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FLYING MEN AND THEIR MARVELOUS WORK GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED

The Novelist, Jeffery Farnol, Uses His Pen to Paint Air Pictures — Unwritten Law Never to Desert Comrade Until He is Surely "Done For"

(Jeffery Farnol in New York Tribune)

A few short years ago flying was in its experimental stage; to-day, though man's conquest of the air is yet a dream unrealized it has developed enormously and to an amazing degree, to-day flying is one of the chief factors of this world war both on sea and land. Upon the Western front alone there are thousands upon thousands of airplanes—monoplanes and biplanes of hundreds of different makes and designs, of varying shapes and many sizes. I have seen giants armed with batteries and swivel guns and others mounting veritable cannon. Here huge bomb-dropping machines with a vast wing spread; solid steady flying machines for photographic work and the light swift climbing double-gunned battle planes capable of mounting 2,000 feet a minute and attaining a speed of 200 kilometers.

Of these last they are building scores a week at a certain factory I visited just outside Paris, and this factory is but one of many. But the men (or rather youths) who fly these aerial marvels—it is of these rather than the machines that I would tell since of the machines I can describe little even if I would; but I have watched them hovering unconcerned, by (and quite contemptuous of) the barking attention of "Archie" above white shrapnel bursts—fleece, innocent seeming puffs of smoke that go by the name of "wooly bears" I have seen them turn and hover and swoop swift and graceful as great eagles. I have watched master pilots of both armies, English and French, perform soul-shaking gyrations, high in air, feats quite impossible hitherto and never attempted until lately. There is now a course of aerial gymnastics which every flyer must pass successfully before he may call himself a "chasing" pilot; and from what I have observed it would seem that to become a pilot one must be either

all nerve or possess no nerve at all. Conceive a biplane, thousands of feet aloft, suddenly flinging its nose up and beginning to climb vertically as if intending to loop the loop, conceive of its banking suddenly and remaining for perhaps a full minute poised thus upon its tail absolutely perpendicular. Then, the engines switched off, consisting of ever helplessly, tail first, reversing suddenly and plunging earthward spinningly round and round very like the helpless flutter of a falling leaf. Then suddenly the engine roars again the twisting fluttering rear things become instinct with life, rights itself mechanically on its flashing pistons, swoops down in swift and headlong course, and, turning up as light as graceful as any bird.

Other nerve-shattering things they do, these soaring young demigods of the air—feats so marvellous to such earth-bound ones as myself fears, indeed, so wildly daring it would seem no ordinary human could be expected to attain unto. But in and around Paris, and at the front I have talked with, and known many of, these birdmen, both English, French and American, and have generally found them very human indeed, often shy, generally simple and unaffected and always modest of their achievements and full of admiration for seamen and soldiers, and heartily glad that their lives are not jeopardized by their aerial, or submarine, or muddy trenches, which sentiment I have heard fervently expressed not once but many times. Surely the ordinary understanding.

Fire Three Poe Machines.

"Yesterday there was much aerial activity on our front."

"Depots were successfully bombed and five enemy machines were forced to descend, three of them in flames. Three of ours did not return."

I shall never read these oft-recurring lines in the communiques without thinking of these three youthful figures so full of life and the joy of life, who we watched depart that dull and cloudy morning.

Here is just one other story dealing with three seasoned air fighters veterans of many deadly combats high above the clouds each of whom has more than the victor's laurel credit and whose combined ages total up to sixty of thereabouts. We will call them X, Y, and Z. X is an American, Y is an Englishman, whose peach-like countenance yet bears the newly healed scar of a bullet wound, and Z, is an Afriander. Here begins the story.

Upon a certain day of wind rain and cloud news came that the Boches were massing behind their lines for an attack, whereupon X, Y and Z, were ordered to go up and verify this. Gaily enough they started, despite unfavorable weather conditions. The clouds were low, very low, but they must fly lower, so at an altitude varying from fifteen hundred to a bare 1,000 feet crossed the German lines X, Y and Z, flying wing and wing behind Z's tail. Ah at once "Archie" spoke, a whole battery of anti-aircraft guns filled the air with smoke and whistling bullets—away went X's propeller, and his machine was hurled upside down immediately. Y and Z, rose by marvellous pilotage X managed to right his crippled machine and began to descend; promptly Y and Z descended, in the Air Service never to desert a comrade until he is surely "done for" and Z's hawk-like swoop from the clouds to draw the fire of the battery from their stricken companion; down they plunged through the battery smoke, firing their machine guns point blank as they came, and, swooping in long spirals their guns cracking viciously they mounted again and soared cloudward together, but there, among the clouds and in comparative safety, Z developed

engine trouble. Their ruse had served, however, for X had contrived to bring his shattered plane to earth safely behind the British lines. Meanwhile Y, and Z, continued on toward their objective, but Z's engine failed more and more, and finally leaving Y, to carry on alone, was forced to turn back. And now it was in the mist ahead he beheld another machine which, coming down upon him proved to be a German, who, mounting above him, promptly opened fire.

Bullets Carry Away Gear.

Z, struggling with his balking engine, had his hands pretty full. Moreover, his opponent, owing to greater speed, could attack him from precisely whatever angle he chose. So they wheeled and flew, Z endeavoring to bring his gun to bear, the German keeping skillfully out of range, now above him, now below, but ever behind and behind, thus the Boche, flying in Z's tail, had him at his mercy; a bullet ripped his above, another smashed his speedometer, yet another broke his gauge; slowly and by degrees nearly Z's gear was either smashed or carried away by bullets.

All this time it is to be supposed that Z, thus defenceless, is wheeling and turning as well as his crippled condition will allow, endeavoring to get a shot at his elusive foe; but as he told me, he felt it was his finish, so he determined, if possible, to ram his opponent and crash down with him through the clouds. Therefore waiting until the Boche was aiming at him from directly below, he threw his machine into a sudden dive. Thus for one moment he had him in range, for a moment only, but the range was close and deadly and Z fired off half his tray as he saw the heading down upon his astonished foe. All at once the German waved an arm and sagged over sideways, his great battleplane wavering uncertainly, and as it began to fall Z, avoided the intended collision by inches. Down went the German machine down and down, and watching, Z saw it plunge through the clouds wrapped in flame.

These are but two stories among dozens I have heard, yet these I think will suffice to bring out something of the spirit animating those young paladins. The spirit of Youth is surely a godlike spirit, unconquerable care-free, undying. It is a spirit to which fear and defeat are things to smile and wonder at, to whom risk and dangers are joyous episodes and Death himself, whose face their youthful eyes have so often looked into, friend familiar by close acquaintance.

Upon a time I mentioned the same thought to an American aviator, who nodded his youthful head and answered in this manner:

"The best fellows generally go first, and such a lot are gone now that there'll be a whole bunch of them waiting to say 'Hello, old way?'"

RE-CIVILIZATION AND HOW IT FEELS

Gradual Change of View-point Induced in a Convalescent Home

This article was written by Sergt. Frank Giolma, an ex-patient of the Esquimalt Military Convalescent Hospital in British Columbia.

A week of intermittent furies of rain, heralding winter, would appear to have made the majority of the nine hundred and thirty-two patients in "J" Unit turn with added zest to the numerous schools, and vocational training classes in general carried on for their benefit. This work is proving of much greater benefit than at any rate the public in general and the invalids themselves at first thought.

It takes three months to turn a civilian into a soldier, common sense dies, he cannot do his army habits as easily as his khaki, and take up the old trend of his civilian life as if he had never left it. I doubt that that it was the old habit of turning Tommy loose, right from the field of battle, back to the old civil freedom that caused so many to overstep the mark, and by their actions bring the uniform into disrespect. It is in prolonging this change from discipline to freedom, and at the same time making the soldier begin to occupy his mind with matters other than military, that the vocational section and indeed the whole management of the convalescent hospitals is "J" Unit are doing such excellent work. While a patient himself, the writer has watched with ever growing interest the latest herd of the returned soldier slowly giving place to an ever deepening interest in the

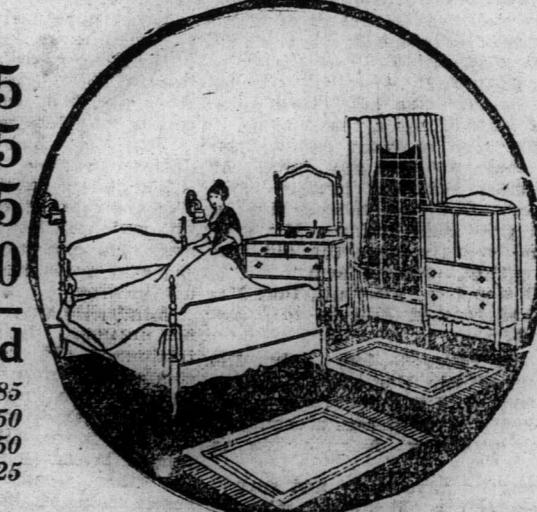


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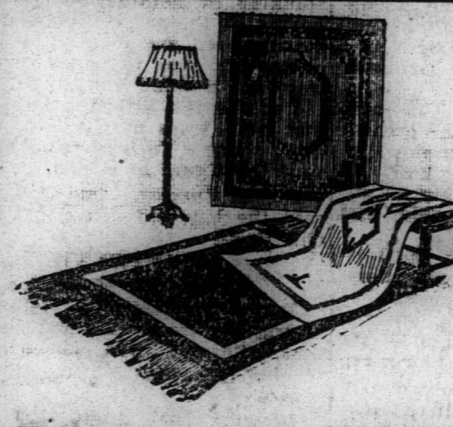


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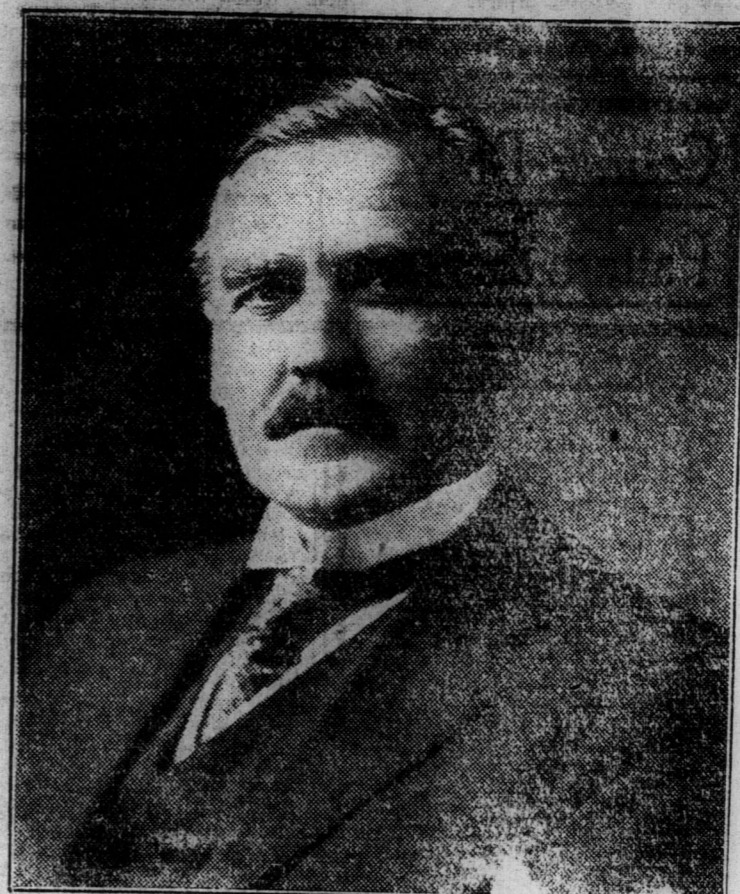
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Things that are so important in civilian life, but which he had sloughed when he donned khaki, and in many cases only remembered vaguely as a dream dream many months ago.

First Three Weeks.

The majority of men who return from France are for a short period mentally unfitted for civil life. The change is too drastic, the swing of the mental pendulum so sudden, that equilibrium is temporarily lost, and if a man is trying to hold down a job he most probably fails, when his brain has been slowly brought back to normal; he would not only have made good but actually proved himself a better man and workman than he was before he joined the Army. The study of the police reports of any of the "J" Unit Hospitals corroborates this, except in the case of incorrigible characters it is noticeable that lapses from decorum in all and every respect occur, if at all, within the first two or three weeks of a man's return. Under the system employed in "J" Unit the delinquent while being dealt gently with is at the same time impressed with the fact that he is still in the Army and has to play the game. The iron discipline of the Service is there and can be enforced if necessary but is not blatantly and jauntingly apparent; indeed the patient is never reminded of its existence unless he goes out of his way to look for trouble.

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GERMANS AFRICAN BURN

Carriers Left After Flo Star

TERRIBLE GERMAN

Natives Murdered

British

(By Capt. Rowe, in A

"The treatment by the Germans of their captives, including prisoners of war, is a disgrace to the civilized world, and women; in fact who cannot run a them together until they die of exhaustion. In follow trail from Malaya kept finding dead Nor after an additional more about kari, but just last

The above is an official report received from a British soldier. The knowledge of the griming of the to death in the manner must determine of an end once for state of affairs.

Every Co

This unimpaired General Northey evidence of a sin every colony that fortune to be in overwhelming. In this report the the utter before the ing ears. She and again in London branch in Leeds in the works of writers, to shrink calculated to him advantage. This she has kept her coarsely. It is visible, now that peat of defeat is as far as possible and utterances of the past before cent dees of Ge keeping with the ed in the past in against her

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