

A Little Bit of the Big War
— October 2-1917 to
— March 2-1919 —

John F. Miller
Capt. U.S. Army
Reserve and Co.



~ Avis ~

The Statements found in this writing may
adhere to the Truth - (at times) and they may
depart there from - x

∴ (therefore) Be it as it may. If a Person
being better informed should be inclined to
take exception to any Part or Portion of
this writing - should he be so inclined - let him
think again - and remember that old man
Geet La Guere is a hard master and under his influence
experts have been known to make mistatements -



BILL HERRICK'S MOTTO -
(MORT)

AMOMTMOUS

P On the morning of November - First - nineteen hundred and seventeen our Good old Bark the "COVINGTON", better known to Globe trotters as the Circumnavigator (Bosch), slid into the harbor at Saint-Nazaire - France with some thousands of wild americans under her decks - besides 77 Aviation Cadets - (new officers) who were also below decks - (Plural - there were 3 of them) - our 77 fine



young men were happy. happy over the prospects of good food - (or may I say just food) - drink - a walk on something else than the top of a deck - with all the other little conveniences that go with a small but rather snappy French town. Clint Lutton (mat), Shep Nash - and Jack Miles managed to change enough regular money into francs - and buy the best dinner St Nazaire could put up.

and It was during this dinner that we were first introduced to ensais - war bread and "Chambetin" - and we convinced that a starving person in France was beyond any doubt - one without any money.

P
to it
St N
well
General
P
won
-hung
ode
that
as a
me
Post



at this time - so - we being anxious to achieve have no photographic record of our stay here of the trip to Essendun on what was very - But we have a mental record of it and nearly had a funeral record of it - but, well we haven't represent Essendun better than the first four page of my day book - Essendun - Cold - wet - lack of heat together with loneliness and the so thoroughly engrained Essendun and our memories it just that way - No we didn't fly - not too quick fly at Essendun until August 1918 - Mine and stand Guard - Guard - Guard - walked one hundred dollars per month - (when we were

Paid) - we were all of us and one night while I was trying to do my duty as I saw it) some thing - we never knew what it was, but me with both feet at the same time and I landed in the hospital for repairs. The officer in charge of the Hospital told me after an examination that "the instrument was either a Black Jack or a Piece of 2"x4" - The bump is still in evidence on my forehead - (Nov 21-1917)

On the morning of November - that - nineteen hundred and nineteen our good old bark the "COVINGTON", better known to globe trotters as the Circumatt (Bosch), slid into the harbor at Saint-Nazaire - France with some thousands of wild americans under her decks - besides 77 Aviation Cadets - (new officers) who were also below decks - (Plural - there were 3 of them) - our 77 fine



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and it was during this dinner that we were first introduced to crêpes - war bread and "Chambertin" - and were convinced that a starving person in France was beyond any doubt - one without any money.

Cameras were very "defended" at this time - so - we being anxious to adhere to the letter of the regulations - have no photographic record of our stay here in St Nazaire - Nor have we any of the the trip to Essondun on what was very well named the Alcoholic Express - But we have a mental record of it and several of us - (myself included) nearly had a funeral record of it - But, well we haven't

Could any written expression represent Essondun better than the first four words I find on the November 1 - Page of my diary Book - "Essondun - Cold - wet - Hungry - for Hunger - Rain - the lack of heat together with Loneliness and the odor of Boiling Rum - have so thoroughly engrained Essondun on our memories that we shall always remember it ~~just that way~~ - No we didn't fly - not too quick as a matter of fact I didn't fly at Essondun until August 1918 - nine months later - But we did stand Guard - Guard - Guard - walked Post - Rain and shine and drew one hundred dollars per month - (when we were paid) - ~~But~~ we did all of this and one night while I was trying to do my duty as I saw it - some thing - we never knew what it was, but me with both feet at the same time and I landed in the hospital for repairs. The officer in charge of the Hospital told me after an examination that "the instrument was either a Black Jack or a Piece of 2"x4" - The bump is still in evidence on my forehead - (Nov 21 - 1917)



Have your address



155
VERIFICATO
PER CENSU
GENOVA POSTA ESTER.

A Z O A
A PLACE A
E STAMP E
O HERE O
V A Z O V

Dear John -
You will know who
these two are - Mr
S. did not like his picture
I told him it was because
it was natural & did not
flatter him - They were taken
at the Camp. We are well -
Trust you are the same -

Cadet John L. Niles
Ariation Center
Camp Orest
Foggia Italy.

Mother & Charles H.

(2)

In spite of everything that could be done - and every admitted thing that should have been done - the Cadets were never defeated - never - with such men as J. L. Tucker - B. Shook - K. Carr - J. L. Ambler - Clint Sutton (mort) - C. Spinn - S. Colter (mort) death alone held the winning hand -

and the Coiling Run even stalled off the time honored and much feared mort (death) - for it is a fact that altho several of our number were very ill that 1917-1918 winter - Jack Miles' Brass Band was not called on to play at a cadet funeral - not until the Summer of 1918 - and then it was no longer

Jack's Band x

P. Capt Leo J Kearney (Detroit Mich) had an idea - This was on the first day of December 1917 - his idea was the first hunch of the camp here Paper - now the Plane News - He mentioned the camp here Paper to me December 3 - 1917 - then Harrison B

Tucker and I talked most of the night of December 3rd and 4th - and as a result December 8th - 1917 the first Edition of an un named here Paper made its appearance in Essendon x Tucker - Shook - Hoob - Miller - Miles - Foster - with Capt Kearney made up the staff of P. News during the winter of 17-18 and until March - 18 - when the Cadet outfits were broken up and sent to different Parts of Italy and France to do a bit of flying x

I to be real truthful I sang my self into the Plane news - because it was on the night of my first "European Performance" that Capt Kearney took notice of me and a little while later spoke to me of the idea - so that European first night - with Lieut W. P. Emory at the Piano - Old Man (Cadet) Richman (Baritone) and myself we did our best to sing to an obligato of the Pukings of 2 stones and

Coming in and going out of some fifty Percent of our audience - but in spite of settings costumes and the lack of audience I will always look upon the night of December third as the beginning of a new epoch in my career as a musician as a big tall grey mile stone in the road way which led us thru the heat of hardening, finishing, cosmopoliting - Processes - and incidentally took us thru the war x



wild nights and sleepy days - a trip to Paris - (Plane News Bureau) - Christmas, and the New Year celebration - known thru out the air service - by this time (we fired off about 500 Rounds each of which was a Camels Mortal offence) more singing - directing the Post Cross Band etc - and helped me to enter the winter as Essendon which by the way came to an end on the Eleventh of January 1918 - when I was sent to Paris,



Harrison R. Tucker - Fairmont N. Va.

J. W. Shook
Indianapolis



Shep. W. Nash -
Lumberton. N.C.



E. W. Foster
New York City



Yonah Ruby ↑
Sharoni Ruby ↓

③ in Company with Cadets du Val. Browne and Skitzew



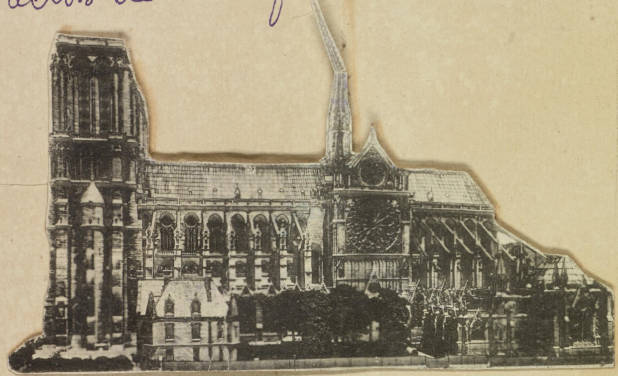
J. Hills in Paris

We had telegraphic orders to go to Paris - No Reason given - nor have any been discovered even to this day. But we went and du Val and my self were lucky enough to put in nearly a month in this wonder city - with absolutely nothing to do & nothing except see the city and become Paris as much as was practical -

And: Paris - what a dream what a Paradise - can not one smell the Queque fleur Perfume even here many miles away from the arched Passages of the Rue du Pavillon

Walk up one side of the Seine - and then down the other - Just an ordinary river but it runs through the City of Paris - drive some fine day from the front door to the Bois and you will find a new thrill in every turn a surprise around every corner. The old Comedy expression "this is Paris" - really fits -

But come with me some day at Sundown and stand for a short space just across the Seine from Notre Dame - watch the sun streak the sky - behind the



NOTRE DAME PARIS

age old towers - wait a bit and the moon will come up - and look over Notre Dame's shoulder. *L'Qui La Luna La lamo vicina* - Lo - you have seen a Tableau which almost brings heaven - heaven down to you - as you stand among the little boat stands on the Right Seine Bank "This is Paris"

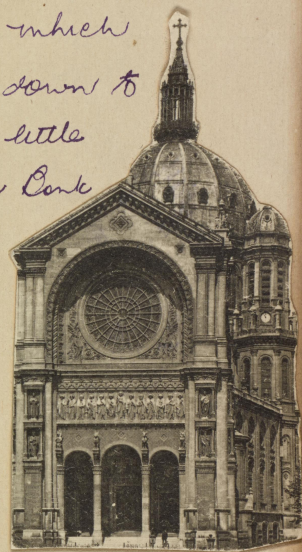
It is not diff cult to understand why Chopin under the Influence of Paris wrote for the Piano as he did - It is a small matter also to appreciate the reasons for the Centimetry



-ETOILE-



EIFFEL TOWER
IN DISTANCE



JEAN D'ARC - PARIS

of the French Empire after seeing the City of Paris and visiting Versailles Fontainebleau etc Millions of Francs could be spent drawing the Plans for such marvels of Construction to say nothing of the actual Construction x

But one night (Jan 30-31) the Boats came over for the first time in a business like way 72 Boating Boats Passed over the river during 2 hrs & our stay in Paris came to an end next afternoon about one P.M. Not because of the air raid But du Val and I had finally gotten our car together and after

④ a bit of a debate. I took leave alone in the Compagnie
 Hommes 40. chemins de fer. Paris. Lyon. Mediterranee
 took me by slow jerks to Lyon. The first night where it
 cost me just 50¢ to prevent the train operators from dis-
 charging my car in favor of some other goods & the 50¢ was
 issued without receipt to the various members of the P.D. my
 outfit to who I made my plea for occupancy (of the Little Box) -
 and they (the 50¢) did the work. - Milan, Amberburg, St Michel (who is my car -)
 and after 4 days of the most unpleasant travel ever. I was landed in **MODANE** (MODANE)
 where Luigi was quietly waiting - (and waiting) for the car and the 50¢. The arrival
 at Modane was almost a "triumphant entry" - all the officials American
 French and Italian were waiting for the "Fortune American" - and the arrival
 was heralded for and wide - I was greeted as a hero. (in many ways I was) - was
 given many drinks of good liquor - a warm bed, a good dinner - and above all
 a good warm bath.

This is the car of
 Military Equipment. which
 caused so much loss of
 sleep - which we exchanged
 by the way arriving for an Italian car.



Two days later we took the morning train
 South - arriving in Rome about 9:00 a.m.
 the same morning. Here I had the first
 chance to try out my Italian which I
 found in a very short while to be very much
 in need of less trying but more polishing.

Food. Macaroni, - Drink. Asti Spumanti, and lots
 of it. right in the very centre of starving Italy; and I might say in Passaggi
 that if Beckus had concentrated all of the efforts of the alcoholic career
 on the manufacture of Asti Spumanti - he would have done well. of course he
 might have then used his spare moments introducing the beverage to theudent
 W.C.T.U. outfits of our Civilization and restricting it.

All of one day along the beautiful Mediterranean sparkling and blue in the sunlight
 with evening bringing us to Rome. The city which has to credit Horatio -
 Marcus Aurelius - J. Caesar - M. Antony - whose modern history is full of Austro
 Italian intrigue whose walls enclose the Vatican and the Coliseum - besides
 some of the most wonderful cafe's and hotels on the Continent - where some of the most
 attractive people in the world can be seen and met.

Two very interesting days were spent in Rome but we were obliged to move on
 so on the night of Feb 10. 1918 the Italian Post & Stazione gave us a first class car with
 Italian military escort and the following morning (Sunday) we landed in Coasta



GARDENS SURROUNDING THE
PALACE OF VICTORIO EMANUELE III
KING OF ITALY

5
Early the following morning I set out to find
our car, but it was not to be found. Courts Martial
was the reward for failure to deliver the car intact
x What a scare - And to think that Capt La Guardia
had given me such Perfect instructions - Had even
anticipated the very thing we were up against.
Well I was finished off. I'd had Social Engagements
so it fell to me to begin to tour Southern States in
quest of the Italian F.S. 170797.

Which had been carried I know
only knew where - It might be in

any of the 20 towns between Caserta and Rome. It
might be in ~~the~~ Napoli. Or even in Palermo.
3 Days of wondering. No result. one day I spend near Rome
walking for nearly 4 hours beside the 2000 year old



GARDENS OF V. EMANUELE III - CASERTA.
REPRESENTING LEGEND OF DIANA.

Aqueduct. Still intact
in Places. No result.

But that evening in Rome
I discovered that the car
was absolutely in Napoli.

At 9 P.M. I was aboard
the Napoli Express and
by mid night we were arrived in the most



GASCADES. ARTIFICIAL
GARDENS. OF V. EMANUELE III

Romantic city and the "Boat" - Napoli.

To my great delight I found my car. Made full
arrangements to get out the same P.M. made the
acquaintance of an Italian American Lawyer, attended
a Performance of Cermen at the San Carlo - and generally
spent a very busy day.

That night there a
nice slow rain I made
my way to Foggia -
all my life I have known
a rain at night. and
these warm Italian rains



SIG. UBERTI. AND M. DU'VAL. CASERTA



A CUP OF COFFEE WITHOUT SUGAR
FOR 2.

M. DU'VAL DISCHARGING HIS
SOCIAL DUTIES - CASERTA

are the most of all
lovable. as far as rains go.

AN ITALIAN OFFICER. WHO BY THE WAY
IS A VERY WELL KNOWN 5TH AVE BUSINESS MAN



MAIN BUILDING - CAMPO OVEST. GUN TOWER ABOVE



MAIN BUILDING



KITCHENS

All my old boys were there in Taggera
Campo Ovest - all wondering what the
hell had become of me - and beside them too
about 3 months mail, so I can almost say
that 1st 18. 1918 was the beginning of my A.E.F.
Life when I really did live. really. really.



DINING ROOMS - ITALIAN WAITERS



HERE IS WHERE WE LIVED - THIS ROOM
HOUSED ABOUT 100 OF US.

Among my mail I found Christmas Presents
from an assorted list of friends. a Box of
Springles from my mother dear - a Box of Candy
from J.P. Hill. and quite a few letters - which
were so acceptable.

Well at length I became
settled. I was in a converted
Sheep Barn with 100 or more

we lived - a very happy - very hungry
from the maddening crowd for so for
that we hardly knew there
was such a
what friend ships we made
we grew to know and
and when we found an



AND I USED
TO THINK I WAS
AN AVIATOR THOSE DAYS



Boys - using all stores for best
family - for, for,
from the war
things. And then
what real men

how we loved one another -
impossible one one who would



SIG. SARGENTE TRAVAGLINI

not fit. well we just cast him out.

On the morning of 1st 23. 1918 after the regulation
Breakfast of Coffee and Bread (I never drank coffee) - the Sun
came out nice and warm and so
my first flight was with Sig. Sargente Travaglini
Farman no 885 - Doppio Commando.

Brore - and to tell it in Plain
English the ride finished me off.



OFTEN I WENT WITH
DOC GONNLEY. TO SPEAK A BIT OF HONKIE FOR HIM



GAMERIERE
ITALIAN
(DRUNK)

Q7-

THIS HELL



IS SO OLD THAT
NO ONE WOULD
DARE SAY.

HANIBAL BUILT IT 800- or 900 YRS.

I was quite certain
didn't want to fly, knew I'd
But now I had such a nice
and had made the trip all the way
time I saw a ship go off the ground
didn't want to get side - so as what's
flew - and flew and flew - But while I was beginning to make it start
I unconsciously began to take unto my self a new attitude. To wit: "I'll do it
what is it" - That's the way I have always flown. just took the ship in hand
and said - "lets go" - How I manage to fly.



These Italian Flying Coats cost the best

Sheep fur inside Black leather outside -
very warm.

that I should never try to fly.
never learn n'ever thing.

flying hat, and such a warm coat
down here - to Foggia - and every
I wanted to fly inside of me but
the use of being a Pilot - and I

beginning to make it start
To wit: "I'll do it
what is it" - That's the way I have always flown. just took the ship in hand
and said - "lets go" - How I manage to fly.

How I managed to finish
training with out breaking
a single wire - absolutely
nothing; I can never tell.
it was the Grace of God -
and my attitude - of.

"all right lets do it what is it"



SETTING AROUND LIKE A BUNCH OF BIG FLIES

COLOMBO - M.F. 110 H.P. MADE IN NAPOLI.

I look back to Foggia with a pang of regret - that I
could not have flown all my training right there -
but it could not have been done. The Italian government
could not supply enough ships - for their own Pilots
let alone the wild americans - who were none so careful

with aeroplanes. Music has always had its inning with me - and
in Italy it (music) had flocks of Innings - almost and intire
game - For on my 26th birth day I sang quite a Programme at the
Teatro Bruno - Foggia - after that night - the Italians

their circle - I was one of them
I was officially known as

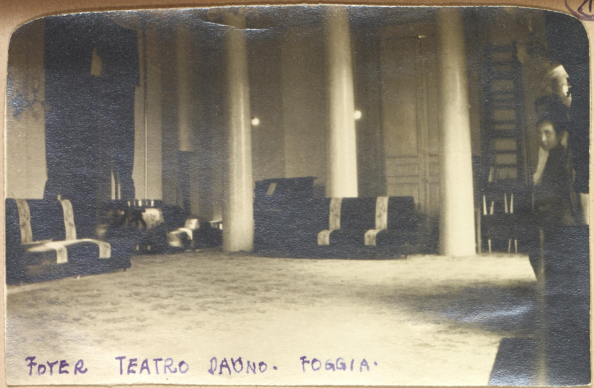
Giovanni Riles
Senior Pilot
avatore - It is
needless to say
that the americans



Signora Guadagni - and
Signora Piazza - (accompanists)
(Piano)



This is to show that we
did have flowers in
Italy - 1000 of acres like this



FOYER TEATRO DAUNO. FORGIA.

(7)

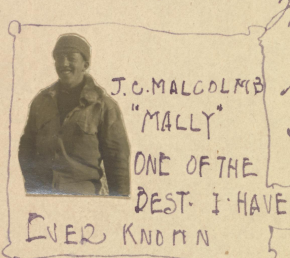
"drew" lots of free drinks on the strength of my voice - as well as my self and Lee Graham who always worked with me as my accompanist on English Music. I flying early in the morning.



LEE H. GRAHAM.
DOSTON MASS.
DIS ABLED BY
AERO CRASH. 9-15-18

Got in the evening - talking. Thinking during the game - for all of March April and finally after

45 flights (Successful) and one unsuccessful. I finished my Brevet on the morning of June 8, 1918. where upon I received the Gold eagle for rather the Privilege to wear the Eagle which is the insignia of the League Brevet Station.



J.C. MALCOLM
"MALLY"
ONE OF THE
BEST I HAVE
EVER KNOWN

My Italian Flying amounted to 1414 minutes - during which time as I have said before I had only one unsuccessful flight. It was on the 5th of June 1918. Very wild weather. Rain. High clouds. Low clouds. wind - in General a poor day for flying - at about 3000 meters my motor went out.

absolutely dead. I baled for a respectable field - but in vain. Finally I saw a nice smooth road and I lit right on the edge of it. On investigation I found that the wiring on the magnet was gone. that is the main wire to the Breaker Box. So I revised it started the motor and took off, flew back to camp without a scratch. I had some very fine luck with our flying tho - even with



This man has 50 cents worth of grass on his wagon - the Bakery use it for their cows



Women trying to wash cloths.



a very artistic job - wind mill effect. Such Crashes as these we had



She was a good ship about 5 minutes before this picture was taken

only one death in Congo Chest - went - Leon Penn -

This ship went to pieces at 3000

Meters - he was thrown out at 1000 meters and was dead instantly.



"Il ne marche Pas"



⑧ (FEATURE)
⑨ (SECTION)

The Auctions
were held off with
this treaty machine
gun. unfortunately for
us they never came
near us. Because
we had our doubts
about the ability of
both gun and
gunners



Pilots need lots of
Rest. we got almost
as much as we needed.
almost -

I had to prove that I often rested during
the day. besides the regulation amount of rest at
night. It was a hard war at times? -



only about 2000\$
worth of junk



1-0



1-0



1-0

I was wreck disheveled. Cadet
Spitzner. He has never been
able to tell how it happened.

He just struck the ground
from 1200 meters

Why? How? He can
not remember a thing
except the fact that he
took off the ground
and then fell.

We picked up a
few thousand lines
this fine day. By virtue of my old game. Base Ball.
another comp. (Compo Lind) Bet us. and we won. 1 to 0.
Tinnings - are I have Run. I have been told that we won
30 000 lines. but I believe it was more like 50,000 lines. \$5000 -



1-0-



1-0

We picked off the grapes. to the tune of 5000 dollars.

(10)

Harrison Roy Tucker and my self managed to get a 3 day leave to Rome which we began June 11th 1918. These were 3 great days which by the way were spent in the pursuit of nothing except food drink and sleep. We visited not a ruin wreck or a relic - as Tucker after words said - we ~~only~~ ^{saw} only the Colosseum - Quirinal and the Brana. We did find time to have our



Pictures taken and hear an opera every night. ~~the~~ ^{the} leaders making the acquaintance of a very fine young R.C. Boy who took our Pictures back to America for us.

My Mother has him to thank. But unfortunately I do not know his name. Every time I think of Tucker and I riding around in Rome aboard a Sea Going Hack. So how I wish that we could do it again. After all those were happy days. Very very happy ones or

Back to Boggo June 16. and that very night we left for France. The war was on for keeps. The Bosch were coming a bit closer every day. and now that we were going north it seemed that we should have a chance. We were off for St Maixent along Serris France, which was a sort of a rest camp, where we would no doubt lay over for a time before going to Cassandun for the chase flying. I was the Liaison officer for the Italian end of the trip which began the night of June 14. The following morning



Put us into Ancona where we found a wonderfully equipped R.C. Station ~~with~~ no charge for anything.

That day took us thru Bologna and Pansona brought us to Milano. The New York of the Continent. Our trip thru the Lombardy valley. Milano was indeed a glorious one never have I seen such Agricultural Country so well kept and so closely watered. For miles we passed orchards and vineyards the rows of either planted at regular intervals with growing crops planted between them. And the little houses of the Benegese. So well kept. Painted in the characteristic soft Italian colors. The flowers growing around the

drainage ditches. The best old villas, the American like night of way. As such a change over to the miserable - Poor, down trodden Italian land. After we passed Turino my work as Liaison officer was over. and from Modena to St Maixent - along Serris. (Near Tours) I ~~wrote~~ rode in the baggage car. Broke but happy thinking that we were about to enter into the Great Adventure x

Our trip to St Maixent was delayed once for 24 hours at Moulins France where we had a bit of car trouble. It was here that Count and Countess de Belmont took us in, fed us, and adopted us - we gave M^{rs} Kenzie - Thompson - Campbell - Pruitt - and Jack Miller.

The Countess de Belmont gave several bottles in our honor. We had dinner and visited with them until Bed time. (Our arrival at St Maixent was incident or rather synchronized with the Battle of Chateau Marie that is the first stage of the Battle. But the French were low - and we were none too high.) The 4th of July was another singing job for me. I sang some few songs for the town ship and the Americans directed the orchestra and the Ensemble singing me introduced a new song by the way with great success. French and American Song also wild - Burned red lights - cried Viva, Viva, Americaine et Francaise - The music was a great success - that is to say the audience was pleased which was much to say and their morale was much higher the night of July 4, 1918 than it had been for some time.



About Sundown of the 5th of July 1918 I left St Maixent for Tours where I arrived soon the next day. There was a very heavy feeling, sore, bunch of flying officers all kicking about the several outrages recently perpetrated by one known as AIR RAID. Their charges were quite well founded - but

even so I should be disappointed to find a bunch of aviators satisfied with the existing conditions. Here at Tours I had about 4 hours flying in Caudrons a Bird Cage type of ship which is a step up from the training we had in Italy. Tours never seemed to be home for me, never could I feel safe in that town, the streets are crowded with Americans and French Soldiers - infested of course with hundreds



FLYING BIRD GAGE - CAUDRON

of Military Police. In my judgement Paris is absolutely impossible.
 My departure ~~from Paris~~ on July 16, 1918 was a happy day for me.
 Because aside from getting away from Paris I would find all the old Boys
 at Essendun.

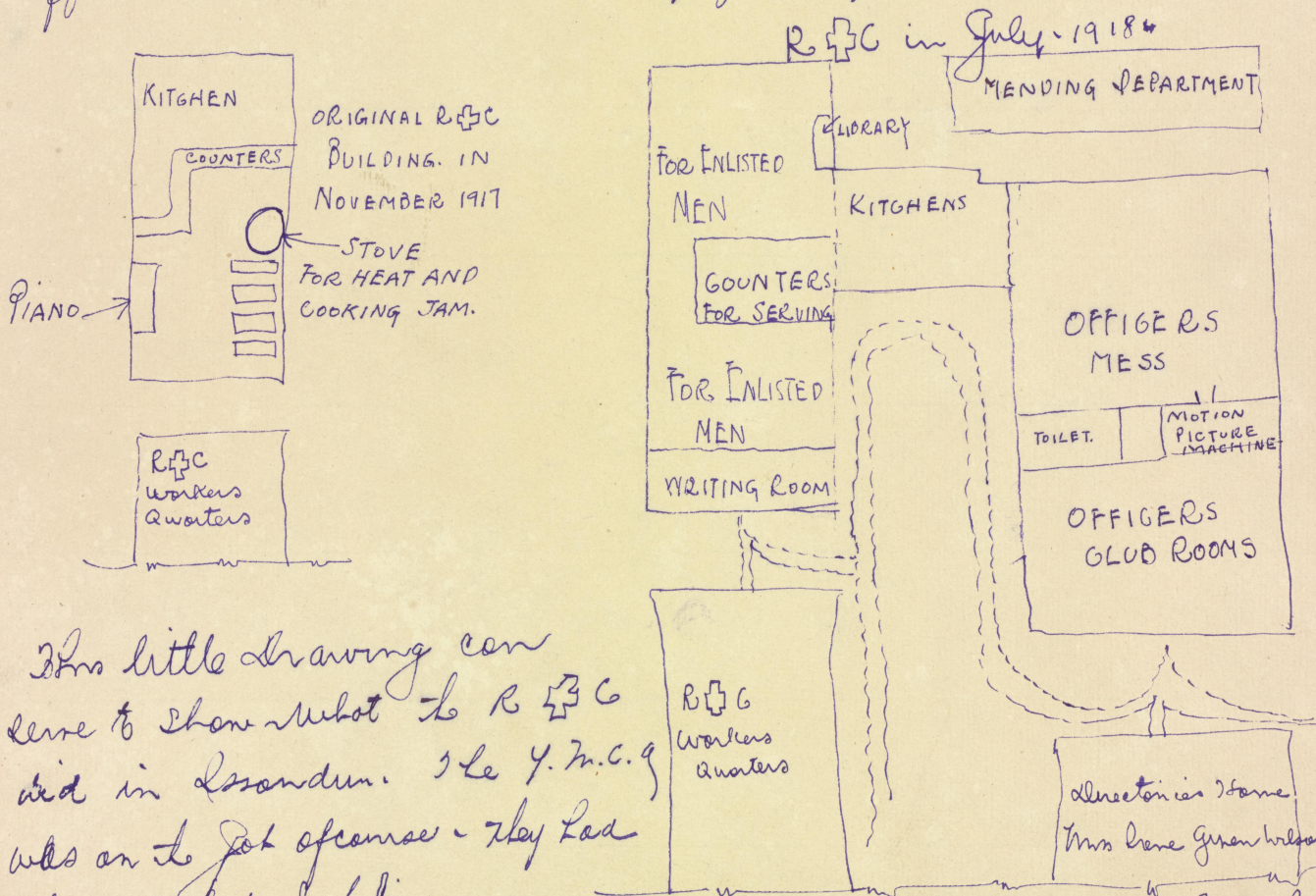
Chapter II en Francaise Deuxieme

BEGINNING IN
 15500 DN.



TRAINING SHIP. 23 METRE NIEUPORT.

¶ Essendun the muddest hole in France was quite a
 fine camp as far as equipment went to make it good. The R.C.
 Cross was still on the job with lots of new Equipment new Buildings.
 officers Mess almost a little city of its self.



This little drawing can
 serve to show what the R.C.
 did in Essendun. The Y.M.C. was
 on the job of course. They had
 about 3 huts I believe.

We were put into another ground school after our arrival at Essendun
 which lasted from July 18 to August 7 during which time we had an
 opportunity to bury quite a few of our good boys who we shed for us on the

flying list. My first ride at Issandun was on Aug 7. 1918. in a helicopter 23 M. No 868. with Instructor Motley. The 23 meter ship is in my estimation the most difficult flying machine in use to be flown by beginners. I would not fly a 20 meter helicopter to day or a let. only 80 Horse Power. Very slow. Heavy to handle - in general they are a poor kind of ship for men to learn on. But the Legion engineers and stuck to them. I had about 100 minutes double controls and then went on the 23 meter singles. Field 3. where after 6 or 8 rides I was sent to the Aero field where we had double command acrobatics. Next field 9. for some 3 or 4 days. then field 5 where we really did some flying in the tiny 15 meter 80 Horse helicopters. So small that they seem to be only a pair of wings strapped to ones back - we did the acrobatics here alone. Had a trip across country to Romania and one to Pont Le voye. after which we did some spirals, which were nearly all Willes (a nose down spin). and then when we rather expected to be fired for not being good enough & it was our fortune to be sent away from Issandun. to only. Seine & where we should be ferry pilots. transferring ships from only Seine to the advanced air depots &

Issandun will always be well established on my memory.

I have many good friends there sleeping on the military grave yard. It is only the will of God that I am not there or rather my body. Days come and went but seldom with out the funeral march. It was only a part of the war the and every man who gave or saved his life. flying at Issandun or any other flying camp can safely say that he too made the war. The Seventh of September 1918. I left Issandun. for ever. arriving only. Left winter at Field 1. Issandun - 8. 1918. There at last we were thru training. 1917.



Issandun - Field 9

We never knew when our number was due. at Issandun



A Bunch of Frenchies Issandun. 1918

14

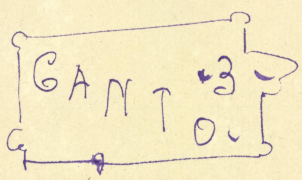
FROM THE COURT HOUSE HOME
IN 4 MINUTES

MORAINÉ
MONO PLANE



120 HORSE POWER -
110 MILES PER HOUR

THE CUTEST THING IN THE AIR



My first flight at only was on the 13th of September 1918
It was in a nice little Spad. ~~III~~ - from only field to Colombey Les
Belles. Near Toul. I encountered Ken. but it didn't stop me.
Bill Shook and I were flying along side of each other. He was a
Salmson in my Spad. This was the beginning of my lost job in the Air
Service as a Pilot. Day after day following I flew to Colombey Les Belles
or to Vinets or to Remorantin or any of the other places we sent planes to -
and had perfect luck - every time except once. when I crashed off the ship
so completely that they had to have been looking for parts of that Buss
~~long~~ ever since. but that's another story

BILL
SHOOK

SALMSON



Goehms

ONLY FROM THE AIR
TAKEN FROM A SALMSON AIR PLANE
A CLOUD FORMATION CAN BE
SEEN NEAR THE TOP OF THE
PICTURE

SANGER WAS UNDER
CONSTRUCTION

15

500 METERS

TAIL OF A
SALMON?



ORLY - SEINE

800 METERS

SALMON?



ORLY - SEINE

On the 21st of September 1918. I nearly
it happened thusly. She wanted to
willing - Being very much in favor
female Personnel of the R.F.C.

Called for us. Hunt Willis and my self. we had about a 30 mile journey
to a small town named Provins. (General Petain's Headquarters) where the ship in
question was (under repairs) (Having refused to run for some other Perfectly Good Pilot.)

Killed a Red Cross girl and my self.
ride in an air ship. I was quite
of doing small favors for all the
about 10 a.m. a Fiat Touring car



R.F.C.

She wanted to
go up - (in a ship)

We had a dandy lunch at Bre Conte Roberts about 20 miles out
and went on afterwards to Provins where I found my ship.

Salmonson no 5299. She (R.F.C.) was all for going but I was
beginning to lose faith. It was absolutely opposed to the regulation
to ride a woman - in the first place - Secondly - and Thirdly. She
wanted to ride even so bad, but when I tested that motor I

was sure that the original Pilot had good reasons for not finishing
his flight - a weak Provins. It was indeed a disappointment to her (R.F.C.)
but she (R.F.C.) went back to her Hotel with some Fiat Touring car x

I turned the ship around and started away. What a narrow one.
The motor just did have strength enough to pull me off the ground. I missed
a line of telephone wires by inches. With the added weight of Mrs
R.F.C. well. I am only 26 years but after I finished that trip it seemed
that the figures were reversed - more like 62. If that woman had been in the
ship with me I would not be here to day writing this history for my Mother -
But - I am - because she wanted.

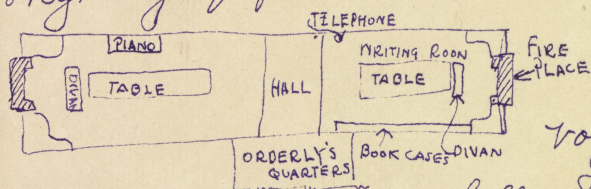
SANGER HALL. ORLY.



(16)
That was the last time I ever even
thought of taking a woman up for
a ride in an air ship. She is in
America now. Love to her -

P. Sunday Evening. September 22-

1918. our Pilots club was dedicated and opened formally to our
use. It was named Sanger Hall. after Captain Sanger who was
killed on our field in an aero accident. Mrs Sanger established
the club for the Pilots. In memory of her husband. and it was indeed
a wonder for comfort and beauty. No amount of money was ever
spared on the interior furnishings. Carpets. Chairs tables Books. Curtains
Lighting equipment fine places. It was indeed the only one of its kind in the A. E. F.



The Plan can
only give a
vague idea of its

real fineness of Sanger Hall. I regret indeed
that I have no pictures of the interior -

S.E.5. BRITISH SCOUT.

AMERICAN
MADE
MOTOR
ENGLISH
MADE
SHIP



ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE AIR



SALMON. 1A2. OBSERVATION

The Flying continued
day after day to Colombey
Les Belles. delivering over new
ships to the Squadrons who
was with the big game. for now
the St. Michel drive was about

to be pulled off. on Sept 26 we transferred 89 new ships.
with about 80% safe delivery. That night we were Bombed by the
old Boches. I can remember quite well at the TOUL station. How
the lights went out and the anti aircraft guns banged away.
How the French civilian population took cover. and the American
dough boys stood out basking for the Boches. There were a few
Conservatives I suppose. but none among our bunch of.

F.E. 2B. BRITISH
NIGHT BOMBER



SPAD. VIII 220. H.P.
HISPANO SUIZA



SPAD. VII.
180 H.P.



VERY SLOW. BUT VERY
DEPENDABLE. PUSH TYPE

SPEED. 120 MILES PER HR. FILLING. THE WATER AND
ONE PASSENGER GASOLINE TANKS.

Pilots ⁽¹⁷⁾ or naval - we were lucky.

On the 29th of September 1918, one year to the day after my marriage. I had a very successful trip to the first air depot in a Spad no 4599. Pilot John Dally and my self flew side and side all day ~~and~~ arriving about 4:30 P.M.

After Sundown some 15 or 20 officers. of which I was Pilot started to Tool where we took the night train back to Orly. Our drive was very wild this particular night. very wild. Can you imagine us flying along in a Fiat truck with absolutely no lights. going as rapidly as the old Bns was able to. Out out of the darkness came a five ton Pierce truck loaded to the ~~brims~~ brims. The road was narrow. our drive took a chance. alas. the side swiped the Pierce and went head on into a 7 foot ~~deep~~ ditch. I can to this day remember John Bailey saying. "any body hurt". "any body hurt". "where's Hunnie Jack". "are you hurt Jack". Oh no I wasnt hurt not too much. a foot below trunk was on my back. The trip was a failure from that point on out. My back was sore. and I wanted to lay down. I had a head ache, Oh But I was low. Once on the train I layed down on the 7 bar of a mail car and slept all the way to Paris. This was the height of poor judgement. 2 days later I was landed in the 3rd Red Cross Hospital. 4 Rue du Chemise. Paris. with the Influenza.



The first week of October was an uncomfortable one for me. But during the second, after I had been transferred to another hospital

No 112 on Rue Bolleux. then I was all ready for the war again, which was beginning as possible dates for its termination. Little did I think that during my stay at the 112nd Military Hospital. ~~that~~ my wife was sick of the same disease. and instead of being as I was recovered. she had died and was buried before I got back to camp on October 16, 1918. as a matter of fact I was not until the last of the month of November that I even knew she was sick. But that is forever behind me. "Best time"



↑ RIVER SEINE
GHOST LE ROI. 3 KILOMETERS FROM
ORLY. THE PLANE WAS NOT QUITE LEVEL WHEN
THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN

as soon as I⁽¹⁸⁾ arrived at Camp
The officer in charge
of Transfer gave
orders to go to
England to fly
back a Sopwith



RICHARD BANKS
KILLED IN A
TRUCK SMASH
OCTOBER
1918
NEAR NANCY
FRANCE

Camel. There was a chance to see
England. Many days were on the same
orders but they were some days ahead
of me, so I traveled to La Harve

alone. arriving about 2 P.M. Oct 18-1918. Here I made the acquaintance of
Capt Ray of the Chemical War Gas Branch and a very nice little English
girl in the American Y. W. C. A. our trip to South Hampton was very
unpleasant. at some long time of the rail trip to London, where we arrived
Sunday afternoon October 20. 1918. our stay
in London was the most pleasant period of
my A.C. 7. experience - we (that is to say)



ten Americans. Six Pilots. 2 other officers and
2 Army Nurses R.F.C. were presented to His
Royal Majesty the King of England (King I)
I met Mrs John Foster Astor and her sister
Mrs Branda Bait Virginia girls famous
beauties and altho they felt here quite a family
I am very proud to say that they feel like
regular American girls. as pretty as ever

The Gas House
Gang. or
rather nearly
all of them
they were here all
home to gather



Gas House inside

from London to Norwich England where we were assigned to our ship.
mine was a Camel No 1523. We were 3 Americans. Doc Willis - Jack Miles
Dick Reine. - Dick R. and my self got away the morning of October 21. Dick
got his ship then to Lympne England where we took gas for the rest of the trip
but I had a forced landing about 15 miles out of Lympne. near the
air dome at Wye. My ship was quickly repaired tho and Dick and I
went to gather again at Lympne. Doc Willis never did turn up. I was after words
told that he crashed his ship and came back by train.

The Channel was our next jump. ~~and~~ and after 3 days of
bad air we started across. I encountered low clouds. High ones. and
every thing but by the grace of God I made the other side and landed.



In Marguise ⁽¹⁹⁾ a small town about 10 Kilometers from Conlogne. It was almost dark, and I was hungry but Dick and I being to gather soon after I landed we put out for the mess. where we had a cup of Good British tea and a bit of Rum. It was my good fortune to meet Lieut Robinson. (English. R.A.F. Pilot) in Marguise.

The last station on the English side is Lymington. The old Castle was restored and used as a Pilots Quarters.



and also to make the trip to Conlogne that night with him. (there were no quarters in Marguise) after dinner Dick, Reine, Lt Robinson and my self put in for the night as we, (Dick and I) expected to put out for Paris the next morning while Robinson was on his way back to London.

about 3 P.M. The next afternoon, in company with Lieut Jonsson. U.S. R.A.F. (S.E.5 Squadron). I took off from Marguise. headed South, picked up the road going thru Montreuil sur mer. and abbeville. At abbeville I was supposed to turn off to the right. ~~to~~ so as to land in Germany for Gasoline and oil, but as I caught sight of Blangy. my motor was running so very fine. I thought that I would not



I always did love cloth like these to the right → a Camel. the kind of a machine in which I nearly made a trip in from England to Paris. nearly



- SOP. CAMEL -



Lieut Edmund Ernst - who was a regular friend. He accompanied me at the Paris many times



Stop - So I turned away to the south again - opened up my motor so as to beat the darkness and soon passed over Blangy, Ussel, and grand villas - at Beauvais I had trouble to see the ground - night was coming on - and the ground mist was quite thick - but Lieut Janssen was still with me, so I held my ship in the air - hoping to make early before dark. The road from Beauvais to Paris was quite indistinct, so after them - so I was forced to fly by compass. The Aise river passed under me - then my motor began to go badly. I changed the mixture - but

LIBERTY MOTOR. 2 PLACE SHIP. MADE IN DETROIT. VERY-FAST - BUT TOO LATE.



Equipment -
Under my left arm
is a map case

Hanging around my neck
is an altimeter. In my
right hand a Bog (battery)

THIS WAS AN AIRSHIP.



JAN.
-1919-
TAKEN AT
ROMMORANTIN
SALMON-192

LA-PEAR - ALL AMERICAN - BUT TOO LATE

The trouble was growing worse. Our altitude had been about 1000 meters - but now with my engine running at 950 revolutions instead of 1250 - the 1000 meters were quickly reduced to about 150 meters. I began to look for landing places. The forest of Montmorency was below me - this was impossible as a landing field. While I was looking around, my engine



When they hit like this
any thing is liable to happen

Picked up. But the improvement was very short lived. Below me were houses - buildings and factories, but if it had been the Atlantic Ocean below me I would have had to land. My motor was dead - or as good as dead. Just beside a big shop of some kind or other I saw a small open place, but I did not see the wires which held the smoke stacks of the factory in place. Every thing went well until my landing gear struck the wires. Then, in an instant.

(21)



CHOISL LE ROI.
2 PLACE-JOYKITH

The Plane turned up side down - I turned off the Gasoline in 3 Places - cut both Magneto's - and Pulled the stick as far back as it would come - but before it could operate to right the ship - me (the Comd and I) - were on the Ground - I don't remember much else that happened



LIEUT. HOSKINSON, N.Y. SPAD 53

until about noon the next day - when Miss Grace Callahan brought me a bit of mighty good food - Miss Callahan was a mighty fine little girl - I wish I knew her home address - that I might write her a state ment of that fact - I was at the 41st Military Hospital - in the city of St Denis - five Kilometers from Paris - I was there October 30 - 1918 - and I was sent back to my camp (only) only 3 days before the Big day - November 11 - 1918 - walking



ARGENT (CHER)
PILOTS RETURNING
OVER LAND (BY MOTOR)
TO ORLY - STOP FOR LUNCH.

on a cane which the Colonel of the 41st Military Hospital provided for me as a Souvenir - My ship 1523 has never flown again - It was taken to Orly on a motor truck - dismantled and lost track off with the hundreds of other crumblers.

The war was over now - I was crippled in my left leg - my chance to make the real war at the front was over - but above all else came the news of the death of Robert - my wife - The bottom had fallen out of every thing - I was defeated.

My friends the boys with whom I had flown now

Since the first of the year 1918 - they came to my rescue - I went back to flying and made up my mind to make the best of a bad job - I flew - November 14th 16th 18th 21st and 23rd making from 2³⁰ hrs to 3 hrs each of these days - On the 2nd of December I flew to Chatellain Sur Seine - being 3¹⁵ minutes in the air - By this time the boys had decided that I was normal - and was not inclined to suicide - Really I never was the slightest bit in favor of doing any thing rash but my boys were doubtful.



SOISSONS.
THIS WAS A PLUMBING SHOP.
ABOUT 4 YRS AGO.

L.T. HOSKINSON - N.Y. JACK NILES - K.Y.

FORT MAL MASION - 10 KLM. FROM SOISSONS
THIS WAS THE FRANGO-BOSCHE FRONT FOR
4 YEARS. 1914-1918



(22)
Thanks giving Passed with out
event - we flew very little. I attended
the opera in Paris quite often,
Both the opera and the Comique
Lieutenant Hurst and I were to
gather quite often, he had a very
cute little apartment at 2 Rue
Jean Lofan - equipped with all

the comforts of home. - Rent cheap.
Wash was in Paris now and then
visiting Mrs. Marie Hancock - the
R.C. Center worker and friend of
the Flying Boys.

Christmas Time was a
grand event. Mrs. Sanger Ploned



THIS WAS LORMANS.

an ensemble dinner for the Camp and our guests -

Bill Shook and I were on the job as decorators - Sanger Hall and
the mess Hall were trimmed up until they looked like a Fairy Palace -

Baldy Carr (U.C. Carr. Nashville Tenn) and John Bailey. and my self had lots
of fun one fine day collecting Garlands
and Greens for the decorations -

THE CATHEDRAL OF REIMS
FEB 20 - 1919



It is needless to say that we had the greatest
Party in the A.E.F. (up to that time)

January began our flying again
this time to Removentini -

I was the first man off the field in the January
flying - It was January 9th 1919. in my
Salmon No 3533. The trip was quite a success
until after I Passed over Orleans. my motor began
to misfire. I held the ship in the air until
I landed Lafayette St Aubin. There I found my
Gasoline was exhausted, so I landed as best I could
just beside Chateau Fontaine -

Next day ⁽²³⁾ about noon the field service from Romanovsk filled the Gasoline tanks and I was on my way again. January 14th, 16th, 17th, 21st 24th I made the ~~the~~ trip to Romanovsk - in Igads, Breguet, and Solmons. During the latter Part of January and the first week of February we had about 4 inches of snow. which struck hard and fast - ~~this~~ aside from the Low Clouds and fogs. made flying impossible. On the eleventh of February 1919. I made my last flight - The Eng was a Solmon no 5426. an order for Colombey Les Belles.

We intended to stop for Gasoline at Sene Aero. diome near the american field named Fineto. on investigation we found that St Dizier was the only station being operated as an Aero diome at the time. We came upon the flying field at an altitude of 2000 meters. Went tried. Miland and my self. We spiraled down, landed, and began to taxi around looking for the Gasoline filling crew.

The snow was frozen hard and slick - and there was a strong wind from the west. Miland's motor was working poorly. But there was remaining wild I could not cut the magneto. I can't remember just why I did it, but I turned around with the wind behind me. The slick snow under me, and before I knew what was going on I was going into a lunge. There was a wild crash. My motor would not stop. so we went. wings crashed, lunge Eng parts were snapped off like tooth picks - The Propeller wound up a Bundle of Cones ~~and~~ ~~and~~ finally stopped.

Our stay in the city of St Dizier lasted for 3 days. during which time the repair crew from Colombey les Belles were trying to make my ship fit to fly - They succeeded - and I made Colombey les Belles with out any further trouble.

Our flying days were nearly over. Only (Leine) was about to be "washed out" - We had the Party idea, the date was set for Feb 22 Bill Shoob, Baldy Carr, Ed Moran, M. Kinley Carr, and Jack Mills were, as usual in charge of the job. Went O. C. Haskinson and my self, spent 2 days making a trip all over the Battle fields from Paris to Loos. to Lorraine.

to Dormers, ⁽²⁴⁾ Burns, Chateau Thierry. etc. picking up all the Boche
Souvenirs we could find. The Fiat Truck we had with us was filled
with Helmets. Shell cases. and every thing one could think of except a
42 Cal. Suez gun. (they were a bit too heavy for us to carry).

Our Party was the greatest of its kind ever pulled off in the A.E.F.
Experts have said so. Food. liquor. decorations. and Boche Junk
(for each Great a Souvenir) it was a real victory. (Feb 22-1919 Geo Washington Party).

The night of February 22-1919 was the real begining of the end.
Monday night Feb 24-1919 Mr Kenney, Cerr. Mr Leam Johnston and
my self received orders to go to Lyon (Rhône) to School. W.C. Cerr.
John Bailey. and Ed Brown had orders to go to England. Both orders
were hurry up's. Kenney Cerr was away. we sent him a wire. but
after waiting for him until the following Saturday. Mr Leam Johnston
and I left - Paris. (with out Kenney.)

I know the end. Only was soon to be abandoned. the remaining
bags would of course go home. never have I had quite as different a task as
this on the Lost & our Good by to our Flying family. a family in which the
ties were almost as strong as any could ever be, where we beg, cared, flew, made
the war and died to dead to gather.



These Pictures were taken during our famous Souvenir Hunt of February 20-1919 ⁽¹⁸⁻¹⁹⁻²⁰⁾

This is how the Hindenburg line country looked.

These were cities - (once) before 1914.

Taken Feb 20. 1919

Reims
cathedral



(25)

during my very last week in Paris I had
the good fortune to meet a young lady
from Les Marnes La
Vallée Helène Regades Politt
who during her stay in France
had the unrelenting hand of
death to seize on her mother.



She has gone to America now, but
even 3000 miles away her sympathetic influence for
the events of October 1918 which effected Jacob's death
will ever be remembered — now —

Lyon is our home. 17 Rue des Ramparts d'Orléans.
We are by profession "Étudiants américains" — and to this very
day we are still Americans. still Pilots — still looking for a new
war. still homesick — and always broke.

Our review

To my mother — whom I have always loved
Avis — { This writing is intended to serve as
a record of your son who
made the war — as best he could }



Sunday morning —
we eat and fight (in bed)



My Room Photo.
Mr. Kinley Carr.

76

Heroes du Combat These Men Made the Great Sacrifice

Italy	Eugene Penn. 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	Italy	E. G. (Cy) Colter 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.
France	Clinton Sutton 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	France	W. B. Phyllis 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.
France	C. S. Shriber 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	Italy	L. E. Robertson 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.
France	William Herrick 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	France	Arthur Johns 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.
France	Mark Hamilton 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	France	J. E. Briggs 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.
France	Mark Middlekoff 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	English Channel or unknown	Robert Eisenbarth 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.
France	O. Suske 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	Italy	J. C. Brenner 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.
France	Count Ferman 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.	France Casandra	one unknown member of Italian Flying Corps. American by birth
France	William Smith 10 Lt. A.S. U.S.A. R.M.G.		

either
Landis or
Mac Landis or
Landy
exact name
forgotten

These boys will not go back to Les Etats Unis - but where they lay. Some in Italy - Some in France. Some in unknown Places - where they lay - is a hallowed spot - and indeed a bit of America

Ecrire d'abord les noms. Découper et coller ensuite les étiquettes sur le tableau.

Men of our Outfit - Killed in training action and died of sickness

(27)

And In conclusion:—

Pilots all:-

Like nobly like men. So if its call comes or rather when it comes - die willingly - that the many unable to right wrongs against Peoples with their own Blood may be there by avenged. May be there by a little nearer to living in a Pleasanter world, & more livable one.

For in the final analysis why should we cling to life - unhappy at its best - burdened and oftentimes - neergone burdens in its long years of trial and travail -

Knowing life as we the liars do and long at best as unhappy as we are with the living of it. Why should we not in one grand last effort be willing to quit it and then the quitting of it experience life's greatest event death.

True we know little or nothing of death. True the stolid silent Sentinels have stood the watch so well that one entering there is no return, But we do know life we have but to call on our memories:—

Why then should we cling to life. Why should we shrink to die those who shrink from death are indeed unfit for life x

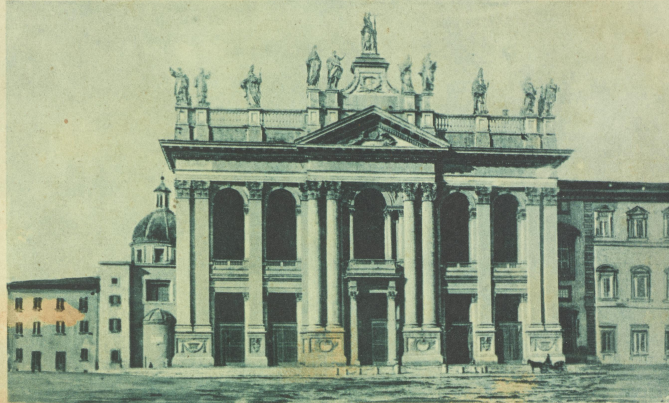
Let us then rather face the "final" with out a single murmur Having lived as we fought as men won as men - then die as men

(Written after the death of Clinton Lutton at)
(Issoudun France July - 1918)

FINIS

John Paul Giles
Done - June 24 1919

(28)



ROMA - Basilica di S. Giovanni in Laterano

- 3rd. a. I. C. Aug. 14. 1918.

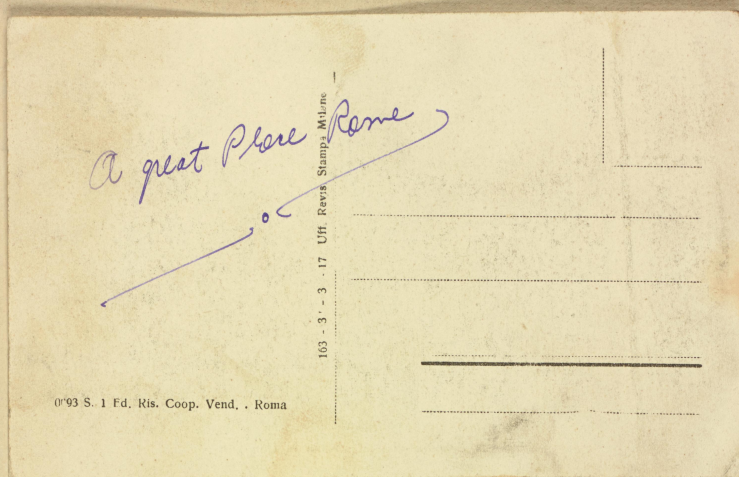
In case of my death
Lieut H. R. Tucker. A.S. Sgt.
and Lieut Lee. H. Graham
A.S. Sgt. will jointly
superise the shipment of
my various belongings, to
my wife - Mrs. Roberta V. Niles
101 Woodlawn Avenue. Louisville
Kentucky -

John Niles
A.S. Sgt.

This was an unnecessary piece of work -
It is written on Wing Canvas - taken
from Lieut Oro Wreck. (in which he
and Lieut Carmichael were killed)

But all the boys had just such a card
in our Pockets or nailed on our trunks

(28)



- 3rd. a. I. c. Aug. 14. 1918.
 In case of my death
 Lieut H. R. Tucker. assignd
 and Lieut Lee. H. Graham
 assignd. will jointly
 supervise the shipment of
 my various belongings, to
 my wife - Mrs. Roberta V. Hiles
 101 Woodlawn Avenue. Louisville
 Kentucky
 John Hiles
 1st Lt. assignd.

This was an unnecessary piece of work -
 It is written on Wing Canvas - taken
 from Lieut Oro's wreck. (in which he
 and Lieut Carmichael were killed)

But all the boys had just such a card
 in our Pockets or nailed in our trunks

29

This was our work

(COPY)
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
AIR SERVICE, SUPPLY SECTION
AIRPLANE AND MOTOR DIVISION

September 15, 1918

MEMORANDUM to Operations Officer, Orly Field.

*1. The following telegram has been received from Assistant Chief Air Service, Zone of Advance:-

"Colonel Dunwoody, 45 Avenue Montaigne, Paris. No. 1094. Please personally inform all ferry pilots that the most important service that can be rendered to the Air Service Troops actually operating is the safe delivery of Aeroplanes to the Depots. Existing emergencies for service on the front at the present time and probably for the next week or ten days will require a large number of machines. The aeroplane which is not delivered intact to a Depot means additional delay in keeping up the squadrons actually operating to their full strength. Impress this point forcefully upon all ferry pilots that we are depending upon them to nurse their machines thru and land them at the Depot without a scratch.

Poulois.

2. It is requested that every transfer pilot read this telegram and govern himself accordingly. The importance of the Transfer Service in an emergency like the present can not be impressed too strongly upon the pilots.

By authority C.A.S.

H. Dunwoody, Colonel, A.S.
C.O., U.S. Air Service, Paris
(A.T.)

AT GAS

Note - Things were happening about this time
Sept. 15. Oct. 1



