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FROM PARIS TO BATTLE-FRONT IN AEROPLANE

Neutral Writer Taken Up and Gives His Experiences of the Many Sensations He Had.

London.—The following appears in the London Daily Mail as the experience of Ralph Pulitzer:

Headquarters of the Aviation Corps, Paris.—This afternoon I flew in a battleplane from Paris to the fighting lines, skirted these lines for a few miles, and flew back to Paris. We made the round trip without a break. I found myself sitting in a little cockpit strapped to a comfortable seat. In the floor of the little cockpit, right in front of my feet, was a little glass window, through which I could watch the ground passing directly (though some thousand feet) underneath.

At nearly 10,000 feet we straightened our angle and on an even keel roared away toward the front. In this lonely world of our own we flew forward at 80 miles an hour. The air was very thin and cold, but for some reason there was no rush of wind against my face. If I moved my head to right or left I could feel the wind from either propeller, but in the middle it was relatively calm.

The air felt very thin to breathe, and I had to swallow constantly to keep clearing my ears and the tubes at the back of my nose. On and on we flew, until finally I felt, instead of hearing, a violent rattling. Turning my head I saw the pilot hammering with his right fist on the deck between our cockpits to attract my attention. He grinned amicably and opened his mouth wide. I could see he was shouting at me, but could not hear the faintest sound over the roar of the propellers. He pointed to the whiteness below us a little to the right.

Then he wrote an imaginary word with his forefinger on the deck between us. I could not read it upside down. I opened my leather coat, and with the cold instantly biting in to my chest, hauled out my note book and pencil and stretched them out to him. He shook his head and indicated that he could not take both hands away from steering, so I buttoned up my coat again in some perplexity. Then without abruptness, with a certain sickening majesty, the aeroplane stood on its head and shot down on to the surface of the white sea below us. As it swallooned we began to spiral rapidly round as though we were tobogganing at top speed down a giant corkscrew.

The Violent Spiral
As we went on down through this white nothingness I became very dizzy. The propellers had slowed down, and I thought the engine had failed and that we were either falling, falling 10,000 feet, or making a forced descent. But the pilot sat still back above me, so I did likewise. Suddenly we spiralled violently down through the bottom of the cloud into sight of the earth again. Instantaneously the engines broke into their old roar and the aeroplane stopped pointing straight down and assumed a steep slant. If anyone ever breathed a sign of relief I did it then. I felt the rapping behind me. Looking round I saw the pilot pointing down at the earth ahead to our right and shouting quite silently at me. I shook my head. Then as we careened downward he stopped his motors, and in the sudden, deafening silence he shouted out "the front."

It takes quite a little time and trouble to discern the lines of opposing trenches, even when you stand on a quiet observation post with a general painstakingly pointing and explaining just where they run. Here, though we were now only 3,000 feet up, we were racing along the front at 80 miles an hour, and all my friend the pilot could do was to point here and there frantically. So among the maze of white lines I saw running below me through the hazy atmosphere, some which I took for trenches which were undoubtedly roads, some which I took for roads were equally undoubtedly trenches, while only a very few could I hesitatingly guarantee to have been trenches. The roar of the engine totally drowned all the reports of the guns and the explosions of the shells which are such a striking feature of the front.

No Battle Going On
To make matters still more undramatic there was no battle going on at the precise moment when we shot downward out of the clouds, but only a rather languid artillery exchange. Possibly had we hung around for a time we might have seen more, but the pilot and I both had important dinner engagements in Paris and the sun was getting very low.

So we reluctantly swept round, and leaving the silver band of the Aisne

behind us started for home. On and on without incident till the smoke of Paris came in sight, and on and on again till I looked down through a thousand yards or so of space on the aviation field from which I had started just one hour and twenty-five minutes earlier. Suddenly the motors stopped, the aeroplane heeled over on to the tip of its left wing, and pivoting round on it we began one dizzy spiral descent. First on one wing tip, and then on the other we cork-screwed dizzily down. First the whole surface of the earth would swiftly fly up, revolving as it came, and slap me on the left side of the face, then a fraction of a second later the same revolving surface would leave swiftly up to slap me on the right side of my face. This double spiral descent is certainly by all odds the dizziest proceeding that was ever devised by man. Finally, with a swoop which I made sure would carry away most of the chimney-pots of the suburbs, we made a beautiful glide and alighted smoothly on the grass of the aviation field as a canoe launched from a beach into a quiet lake.

The Machine Without a Wheel
There, one would think, our day had ended, but there was one very vivid thrill left. As the aeroplane came to a stop a mechanic came running up carrying a pneumatic wheel. He spoke a few sharp words to the pilot, and the latter asked me to get out quickly, that he would return and explain some of the details of our flight a little later on. So I scrambled into my place, carrying the wheel, and with a rattle and a roar the aeroplane rolled across the field and leapt up into the air again.

I joined some flight officers and asked what was the matter. They pointed to a machine a few thousand feet above us and explained that in leaving the ground that machine had lost one of its wheels. The airman was ignorant of this and unless warned in time would on trying to make his landing turn turtle and get killed. My pilot had gone up to meet him in the upper air and by waving the wheel at him indicate his predicament. "He understands," said some. "No, he doesn't," said others. "Get the ambulance ready," ordered the aviation captain. We all stood perfectly powerless and watched the machine spiral down. As he made his glide men stood in the field waving spare wheels at him to ensure his understanding. But no. Instead of landing tilted to the left on his sound wheel and tall he made his landing leaning over a little to the right where the wheel was missing. As it touched the ground the great machine buried its nose in the ground its tail rose and rose till it stood perpendicular, and then fell forward in a somersault. "He's finished; get the ambulance," ordered the captain. We all started at a run across the field towards the motionless aeroplane, the motor-ambulance following close on our heels. As we got to the wreck a figure crawled out and began to swear fluently at not having been warned in a way that a sane man could understand.

However, it isn't any more difficult to understand Henry James' explanation of why he became an Englishman than a lot of other things he has written.



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READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

Rapid Transit

For Mail Matter

(Editor Mail and Advocate)
Sir.—Some short time ago I saw a note in your paper relative to a postal card being eight days on the way from Brigus to St. John's. This is certainly some service; but Sir I can beat that to a frazzle. I would ask the Postal Officials through the columns of your paper if they can answer the following for me.

If it takes a post card eight days to reach St. John's from Brigus how long should it take a registered parcel to go from St. John's to Millertown and back to Campbellton? I have had a parcel on the way now since September 2nd, 1914, just one year and nine days; and up to the present I have heard nothing about it, although I have written several letters to the Post Master General.

It looks as if the whole postal service, under the Morris Government, has become rotten to the core.

Yours truly,

TRAVELLER.

Grand Bank, Sept. 11, 1915.

Want Satisfaction

For Mare Killed

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir.—When about 100 yards from the station here on Monday evening last, the 6 o'clock train killed a young mare belonging to William Muford of Clark's Beach. Now Sir when this kind of thing happens there is little or no redress to the sufferers, and I think it is high time that the authorities woke up and did their duty to the public. The killing of this horse yesterday afternoon was a disgraceful thing and one which calls for immediate investigation on the part of their authorities. If there was a fine put on every engine driver for every head of cattle he killed I can assure you there would not be so many killed as there are now. \$250.00 will not pay Muford for the loss of this young mare. The people here are with him in this matter and we are determined to have satisfaction.

Yours truly,

WITNESS.

Clark's Beach, Sept. 14, 1915.

Hot Weather

In the Levant

H. M. S. Diana,
Aug. 13th, 1915.

Dear Sister,—Just a few lines to let you know I am enjoying good health. I received a letter from you yesterday, the one you wrote July 14th. We are in Egypt now, and it is very warm. We have had no rain since leaving Plymouth. We are leaving this place to-morrow, but don't know what place we are bound for. I sent John a nice postcard last night with the Egyptian stamp on it. I hope it will reach him. There is a tremendous lot of yachting and swimming done out here. We have been away from England about six weeks, and don't know when we shall return again. The place ashore here is full of all classes of people. Russians, Arabs, French, Egyptians, Spaniards, etc.

Very proud to hear that all the fellows are getting married, good luck to them. I would like to be home and attend some of the weddings. Hope father is better. Kindest regards and best wishes to all.

Hoping to see you in some pleasant future day.

Your loving brother,

GIDEON WISEMAN,

Newman's Cove.

Germans Would Get Rid of Roosevelt

New York, Sept. 14.—Theodore Roosevelt has a small fortune awaiting him if he joins the British colors. George Gess, a real estate dealer, living at No. 1640 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, will hand over a certified check for \$10,000 if T.R. will shoulder a musket and start for France. He made the offer himself and said that other German-Americans living in Brooklyn would double the sum.

"I voted for Roosevelt three times," he said. "When he ran for Governor of New York I supported him, and I even went so far as to leave the Republican Party in his behalf. But he talks entirely too much for me. I want to see him back up some of his remarks. I want to see him start out like a real fighting man, and if he does I have \$10,000 I shall hand him."

"Roosevelt denounces Germany, and even insults our President, our Secretary of War and our whole Administration. What we citizens should do is to let Wilson alone."

Mr. Gess said that the men willing to offer the money were representative business men. He stipulated that Roosevelt should not get the money until he was actually on the firing line.

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George Neal

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