

High Adventure

Sometimes in moments when the mood is on, and I have no opportunity to write, I'm an awfully miserable chap. Then I remember my purpose, the reason why I'm here. I cool off, grit my teeth, and think about to-morrow's high patrol.

Why am I so eager to tell this story? Doubtless because it's such a corker. This is bad, for it makes me too much in love with easeful life. An aviator has no right to make plans beyond to-morrow.

The weeks passed, and with them came, from time to time, batches of manuscript, each accompanied by a vivid letter telling quite casually of adventures above the clouds. On the 16th of April, a brief cable was received: "Final ten thousand words posted. Hall."

Nothing more was heard until the 8th of May, when the morning papers contained the startling news that Captain Hall was missing after a fight with four German planes ten miles inside the German lines. The Associated Press report described the fight as follows:—

Captain Hall, with two others, was patrolling this morning between St. Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson. When they were over Pagny-sur-Moselle, four enemy albatross airplanes, painted with black and white stripes, were seen.

The Americans attacked, Captain Hall singling