

Royal Flying Corps who had, as his officer said, "the heart of a lion."

He was one of the British air squadron which went up to chase off the enemy from what they called "the fortress of London." He flew almost by himself right into the middle of the German squadron, and both he and his observer at once opened fire upon the enemy. The Germans replied and Young's machine was literally pelted with bullets on all sides.

But there was no retreat for the young British airman. "He flew straight on," wrote the officer in command, "until he must have been riddled with bullets. The machine then put its nose right up into the air and fell over and went spinning down into the sea from 14,000 feet."

The brave boy was entangled in the wires of his machine and though a patrol boat dashed out to the rescue he could not be saved. The observer shared the same fate and the same glory.

For it was a glorious death to die for the mother city of the Empire and to fall upon the sea which knits that Empire together, but which no longer serves England

—"in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house  
Against the envy of less happier lands."