les-Belles;
But the things that happened at Gay Paree are things we never tell.

We'll all go home with our service stripes and we'll hold our left arms up.
We'll talk of the toll of the terrible war and missiles of death from Krupp.
We'll spill our store of blood and gore 'round the souvenirs we've bought;
But they'll soon get wise and wink their eyes, and ask just where we fought.

So in years to come when we sit at home with a grandson on each knee,
And they ask for a yarn of the famous war we fought for Democracy,
We may spin along to our hearth's content of our little part in the game;
But remember, the lads may look at a map, and put a crimp in our fame.

It started when we debarked at Brest, and slept in tents in the mud.
And then we attacked old St. Maizent, where cognac flowed like blood.
We loved the siege of Issoudun, though we "crashed" every once in a while.
But fighting the battle of Gay Paree made us face the end with a smile.

Most of us made a raid on Nice, and a few of us got to Rome;
And every one had a 'demoiselle that he'd promised he'd take back home.
We dodged M. P.s at Lyons, and again at Biarritz,
But the most strategic thing we did was to get off at Austerlitz.

Cinq Jolie Avros

Cinq jolie Avros trying to acrobat
One hung on its essence point and then there were
quatre.

Quatre jolie Avros—Cadet hollered, "Ah!"
Landed thirty feet feet too high, and then there
trois

Trois jolie Avros—Monitor said "Ugh!"
"You take her up alone," and then there were deux
Une jolie Avro, sailing toward the sun,
It forgot to come down, and there was, pas l'Avros
et pas le Cadets.

Wh"Y" Movies

Did the Hero, really put that guy to rout?
Did he kiss away his Sweetheart's pretty pout?
Did the Villain surely die?
In those Movies at the "Y."
I'll bite—

'Cause right then, they always bust, or else go out.
The gang has gone and left me
An' I'm as lonesome as can be
For I miss their Barracks flying
And their Beaucoupe kinds of lying.

THE CRY DE GUERRE

By Sam Ham



THE SONG OF THE PILOT

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)
By FIRST LIEUT. C. C. (Sawdust) LOTH

I've taken my hops where I found them,
I've zoomed and I've looped in my time;
I've had my picking of airships
And most of the lot were fine;
One were a flimsy Sopwith,
One were a "Mono-Gnome,"
One were a Spad, the best I'er had,
And one were a D.H. from home.
Now I aren't no expert with busses,
But taken' them along
You never can say till you've tried them,
And then you are like' to be wrong,
There's planes as will fly like the eagles,
And them as wont fly like the rest;
And what you will know from the fast and the
slow
Will help you a heap with the rest.

When I was a young bird at Tours,
Shy as a girl to begin,
Old Mother Caudron, she made me,
Tho' she were as clumsy as sin,
Old as the fields she flew in;
More like a buggy she were;
Showed me the "why" and the way I should fly,
And I learned about busses from her.
Then I were transferred to "Issdun",
Finished my training there;
Got me a tidy new Nieuport,
Spent my time traveling by air.
She were speedy an' tidy an' faithful—
A bird in a disguise she were;
But the treacherous thing slipped off on a wing
And I learned about airships from her.

Then I were sent into battle
Or I might have been flyin' her now;
Was given a shiny new Spad crate,
A speedy and sturdy old scow;
Taught the Hun pilots to fear us,
A regular demon she were,
But she ditched me one night, tho' I handled
her right,
And I learned about airships from her.
Then I came home on a trooper
And brought me an eighty-fifteen,
Sold at the war-end by the Army,
A peach of a little machine.
Flyin' too much were her trouble;
She didn't know what the ground were,
So finally she went and I felt my life spent,
But I learned about airships from her.

I've taken my hops where I found them,
And now I must pay for the same,
For the more that you learned of the one sport
The surer you'll die in the game,
And finally crushed, spent and broken,
A terrible sight I will be;
So be warned by my lot, tho' I know you will
not,
And learn about airships from me.

Some folks would every evening dance
Others rather would stay in France,
Whate'er their wish, whate'er their aim
It all depends upon the dame.

YOU have felt the joy akin to fear
As you open her up and start to clear
And you hear the motor roar in your ear
There is just one moment when you plainly see
Just what the consequence may be
If you nose her up just a bit too far
Comes a beastly crash and a sickening jar
A futile arm goes up to defend
And a busted face may be the end.

Sing a song of flying
Four and twenty keydets
Wanting to fly
This made the monitors peeved
So they did not try
When the planes came down to land
Biff—bang—bing.
(Now isn't that a dainty joke
To play upon the Field Service.)

S-O-L

By CLIFFORD B. CRESCENT

If high your hopes on coming here
Of building up an air career,
An Ace to be among the first
Of those who German bubbles burst,
And then you're set to standing guard,
And K-P, pick and shovel!—Hard?
You bet it is! But, kid, I yell
You're S-O-L!

If, when you're in a swell case
In some dark street quite off the way,
And corks come "pop"
Without a stop,
And you fill'er up to the brim and stay
To make a bright remark. And when
You lift your glass to drink again,
You look across the room and frown,
For there, before you drink'er down,
You see an M. P.'s badge and—well,
You're S-O-L!

If, on the streets of "Gay Paree,"
A tender-scented maid you see,
And wink your eye
In manner sly,
And saunter to her guardedly,
And just when you're about to take
Her arm and Love's sweet silence break,
A "Looney" comes along and—hell,
You're S-O-L!

NURSERY RHYMES UP-TO-DATE

Cadet Spratt always banked flat
And never used his "bean"
Flew the nose, where the tail should be
And landed in field—"Thirteen."

Scary, scary, Cadet wary,
How does your Avro fly?
"Left wing low, and motor slow,
A prayer holds it in the sky."

Jingle, jingle little car
At field-service you're a "star"
As you ramble everywhere
Helping planes back in the air.

There was a guy with a white band
Who thought that he was wise
He'd help, just once, at the Croix Rouge
And they'd make him, cakes and pies.

But when they landed this flying K. P.
They made him keep the place
He washed and wiped for five straight
weeks
And they made him—"A tin-cup ace."

The Magic Truck

Out and into the Magic Truck
The earthbound prisoners glide
Over the mountains and into the vales
On the warm South wind they ride
On the Wings of the Morning Sun
Around the world they fly
And two abreast or four abreast
The world can only sigh,
For theirs is the strength of mountains
The warmth of the glowing sun
Theirs is the Land of Freedom
And der Kaisers "Tag" is done.

—V. W.

ADDENDUM TO RESUMÉ OF THIRD A.I.C. DEPARTMENTS

Limited Amount of Space Prevented Printing of the Following in Last Week's Issue

Aerial Gunnery Department

Realizing the importance of gunnery instruction, this instruction has been strongly emphasized in the work here. Before a student actually began flying instruction, he was given a very thorough class room course in synchronization, nomenclature and deflection, many hours being spent by a student under the guidance of competent instructors. This was followed by intensive ground work with stoppages and jams.

Then students proceeded to the work on the ranges, shooting at silhouettes and moving targets. Interspersed with this instruction was given a great amount of pistol, small arms and shot gun practice.

As the student progressed from field to field, this practice was continued, and at the advanced fields work was given on rocking neccles, simulating machine gun fire from the air. At the combat field, intensive training has been given with camera gun, the student's accuracy being checked by photo targets developed from cameras used by them.

By the time a student reached the final stage, he was competent to shoot synchronized machine guns from the planes, and the records of accuracy at the field of fire are testimony to the thoroughness of the aerial gunnery training given at this center.

Headquarters Detachment

Headquarters Detachment is an institution which started in the early days of the camp to handle cadets, and as flying officers arrived, they were gradually absorbed in this Department.

The housing and feeding of the flying officers devolved upon this department, so that it literally became a hotel for flying officers. Upon this department rests the responsibility of handling all student personnel immediately upon their arrival and as they progress from field to field.

An accurate check on all students from the time of their arrival to their departure is kept and the problem of handling an ever changing current of personnel of an average of 1000 flying officers is a task which requires an efficient organization.

It is considered one of the most difficult tasks on the post and the C. O. of this organization has never been envied.

The Post Band

We all appreciate the necessity of entertainment and the First Air Service Band, which was organized in the early days of the camp, has greatly expanded and proven an important factor in maintaining the morale of the camp.

The band has 36 pieces, has furnished an average of six concerts a week at the main and outlying fields, as well as playing at formal guard mount and retreat, when weather permitted.

The dances and concerts for which they have furnished music have been features of the entertainment programs. Its repertoire has included both classical and popular music, as every effort has been made to keep it up-to-date. In addition to furnishing music for this post, the band has made several visits to nearby towns where American sold-

Wing Slips of 2nd A.I.C.

School Work Commences

School has started, in spite of delays, including lack of books, probable departure of squadrons, etc. 175 men have enrolled for from one to four classes. The study of French, Spanish, Salesmanship, Mechanics, Advanced English, Algebra and Economics have attracted the majority. Geometry, Army Paper Work, Reading, Writing and Spelling, French History, Arithmetic and Aeronautics are also included in the curriculum.

Classes are conducted from 1 to 5 p. m., consisting of periods of 50 minutes in length, those attending being excused from duty. Barracks formerly occupied by officers have been divided into class rooms and fitted up with the necessary equipment. The Y. M. C. A. is also being used and the E. and R. and machine shops are being used for the mechanics and aeronautics classes.

The school officer of the post is Capt. Walter B. Spencer, assisted by Miss Frances Lankin of the Y. M. C. A. and Lieut. F. H. Allis, A. S., and Lieut. M. E. Morgan, F. A.

Officers and enlisted men with qualifications to help in the school, or who have suggestions as to courses they would desire to take and which would prove practicable under the circumstances, are requested to call at the school office.

Hold Successful Dances

A series of weekly dances, alternating between officers and enlisted men, have been conducted with success at the Red Cross rooms. The post band and the orchestra are doing their jazziest and the buffet luncheons help to make the programs complete.

Ladies of the Red Cross and Signal Corps telephone service and other friends are invited.

Squadron Squibs

The 102 A. S. football team met and defeated all contending organizations on this field and are entitled to the post championship honors.

The All-Squadron team will meet any organization in the Air Service of the A. E. F. at any form of athletics. Inquiries should be made to 1st Lieut. Char. Nelson, A. P. O. 717.

A Page From A Cadet's Diary

The Avro went for a walk in the woods today; made fairly good progress considering the nature of the country it was travelling through.

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.

iers are located and furnished music for dances and entertainments.

Since the summer it has had keen competition in the establishment of the Field 7 band, which, while a younger organization, has proven a worthy rival.

Main Barracks Division

While the Main Barracks Division has ceased to exist, during its operation a great amount of the burden of Post Headquarters was relieved.

Upon it devolved the work of handling all the personnel and of supervising the operation of all squadrons on the main field from the time of their arrival to their departure. It can be compared, more or less, to a battalion headquarters, and to the credit of the various commanding officers is due, in a large measure, to the successful handling of both transient and permanent enlisted personnel.

BUNKHOUSE BUNK FURNISHED FOR HOME FOLKS BY ACE OF FOUR FLUSHERS

Non-Combatant Aviator Tells How He Was Going To Return to Front He Never Saw

We did not want to do it, especially, as we had let him off with a fair warning after getting away with the bunk that he did while here; his history we all know so well. The man we have reference to is the only wearer of a brevet on a rain-coat, the wearer of the Croix de Guerre purchased at the Grand Magasin de Paris, and a wound stripe to which he was not entitled while spending a leave at Biarritz.

We are re-printing a letter which appeared in the Lexington, Ky. Herald, which almost rivals the letter he sent home describing his combats over the lines, including word pictures such as; "plane riddled with bullets, etc." while he was still here. It is this sort of unadulterated bunk that is a reflection on the Service, which makes it difficult for the boys who did do wonderful work to obtain recognition. We are thankful that this is a rare example. We suppose he is now exhibiting the piece of airplane linen upon which he had the squadron painter inscribe an Iron Cross.

The reprint of letter to Captain J. R. Sams is as follows:

Dear Captain:
Just received yours of September 23rd and am pleased and flattered that you should have taken time to write.

I know how hard it must be for an old soldier and war horse like you to sit at home while rookies like some of the most of us are enjoying the most hilarious of big time scraps. However, that's the fortune of war and just such a fortune has kept me for a few months in the rear commanding a training field where the government thought they should have a man with practical experience at the front. After much fretting I obtained no longer than yesterday my orders sending me back to the front and naturally feeling mighty pleasant today.

Our boys are showing them what's what all over the front and are giving the Hun a most realistic taste of what it means to pull the tail feathers of the American Eagle.

When I was in Paris about a week ago I saw General Williams now Major Williams of the Red Cross and I had rather a pleasant few minutes talking over old times.

Am looking forward to sometime soon fighting my air unit over the heads of the old Kentucky

Guards and I'll guarantee that we keep the Hun off their necks while they give them a good thrashing on the ground.

Am glad that everyone at home is so interested in the war as backing at home will put heart into our men and end the war much sooner.

Write me again when you have time and in my next letter I may have something more interesting to tell you.

If you see father tell him you heard from me.

Your friend,

K. G. PULLIAM, JR.

We take this opportunity in saying that the Captain was never nearer the front than Paris, having been sent away from here as a ferry pilot, having previously reported here from London where he held down a desk job. We do not know what has lead him on in persistently getting his name and picture in the papers and magazines, being the best self-promoted flying non-combatant that we have ever met, the Ace of Aces in the Barracks Flying Corps. We have no record of any serious crashes which would indicate that there is any reason for his actions.

"The fortunes of war" paragraph is a gem, especially when we know the reasons for his departure. Another literary masterpiece is "After much fretting I obtained my orders sending me back to the front and I am feeling mighty pleasant today". We know of no front he had been on outside of the front of Field 3, and as to feeling pleasant when he received the unexpected ferry duty orders, he just could not help but stalling and going into the hospital to get his tonsils cut.

Oh, yes, it has been a great war for some people. We pity the Kentucky Guards if they had to depend upon his guarantee to keep the Hun off their necks. His guarantee is about as good as a drunken minor's note given on Sunday.

The only thing his J. M. A. meant to him was "Just Made A" Captain.

Two Stripe Banquet

No, we are not referring to a Corporal's banquet but to the Anniversary dinner held by the 641st A. S. at the Red Cross restaurant on Tuesday evening, January 14. This was in celebration of one year's service overseas.

Lieut. Lewis W. Smith, Commanding Officer of the squadron, acted as toastmaster. After dinner the floor was cleared and the attendance of Red Cross Y. M. C. A. ladies and Post Band combined to complete the evening's entertainment with an enjoyable dance.

Plane News Goes Over the Top

Those who are familiar with the mechanical end of a newspaper can appreciate the difficulties of getting out our Souvenir edition on time. Over 45,000 impressions were made on our presses during the week and we were all set for the crowd on Saturday evening.

In order to give our typesetters and pressmen a rest, we are only running four sheets this week. We are making it short and snappy. We will blossom out again next week in style.

Come Across, Boys

Speak up and tell us what you think of our Contest Stories. We want to give credit to those to whom it is due. Leave votes at PLANE NEWS office.

Motor Mac's Dinner

The Red Cross restaurant was again utilized on Tuesday evening by the 12th Co., 3rd A. S. M., for their semi-annual banquet. There was plenty of "pep" displayed, a regular cabaret performance being given after the enjoyable supper. Camouflage Bill and partner appearing as "The Dolly Sisters" giving a perfect impersonation that even Captain Oldham, connoisseur as he is, was deceived. He was literally transported back to the Follies but great was his chargin when he learned the truth.

Miss Dorothy Chesmond held the audience with her stirring recitation and well rendered songs. In one of her numbers she was ably assisted by Sergeant Surber who also helped to liven things up in typical Frank Tinney style.

Foecy Players Visit Post

Some jazz band, is the verdict of all who heard the Foecy Players Friday and Saturday. This band is without doubt one of the best in the A. E. F. and every musician is an artiste. Their repertoire includes everything from the latest jazz to classical music.

The Mehun colored vaudeville troupe also gave an entertainment recently.

THE LEADER OF "A" FLIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ed by his flight as they closed up behind him. White still held close behind, while Hancock swung in behind the retiring raiders.

Leitch had never lost a man from his flight and had no intention of risking battle with twelve Fokkers in such a situation. As his forces withdrew the two bodies of Huns above united and followed at a distance.

Quick Action or All is Lost

Twenty minutes later the Camel squadron was again crossing the lines from the southwest. The Huns, just visible to the leader, had divided, the second bunch heading northeast and the larger flight continuing southeast. "A" Flight followed the smaller group and the Captain breathlessly watched the others recede. Three minutes and they had turned. Another minute passed, the five Fokkers ahead turned northwest and opportunity stared him in the face.

Captain Leitch analyzed the situation quickly. "B" and "C" Flights were sitting in the sun, echeloned behind him and high above, the former being closer. White lacked experience. Could he depend on him to arrive in time? Upon this factor depended all. Higher still in the sun sat Nelson and his SEs, in whom he had utmost confidence. It could hardly be better. The smaller bunch of Huns now turned west and the leader of "A" Flight made his decision.

The Scrap is Won

With pulsing blood and set teeth, Leitch waggled "Huns" to his followers and headed straight under the approaching Fokkers. Had they seen the SE-5s? Would they come down? They would. And even as they started he saw White also start, "Now you b--s, we've got you," he muttered, and came round to the left in a tight turn.

As the great vari-colored birds of prey came swooping on his formation flank Leitch completed the turn and engaged the leader from below. The Hun half-rolled and started down, but ere he had completed the movement a burst from the Briton's guns had found their mark. The Fokker turned on his back and slowly spun down, blue tail and bright streamers flashing in the sunlight. Eaton and his comrade, coming into action a moment later, had each engaged an enemy, and the Captain started to the assistance of one of the rear men. Even as he did so White and his flight came swiftly down like great black vultures, and the scrap was won.

Bitter Dog Fight Follows

There followed a bitter "dog fight," but of short duration. The second flight of Huns arrived too late and they attacked the Camels below the upper flight of Leitch's squadron and the two flights of Nelson's SEs charged down on them from above.

And in the Captain's diary that night there appeared the following entry: "Twelve Blue Tails This Date Will Not Bother Us Again. White is a Good Man."

Sunday Services at Y. M. C. A.

Hut 1, 10:30 a. m., Communion service; sermon by Chaplain L. J. Vette. Hut 2, 7:00 p. m., Song service, followed by address by J. P. Lenn.

Private G. I. Kan Almost Volunteers "Encore"

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By Tim Johnston

