

PLANE NEWS

Published Every Saturday at A. P. O. 724

A. E. F. France

Managing Editor: 1st Lieut. Herbert M. Ogg
 Editor: Sgt. Geo. D. Wilcox
 Associate Editor: Sgt. Geo. W. Lynn
 Sport Editor: Pvt. James R. Glauque
 Art Editor: Cpl. Geo. D. Alexander
 Asst. Art Editor: Pvt. Timoleon Johnston
 Circulation Manager: Sgt. Geo. W. Wessells

Copy for publication must be in the hands of the Editor not later than Wednesday.

Subscription Rates: Five Francs for Six Months, Payable in Advance.

**"All For One Aim—
 One Aim For All."**

THE TILTON PRIZE

LIEUTENANTS Winslow, Campbell, Sewall and O'Neill, four all American flyers who went through the American camps of France on the front, have been awarded the Tilton prizes for bringing down three or more German planes.

The honorarium given by Uncle Sam to these aviators is presumably adequate for the Air Service in its entirety; but it is felt by the donor of the prizes that the successful airmen, fighting his battle alone and without direction, is endowed with qualities of a high order—skill, intelligence, initiative, sang-froid and exceptional courage.

These qualities command in the war service distinguished honors and emoluments.

The four are well-known in the American Air Forces; are typical Americans; full of life, pep and sunshine, are cool-nerved, clear-eyed and level-headed. Honors are justified.

The prizes for aviators bringing down three or more German planes were inaugurated by Curtis Tilton of Philadelphia and total 10,200 francs, including 5,000 francs contributed by the Duc and Duchess Talleyrand, and 200 francs from a "L.H.B."

These prizes are to be divided among the first five American aviators bringing down the required three or more German aeroplanes.

The old Knights of the Air transferred from Allied Armies are not eligible.

BULL

SOME men are not exactly liars, but artists of camouflage. The simple English is "bull."

From *The Daily Advocate*, Belleville, Illinois, U. S. A., is printed part of a communication from a Geo. T. Shuster, a daring cook in the 4th Aero Squadron.

It happens this squadron is stationed in a far-peaceful part of England. An occasional glimpse of Gothas is as near as the battle and strife in France ever reaches them.

But read the letter, which was headed "Yanks Went After Member Taken Prisoner."

"George T. Shuster, a member of the 4th Aero Squadron, American Expeditionary Forces, has just written a letter to the First National Bank of this city in which he states that the boys are enjoying their 'jaunt after the Kaiser immensely.' The letter is dated May 30, 1918.

"The other day Fritz made a surprise attack and took one of our lads prisoners," writes Shuster. "As soon as this was found out the Sammies went over and brought him back along with a fine Hun for good luck. In the big drive which the Germans are putting on now the Allies are giving a little ground now and then, but you can bet that Fritz is paying for it with dead men."

Shuster didn't lie. The incident happened. He read of it probably in the *Daily Mail* or some other paper that reaches the abode of his squadron, far from the factual strife of war, yet he words his letter in a manner as to construe that the 4th Squadron are rip-snorthing-go-gettum-fire-eaters.

Shuster's letter is an example of the near-untruths that are written to leave certain impressions. The Belleville papers have grabbed on such letters and used hear-say facts time and time again.

Their editors have been thoroughly explained the ways of the Air Service. They should know the difference between officers, cadets and enlisted mechanics. They continually print stories of "lieutenants" who are bucks, of rookies who are pulling heavy air stuff in England after four months in the army, and of squadrons that are "stationed" in Italy.

The Belleville papers are typical of many papers in the States.

Why in the name of all that is Holy can't editors use their heads and learn bull from facts.

Aerial "Gunning" With the Camera Effective Practice for the Pilot

Two pilots may begin training at the same time. One may develop into a better flier, but the other may, by natural inclination, take a hankering after the shooting end of the game. He will probably spend every available minute in aerial gunnery practice. In some cases airmen have been known to do everything but sleep with his gun. It has often been said that next to his plane, the chase aviator loves his gun, for while it is true that his life depends on his plane when he is flying, just so does his life depend on the working of the gun and his ability to use it when the enemy is combated.

When both fliers have been sent to the front, it is found that the one who

developed immediately after he lands, teaches the aviator in a very short time. Certainly the camera detects a man's mistake better than the man himself could with the naked eye if he were firing at some object in practice.

The accompanying photographs are a few selected at random from the photographic record of an American flier. He has been taught how to judge distance in the air, the way to figure deflection, and at what point to shoot ahead of him on his line of flight. If the object plane of his fire is moving in the same direction ahead of him, he learns that deflection is not necessary to figure and that all he has to do is get within range which would be two hundred

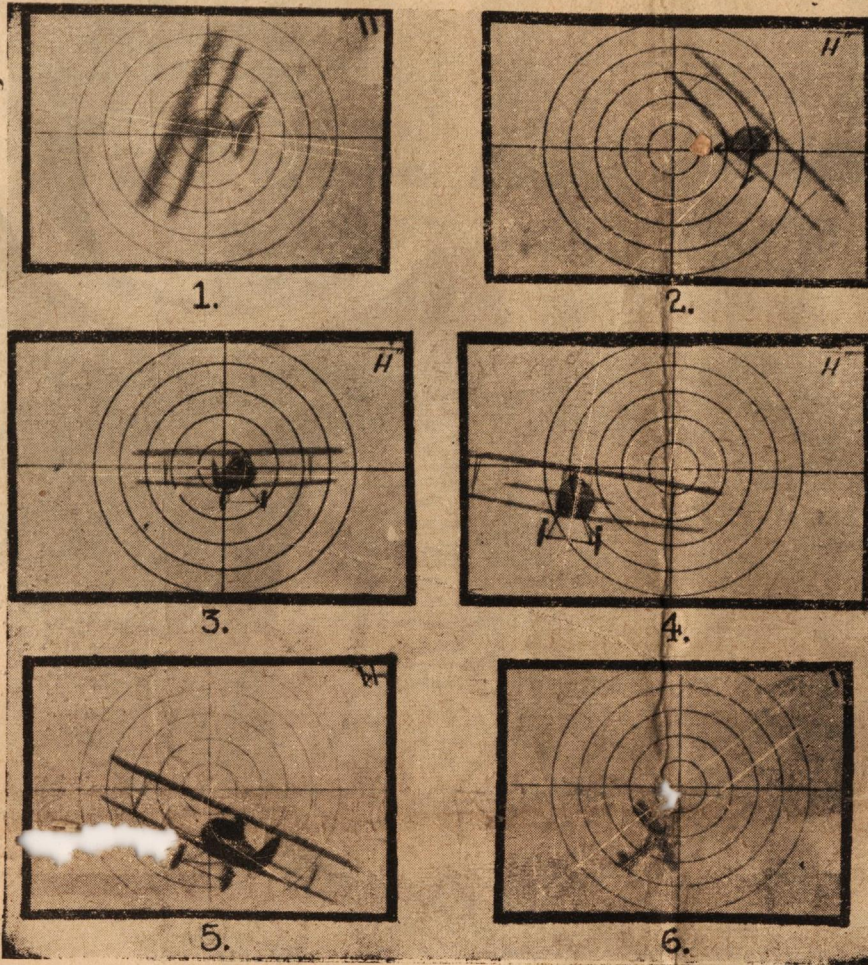


Figure 1. Poor. Line of flight right. No deflection allowed.
 Figure 2. Line of flight wrong. Plane would not have been hit.
 Figure 3. Good shot. Little ahead and little below.
 Figure 4. Direct miss. Line of flight way off.
 Figure 5. Line of flight below true center. Deflection correct. Plane would have been hit by few bullets.
 Figure 6. Miss. Plane would not have passed center.

is the better shot is the one who piles up the successes. Indeed, he is the one most apt to survive and be of real service to his country.

How Uncle Sam is training his aviators to shoot is a long story involving considerable technical detail. Hours and hours of gunnery study is required of every pilot, who before he ever touches the trigger is schooled in deflection, synchronization, calibration, the study of the bullet, and numerous other things on which his success as a gunner depends. Of all, perhaps the most interesting part is the work done with the camera gun.

"Shooting" With a Lens

The Camera gun is a device that in appearance, resembles the regular type Lewis Machine gun. Instead of its muzzle letting loose volleys of bullets, a lens is fitted and the inside so constructed that when the flier has his adversary in correct sight and range and the trigger is pulled, a picture is made, which, when developed, shows just where his shot was at fault. Constant practice in the air, and the study of his mistakes through these pictures which are de-

veloped immediately after he lands, teaches the aviator in a very short time. Certainly the camera detects a man's mistake better than the man himself could with the naked eye if he were firing at some object in practice.

Ten Bullets to the "Burst"

Approximately ten bullets are fired to every burst or volley in actual aerial gunfire. This, for the reason that ten bullets if fired within proper range will hit on approximately every object within a radius of thirty feet at that distance. So if the shot is properly directed the enemy plane will pass through his fire and thus be put out of control, set fire to, or perhaps the pilot will be killed, thereby causing the ship to be destroyed.

Unlike the real machine gun, the camera gun only takes one picture to every burst, as when the picture has finally been developed it will show just what portions of the target machine would have come under the gun's fire. And through continuous study of the pictorial record of his "shooting" the flier quickly learns to correct his misses and effect accurate hits.

being exactly complied with. Kind consideration will lighten the work of all concerned at the mending shop.

Bucks Get In Movies--Oh, Boy!

Pictures of the 3rd Aviation Instruction Center were shown at "local theatres" recently and more than one buck got to see his image as others see him.

Buck Pessemist says that while the movies were being taken, the gang washed aeroplanes more energetically than they ever washed them before.



OF COURSE, "IF"

A big crowd attended a lecture on Perpetual Motion once and drank in a lot of dope about how the new company that was being formed would have the world at its feet. But nary a word was spoken of the machine. Of course there was none.

Reminds us of the Germans having abolished the idea that they can feed their people with victory talk. While their present retreat is going on the press confines itself to telling the people what victory would mean to them.

Of course it would, if ---!

INTACT

Flier (just having landed): "Sergeant, I think a couple of those cylinders are missing."

Sergeant (counting them): "No, they are all here, sir."

FARE ENOUGH

May I suggest conductors' jobs
 For all our wounded Bills and Bobs?
 'T would be a stunt beyond compare,
 For "none but brave deserve the fare."

KONGRESSIONAL KIDDERS

Mr. Greene of Vermont: "The trouble is that in aviation it is literally true that the sky is the limit."—*Congressional Record*.

AND THIS IS FAME!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We may win our meed of praise
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Brand-new legal holidays!

AN AVIATOR WOULD CALL IT ACES

Buck Billings says that the trouble with playing poker in a rest camp is that an Engineer will call trumps a spade, when a doughboy M. P. insists on calling it a club.

Rearin' Rookie: "What do you consider the age old discretion?"

Hardboiled Serg: "When a buck learns not to argue over fatigue."

ALSO ADD COOTIES AND COLONELS

Famous Lovers:

Eve and the Serpent.
 Satan and Mrs. Medusa.
 The Kaiser and the Furies.
 John Barleycorn and Lady Nicotine.—*Life*.

Generally speaking it is hardly safe for a man that drives an ammunition wagon to make light of his work.

HA' YE GOT A POSTAGE STAMP

He's a Comin', is the Gen'ral
 For to visit our camp,
 I ha' something for to ask him,
 "Ha' ye got a postage stamp?"

For I ha' written a classic
 Who is in a German camp,
 And I cannot post the letter
 Till I get a postage stamp.

Ay, they took her from the village
 When they pushed us back a mile,
 And I'm thinkin' on her alays
 And the beauty of her smiles.

It was winsome, it was bonnie,
 How she smiled into my eyes,
 Aye, the Gen'ral's self would love her,
 And be covettin' my prize.

I'll no tell her name to any
 So ye need na try to guess.
 'Tis a sound o' gentle music,
 'Tis a lingerin' caress.

But I'll tell him how to help me,
 When he comes to see our camp,
 I ha' one thing for to ask him,
 "Ha' ye got a postage stamp?"

D. L., (Y. M. C. A.)

SUMMER GIRLS AND SOME ARE OLDER

The bathing suits worn at summer resorts
 Are fashioned entirely wrong;
 Although they're designed to make women look short,
 They make all the fellows look long.

THE REASON

It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes; so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here am some place," replied Rastus. "All we has ter do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebry now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no' more dan two hours out ob twenty-four down here. But tell me Sam, how is it with you yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in the mawnin' an' gathah in de stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how come it y' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short on help up here."

HOW ABOUT IT?

All the world kids a lover. But what the world loves is a kiddier.

THE CONSERVATIONIST'S WAIL

Father Adam—Lucky brute
 Had us moderns beat a mile!
 Never found last summer's suit
 Full of moths and out of style.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY OF PUBLIC MONEYS

Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers and Men of the

American Expeditionary Forces

Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable.

Capital and Surplus - - - - \$50,000,000
 Resources more than - - - - \$600,000,000

AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

What We Can Do With the Old Paraphernalia "Après le Guerre"

By "Alex"

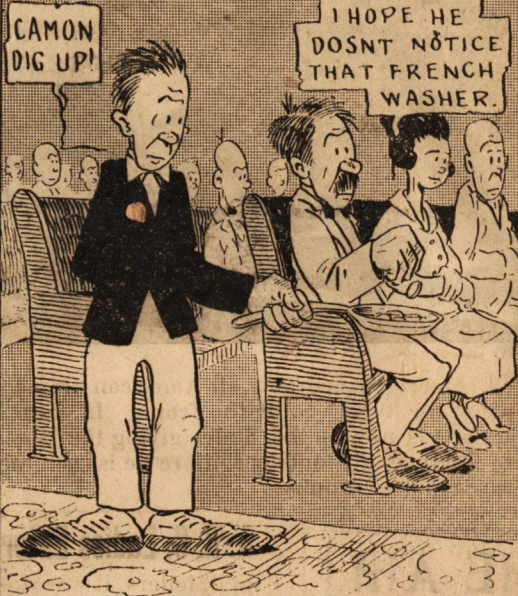
THE OLD GAS MASK WILL BE QUITE USEFUL WHEN TH' OLD BIRDS BATTING AVERAGE IS 1000 PER



- OR -



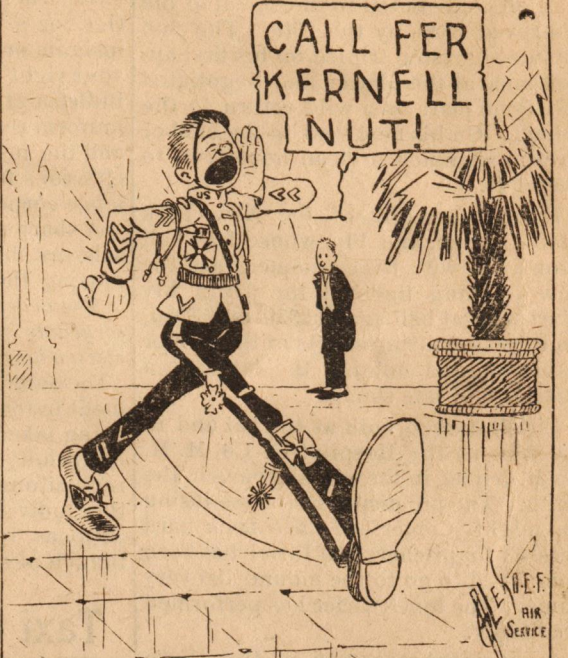
CONTRIBUTIONS CAN BE COLLECTED IN TH' OLD MESS GEAR. TENTCENTIME PEICES WILL SOUND LIKE A WHOLE WILLIAM.



THIS OLD PACK CARRIER'S GOT IT ALL OVER TH' OLD HAND-KERCHIEF STYLE. I'LL SAY!



THE OLD DECORATIONS WILL COME IN HANDY FOR BELL HOPS "APRÉS L' GUERRE."



STEEL HELMETS CAN BE PUT TO GOOD ADVANTAGE AS WASH BASINS IN HOTELS -OR-



SNEAKING IN AT 2 A.M. WILL HOLD NO TERRORS FOR HENRY AND HIS TIN CHAPEAU.



NIGHT DETAILS IN TO NO MAN'S LAND WILL INSTILL A SENSE OF DIRECTION THAT WILL ENABLE TH' WINEOS TO FIND THE MISPLACED KEYHOLE WITH OUT GIVING AN ALERT.



LAZY LINES

By Lynn

The other day
When a rookie blew
In headquarters
Wanting to know
Who was the
C. O. and what an
Orderly had to
Do the hard-
Boiled C. O. sez:

"Do you belong
To the army."

And the rookie
Sed "No, he was
Drafted for the
Duration of
This expedition."

On being questioned
The rookie also
Admitted to the
C. O. it was the first
Time he ever pulled
The orderly stunt.

So the C. O. tells
Him to take
His chair at the
Maple desk and
He would go out
& would return,
Reporting as a
Regular dyed-in-the-
Wool military
Orderly should do.

So the C. O. beat
It and the
Rookie sat down
At the shrine.

He also propped his
Feet among the
Papers and lit one

Of the C. O.'s Hab-
Nana Manilaropes.

It was a great
Experience for the
Rural rookie.

There was a brisk
Knock at the door.

The rookie lazily
Yawned and sed
"Come in."

The C. O. stepped
Smartly up in front
Of the desk, clicked
His heels together,
Saluted, stood
At attention and
Reported:

"Sir, Private
Roughneck reports
As orderly of
The day."

The rookie slipped
The ashes from his
Cigar and
Yawned again.

The C. O. still stood
At attention to
See how the rookie
Will pull the
Military stuff.

The rookie yawned
Again and sed:

"Alright, sweep out
And go to
Your bunk—that'll
Be all for today."

Rumors and Rumbles

THE EPISTLES OF PETE
By GENE D. ROBINSON

"Somewhere in Russia."
Juneski, 19—

Dearski Steve:—The reason I didn't write you today was that we had horse for dinner. Outside of that they wasn't nothing but regulation khaki colored water and theys not enough time in one afternoon to eat that there steak we have and write a letter too. I bet they aint. I guess it is all because the mess sergeant can't read these here French calendars and figgers that they call for three months and not three meals a day and if he figgers that way he ought to be decorated for doing his duty. I bet he ought. But outside of that everything is lovely.

They was a stranger come up to eat dinner with us and he asked a bird if we had good meals and this here bird tells him he don't know as he has only been here three months. But we can always figger on one good meal a week and I will say that it takes figgers as you got to add up the whole weeks meals to be able to say they was one good one and I don't say figgers don't lie either. If this here mess sergeant of ours was to start a restaurant he would have to put on his menu "pay before eating" and even then they would wreck his place with riots. If they was to give him charge of feeding the German army they would be peace in three days and the only reason we don't die from indigestion is that they aint never nothing "indestomach" and our stomachs has all broke off diplomatic relations with our mouths and theys ultimatiums sent everytime our stomachs figger we is having a meal.

The number of meatless meals we have in a month looks like Ty Cobbs batting record for a season and I guess this here bird of a mess sergeant figgers he is a second Hoover and if Shermn had

of seen some of these meals he would of added a lot to "hell". If that there bird Robert E. Peary had of had this here mess sergeant with him when he started up to the pole he would of never went further than Maine and I bet that bird could of fed more than five thousand with them there five fishes back in the year 600 Before Baseball. And if they was to start to using cavalry again in this here war I guess we would starve and according to some of this here steak they don't need no armor to protect horses. I bet they don't.

Only thing that keeps down a riot at dinner is that we aint eating on meal tickets and because they is a Red Cross here. They was one bird made a mistake and eat his shoe for dinner and according to him that's the only time he ever had a good meal here but that may be just another rumor. The only difference between our dinners and breakfasts is six hours and the only difference in the drinks is that the water for dinner is clear. When they have hot cakes they is as tough as losing your girl and I have to watch to keep from making that there original mistake of eating my mess gear lid for a cake. As they just have them there hot cakes once a month I figger that they think our shoes need soling about that often and if they is a air raid here I hope I can get under some of that dough they use. I bet I do.

These here suppers aint got nothing on their sidekicks outside of that we can sleep afterwards and forget it. They is one thing we have regular for supper and thats the same we have for dinner and if this here mess sergeant bird feeds us according to our character I guess we is all Jesse James. They have pie every day in the week outside of the first seven days and we will have steak and eggs just as soon as peace is declared and the cooks will have to take cooking by mail if they learn to cook and outside of that everything is lovely.

Answer soon as they is a war of movement started and leave half of the stamp

OCIFER, CALL A COP

Went into the barber shop the other day to get a shave and do you know every barber in the place was shaving mugs.

I said to the barber nearest me: "How is business?" He said: "Rather dull; we are just scraping along."

The barber who was shaving me had a very bad breath. He said: "Shall I shave you close?" I said: "No; stand back!"

He said: "What will you have on your face?" I said: "Nothing if you keep on." "Ah, ha!" said he; "have you ever tried any of our hair tonic?" "No," said I; "but a friend of mine did. He drank two bottles and now he has a hair lip."

"What will you have on your head?" said the butcher—I mean the barber. "My hat," said I, as I was going thru the door.

THE KING OF GAMBLERS

All men are gamblers, whate'er the stakes. Whether for love, riches or a fleeting fame matters not. 'Tis the thrill of gambling that takes us and binds us fast in the meshes of the game. We play and all else is forgotten when we lay our wager. And we in breathless suspense await the cast of the die. Win or lose none can say which it will be—that answer must be made by fate. Hail to the King of Gamblers, the fighter of the air. For he wagers that which cannot be replaced, His life. With which no other wager can compare. Life, that fleeting span when once it has in haste departed from us, returneth not, and we go back, Back to that mysterious void from which we came. But the King of Gamblers reckons not, but follows in the track Of countless other players, who have staked their life 'gainst fame. He needs must win at every play, for one false throw And he has lost his all. He has no more to stake. And if he win a fame is his as fleeting as the snow That falls on a winter day. Still he must take the Chance. For the game has claimed him for its prey. And tho' he win again and yet again the time draws near When he must lose. And with the life he staked his wager pay, Hail to the King of Gamblers, the fighter of the air. —ANONYMOUS.

unlicked for me and hoping you are the same. Fastingly, PETE.

WHISKERS

See them on the boulevards, up and down the Avenue. Brown and black and pappled ones, legitimate and parvenu.

Some are silk and satin-like. Others coarse and Latin-like.

Rugged, knurly. Stubborn-curly.

Sprouting in a burly-burly. Here a dash and there a tang.

Here the classic, there the slang. But the cut and curl of fashion

Index of a worldly station. Stately, diplomatic whiskers

Side by side with stubbly friskers. Some, entangled in the wind,

Float like antennae behind. Others, firmer, hold together

In the teeth of wind and weather. Some like spearheads, others brooms,

Some like monumental tombs. In one ecstatic flight conceived,

Of some tonsorial mind relieved, Which, overburdened, sought its ease

In shaping whiskers after trees And shrubs and works of ancient Masters,

Planting them like gluey pasters O'er a face which ne'er was meant

To bristle with such coarse intent. Whiskers, whiskers. Scraggly whiskers.

Turpentine and beeswaxed whiskers, Scabrous whiskers, Knotted whiskers,

Lubricated, glabrous whiskers. Monumental alabaster,

Sprouting slow or sprouting faster,— See them on the Avenue, Legitimate and parvenu.

—CLIFFORD B. CRESCENT,
496 Aero Squadron, A. E. F.

Father Said He Was King and Mother Crowned Him

Did I ever tell you where I met my wife? No? Then listen, my children, and you shall hear how I got stung for life I fear.

I met her in I—. Yes; that's a town. Not a regular town, you understand, but just a volunteer. It's one of those towns the farther away from it you get, the better you like it. It's the only town in the world that could turn out a woman like my wife. If they had turned her out sooner she would have been better off.

BATTER UP!

Snappy fielding, the mighty bat wielded by Trettin, coupled with the high class article of pitching displayed by Haskell contributed to the defeat of the improved 33rd by the 26th. The fast blonde shortstop tripled on his first appearance at the platter and negotiated the home plate on a wild return to the infield. On his next visit to the rubber Trettin slammed a clean home run to deep left.

Huber, formerly of the New York State League, and Fly, whose fast ball is on a par with his cognomen, are the new pitching finds of the 33rd. Fly twirled great ball against 35th and 32nd, limiting the hitting efforts of the former to one hit and holding the latter to a quartette of safe slams.

Eirich starred both at the bat and in the box in the Hospital-1st Co. M. M. clash, driving in the winning runs in the ninth. The pill dispensers since losing the mighty Comerford have been hard pressed for pitchers and Eirich has been compelled to go to the mound in every game. The lone twirler has performed creditably.

An incident occurred in the above mentioned battle which demonstrated the good sportsmanship that characterizes the diamond sport as played by our local major leaguers. Rapp of the Motor Macks had reached third and attempted to score on a grounder to short. The flying runner and the speedily returned ball arrived at the plate simultaneously but Kimball, Hospital's crack catcher, apparently tagged the runner out and the umpire rendered his decision. Rapp immediately protested that the catcher had dropped the ball in the mix-up. Lieut. Brownlee, handling the indicator, had not seen it and put the matter up to Kimball who frankly admitted dropping the sphere. The decision was reversed and the runner called safe.

The 13th Co. M. M., a newcomer in the National League, has proved a pretty tough nut to crack. Its present standing would appear to be no criterion of their true strength. Starting off against the 1st Co. M. M., the 13th Co. M. M. dropped a close one by a 2-1 score. Following came a tie game, 2-2, with the 32nd, then another 5-5 with the 26th. The play-off of the first dead-lock resulted in another close defeat by the count of 5-4. In its latest encounter the 13th Co. triumphed over the Hospital nine by 2-1.

In all around team play the 32nd appears to possess considerable class, especially in the outfield. Milan, Wills and Forney comprise an outfield which gobbles everything hit to the outer gardens a la the old Boston Red Sox matchless trip. "Pep" Hayes on first enlivens the inner defense with his snappy work and is a power at the bat and on the paths. In the 32nd-13th Co. argument Hayes stretched a mere single into a round trip by dint of fast foot work and a pair of wild heaves.

No runs were scored in the 1st Co.-30th contest until the seventh when the run-making efforts of two adversaries were aided and abetted by the gathering darkness. 1st Co. scored one run in their half and 30th did likewise and had two runners on when Empire Jennings called the game for fear of someone sustaining an injury from a thrown ball in the darkness. The score accordingly reverted to the count at the end of the 6th, 0-0.

INSIGNIFICANT INSIGNIA- LESS NON-COMS NOW

Whoops, Me Deah! The Stamp of S. O. S. Must Disappear from the Great Chow Grabbers

Whether you are Q. M., M. C., S. C., O. C. or S. O. L., you've gotta cut that insignia outta that one chevron left on your right chow grabber. According to Bulletin 24, Hq. S. O. S., A. E. F., U. S. uniform regulations have been changed and the insignia of arm of service on chevrons for sergeants, corporals and lance corporals must be eliminated.

A sharp razor blade or a keen pair of scissors should be used in carefully removing the insignia from the chevron.

The order is interpreted not to include sergeants first-class and master signal electricians.

The bulletin has caused favorable comment in that it is one of the many steps being taken by the government toward uniformity, causing less paper work on requisitions, supply departments and the individual non-com himself who happens to be transferred from one branch of service to another.

Taxi In Paris? Never!

"Where to, sir?"

The old familiar song. But it will give the average soldier a start to hear it so far away from dear old New York. Yet, it is heard every day by the "American Officer" who is fortunate enough to get to Paris.

The A. R. C. has provided another comfort for the lost sheep in the great city. Every train is met by a well groomed driver who backs his bus against the Gare D'Orsay door, and waits for the U. S. officers who may emerge from within the depths of the great French terminal. And without cost quickly conveys one to any part of Paris.

For the service the only recompense realized by the proprietors is good will. One who has business in the metropolis and who has had occasion to make use of this fine service knows how much appreciated it is.

Libraries Overseas Increased

Official announcement has been made through the heads of the American Red Cross abroad that a large shipment of books from the States have arrived in France and will soon be distributed around to the various libraries already established in the A. E. F.

The shipment, according to the information received, includes story books, technical books and magazines.

CATHOLIC SERVICES

Commencing Sunday, Aug. 17, two Masses will be celebrated at this field every Sunday. The first Mass will be at 7:30 a. m. and the second at 9:00 a. m.

Monday, Aug. 18, at 6:30 a. m. there will be a Mass of Requiem for our soldiers who have fallen in battle.

Confessions every Saturday 4:00 to 6:00 p. m. and 7:00 to 9:30 p. m.

SIGMA NU FRATERNITY

All members of the Sigma Nu Fraternity who can so arrange are invited to meet the Regent of the Fraternity for dinner at the Hotel Wagram, Paris, Monday evening, August 26th at 6 p. m.

—European Edition New York Herald.
Capt. R. G. Pulliam Jr. 3rd A. I. C. requests all members of the Sigma Nu at this Center to get in touch with him as an effort is to be made to organize a Fraternity in this section.

FIRST HUN PLANE DOWNED BY ALL-AMERICAN 'AIRNAT'



Lt Douglas Campbell, American ace and all-American trained flier brought down the first Boche plane for the U. S. at the front. Lt. Campbell since has downed four more planes and is now in the States giving the benefit of his experience to those who are to follow in his footsteps. Here he is seen together with the burning debris of America's first air trophy.

OUTA THE AIR

Nearer to Adam's Style Every Day

1919 styles of men's clothes in the U. S. will be more simplified and permit of fewer varieties than ever before, according to a government order sent to clothing manufacturers. Clothing salesmen will carry practically no samples and the males who are not khaki clad will likely wear tight-fitting, shape-exposing coverings in an effort to conserve cloth.

Clean Mugs for Pershing's Fighters

'Course most of us bucks hev got a Gem Dam-aski, an Oughto Strop or a Police Gillette and keep our faces pretty well mowed. But the government means to make doubly sure and provision is being made to issue every man in the A. E. F. a razor. Yeah, and if you've been shinin' your shoes with your hair brush or accidentally swallowed your toothbrush Uncle Sam will issue one of those too.

What Becomes of Bank Profits

It's nothing new to us that banks make money. Shure, that's what they're in business for. But they're not going to any more. May sound funny, still the Senate has enacted a bill giving the directors of all national banks authority to give all dividends to the Red Cross. C'mon you depositors in the States, fill up the banks. Now you can even save money and be patriotic.

End Cabarets in New York

No more high kicking and jazzy music with meals in New York. Maybe! The death knell is likely to be sounded any day by the greatest city's latest proposed ordinance. Oh, poor people. And here we are over here having music with our meals—every meal. Uuhh, bugle music and the harmony of 150 chawing chawers eating soup. Now will you join the army?

Girls in Overalls for the L. L. L. L.

Building "the cavalry of the air" is no little job. Uncle Sam has recruited all competent and available help. Out west in Oregon with the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen who are cutting the spruce that goes into our planes is an "overalled" corps of lumberwomen. Us ginks got a peek at such things coming through England and France. Yep, it was nice alright, but we think we would like to go back home.

A. R. C. Ladies Entertain Band

Well, fellers, it was too bad that you were not there on Thursday night to enjoy the fun but as it was a most exclusive affair, even the PLANE NEWS representative experienced great difficulty in gaining admission.

Members of the 1st Air Service Band received a well deserved opportunity to enjoy a real dance, the ladies of the A. R. C. having cleared the officer's dining room for the event.

Music was furnished by the "Motor Macks" orchestra which seemed anxious that the Band should have the best.

The A. R. C. ladies served real American ice cream and home made cake which recalled to the boy's minds the days when they were kids.

The Post melody men wish to thank the ladies of the A. R. C. and also the members of the orchestra for their kindness in making such an evening possible.

Lieut. Lyons New Athletic Officer

Following the departure of Captain Kearney, who was for nearly a year Athletic Officer at the 3rd A. I. C., comes the announcement from headquarters that Lieut. John J. Lyons of the Headquarters Detachment is appointed to succeed him.

Lieut. Lyons is an old college "grad", is a lover of all sports, especially football, and the fact that he has taken active part in sports at college makes him doubly equipped to hold down the job.

Preparations under his direction have already been started for a football program on the post this fall.

Airnat Puts Unsigned Ad in Paper

You, who ever you are, that put an ad in the I—Echo recently regarding the loss of four watches, how do you expect them to be returned when you inserted no return address?

The watches have been found and if you call at the Echo office or the home of Mme. Veuve Blot said property will be returned to you on identification.

Officer: "Do you understand the duties of an orderly?"

Rookie Buck: "Yes, sir. You wake up the clerks when the C. O. is coming."

Tight Race in National

The closest kind of a race between the three top teams developed in the National League. On every game played by the members of the "Big Three" hinges their respective chances for the pennant and the prospect of participating in the "world's series." The present two top-liners were both defeated during the past week by teams hopelessly out of the race. As the 30th put over two wins the latter is now right on the heels of the two leaders who are deadlocked.

When the 1st Co. M. M. hooked up with the 30th Wednesday evening an exciting battle ended in a tie score. The impending clash between the 1st Co. M. M. and 32nd should also be strenuously fought.

In the American the 10th increased its lead by winning two games. Barring accidents the Field 8 entry should breeze in an easy winner.

Scores: American League, 10th 8, 12th 0; 10th 3, 21st 1; 802nd 9, 37th 0.

National League, 32nd 5, 13th Co. M. M. 4; 30th 3, 13th Co. M. M. 1; 26th 3, 33rd 2; Hosp. 5, 1st Co. M. M. 4; 26th 5, 12th Co. M. M. 5; 30th 9, 35th 5; 33rd 7, 32nd 2; 1st Co. M. M. 1, 30th 1; 13th Co. M. M. 2, Hosp. 1.

Standing of Leagues

National				American			
Teams	W.	L.	Pct.	Teams	W.	L.	Pct.
1st Co. M. M.	9	2	.818	10th	7	1	.875
32nd	0	2	.318	641st	5	3	.625
30th	8	2	.800	31st	4	3	.571
Hosp.	7	5	.583	37th	4	4	.500
35th	4	6	.400	802nd	3	5	.375
26th	3	7	.300	21st	2	4	.333
33rd	3	7	.300	23rd Eng.	1	5	.167
13th M. M.	1	3	.250	12th M. M.	0	0	.000
642nd	0	10	.000				

First Air Service Band Given More Instruments by A. R. C.

Once again the Red Cross has lent a helping hand to the First Air Service Band. A new lot of expensive instruments were received recently to replace those of inferior grade.

Increases in horn equipment, a donation of 500 francs from PLANE NEWS for new music and a supply from Lt. Nelson during the week puts the band up one notch higher in efficiency.

WANTS

Rates: 1 franc per line, 8 words to line
FOUND—Campaign Hat near camp. Owner apply Plane News.
FOUND—Dog Tag, Schuyler L. Hoff, apply Plane News office.
LOST—Pocket-book. Finder return to Corp. Clobaugh, 21st Aero. for reward

OVERSEAS

An Illustrated American Magazine for Americans in France
 Published Bi-monthly at Paris

In the latest issue (August 15)

Andre Tardieu, Commissioner General for France, American War Affairs. Making France an Allied University Center. After Four Years of War. Cellar Nights Entertainment. Madelon, The French Marching Song. The High Command. The Spirit of Joan of Arc. On Leave, the Happy Soldier, two pages of sketches by Jack Casey, the American artist. Caricatures and Review of the French Press. News of the Fortnight.

If you can not find Overseas at your station, send five francs for a three months' subscription, to
Overseas, 53 Rue Ste. Anne, Paris

G. I. Kan Enlists

By "Tim"

