

PUBLISHED  
AT  
CONVENIENCE  
OF PRINTER

# Out Of Control

WEATHER  
FORECAST  
—  
RAIN  
and  
M U D

ITS — POLICY — IS — THE — SAME

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE FIRST PURSUIT GROUP AND ITS FRIENDS

Vol. 1, No 1.

ZONE OF ADVANCE — NOV. 7

PRICE — 50 CENTIMES

## AMERICA'S BEST GIVEN REWARDS

Fifteen out of Twenty-four Distinguished Service Crosses Presented to; First Pursuit Pilots.

Saturday, October 19th — Maj. Gen. Mason M. Patrick, Chief of Air Service, assisted by Brig. Gen. Mitchell officiated this morning in the presentation of twenty four Distinguished Service Crosses, thereby, for the first time in the history of the service, demonstrating that American aviators are to receive recognition for their deeds of valor performed in contact with the enemy. The ceremony, garnished and attended exclusively by members of the Air Service, took place on the flying field of the Second Pursuit Group, with a long row of airplanes to lend the necessary air of pomp and splash more commonly occasioned by armed troops.

Although American fliers have been straffing the Hunnish Gotts for over seven months, our contemporary aero fictionists in the States still devote their pages to lauding the daring achievements of pilots said to be flying right over New York City. Every precaution for safeguarding the aviators' well known fondness for secrecy relative to spearing Heinies has been amply assured. One or two intrepids, true enough, have accepted the Croix de Guerre, but taken by and large our most famous pilots' busoms were quite free from the gaudy brilliancy common to those of the Allied Mercurys, — and of spanking American adornments were they indeed quite innocent. Between the pikers that displayed great aptitude and appetite for boche meat, and you and I, there was raised no barrier to stimulate ripples of envy across the placid millpond of Democracy. And it was quite a comfortable sort of Yank idealism to be unhorsed from too; no stepping in on a barrack-mate snapping pictures of himself, or being rudely awakened by the scratch of brass-polishing. "Gott Sie dank", as the Riechthofen Circus might say... Enfin, it is not unnatural that the scene of so radical a departure from unestablished custom should be rife with tense and quaking excitement. It was. It was fraught with it.

A Lieutenant eye-witness to the event, who made daring observations from behind a tent-flap, gives representative side-line comment from a certain Major at that time holding down the other corner of the tent. The Major is alleged to have made the following significant inquiry: "What you doing--hiding toe?"

Pandemonium was no less marked in front of the bleachers where the thin line of ragged heros courteously attended the arrival of their elders, betters and superiors. All was quiet on the lot. Not a propeller whirred. Then entered two Generals accompanied by one of our national songs: The Star Spangled Banner; and in a paroxysm of nonchalance the blushing heros first saluted and

(Continued Page 4, Col. 1).

## EIGHTEEN BOSCHE IN SEVENTEEN DAYS THIS BOYS RECORD



Lieutenant FRANK LUKE, JR.

## LT. LUKE'S BODY FOUND?

An unverified report has been received at this office to the effect that Lt. Frank Luke's body was found along side of his machine at the edge of the Argonne forest near Grandpre.

According to the story, told by several members of the ---th Machine Gun Company, Lt. Luke on the evening during which he shot down his last three balloons, was seen gliding toward the American lines, his motor being dead. Unfortunately, however, he was unable to make our lines but was compelled to land his machine in No Man's Land and in doing so ran into the barbed-wire entanglements, his machine turning over. Luke, according to the machine gun men, was thrown from the machine, but jumped up and headed toward the American lines. He was mowed down, it was stated, by machine guns from the German side. A few days later when the American lines had advanced beyond, Luke's body was buried by a pioneer regiment near his machine.

### Twenty Years Old.

Lt. Luke, who was but twenty years old, had the most remarkable and spectacular career in the history of aviation, having brought down during the course of seventeen days eighteen Bosche. He joined the Group during the latter days of August and was assigned to the --th Aero Squadron, commanded by Capt. Grant. In the fighting on the Chateau-Thierry sector he accounted for one Fokker, which was never confirmed. His most sensational fight was that in which Lt. Joseph Wehner, one of the most capable pilots in the Group, lost his life in protecting Luke. It was the second time Luke had been saved by Wehner. On this occasion, Lt. Luke accounted for three balloons, a Fokker and a Halberstadt. Lt. Wehner was last seen by Lt. Luke engaging a formation of five Fokkers.

## RECORDS SMASHED BY FIRST PURSUIT GROUP

More than 100 Victories Reported from September 12 to October 12. — More American Aces.

Beat upon the heugag! Play merrily upon the kafuzzalun! During the past month, September 12 to October 12, the First Pursuit Group has knocked so many existing aviation records for a complete loop and has brought home such a large quantity of bacon that it is positively painful.

Pardon our blushes.

The season for Huns, which is open the year round these days, opened wider than usual Sept. 12 and for the following thirty days it was just a question of who saw a Dutchman first. And when you saw one, you had to get him quick or some roaming gent from another squadron would shoot him right out from under your eager clutches. The fliers who couldn't find German airplanes floating by consoled themselves with nipping off a balloon before breakfast and after supper.

During this period the four squadrons of the Group hung up 103 victories, an average of nearly a victory a day for each squadron. Besides the victories there were numerous Huns scared out of so many years growth that it is doubtful if they will get up the nerve to fly past their third line of barbed-wire after this.

Most of this work was done at extremely low altitudes the fliers seldom getting an altitude of more than 600 meters. Balloons were no sooner reported in ascension than they were attacked and destroyed. Lt. Rickenbacher, out for one of his before-breakfast balloons, noticed that some one had beat him to it and destroyed it. Rick drifted back a few kilos, noticed a new balloon being hauled up on a truck to take the old one's place, and merrily shot it down while the Germans on the ground were trying to explain to him that the balloon wasn't even in the war yet.

The Group has specialized in Infantry liaison, missions being constantly dispatched to discover our front lines, to straffe the enemy troops, and to note the effects of our artillery fire. Our casualties have been extremely low, twelve pilots having been reported killed, wounded and missing. A large proportion of these were shot down by enemy machine gun fire and anti-aircraft fire.

Several individual pilots have been especially active in bringing home the casaba. The late Lieut. Frank Luke, Jr. in a terrific burst of speed brought down two balloons and three planes inside of ten minutes. Within a period of seventeen days this pilot managed to hang eighteen victories to his credit. Since Sept. 14 Lieut. Rickenbacher has officially put fourteen planes out of commission and has three more confirmations to be collected. This makes Rick America's leading Ace, with eighteen victories.

Old Aces have continued to climb and several new ones have burst into the exact center of the limelight. Lt. Cook who appears to be a specialist on both balloons and airplanes is the most recent to obstruct the stage and cop off the honors. Captain Meissner and Coolridge and Lieutenants Vasconcells, Luke, Wehner and Chambers have all elbowed themselves into the list of aces who have flown with this Group.



## OUT OF CONTROL

Published in a walking nightmare  
of a city in the interest  
of a live Group  
and its friends.

### GENSORED

It will appear just as often as  
the printer in-----  
can be encouraged  
to do so.

PRICE FIFTY CENTIMES

We have taken off at last, but just whether we will make a safe landing or crash is rather problematic, it depending entirely upon the interest shown by the members of the Group. Too much should not be expected of our initial endeavor as we have labored under very difficult circumstances. In the first place we have been extremely busy and in the second there has been no end of difficulty encountered in hurrying the printer. The price has been fixed at fifty centimes, which, it is believed, will be sufficient to defray the expenses of the printer and also pay for what cuts we hope to have made and which will appear from time to time.

The more contributions received the merrier and the larger the paper. All material should be written on the typewriter and on one side of the paper. If you have no typewriter available send in the news in and we will have it written for you. All contributions should be turned in to the enlisted man or commissioned officer in charge in your squadron. If you have any good pictures send them in also.

## COME ACROSS

The First Pursuit Group is a Pioneer for the American Aviation in its particular mission and it behooves us to lead the way for the other Groups, not only in getting "beaucoup" Huns but in making a success of a news edition. A newspaper that is made up of contributions from every one will make reading of a cosmopolitan nature and with a paper that covers every thing from a slam at the much abused Mess Sergeant to an essay about man's social position in animal life in 110,000 B. C. The Group would have something even better than "Proctors ice cream Parlor" or "Murphy's dance hall" or any of those amusement halls with those old familiar cognomens.

Devote your spare time in writing some of the things that you sometime think of and you will not only help "Out of Control" to surpass "The Plane News" in good reading matter, but you might develop your own literary ability to such an extent that when the war is over and you finish shooting the hot air about your European Tour you might make an easy living writing for some periodical that circulates on a great scale to the susceptible mass. Nothing is really more refreshing after a hard day's work than to read a line or two of spicy news about those whom you are acquainted with or interested in.

It is absolutely essential to the development of "Out of Control" that someone writes something, and it is the duty of every one to exert himself as this paper is not a "Trust" but is the property of every member of the Group. You should take as much pride in the paper your Group is getting out as you do in the letters you write to your best girl.

# CRASHES AND JOY KILLERS

Young Jer., Mr. Vasconcells' Son,  
Runs a trick aerodrome at Verdun—  
He ventures to state  
That life there is great—  
If they only would can that big gun.

Lt. Clapp will give a movie party for all his friends shortly. Pictures will be shown of the Lieutenant himself in some of his recent activities.

### TIMES DO CHANGE

Sept. 8th : Voice of M. P. : " Say Bo! Douse the light. Wha'd'y mean lighting a match after dark? "

Oct. 8th : A Voice : " All clear. Turn on that fifteenth searchlight "

Cheer up, boys! Good news from home —  
A blight has struck the bean crop.

## SCIENCE AND THE AEROPLANE

Some very interesting suggestions regarding various changes that should be made to the aeroplane have been printed in the Scientific American, which should be given serious consideration by the Air Service.

The improvement, which appealed to us the most, regards the reversing of the motor on aeroplanes. This great aviator, somewhere in the United States, says M. " For instance how convenient it would be simply to reverse your motor and back down into the field incase your motor should start to miss while making a Get-away! And the convenience would be enormous when it came to taxi-ing a machine into a hangar. I can visualize some thirty or forty monster biplanes slowly revolving in front of their hangars on some great aviation field, and backing into their shelters under their own power. For changing the pitch of the propeller to accomplish this I can think of noting more practical than to have a system of little tin vanes hinged upon the wooden faces of the propeller and operated by a series of rods and gears running through the body of the propeller up the engine crank shaft to the pilots seat. The attachment would resemble old fashioned window shutters in structure. "

As you will all see the scheme is an excellent one and Maj. Hartney owes it to the members of the group to put it into practice. A Test should be made at once, and we feel quite sure that Lt. Ordway, assisted by Daredevil Walker, would be the most practical man on the field to try it out.

## TREASON IN CAMP

(A Play in One Act).

Capt. — Sergeant, what are the men making all that noise about?

Sergt. — They're cheering, Sir. The paper says the Boche have sunk another American vessel.

Capt. — (excitedly) By Gad, this is treason! Bring me the Paper, Sergt.

Sergt. — (reading) — " U. S. S. Bullconia Torpedoed in Mid-Ocean! "

Crew All Saved

The Bullconia was carrying a heavy cargo of corned beef to the troops in France when---

Capt. — (resuming his work) Ahem! Sergt, you may carry on.

CURTAIN

E. G. BRANSHAW,

## NATURE DOPE

With the approach of the snipe hunting season the naturalists of our organization are taking a keen interest in out-door sports despite the rather mournful climatic conditions, which are not at all desirable for snipe hunting. Lt. Reade has been planning a snipe hunt for sometime and has aroused great interest in this popular sport among the younger and more unsophisticated members of the Group, especially young Lt. Marshall, who has lately joined the Park Company. When Lt. Reade was arranging the party, Lt. Marshall expressed a keen interest and wanted to know if he could not go along, but being rather inexperienced he was informed that he would have to beat the bushes and scare the snipe out. Lt. McGrath and Lt. Reade declared that they would have to hold the bags as this was a rather difficult part and only experienced hands at the games would have charge. The party is being planned for some nice moonlight night.

Speaking of snipe hunting reminds us of the appearance of wuzzy cat in France. This creature, which is rather savage was thought to be only a habitat of Missouri, where it was first discovered by the transportation officer, whose name we do not care to mention in our columns owing to the profanity it is liable to create. The Wuzzy cat is a rather peculiar animal, its peculiarities being that the legs on its right side are about six inches shorter than on its left side, consequently it is compelled to travel on hill-sides and always in a southerly direction. If you should meet it and force it to turn around it would fall down the hill and break its neck. The discovery of this, rare specie of animal in this section of the world was made by Lt. J. Koniac Smith, while returning late one night from ----- He should be given some official confirmation to reward him for his discovery.

## MULE KICKS

Recently there was a surprise informal muster at 13 : 00 O'clock. Jack Mursell almost missed it owing to his timepiece being out of order, but Corp. McFarland was still in his machine shop totally unaware of the proceedings. Seeing Jack's coat-tails flying, he followed in close pursuit, remarking that speed was contagious. We believe you, Mac, as evidenced by the way the Huns are picking up speed and retreating along the front, but what we can't understand is the fact that both you and your engine has but two speeds, dead-stop and slow — mostly stop.

Charley, our tonsorial artist, sometimes poses as chief of the air service. Does he mean "air" or "hair".

## OVERHEARD AT ENGINEERING SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Pvt. Edwin White : — Say Jack, what have you thats good for shoes?

Pvt. Harry Cantwell : — Feet.

## 6 — PAGES — 6

Next Issue will contain six pages full of lively interest to our readers and also cuts which will interest the folks back home.

SUBSCRIBE TO "OUT OF CONTROL"



# POEMS - AND - NEAR - POEMS.

## WILLIE'S LAMENT

What have I done to be hated,  
Why do they treat me with scorn,  
I do my best to please the boys  
At their meals, for they seem so forlorn.  
I take a trip across the sea  
And risk an untimely death,  
Instead of welcome, only cusses I get  
When I follow the A. E. F.

[what to do,  
Well if the Sammies dont like me, They know  
I'm not in this fight to quit,  
I've one consolation that gladdens my life  
I'm in France and I'm doing my bit.  
They ought not to expect me to take the shape  
Of turkey or some kind of fowl,

[around  
They ought to feel tickled to death that I'm  
For I give them a chance to howl.  
They cuss me, hate me and turn me down  
And they'd all like to see me crash.

[me  
But they'll finish the Boche ere they finish with  
For my name is "Corned Beef Hash".

Pvt. William KAUTZ,

## YOU'RE A SOLDIER, BOY

If I could only look ahead  
And see the future plain,  
I then could figure on the dead  
And figure on the gain

But then I am not on the lines,  
Not even on the front,  
I have to be content back here,  
And do my little stunt

I cannot see the cannons,  
Their fire is not in view,  
But I see the airmen leaving,  
With their patriotism true.

Do you suppose there ever was  
A battle fought so frail,  
That it was ever gained by one,  
With hammer, saw and nail.

When all this war is over  
The victory all is won  
Can we claim we were soldiers  
Who never owned A gun.

We sat back in the hangar  
With writing pen and pad  
And read about the Battles  
That hurt the HUN so bad

For some tis work; for some tis clerk  
For some tis Infantry.  
For some tis Sergeant-Major.  
Its Carpenter for Me.

Sgt DMOBLEGGON,  
Sfdgr 1st Pursuit Group.

## TWENTY-THIRD SPASM.

The "Y" is my shepard, I am S. O. L.  
It maketh me to fly off the handle, —  
Yea, and say fierce words which I regret,  
For, behold, each time I enter into the sanctuary  
Something is the matter.  
At the eleventh hour I go unto them to quaff a cup  
of chocolate  
But Lo! the wind is from the north  
And the stove draweth not.

And Aye! when that the dice have rolled right  
And I have gathered unto myself enough of goodly  
francs

To purchase of Jam and other rare confections,  
Lo! the high-priest has gone to Paris  
But will be back any part of a second!

And when I am sore in hunger,  
Yea, even to the point of starvation,  
They handeth unto me a sheet of writing paper  
and a big smile

Saying "Go to it, Brother."  
Their inkwell and their penstaff, they comfort  
me.

When I searcheth for a "Snappy Stories".  
Behold, they offer unto me an "Association  
Men"

Or yet a last years "Outlook".  
They appointest my soul with beaucoup promises  
Whilst they scheme one with the other  
To shut off my cognac.

They collecteth of our parents 40,000,000 bones  
And behold, they render unto us every penny  
In writing paper and lectures about Joan of Arc.  
We are always too early or too late or too fresh  
Or yet it is "finish" or "not yet" or "tomor-  
row".

Surely this "Y" will be with us all of our enlist-  
ment  
And we shall be S. O. L. for the duration of the  
war.

AMEN

Eugene G. BRANSHAW.  
--th Aero Squadron.

## "FED UP"

I've seen enough of fightin'  
An I've had my fill of France.  
Of "promenays, petit cooshays" an  
All that song an dance.  
I'm all fed up on "coniyak" no  
More frankies in my pants.  
I'm fed up — damnit — fed up  
An I've had my fill of France.

I'm longing just to hold once more  
A girl that's sweet and true  
Whose breath dont smell like garlic  
And who can "parlez-voov".  
And when I see America  
There isnt any chance  
They'll get me on a boat again  
That's bound for Sunny France.

I'm sick of these manure piles  
And dirty rural serf  
I'm sick of hearing "par bierre"  
"Fermay" and "feenish urf".  
And if I reach America  
You bet I'll jump and prance  
I'm fed up- damnit — fed up!  
And I've had my fill of France!

But the Huns are over yonder,  
You can hear the cannons roar.  
He writes his name in France's soil  
In letters red with gore.  
America must wipe it out,  
So — damnit — its *Our* chore  
To make old Fritzie "all fed up"  
And drive him home once more.  
Lets make the Kaiser holler  
As we make our big advance  
"I'm fed up — himmel! — fed up"  
And I've had my fill of France.

By, Eugene G. BRANSHAW,  
Pvt. --th Aero Squadron, A. S.

## COLORED ACTIVITY-OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE

"Ah say! Niggah, does youah remembah them  
good old plantation minstrels, they used ter hab  
back home?"

"I sho do darkey, it makes the tears start  
when I think ob how dem young niggahs used to  
sing, and dance".

"Lay off dem tears Niggah, ah'se got some  
mighty good news, one ob dem young folks was  
just tellin' me they'se all goin' ter hab one ob  
dem old time shows, and they'se sho goin' ter  
hab der blackest niggahs, what eber cum from  
Dixie, and voices — Oh man! that would make  
a respectable niggah portah green wif envy, an  
dancin' — Eva Tanguay would be a back num-  
bah, if they eber took it in their heads to go on  
the boards "Ovah There", an they'se goin' ter  
hab real nice white folks do some mysterious  
stuff".

"Say Darkey where and when am all dis  
stuff goin' ter bee?"

"Why doan' you know niggah, you suprise  
me wif youah ignorance, it's goin' ter bee on  
Thanksgiving night, at the --th Hangar".

"Is younh goin Darkey?"

"Bet youah life Ah am Jaspah".

## REMEMBER THE FIRST PURSUIT GROUP MINSTRELS!

## PARODY ON I'M ALL BOUND ROUND WITH THE MASON-DIXON LINE

Pvt. Fred. J. Goebeler, --th. Aero Squadron.

They're all bound round with the Yankee  
Doodle Line.

Its driving them back on the banks of the  
Rhine.

And when they're retreatin', sure they know  
every lane.

Now they hunger to be once again.

Back where the Kaiser keeps prayin' nightly,  
"Got mit Uns".

And when they're all bound round with the  
fire of Yankee Guns, a shooting Huns.

They'll know we're in Germany.

When we get up to the Moselle.

Then we'll raise particular Hell.

For they've found that they're bound.

Bound all around with the Yankee Doodle  
Line.

## LT. WINSLOW ALIVE

Word Received from Aviation--Believed to have  
been Killed last July.

A card has just been received from Lt. Alan F.  
Winslow who was reported missing July 31st  
1918, as follows:

"On the 31st of July I was shot down with  
my left arm completely shattered by machine gun  
bullets. I could not get to France. I am now  
being well cared for in German hospital. For  
three weeks they tried to save my arm, but could  
not do it. They had to finally have it amputated  
six inches below the shoulder. It is coming along  
nicely and I will be up in a few weeks, completely  
well. Am in excellent health and spirits. Cable  
mother immediately and let my brother know.  
He is an aviator in France (Lieut. Paul S. Wins-  
low). Write me care address on other side. My  
best to the boys and tell them to write me. Send  
address to my brother, also, above all, and im-  
mediately send me three cartons of Fatima Ciga-  
rettes. Send them separately, but at the same  
time. Many thanks and good wishes."

ALAN F. WINSLOW.



## RECOMMENDED FOR MEDAL OF HONOR ?



**LIEUTENANT WILBERT W. WHITE**

### LT. WHITE'S RECORD

**Sacrifices Life in Saving Pilot from Fokkers  
Was Leader of Patrol.**

Lieut. Wilbert W. White of the ---th Aero Squadron, lost in combat on October 10, 1918, began his military training at the School of Military Aeronautics, University of Toronto, September 18, 1917. He continued his training in the Royal Flying Corps, flying in the Canadian training squadrons at Benbrook Field, Camp Taliaferro, Texas. He received his commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps on February 5, 1918, and was immediately assigned to the ---th Aero Squadron, then being organized at that camp.

Coming overseas with his squadron in March, he went through his advanced training on the American Flying Fields in France, and went out to the front in May. Soon afterwards he was

made a Flight Commander and served in such capacity till his death. He was a born leader, a favorite among the pilots of his flight and the idol of his men.

His work over the front was brilliant and consistent, being a reliable patrol leader he could be depended on to see everything in the air and to act with coolness and decision. He was officially credited with the destruction of four German planes and a balloon, while two more planes and another balloon were awaiting confirmation at his death. In his first combat he attacked two hostile machines single-handed, sending one down in flames and killing the pilot in the other, the machine crashing into the ground.

On October 10, 1918 a German plane got into position to fire on a member of Lieut. White's patrol. With characteristic courage the latter dove straight at the Hun machine, drawing his attention from the other Allied plane. The machines collided at full speed, and the two wrecks fell to the ground. Lieut. White's death stands as a monument to his bravery.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1).

with charming lack of convention at such and such times afterwards came to Attention. It is believed that this naive inversion in the order of Salute and Attention put the Generals at their ease immediately. During the music, America's one and only "As des As" Eddie Rickenbacker (1st. Lieut. A. S. Sig. U. S.) aided the hectic gaddy by Hula-ing gracefully, yet keeping his feet in the military poise of ninety degrees, and it has been verified thru conversation with the General's chauffeur, Gus, that the authorities were very grateful to observe this presence — or absence of mind, as the case may be. As recent newspapers from California complain that Douglas Campbell turned sphinx concerning his harrowing air adventures, in like manner aviators involved in the events of to-day refuse to give out the truth of their part of the experience.

Otherwise, nothing betrayed the real undercurrent of emotions, and the ceremony followed most impressively. As it is the first American recognition of the kind to be generally accorded to the aviators whose names are known thru-out the thirteen leading states for many more deeds than here taken account of, the performance should be painstakingly if not critically described. Not to shun the hooted metaphorical cocktail, they were as brides between two fires: Generals in front of them, general panic gripping atmosphere North and South, and a line-formation of planes manned rigidly by pilots and mechanics — behind on their tails. Fortunately, considering the heroic states of mind — no machine-gun string was

pulled or there would have been precipitated a rat-fight disastrous to the pacific tone of the show.

Maj. Gen. Patrick addressed the review warmly praising the members of the Air Service for their courage and achievements. He expressed the conviction that a good share of the honor is due to the mechanics that tend and keep the airplanes in fighting shape with the care that alone makes it possible for air battles to be victorious, and they should justly be proud of their pilots' medals.

Brig. Gen. Mitchell read the citations to the fliers as they advanced in order. Maj. Gen. Patrick spoke a few words of congratulation before pinning Crosses on their heaving chests. Unbiased judgement derived by a straw vote taken thru the observation posts along many hangar edges records that Captains Meissner, Grant and Lieutenants Rickenbacker, O'Neill, Jones and Clapp of the First Pursuit Group heaved rather well. Due to the above referred to reticence which characterizes some aviators, it has been impossible to determine before going to press if the phenomena — num — nom — sapristi! was provoked by the unaccustomed weight bearing ribwards, or by psychological influences frequented upon victims of Lohengrin — or, we should say — that substitute recently marketed by Victor Herbert.

A certain prominent Captain was overheard to observe: "Yea, the Americans come thru with their decorations."

Following another rendition by the band signaling dismissal, Col. Johnson's pilots caused a relief from the tension by an instructive diversion of

tricks in the air. Some of the acrobacies were: a steep bank, the deadly nose-dive and a successful "renversement". An A. R. C. Canteener, prominent in Kokomo society, was thrilled.

Those Crosses awarded represent the Chateau Thierry show for the greater part. While like liberal distribution of oak leaves would impart to a number of these fliers a regrettable resemblance to the speckled trout, it is popularly feared that the service is imperilled by frequent recognitions of the kind as it has long been the case with the aviators [of England, France and the dirty Germans.

Distinguished Service Crosses awarded in the First Pursuit Group:

Lieut. Edward V. Rickenbacker, five citations,

Capt. James A. Meissner, two citations,

Lt. Ralph A. O'Neill, two citations,

Captain Alfred A. Grant,

Lt. A. H. Jones,

Lt. K. S. Clapp.

D. S. C. were conferred by General Orders, but not presented because of reasons given below to the following pilots:

#### ABSENT IN AMERICA

Maj. David McK. Peterson

Lt. Douglas Campbell

#### ABSENT ON LEAVE

Lt. E. K. Rucker,

Lt. J. C. Raible Jr.

#### MISSING IN ACTION

Lt. W. L. Avery,

Lt. John Mac Arthur

Lt. Alan Winslow (prisoner)

Lt. Rebt Raymond

#### DIED FROM WOUNDS

Lt. Frederick Norton. This Cross will be awarded to his nearest relatives.



### LT. BROTHERTON'S CAREER

2nd Lieut. William E. Brotherton, of the ---th Aero Squadron, was graduated from the University of Illinois ground school Oct. 20, 1917. Going from there to Camp Mohawk, Ontario and later to Camp Taliaferro, Fort Worth, Texas, he took his flying training in the Canadian Training Squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps. He was commissioned in the Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps on January 28, 1918 and was immediately assigned to the ---th Aero Squadron, then being organized. He came overseas with that unit and took his advanced training at the American Aviation Fields in France, coming out to the front in May.

Lieut. Brotherton won for himself an enviable record as a skillful and daring pilot. He repeatedly volunteered for solitary or dangerous missions, and his work during the recent offensives was of the highest caliber. He was officially credited with 1 E. A., with 2 E. A. and 1 balloon awaiting confirmation at the time of his loss.

Lieut. Brotherton has been missing since Oct. 10, 1918 but whether he was killed or made prisoner is not known. The manner of his loss is characteristic of all his fighting. Penetrating the lines as far as the Hun balloons and heedless of the groups of Fokkers circling over him, he attacked a balloon on the ground. Evidently he was hit by fire from the ground, for he dove straight down on the balloon and was never seen to come out of the dive.

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