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Comprises maps, diagrams, notes, journal articles and correspondence relating to the death of Baron von Richthofen.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

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Rotogravure Magazine Section

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April 8, 1928

MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN

By A. ROY BROWN

The man who shot down Richthofen, Capt. A. Roy Brown, Canadian ace and author of this article.

An artist's conception of the air raid on Thourout here, dropped bombs on the town. Capt. Brown's flight of single-seater Camels flew above them as escort and protection. (DRAWING BY CLAYTON KNIGHT.)

Germany's greatest war bird, Baron Manfred von Richthofen, who shot down eighty allied planes.

(Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles by Capt. A. Roy Brown, Canadian war bird, who killed the German ace, Baron Manfred von Richthofen. He will tell of flying conditions on the western front in 1918, when the British had gained the upper hand over the German airmen and Brown's flight had several times met and defeated sections of the famous Richthofen circus. Brown's encounter with the Red Knight on April 21, which he will describe, was his last actual combat. Three years of intermittent flying and fighting for this war hero terminated shortly afterward in a landing crash in England. He was credited officially with twelve enemy planes, and his decorations included the distinguished service cross with bar. Today the conqueror of Germany's great air fighter lives in Toronto, Canada, and is engaged in business.)

INSTALLMENT I.

How Richthofen Was Killed.

I NEVER saw Richthofen until ten minutes before I shot him down.

Even then he was to me merely a begoggled unknown, hunched in the cockpit of his red triplane; just another cipher in the succession of enemy flyers with whom I had tilted to a finish.

Living, I never really looked into his eyes in this strange fighting of the skies that was quicker than the warfare of chance-met eagles.

Dead, this dread Red Knight of Germany was simply a nude corpse on the shelf of a front line morgue—stripped for the post-mortem which proved that my machine gun bullet had killed him.

To my knowledge I never saw his scarlet plane until the dog fight which sent him crashing to the ground.

His end, then, was little different from the fate of his fourscore victims. For a few seconds in the vastness of the upper air our paths crossed. But in those few seconds he had the ill luck to find himself at the wrong end of a machine gun spraying tracer bullets.

That finished him. For the greatest of them—Boelke, Ball, Guynemer, McCudden—died like the poorest cub when an enemy pilot spewed a straight burst at the right moment.

Until I looked curiously at him, dead, Richthofen was an unmet stranger; but his shadow had crossed mine many times during the preceding month, when the flight of five red nosed Camels which I commanded had repeated tussles with his famous circus.

During that month of battling the honors, I may claim with all modesty, were entirely ours. The flight did not suffer a single casualty. There were several changes of personnel in that time, it is true, but none of our machines failed to return. Unfortunately, there is no record in my log book of our total bag, but I know that a number fell to the machine guns of my comrades.

Indeed, in the same dog fight which ended Richthofen's killings three other circus planes were downed by pilots of my flight.

My own total for this month of spasmodic encounters was five. I had had the luck to bring down four of Richthofen's officers before fate sent one of my bullets into his own heart.

It must have been fate that gave me the chance at Richthofen, for a few days previously I had been shot down myself, but had lived, unhurt, to take the air again next day and carry on until I got him.

The circus, as we of the Royal Air force always called his jagdstaffel, was a name neither of contempt nor awe. It was one of those apt nicknames of the war, given by some unknown soldier, his memories of youth stirred at the sight of these multicolored planes.

For it was an affectation of the circus that each plane should be painted according to the pilot's whim. Richthofen's alone was all red. The others flaunted every imaginable combination of gaudy markings.

At that time—the spring of 1918—the circus was, to our understanding, composed of the very cream of the enemy flying fighting service. Only pilots who had won their spurs in combat were selected for the Red Knight's command. The aim was that this *corps d'élite* should control any front to which it was assigned by being able to whip anything in the sky.

It is significant that Richthofen's victims were almost without exception members of the British flying service. He fought us long, and at the last he asked no more mercy than he gave. Alone he was credited with being worth a division to the Hun. The circus was worth at least two divisions. Its presence over a sector gave confidence to the earthbound troops below.

It was the morning of March 21, 1918, when the shadow of Richthofen and his circus first crossed my path.

On April 21, exactly a month later, I was to kill him. I did not know that. I did not even recognize his shadow when the guns of the Hun began that March morning to thunder the offensive that was to be his last great gasp of the war, his last tremendous effort to smash through to the channel ports, the big push that was to throw back the British Fifth army brokenly in retreat.

We of the 109th squadron, Royal Air force, were at that time at the middle airdrome. This was about half way between Bray Dunes and the Franco-Belgian frontier, which in this section was a low ditch two feet wide.

THE morning of the twenty-first dawned dud for flying. I was still sleeping when an orderly burst in.

"Orders to get up, sir, and report to the flight at once." And he hoicked off before I was right awake.

"The sainted son! They can't kid me."

I rolled over for a further snooze. There was a bang outside like the collision of express trains.

Cripes! I bounced up, sloughing sleep.

Before I could gather my wits Norton and Courtney were in on me like a couple of wild men. Brass hats both! And me in pajamas! Norton was squadron commander, and Courtney was chief of the wing, no less, than whom there were few higher but God.

Old Bluebeard, as we called the latter, was mad. His full naval whiskers stuck out stiffly all around his face.

"What the devil d'you mean?" He shook my shoulder. "Why aren't you up? Why the hell aren't you with your flight?"

"But—but, orders, sir——"

"Orders! Orders be damned! Can't you hear the Hun?"

Just then, sure enough, there was another er-r-rump!—and I zoomed out of bed.

"Get to the field at once; get your flight ready and jump to Teteghem. Shake a leg—fast!"

I needed no further urging. From miles back the Hun was shelling us with nine-point-fives.

The squadron hopped over to Teteghem, southeast of Dunkerque, six miles back.

These shells were but an incidental episode in the massed activity up and down the front with which the Germans began their great spring drive of 1918. To my flight and myself they had a more personal significance. They heralded the coming of Richthofen's circus.

Next day we met them for the first time, and for a month our paths were to cross and recross repeatedly until the climax came, in which I was to play a chance part that is historic.

After a crash on my part a few days following the death of Richthofen, one of his circus, who had been brought down wounded and taken prisoner, was in a British hospital back of the lines.

On a visit from a pilot of our squadron he asked about the flight of planes with the red noses. He was told that their commander had gone to the hospital, smashed up, and that the red noses as a unit had ceased to exist.

"That iss very good," he said. "To us a very great trouble. We did not like them."

Sweet words! That Hun's unsolicited testimonial meant more to me than a chest girdle of decorations.

THE day following our arrival at Teteghem we were detailed to escort five D. H. 9s on a bomb dropping raid over Thourout. We sat above them all the way, sat over them while they laid their "eggs," and were still sitting around when they streaked home without ceremony.

After this disappearance we climbed and became a high offensive patrol scouting for enemy aircraft, and over the forest of Houthulst we had the good luck to bump into seven of the circus.

Heading back toward Dixmude, right at the south of the flooded Yser canal area, we had about reached Zarren when we sighted them south of us, flying southeast. Their altitude was about 12,000 feet. Ours was 18,000. With that advantage in height we could overhaul them. I gave the signal to dive and follow.

The flight whanged to the chase full out; five noses down, five engines roaring, five planes singing, five pilots tense over their controls, eyes straight ahead, hands taut on their sticks, fingers tightening already on the triggers of their guns.

Faster, faster, faster! Down a chute of the sky, down the screaming wind—down, down, down, with the wires thrumming!

Minutes! We were upon them—within distance to strike. Five to seven, but the conditions were in our favor. We were above and behind. And they gave no hint of being aware of us.

Closer, closer, closer! Now we could see the pilots, make out the markings. Fragments of rainbow floating through the sky!

At last the circus! Maybe Richthofen himself! My meat was a violet and yellow Albatross. I swooped right after him. I got over him—flew straight until his nose had almost disappeared beneath the leading edge of my plane. Then—fft!

Whip went the stick hard down. I dived straight at him. My thumb tightened on the trigger like a vise. From the two guns, through a propeller, tore a twin stream of bullets. A hit! A hit! Ruddy tracers caught and held the Albatross. I had him.

Less than 100 rounds! Already in flames, he was plunging to earth like a cracked comet.

A mere half minute's battling and we had drawn blood.

I glanced around. The air was filled with winging, flipping, fighting planes. The red noses were mixing it in a lovely dog fight, throttles full out, guns barking in vicious bursts.

I sought to pick out an enemy to dive on. I wondered if Richthofen's red plane wasn't somewhere in the brawl. Ah, here was one!—an Albatross single seater like the others, but with pale pink fuselage and pale green wings.

We became regular enemies, he and I. Three times altogether did we meet during the month. Three times did I beat him, sending him down in a spin. But I could not crash him; could never whip him for keeps. I wonder who he was. I never even learned his name.

When I first sighted him I was above and behind, and I tried to get in on him. But he saw me. He was too quick.

Flinging over in an Immelmann, he went up, over, and underneath me. I Immelmanned, too, and followed. Then he started to circle. Again I followed suit.

I thought I'd get him. Our speeds were about the same. We held our circling as if spun by short cords from an axis. But my lighter Camel outclimbed his Albatross.

Soon I was clearly over him. Suddenly, with a jerk on the stick, I flattened to dive and finish him.

But he was a good pilot. At that exact moment he flung himself out of the circle, nose downward, into a spin.

I couldn't follow him. There was an Albatross on my tail. A burst from his guns whiffed unpleasantly close. I had to run. A couple of quick Immelmanns threw him off.

Then I looked around. Except for the machine which had attacked me, now heading back for his base, there was not a red nose or a circus plane in sight.

I glanced below. I took a bearing on Poperinghe and from that flew by bird line back to Teteghem, wondering how the others of my flight had fared.

On this occasion we were all beautifully bucked, because in our first brush with the vaunted outfit we had bagged one against odds without a casualty.

There was no resting on our laurels. Since you're so damned good, you pups, get out and get some more!

That afternoon we went on another offensive patrol, but drew a blank. Later that afternoon there was another patrol, but again no Huns. Evidently their planes had been sent south, where the big push was on in earnest.

Next afternoon, on another cruise through a Hunless sky, I had a little experience which went into the tragedy and comedy of

(Continued on page four.)

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LEAVE IT TO SPRING

by Teresa Hyde Phillips

"Banana oil!" jeered Mr. Silver.

Romance, as Well as Sickness, Can Stalk a Hospital's Corridors, and When It Does It Often Results in a Case "With Complications."

IN New York City it was spring. Down the canyons of its streets the light was golden; in the squares and parks the trees were aerial, as if they had been dipped in green gauze. Frost was gone, cold was gone; not a sign of a fur coat was to be seen. To all who lived on Manhattan island the miracle had come.

Even St. Martha's hospital sensed the magic, and upon Shirley Wayne in common with the rest it worked its spell.

Since her graduation from the training school the year before she had been in charge of the operating room and had come in that time to look upon the outside world with the detached indulgence of one who has taken the veil. It was her idea that she would continue to be head nurse there until she was an old, gray haired woman. When men outside assured her that it would be felicity to be ill were she the nurse, she smiled politely, and felt immeasurably bored. And when women hinted at love affairs with handsome young internes she looked upon it as an exhibition of bad taste and wondered pityingly if they thought nurses and doctors had nothing better to do than to make love.

So now she had been in the operating room twelve months; and one day, all in a moment, in a breath, she found that she was violently, irretrievably tired of her job. Not that she did not love her profession. But this day she had spent an hour on the roof, and spring was up there, too, in the unbelievably blue sky and the fragrant breeze and the great, lazy, white clouds drifting off to New Jersey.

Without a word of warning, with not so much as a preparatory twinge, she had grown sceptical as to the necessity of devoting quite all one's life to the preparation of sterile dressings, and she returned to her duties feeling lonely and heartbroken as she had never felt in all her life before.

Outside, in the beautiful world, everything was coming to life. Hibernating animals and hibernating hearts were emerging from the winter's sloth to take the sun. Up and down the reviving streets hurdy-gurdies were answering each other like citified birds—but there was no music in the operating room. In those happy outer regions were carefree people—in pairs. She could picture them all over town: walking through the bespangled park in pairs; planning to lunch at Voisin's in pairs; halting in front of florists' rejoicing windows—in pairs. While here she was, in this bleak, rigorous, frost bitten operating room—alone.

Or, as good as alone. Dr. Ampere was there, of course, attending strictly to the business of ignoring her, it being his prudent practice to shut his eyes to physical attractiveness whenever such appeared behind hospital walls. Miss Wayne had rather annoyed him from the first—why had she come here to vex the decent whiteness with her superfluous vividness? Let her go to the Follies, where she belonged!

He was drastic, but then he was a man bowed down by sorrow, to whom nothing remained but the river. This morning his fiancée had returned his ring, refusing longer to wait while he completed an interneship that she felt to be, in a man of his background and prospects, foolish and unnecessary. For it was her opinion that he was ready to embark on his practice, and in vain did he argue that he had hardly broken the shell of medical knowledge. Look at the loads of doctors, she would reply, that had never been internes!

"It isn't as though you were an outsider, Watts!" He had been christened Richard, but, with the surname of Ampere, he was obviously predestined to be known to Harvard, Southampton, and Park avenue as Watts. It was clear that she had his career mapped out on her mind's fashion chart, and he shuddered. A chap born an Ampere, who, poor now, might, in some distant day, inherit millions, need not bury himself in hospital wards. "If only you were more like Teddy Prince," she mused.

He gazed at her in horror. "Prince Charming!" he cried. "Help!"

To Watts that drawing room favorite, that boudoir snake, was something worse than the flu. Nor was he alone in this. It was unanimously agreed in medical circles that had given him his scurrilous title that Theodore Prince was a rotter, a stuffed shirt.

Becoming every second less well disposed to Prince, who, up to then, had been merely a general annoyance, he mentioned this passionately, and Evelyn replied that it was dreadful the jealousy there was among doctors, and Watts thought to himself how like Prince it was to make passes at the season's most popular debutante, for obviously that was what had been happening. And she said she knew enough to recognize a real man and a success when she saw one—Evelyn had a passion for "men that do things"——. And on this note they had parted.

AND here, this morning, was his discharge, his official notice that he was now on the fiancée's retired list. This letter. He felt it crinkling in his linen pocket crisply, as she herself was crisp. He put his hand to his side and touched it; not otherwise might a man finger a bullet that has shot a hole through the balloon of his hopes.

So, like a correct, patient host, he stood with his hands thrust into his pockets, and waited for the operator, his eyes bleakly on the tiled floor, looking backward, remembering.

And, across the table from him, stood Shirley Wayne, also waiting, and with that vision of the spring still in her eyes. Her shingled hair of brownish red, like a heap of beech leaves, was hidden under an operating hood, and her slim, boyish figure was encased to the chin in a thick apron that failed to make her look clumsy. Her head ached a little along with her heart, and she wondered what was troubling the tall, silent interne, and was filled with an unreasonable hurt because it was not her place to comfort him. And she knew now that it was the fact that he would soon be leaving the surgical service that had rendered her future suddenly intolerable.

And, outside, all the spring went on without them.

"Here they come!" she said at last, in her clear, steady voice, addressing Watts with the professional courtesy of a nurse who is used to being treated as if she were a dangerous explosive and doesn't care a hoot. Hearts were not being worn on the sleeve of Miss Wayne's uniform this season.

The sounds of approaching feet which she had heard galvanized the place into life, and high powered efficiency now reached its climax. Watts removed his hands from his pockets, Miss Wayne did things to her instrument tray, sterilizers bubbled, nurses appeared from nowhere, and stretchers lumbered down the hall to the anaesthetizing room. The steps came nearer, a hush descended, as though a bell had rung for the raising of a theater curtain, and the operator appeared in the doorway and halted a moment, as if to take his bow. One wondered that applause did not break forth from the audience of sheeted nurses.

Watts, the model of respectful interne, moved forward.

"Good morning, sir," said he, well behaved and modest. But he felt like an animal that bares its fangs.

"Ah, there, my dear chap!" returned Dr. Prince. For Prince Charming it was, indeed. Evelyn's criterion of worldly success. He advanced like a courtier in a play, and turned upon them the expression of hushed sweetness that was so potent with the wives of millionaires. "Glorious weather," he announced, "glorious."

"Nice day, sir." Watts was impenetrable. He averted his eyes from a countenance that would, he felt, go big at a fadeout of "And So Came the Dawn." Oft in the stilly night did he dream of landing on that faultless chin with one hefty sock!

Dr. Prince scrubbed up, the patient was brought in, and the surgeon received the scalpel from the efficient hands of that Shirley who was now nothing on earth but a mechanical, capable nurse.

"A gastrectomy, gentlemen," announced Watts, and proceeded to outline the patient's case history to the clinic that was crowding behind the operator's shoulders.

DR. PRINCE looked down at the patient with an air of pained recognition. He belonged to that smaller division of the surgical world that feels all operations are performed in the interests of the surgeon. To his mind it was sheer insanity to work on a case that had only a bare chance of recovery. It was his habit to ship off such patients to Braylands, which was a municipal institution and had to take whatever came along. As a result of this principle of living he had a mortality record that was second to none.

But it was the sort of thing that made his internes, after living in the same institution with it for some months, long to tear up their diplomas and, leaving no address, go forth to take up good, honest ditch digging as a life work.

So now Watts watched his superior with a critical and unfriendly eye. The case was a neglected one, with only a fifty-fifty chance. But without operative interference she had no chance whatever. Watts was, he prided himself, no quick fire emotionalist. He knew that the doctor and the nurse cannot sentimentalize; that other people's pain should not have the power to make professionals suffer as the layman says it makes him do. But this case had managed to get in among his nerve centers.

For the patient was a woman who had been a lively, smiling maid in the children's ward when he began his interneship. A romance had sprung up between her and the policeman on the beat which the whole hospital had watched with interest and had seen finally end in marriage. And now this thing had come like a bolt from the blue. Watts, looking down at her, remembered how Policeman Farrelly's face had gone white as he said good-by to his wife.

"We'll do our best for her," Watts had told him quietly, shaking his hand, the man in him superseding the doctor.

Dr. Prince, with the bored air of a man to whom human lives are valued at a dollar ten a gross, looked down at the patient. There was nothing for an operator in this case—no flowers if he succeeded, a black

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mark if he failed. That operative interference was the woman's only hope, and that there was a compelling professional tradition behind him meant nothing in his life. He laid down his scalpel.

"Gentlemen," he said, smoothly, "what Dr. Ampere tells us of the patient's history demonstrates that this is one of those occasions when it is the surgeon's duty to withhold the knife. To proceed would be folly." He looked at Watts, as though he should have had more sense than to admit such a case. "We shall proceed to the next subject," he went on. "This woman is inoperable."

So that was that. Watts' face hardened. Everything that had been said and that he had suspected about Prince was true.

But, "You don't think we might take a chance, sir?" he found himself asking, against all rules and regulations. He felt rather sick; things like this made one doubt one's vocation.

To Dr. Prince the implied criticism was the last word in impudence. Of all the young internes, he liked this cool, imperturbable one the least.

"The case, I said, is inoperable," he repeated, the patrician master reproving his valet. While the clinic, knowing his reputation, looked at Watts with the warm eyes of brothers.

"Yes, sir," said Watts, and made up his mind that he would send the patient down to Braylands at once and they would have her opened up before the day was over. There were men there, thank God, that knew their duty when they saw it.

BUT Shirley Wayne, glancing up at him quickly, met a pair of eyes so gray, so chill, in a face so concentrated, that she almost cried out to him not to look at her like that. She had never before seen the pleasant, poised, polite Watts overstep the bounds of professional etiquette. The thing shocked every bone in a body that had been trained by years of hospital discipline to look upon the attending surgeon as royalty. To question his decisions, she knew, was lese majesty of the rankest sort.

With a woman's instinct to cover up quickly a delicate situation between males, she expedited the removal of the patient and the entry of the appendicitis that was next on their list. It cheered her a little to do this small thing for an interne who was scarcely aware of her existence. And, even as she realized how almost unconscious of her he was, a faint wonder came into her eyes. It had never happened to her before that any young man had acted thus. Almost always in that outside world there had been somebody trying to propose to her.

These reflections carried her through the rest of the operations, while her hands handed out instruments and her tongue counted sponges.

Then the morning's work was over. The clinic melted away into the world; Dr. Prince, shedding his operating robe like a chrysalis, straightened a gardenia that strangely had not wilted, and was off to Park avenue and environs, the finished product of countless laboring centuries. Watts accompanied him to the elevator.

Shirley watched them go with a feeling of a child who has been left behind. She, the most understanding and enthusiastic of nurses, was filled with a curious and surely unprofessional desire to box both their ears. Especially the nice, close-to-the-head ones of Watts Ampere. She did feel that something ought to be done; that she should not allow herself to be treated as if she were nothing but a clockwork woman wound up to pass instruments.

Watts, seeing his superior into the lift, bowed formally, and saw the last of his illusions about the attending surgeon, some of his loving pride in his profession, and, finally, the image of what he would never, so help him God, allow himself to become, and what Evelyn down in her heart wanted him to be, drop silently from sight and make its way to a world that did him homage.

Returning, he stopped in the doorway of the operating room, seeking vaguely in man's immemorial fashion for comfort from a woman who, he instinctively felt, had resources of comfort within her.

"Did you see how he passed up that laparotomy?" he demanded of Shirley, his voice harsh with contempt for Prince Charming.

She raised her eyebrows.

"The case was inoperable," she said primly. She had railed off all the hospital decorum, all the professional etiquette in the world for her own exclusive use.

Watts stared at the girl.

"Inoperable your hat!" he then groaned rudely. He was profoundly indignant to find that this estimable young nurse did not see eye to eye with him on all such matters.

"Dr. Prince said the case was inoperable," she repeated, as if this settled the matter. There was to be no sweeping her into sympathy.

"I see," said Watts grimly, and, folding his arms, he leaned against the door jamb and regarded her. That speech had reduced to the vanishing point his estimation of her intelligence. If this girl, he reflected coldly, were put to the Binet-Simon test, God help her!

Above all things, when his illusions were crashing about his ears, did he desire to retain one or two about St. Martha's. He would like to feel that its nurses, at least, were not morons. But there was no blinking the fact that this one gave him what had been known in his school days as a sour pain.

Shirley, head in air, operating cap discarded, began to minister to the devastated territory about her with her customary air of unhurried haste like Pavlowa in pursuit of a butterfly. He recognized, almost bitterly, that serenity; in the crises of her duties, major or minor, he had never known it to fail. Let surgeons rave, pulses stop, junior nurses faint, Miss Wayne, with her flowerlike grace, the slow turnings of her head, the sure, definite movements of her hands, still retained to the operating room its inestimable feeling of repose.

And now all at once this serenity annoyed him. He felt, inconsistently, that if he was not serene she should not be either. He continued to survey her. He felt, too, that if it were not for the way her shining hair grew with curly edges behind her ears he would have liked to spank her. . . . But, yet, he also found himself filled with a terrific desire to show her Prince Charming as he really was, yellow to the bone.

But all the while he knew that his dreams were hopeless. The attending surgeon was inviolably coddled in the cotton of the worship that is accorded, in a democratic world, only to the royalty of a hospital. He himself, a mere interne, was but a helpless fly in the spiderweb of hospital etiquette.

Watts sighed. There was not enough horse sense in this institution to go around. In all the world he trod was nothing but the night. This time yesterday his life had glamoured with the thought of Evelyn. Today she was but another girl. And now, even this nurse, on whose intelligence and understanding he could have sworn one could rely, even she had succumbed to the general infatuation.

And Shirley, unhappily trying to keep on the proper sterilizing of scalpels a mind inebriated by April, found that sigh going through her as if it were something sad injected with a hypodermic needle. She discovered that she could not help noticing the way he stood in the doorway as though he were giving orders to a regiment of cavalry. There was something angry about him that made her feel an urgent necessity to placate and soothe. The sort of thing that causes wives to run for the evening newspaper and the old pipe.

And she knew that in a moment she was going to disclose to him how thoroughly they were one in their estimate of Prince. She could feel her whole soul bend to the luxury of telling him; the words were rushing to her lips. And yet she was filled with a panic at the prospect of breaking down the barrier of hospital rules that kept them safely, decently apart.

And then, without her own volition, against every one of her four year old St. Martha's instincts, her lips opened.

"The case was inoperable," she said, mocking the liquid accents of Prince Charming, holding the phrase up before their eyes and surveying it as if it were a peculiarly loathsome type of poisonous bacillus.

She could not have hoped for a better effect. Her voice seemed to operate like muscular compulsion. Watts started erect from the door jamb, unfolded his arms, and regarded her as if he could not believe his ears. A faint, shadowless ghost of faith in St. Martha's, in womankind, rushed into his soul again. But he did not speak. He waited.

"He makes me sick!" expounded Miss Wayne, as if she had been keeping those words back since infancy. "Perfectly, pricelessly sick!"

Her very hair seemed to emit fire and brimstone.

"What!" cried Dr. Ampere, staring. Not often have mere internes these floods of eloquence ready to turn loose on an arid world in time of conversational drought.

There was no stopping Miss Wayne now. She was off to a good start.

"That great fat thing!" said the head nurse of St. Agatha's operating room, her cheeks flushed until she looked too beautiful to be true. "Some one ought to take him out and give him a good, sound spanking."

She had not until now had any idea that she felt like this about Dr. Prince. But she was thoroughly enjoying herself.

He was profoundly indignant to find that this estimable young nurse did not see eye to eye with him on all such matters.

"Well, I'll be damned," breathed Dr. Ampere, and looked at her with something more than warm approval. Now their relationship, he felt, was exactly right.

But it came to Shirley, hot off the griddle, that they were exactly wrong. She had overstepped the bounds of professional decorum. She had shown this smiling, engaging young man that she was on his side, against Dr. Prince, against all comers, forever. She had made herself cheap, she had offered him her—her friendship on a silver platter.

"I must finish my work," she said with great dignity, and found herself smiling unhappily with tears in her eyes. Really, she was getting to be the greatest fool, she felt. Then, true to the training that had molded her into a perfect pattern of hospital discipline, she withdrew in good order to the sterilizing room.

DUMFOUNDED, Watts looked after her. His keen eyes that had spent so much time on Evelyn flickered over the bronze haired, inexplicable woman that had so suddenly turned from a nurse into a person. He felt that he knew this person very well. Walls had fallen as though the trumpets of Jericho had been sounded. And his gaze grew gradually absent as he stared down at the wreckage of stones and mortar that they had left at his spiritual feet. Then he stood quite still and straight in the middle of the doorway and suddenly he grinned.

After that, with one more look at that other door which remained obstinately, cruelly empty, he turned and went down the iron stairs one at a time, whistling softly as he went, he who, an hour or two before, had ascended with never a whistle.

He went into the women's ward to see Policeman Farrelly's wife. He had to tell her that they had not operated, which she must by this time know for herself, and he had not yet prepared the words with which to approach her. How announce the fact that, whereas St. Martha's found her inoperable, Braylands would not? How urge her to let him send her there at once without disclosing the shameful fact that an operator at St. Martha's was not to be trusted?

He moved toward her bed, putting on for the occasion that almost visible blandness that had carried him before through just such occasions.

"Out of the ether, all right, I see," he began, cordially, fishing around in his mind for help.

AND then he met Mrs. Farrelly's eyes. The eyes of that ward maid who had served at St. Martha's, who knew Dr. Prince's marvelous skill and was also on to all his tricks.

"He was afraid to operate on me," said Mrs. Farrelly, quietly. "He wouldn't give me a chance."

Afraid to operate; why, of course not, Watts assured her. And yet, even while he was stumbling about inside himself trying to find some way to cover up for Prince Charming, he felt like kissing this pale woman with the haunted eyes. She was the second female he had seen in this one morning who was on to that bird.

But it was a bad quarter of an hour. Mrs. Farrelly declined to believe in any doctor. She was through with doctors for life. Watts, in his pleasant voice, with that sincerity and that desire for her recovery which showed in every word he spoke, must persuade her to go to Braylands without in any way seeming to criticize Prince Charming. After all, that was only one man's opinion, that she could not be operated on. Great Scott, any man was apt to be wrong. In a serious matter like this, she would not pin her faith to one person, would she? Finally, he persuaded her. Mrs. Farrelly could not but have faith in this grave young man. She knew him to be a stronghold. He produced much the same effect on her, in fact, that he did on most people.

And events justified her faith. The next morning Policeman Farrelly, like the ghost of himself, stopped to thank the interne for his kindness, and the missus wanted him to know that she had come through the operation and was going to get well. And God bless him! He then allowed himself to express his honest opinion of Dr. Prince.

Watts listened for a few moments to these sentiments that were music to his ears, and then he made his mind blank and, with a grave face, proceeded to defend Prince, and refused in the end to discuss the matter any further. He firmly closed the door on Patrolman Farrelly, regretting in his heart that the officer's closing words could never bear fruit.

"If ever that party gets wise on my beat," said the policeman, darkly, "just watch me give him the air!"

Impartially examining these threats and carefully considering the likelihood of Prince Charming some time falling into the toils of the law, Watts went to his quarters to dress for his afternoon off. Then he shook his head, sadly. One could put all the trust one liked in Providence, but something told him that Prince and the law were never to meet.

Before him stretched a long, free week-end, a week-end that he had been in the habit of spending with Evelyn. And all he could see in the immediate future was the prospect of perishing of despair and boredom. He did not want to stay in; he did not want to go out. It was a universe in which the sleek and unguileless prospered. There was no balm in Gilead—that is, hardly any. There was no justice, nor any in sight, forever.

His sister was coming later to motor him to Long Island. Last week Evelyn, too, had been a guest. But this time there would be no fourth at bridge.

He leaned from his window like the Blessed Damozel leaning from the gold bar of heaven, and above him the thin, transient clouds passed slowly in the misty blue.

When the man who supplied St. Martha's with those fresh vegetables that made its menu the wonder of all institutions drove up, singing loudly, Watts wondered bitterly what he found in this empty world to sing about. His heart seemed to contract and break out into demands, and yet it wasn't exactly Evelyn that it was shouting for.

He knew this vegetable man well, as did all of Thirty-fifth street, for he had been a landmark there for years. He was a huge man with only two moods—sunniness and fury. He was singing now, but he was quite as likely to be black with rage the next minute. As he drew up in front of St. Martha's basement door Watts remembered a scene that had been enacted there last week. Silver, that was the vegetable man's name, had come out from a prolonged conference with the housekeeper to discover a box of oranges knocked from his wagon and strewing the gutter. And what happened after that the crowd of children that had collected would never forget. They were accustomed to flights of fancy in their own fathers, but the language that Mr. Silver had used then awed them into silence. All they could do was stand in breathless admiration.

But no one knew how the fruit came to be on the ground. It was finally concluded that some one, driving a motor car up to St. Martha's door, had backed into Mr. Silver's wagon and knocked over the crate. And Mr. Silver had then pointed out that if he ever discovered who had done it there wouldn't be enough left of him to sweep up.

Idly Watts watched him carry a bushel basket of apples into St. Martha's, leaving a crate of oranges resting on the lowered tailboard of his wagon. He did not return at once; evidently he was going over with the housekeeper the list for the next day.

While Watts was still thinking about the accident to the oranges these vagrant musings were stifled by the approach of a town car that was far too conscious of its own magnificence and exclusiveness to shine. And at the sight Watts felt rising within him a terrible malignity. For the car was that of Prince Charming.

The latter drove up in front of the door, and then, evidently remembering that some one else might want to use that space, backed his car carefully until it almost touched the rear of the vegetable wagon, slid his gears into neutral, shut off his power, and descended. At the sight of his pink face Watts began to dream daydreams. He fancied that he was pounding that pretty countenance until it looked like a blotter. He drifted away from the dreary world of possibilities and floated in a wonderful sea of happiness. There he met Prince Charming, and, careless of hospital appointments and medical dignity and newspaper headlines, he told him what he thought of his pink face and of his varnished hair and of his ethics, private and professional.

HE wondered if Prince had ever been up against anything dangerous or rough or unpleasant in his life, and thought of the contrast between him and the primitive Silver, and remembered the latter's rage last week and thought how rotten it was that, in a world harboring Prince Charming, all that poisonous hatred should have gone to waste.

In fairness, it must be called to mind that this was spring. All up and down the land the virus was getting into the blood. And now, for a moment, Watts forgot that he was a serious young interne with a reputation to maintain on that effervescing April day. All the inhibitions of a well brought up youth fell from him like a garment. Suddenly, as one who has not a minute to lose, he bounded from his seat and jumped down the stairs three steps at a time, avoiding the elevator, though he saw it descending from the floor above.

Reaching the ground floor, he passed hurriedly, without being observed, through the out patients' department, into the street. A second later he reappeared and stole up the stairs again and approached his window from the side, as if he did not want to be seen. Then, as if satisfied with what he saw, he sat down behind the curtains with the look on his face that painters give Joan of Arc as she hears the angel voices.

The sun went on shining brightly. The small breeze blew the white net back and forth against his blue serge waistcoat, and finally the vegetable man, singing happily, came out from the areaway and turned toward his wagon.

At that point in his song where in his arms he held her charms he stopped abruptly on a high note that might have emerged from a cage in the zoo. He stood incredulous, the blood rushing into his massive face.

"Holy Cow!" roared Mr. Silver, and his voice filled the street.

The crate that he had left on the end of his wagon was lying face down on the asphalt behind a black automobile that stood, sleek and wealthy, arrogantly superior to mere retail trade. Beneath its plutocratic bulk a gay trickle of oranges brightened the gutter.

There could be no question as to what had happened, and as the realization came to him the vegetable man looked as if he were about to have a stroke. Instinctively his hamlike hands went to his hips and he gazed around, ready to annihilate any living thing that showed itself. Then, with an air of terrible calmness, he folded his arms and turned upon the blank facade of St. Martha's a face so densely packed with pugnacity that it seemed to bite.

"A very pleasant looking bird," was Watts' inward comment. "Some one's been feeding him meat."

HE drew out a cigaret and lighted it joyfully. A sense of well being flooded him. His cares and troubles were rapidly disappearing dots on a blue horizon. The future looked bright.

But to Shirley Wayne, in the entrance hall below, there was no blue horizon, only grayness. She was off to the park alone, to sit there on her free afternoon and wonder why she had ever become a nurse, why she had not accepted some one of those young men who, though they might not be all that some others were, still had their points. It was true that there was nothing preventing her from doing so now, though she would not have admitted this. She was determined to be martyred.

It was an annoyance to run into Dr. Prince at the door. Literally to run into him, for she had been going along looking down, noticing, even in the midst of her brave acceptance of adversity, how beautifully her gray silk legs matched her violet gray frock. Gray, so soft and lovely after all that horrid, starchy white! And then she had bumped into him and he had gurgled, "Ah, dear lady!" in that silly way he had when you were off duty.

And here they were, going down the steps together. And the day was too, too lovely, too self-sufficient and touching and fleeting, one of those nebulous days that couldn't possibly happen anywhere except in New York. And what was the good of such a day with no one there to—O, well! What was the use! She realized that Dr. Prince was saying something, and she smiled up at him automatically, and it was this scene that Watts, blowing forth a cloud of cigaret smoke, regarded now with happy eyes.

He saw Prince Charming pull his charming laugh, and watched Miss Wayne smile back at him composedly. On those steps all was peace and correct behavior. No one but the happy unseen observer could have foretold the eruption. And he, engrossed as he was in the unfolding drama, still had time to notice, in a kind of awed wonder, that, unlike all other nurses, this vivid, slim Miss Wayne looked, incredibly, as beautiful in street clothes as she did in uniform. In fact, if that were possible, even more so. Though what that had to do with a young man who had just lost his lady love he did not pause to inquire.

Shirley and Dr. Prince continued down the steps, and as they reached the bottom both halted in incredulous surprise. For Mr. Silver, observing this exquisite specimen with the gardenia raise his hat to the pretty girl and move toward the motor, leaped forward, discarding his calm.

He looked ferocious, and Shirley, taken completely by surprise, stepped back and cried "O!" in a small, frightened voice and stared at him with her hand to her mouth as if repressing a scream. She imagined he was crazy and thought desperately, "Now, if I only had learned how to deal with lunatics!" and tried to remember the correct procedure with delirious patients.

Prince Charming, on the other hand, moved by a primitive instinct to take cover, jumped behind Shirley, the only bit of protection at hand. He never quite understood how he came to do this, and in after months it troubled him. But he saw Miss Wayne's clear eyes, as she turned to where he had been at her side, fail to find him, and then, filled with the most amazed contempt and abhorrence, come round to where he stood.

"O, you cad!" she said distinctly. "You miserable cad!"

And those were the divine words that floated up to Watts like a benediction.

Then there was no time for further action or reflection, for the madman, thrusting Shirley aside as if she were a rose in his path, thrust his face within an inch of Prince Charming's and proceeded to bawl forth his rage. The street seemed to echo and become one roar of invective.

There the moment hung, perfect, complete. Prince Charming had appeared. And he was being cursed at and threatened and reviled in phrases that came to Watts on the spring breezes and settled about his raw and bleeding heart like dressings on a burn. And that cool Miss Wayne was present and he himself was on hand. And life was all, all good.

The noise down below was really terrific, and it was while it was at its height that another motor purred to the curb and two lovely women, looking out, stared at Prince Charming as if they could not believe their eyes. Watts could hardly believe his own, in fact, for, while one of the women was, expectedly, his sister Ann, the other, incredibly, was Evelyn. He could not, however, stop just now to try to figure it out—her presence.

"Good heavens!" said Evelyn. "It's Dr. Prince!"

The latter heard her above the tempest. There was a situation! He looked up and saw the amused, shocked, flushed face of the famous beauty whom he had all winter made it a point to impress. It was too obvious that she was trying not to laugh. And here he was. . . . No, he couldn't bear to think of it! It was too horrible! Standing helplessly listening to these dreadful insults. And nothing, he reflected, looking at the bulk that towered over him, nothing to be done.

Above, Watts looked down and felt that he would like to throw his arms about the vegetable man and kiss him on both cheeks like a French general. No use to remain at the window any longer; the drama

(Continued on page four.)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN ------ By A. Roy Brown

(Continued from page one.)

those old flying days. We were over Roulers, some twelve miles inside the enemy lines, when I had a piston seize—stuck solid.

Stalling to stop the useless engine would have cost valuable height. I would have to stretch every inch of altitude to the limit if I wished to avoid a Hun prison camp.

So I let the dead motor turn on. But everything was thrown out of balance by the break. The vibration was fierce. The wings began to flap like a bird's. The old bus threatened to shimmy into little bits.

Fortunately I had a starting height of over 14,000 feet, and, with a strong following wind, I glided over twenty miles. At Bulscamp, about ten miles from the airdrome, I picked out a nice green field on which to land. It happened to be slashed with parallel ditches about twelve feet apart, leaving strips of earth just wide enough to accommodate a plane's wheels, if one judged nicely.

I managed it; but Boots Le Boutillier, an American of our flight, who had stuck around me on the long glide, was not so fortunate.

IT was all mighty white of him. Not content with protecting me all the way on the slow motion slide over enemy territory, he had come down to find out the trouble, so that he might report to the wing and save me from spending a night out by sending help. Thus he came to share my plight.

The Camel had a hump where the guns were. That made a nasty blind spot on a landing like this. And Boots miscalculated. The wheels of his undercarriage went into the ditch. His nose jerked down. Over he pitched on his back.

Poor Boots! He was not hurt. His belt held him suspended beneath the plane, his head a mere six inches above the mucky water in the ditch. When I came up he was swearing fit to blister the "dope" on his wings. He damned the field. He damned the Camel. He damned me most of all.

"You ruddy idiot! Of all the places to land! Get me out of it—blast it. You got me in. Do something, Brownie! This belt's cutting the—O, for God's sake——"

But I could not even speak for laughing. And, when I tried, I could not do a thing. Finally he had to slip the pin in his belt and flop head first into the slime.

He crept out from under the machine, spitting ooze and oaths.

That night we rustled a meal of black coffee, black bread, and blacker dripping from a Belgian peasant and then slept in his miserable haymow.

When a detail of mechanics had helped us get clear, the following afternoon, we flew to Cappelle, south of Dunkerque, to which the squadron had been shifted.

Patrols out of Cappelle yielded nothing, and on March 28 we were moved about twenty miles south to Bailleul, which was hard by the Ypres salient—too hard by to be pleasant, as it proved.

We were only two days at Cappelle when we were sent to Bailleul. And there we had not even learned the location of the nearest *estaminet* before we were shelled out.

Orders to move from Cappelle had come in the evening. That meant all night slugging to be ready for the shift at dawn. The flip to Bailleul was a mere jump through the air. We got there at 10:30 a. m.

But at the airdrome there was not a lorry; not even a provost sergeant as reception committee; not a single comfort of home. It was afternoon before the arrival of the first truck and a meal; bread all streaked with green, which we had to cut away before sopping the broken remains in tea and slushing the mess down!

And out we ran, to find every one in motion. The commanding officer was snapping the squadron to life.

"Leave your machines—you couldn't fly them out in this muck. Each flight commander have a man with a motorcycle stand by to burn them when the Hun's in sight. Give him tins of gasoline to slash on them. Meantime, you pilots help load lorries. There's little time. Then get out as fast as you can for Marie Claire Nord."

Marie Claire Nord! And where the hell was that?

Richthofen with German flying officers and mechanics on an airdrome in Belgium. The baron is fourth from the right.

After that we worked, attending to the unloading of the lorries and setting up the airdrome. Ye gods! We were low. No sleep for thirty-six hours. No rest. No food.

By 3 p. m. we could carry on no longer. Fortunately, I had a flask of brandy. We took a slug apiece; then flopped in our leather coats in a corner of a hut.

We sank into a sluggish sleep. At that moment an orderly rushed in, shouting:

"Line's broke! Boche coming through. Portuguese streaming across the drome. Orders to move at once—report to the C. O."

We came to our feet, grouching.

Why couldn't the ruddy Hun have picked another time?

The March night was already closing in. It was raw and it was raining. We soon learned that Marie Claire Nord was forty miles west.

In the miserable gloom we started to reload the lorries. About 7 p. m. we got away. By that time it was pitch dark. We were soggy, sodden, chilled to the marrow.

A cheerless bunch of shadows settled on the loads for the forty mile drive.

The way seemed endless, Marie Claire Nord an inaccessible nothing in a nethermost pit. It was 2 a. m. when we reached our destination.

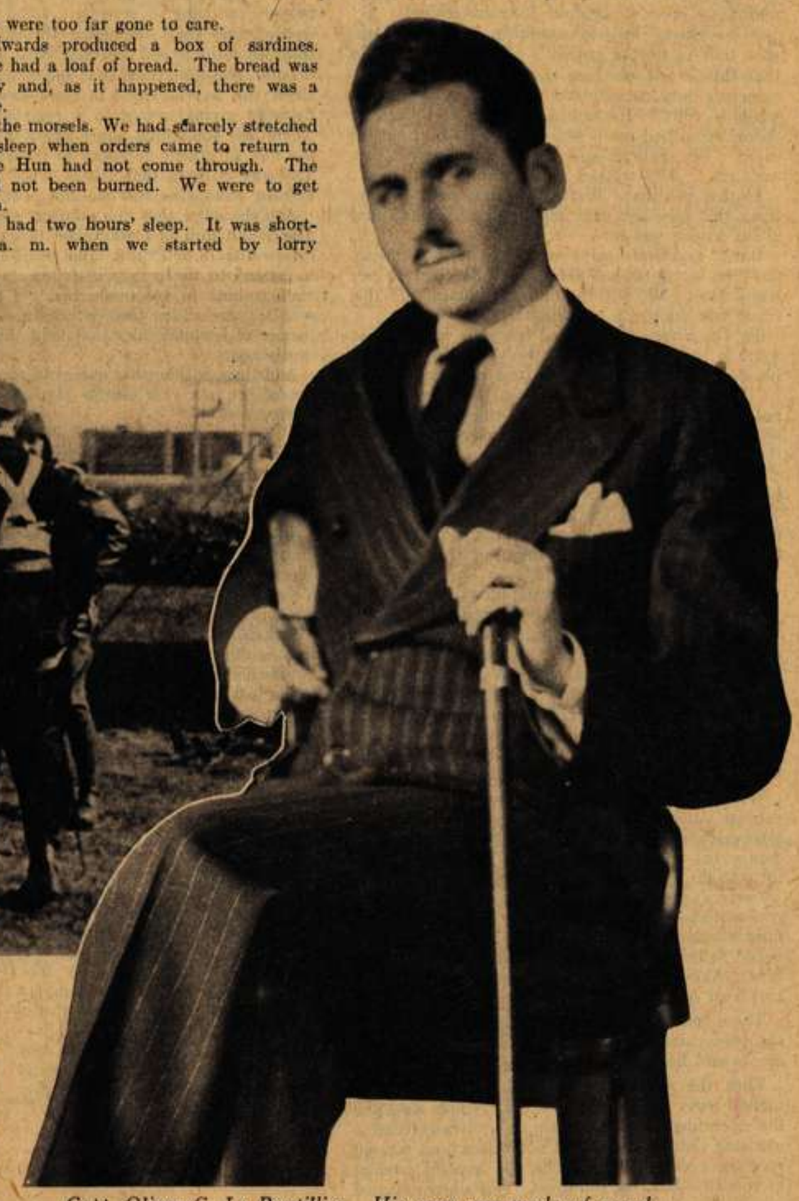
Marie Claire Nord! So this was it. Never at the front did I see such appalling huts.

The floors were thick with all manner of filth. From the beams hung several joints of decayed beef. But we were too far gone to care.

Stearne Edwards produced a box of sardines. Some one else had a loaf of bread. The bread was divided safely and, as it happened, there was a sardine apiece.

We wolfed the morsels. We had scarcely stretched ourselves to sleep when orders came to return to Bailleul. The Hun had not come through. The machines had not been burned. We were to get them at dawn.

Perhaps we had two hours' sleep. It was shortly after 4 a. m. when we started by lorry back to Bailleul. The rain had stopped. Daylight had come when we arrived, and it was good enough for flying.



Capt. Oliver C. Le Boutillier. His cane was made of wood from the propeller of Richthofen's plane.

Rum had turned up. Strong toddies stiffened us for flight after some fifty hours with practically no sleep. Shortly after 10 a. m. we got off the ground and started back to Marie Claire Nord.

[Copyright: 1928: By The Chicago Tribune.]

Another sky battle with the circus! How Capt. Brown once fought the German in the pink and green machine—and how his own plane was shot down—are told in next week's SUNDAY TRIBUNE.

LEAVE IT TO SPRING ---------- By Teresa Hyde Phillips

(Continued from page three.)

had reached its height. Carelessly, lightly, a youth who has been anointed, he picked up his gloves and his soft hat and his stick and strolled happily to the elevator.

He descended, a tailored and discreet young man on pleasure bent, and strolled across the aseptic tiled vestibule, the last word in correct behavior, the nicest thing in young internes. Gravely he emerged on to Thirty-fifth street, where the late afternoon sun was painting with a wash of rose the prevailing asphalt and cement.

It was not the beauties of nature, however, that halted him on the impeccable doorstep, but sheer amazed delight to find that he had been wrong about affairs out here having reached their climax. For the street was now completely full of the characters in the day's events, as if it were the last act of a musical comedy. In other words, Policeman Farrelly had made his entrance, and the cast was complete.

"What's all this?" he was roughly demanding, and he looked as if he meant to know the answer.

WITH no expression on his face but a sort of grim assurance that would later make his fortune as a doctor, Watts went down the steps and stood a little behind the group. Shirley turned and saw him, and, suddenly, swiftly, welcomingly, she smiled in a way that seemed to him more remarkable, more vivid, and more sweet than anything he had ever seen. She smiled as if she had been waiting for him to come. And he was immediately revisited by the sensation that he had that morning—that they knew each other extremely well.

"He tried to hide behind me," she said in a muted voice, as if she could not believe such a thing. "He tried to hide behind me when that man attacked him." She raised wide eyes to a man whose standards were her own.

And Watts looked down at her and they exchanged a long, confiding look. All his life he would remember her just as she was then. No, he would never forget how she looked. And he wondered how under heaven he had missed noticing, in all these months, the sleepy beauty of her eyes. How could any one ever look into them and not be swept with an agony of tenderness as he was being swept now?

"Did he frighten you?" he asked in a voice that she had never heard before. Not his interne voice at all. No, nothing like it. And he began a gesture which he was forced immediately to restrain. This was not the time nor place for that.

"Frightened." She repeated the word that had fallen from him as if it had no meaning except that it came from him. They were standing quite still on the pavement looking into each other's face. They were shut off from all the rest by the misty, haunting loveliness that April threw around them.

But now Policeman Farrelly broke the spell. "What's going on here?" he once more demanded.

Behind and above them in St. Martha's windows had opened, heads were looking out. All the world of the hospital, nurses, internes, ward maids, probationers, up-patients, supervisors, was listening in, to hear the vegetable man broadcast his troubles.

But, though Dr. Prince sensed that a hundred eyes were on him, he suddenly did not care, for he had seen this figure that was demanding to be told what went on, and it was, thank God, a policeman. All his courage returned, all his customary sense that he was something very special. A policeman. Now he was saved.

"Ah, officer," he said, "you are very welcome." And now, with full confidence in his salvation, he disclosed his identity to the avenging angel. "I am Dr. Prince," he said; "arrest this man. Dr. Prince of St. Martha's hospital," he waved a proprietary hand at his kingdom.

Watts, observing the officer, noticed that he started at this piece of news as though he had been stung. He saw that his face grew red and that there was a strange mixture of expressions on it. He stared attentively at Prince Charming, with hard and interested eyes in which could be detected not one trace of sympathy.

"And what," thundered the policeman, "have YOU been up to?" And every button on his coat, each separate wrinkle of his uniform, proclaimed to the universe that whatever was going on here was the fault of this doctor.

And at the sound of those dreadful words Prince Charming looked as if he were going to die; as if, in fact, some one were walking over his grave. Paralysis fell on him for a second. There pressed on him the horrible realization that for the first time in his life he was being undervalued. He looked around the circle of faces for help, met the delighted amusement of Evelyn, the disdain of Miss Wayne, the blank façade of that detestable young Ampere, the devouring hatred of that lunatic orange man, and came back to the sure hatred of Policeman Farrelly.

"The guy with the flower's been pinchin' oranges," whispered the crowd. And they looked at him with wise eyes which were still amazed at such a spectacle.

"But I—but he——" Dr. Prince began, and found that he was choking. He could not digest the thought that the part of the vulgar vegetable man would be taken against the pride of Park avenue.

"Was you hungry?" demanded Mr. Farrelly. "Or was you just amusin' yourself rollin' them oranges around?"

"But, I say, officer," gulped Dr. Prince, "this is ridiculous. I haven't touched his oranges."

"Banana oil!" jeered Mr. Silver.

"Priceless," murmured Evelyn.

Shirley moved a half inch closer to Watts.

"Well, don't stand arguryin' with me," snapped the policeman. "C'm on an' tell it to the judge." He took hold of Dr. Prince's elegant sleeve to intimate to him that the time had come to move on.

"Judge!" returned Prince Charming in a chill, desiccated voice. "Unhand me, for you do not understand. I am Dr. Theodore Prince."

"You should 'a' remembered that before yuh got so free about playin' with them oranges," remarked the officer.

"But you can't arrest me on such a charge!" cried Prince Charming, still sure that he was a person of value.

"Can't I?" growled the policeman, remembering the white face down at Braylands. He bent over Dr. Prince with a terrible countenance.

Dr. Richard Ampere seemed to come back from a distant land where he had been wandering during this discussion. He stepped forward now like an adult appearing in the presence of naughty children, whose affairs, however, were no personal concern of his.

"I think there has been a slight misunderstanding here," he said, mellifluously, and, back to Prince Charming, he faced the belligerent policeman and definitely winked.

"Mis-what?" asked Mr. Farrelly, and melted somewhat. This young pill thrower was a good guy, he'd say that for him.

"Of course it is preposterous to imagine," Watts said evenly, "that Dr. Prince had anything to do with the accident to those oranges."

Mr. Farrelly winked back at him. There was more here, he felt, than met the eye. It seemed to mean that he had better, after all, let bygones be bygones.

"We can explain everything," said Dr. Ampere, and proceeded to explain completely nothing. But in some occult way it penetrated to Policeman Farrelly that his work for the day was finished.

He looked regretfully at Dr. Prince. It would warm his heart to take him to the police station, but there might be consequences for himself later.

"Doubtless," he said, magnificently, "there is a satisfactory explanation of all this."

"Doubtless," said Watts, and drew a yellow backed bill from his pocket and passed it to the orange man.

"Perhaps," he said, looking the latter straight in the eye, "perhaps you got off on the wrong foot."

Mr. Silver looked down at the bill, then up at Watts.

"Perhaps I did," he said, and grinned. He was his sunny self once more.

He looked at Dr. Prince and visibly hesitated, then sighed.

"Don't hit my wagon again," he suggested, "unless you're found out by a patient and are trying to commit suicide," with which final thrust he burst happily into his song again and rattled away.

POLICEMAN FARRELLY looked after him with the look of one whom unkind fate has cheated of prey. If there were to be no charges lodged against this guy, his own hands were tied. He studied with hopeless longing the crucified Dr. Prince and revolved in his mind the possibilities of taking him up as a disturber of the peace. At that moment he lifted his eyes and encountered Watts' honest, admiring, and respectful gaze.

"Sorry to have been so much trouble to you, officer," Watts said earnestly, smiling his disarming smile, "but I think everything is cleared up now."

Patrolman Farrelly, being quick-witted, understood that he was invited to seek pastures new.

"I still think I smell a long-tailed rat," he said slowly.

"Perhaps you do," said Watts cordially. "Well good-by."

A silence followed, in which Dr. Prince's fate seemed to hang in the balance. At last Policeman Farrelly, with another puzzled look at Watts, indicated that, as one friend to another, he was through.

"Watch your step next time," was his parting counsel to Prince Charming, "or it'll be thirty days at Blackwell's for yuh,' and, touching his cap to Watts as though they had accepted each other on a plane of masculine equality, he directed one more scathing look at Dr. Prince, turned on his heel and departed.

They all watched him as he retreated up the street.

Then, "Better get out here, sir," said Watts sweetly, for the crowd was still staring. It interested him to observe hat over and above Dr. Prince's mortification and tortured vanity rode his stupendous amazement.

"But the creature attacked me absolutely without reason!" he kept saying. Which seemed to Watts to be beside the mark. To his way of thinking the fact that the Attending still lived was proof that he bore a charmed life.

"A man like that takes things hard," he mused in his best interne voice, impenetrable and fathomless as when making rounds. "Of course, the orange business was only an excuse."

Dr. Prince stared at him without understanding.

"I tried to persuade him," Watts went on, "that you were quite within your rights. I had no idea that he would become violent."

"You what?" The Attending wondered whether it was just he himself that had lost his mind, or if they would all meet together later in the same padded cell, he and Ampere and the orange man.

Watts looked at him, eyes wide with astonishment. "You know who he is, of course."

Naturally, Dr. Prince did not know who he was, except that he owned oranges. Neither, could he but guess it, did his senior interne. But small details like that meant but little in the latter's life.

"Surely," said Watts, simply. "He's the husband of the gastrectomy you did not operate on."

There was the light, easy stroke of genius!

Dr. Prince cleared his throat with difficulty. It was obvious to him that this dizzy untruth was the only possible explanation for the late lunatic events. It did not occur to him to question it.

He looked around as if trying to adjust himself to a new view. And at his regaining consciousness the windows and streets cleared themselves tactfully of all who belonged to St. Martha's. Watts observed regretfully that Miss Wayne was leaving, too, without so much as saying good-by. He looked after her wistfully and with a certain desperation. After smiling like that, no one should go off in sudden flight.

While he continued to gaze after her, Dr. Prince entered his car. He had not stopped to speak to Evelyn, but appeared to be in a great hurry. His face was less pink than usual, his gardenia had at last faded, and his eyes seemed to peer into the future where other hasty mates might lie in wait.

"It has all been a terrible misunderstanding," he gasped. And Watts, turning to him once more, knew that fewer patients would be sent to Braylands henceforth. Politely he said good-by, his elation tinged with the awe that comes to one for whom Providence has especially interceded.

Mysteriously as it had appeared, the crowd now faded. Only Ann and Evelyn were still there. In all her sharp, defined beauty she sat waiting for him, and only now when the excitement had died down did it occur to him how extremely odd it was that she should be present. Yesterday she had broken with him forever and yet here she was. His eyes hardened.

"Did you come to inquire for Prince?" he asked, and looked at her with a level, sustained glance as if he were balancing a glass of ice water on it. "Don't worry about him," he added. "I think only one of his wounds will prove fatal."

Evelyn smiled. "How silly he looked," she said, and Dr. Prince as a topic was thrown into the discard. She and Ann took the unconventional scene they had just witnessed without any answering excitement on their own part. They simply accepted the fact that such things happened in this queer part of town. It was as if Prince had put on a show in a polite, pleasant effort to entertain them, and they, politely and pleasantly, were entertained. It was part of a general attitude towards life that Watts had never been able to understand.

Evelyn now leaned toward him, consciously arrogant.

"Your uncle died this morning," she said, and turned possessive eyes upon him. Ownership was in the very curve of her eyelashes, victory in her smile.

Watts, without speaking, looked back at her. His uncle's death could pain him little, for they were practically strangers. It had always been known that he would some day be that distant uncle's heir, but his relation had been one of those semi-invalids that live indefinitely. No one, he least of all, had expected this to happen for years.

And yet, though he felt little sorrow for his uncle, there was a kind of shadow of despair playing on the street, a shadow, he suddenly realized, cast by Evelyn's unquestioning, unconscious assumption that he was hers. And this seemed to him, in a flash, to be more a threat than a promise.

"Ann has asked me to dine with you," Evelyn smiled. She had prepared an attitude and a set of feelings with which to meet him. She had, of course, unfortunately written him, breaking off everything. But that, naturally, was all over now. Finances had been the only bar between them, but now they could have their certain comforts and securities and solidities, and Watts could indulge unchecked his fantastic whim for medicine.

And Watts stared back, still without speaking, and hoped for the hundredth time to find in that face something that had always been lacking—some loveliness underlying its flawless beauty. And, for the hundredth time, saw that it was not there. All his life, up to this moment, he had felt that it was asking too much to expect that it should be. He had supposed that such loveliness was a thing to dream of, not to find.

HIS eyes left her and he glanced around. All the crowd had melted away long before, but it was as if he still saw some one that had stood there. When that some one smiled, it sent a warmth, in a way not to be explained, all through one. With her face illuminated by that enchanting radiance, even an undecorated cold New York street seemed like home. He thought the sleek beauty of Evelyn rather wonderful, but there was something about that Miss Wayne that made you feel as if she had put her hand on your shoulder. In her presence vanished all hard and cruel bargains with conduct. She was the one who understood Lister and Osler and the rest. And he recalled those delicious words, "O, you cad," as though they had taken root in the air and came now for a second time to blossoming.

"My word! What does he think he sees now?" thought Evelyn impatiently, who had no time for visions.

But she never discovered. For all of a sudden this unaccountable young man looked brightly at her and softly laughed.

This had been a day of revelations, and the last one had just broken upon him. In its light it was clear that Evelyn had never come within a thousand miles of filling the vacant place that was in his heart. She was, he knew now beyond question, too formal an ornament to perform that office. Her mission had been to keep the hole open, to prevent its healing by first intention until its rightful occupant, molded to a shape that would fill that cavity, had come along.

And, with a kind of iciness creeping up his spine at the closeness of his escape, he realized that if he had not, in a moment's madness, knocked that orange crate off the wagon he would never have found this out.

He stood for a second longer without speaking, and it seemed to him then that he heard birds singing and trees budding in the park.

With a start he came to. "I'm sorry that I can't dine with you," he said in his polite way, and it occurred to Evelyn that his voice sounded like a baritone saxophone, "but the fact is, I have another engagement."

His sister leaned across the wheel. "Nonsense, Watts," she said, "we need you for a fourth."

But too late. Watts was gone.

He had seen a small, familiar, and yet thrillingly strange figure standing at the corner as if waiting for a taxi. Perhaps, thought Watts, if he got there in time across those shining, spring-touched pavements where her feet had been, that slight person with the heart shaped face would smile at him again.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

PERISHABLE GOODS

by DORNFORD YATES

THE STORY IN RESUME:

JONATHAN MANSEL finds the safe in his London house robbed of a package of letters. He and his friends, George Hanbury and William Chandos, decide that their common enemy, "Rose" Noble, is the thief. Mansel tells them the letters are mere casual notes from Adele, wife of his cousin, Capt. Pleydell. He makes no attempt to recover them, but goes to Austria with Maj. Pleydell and Capt. Pleydell and their wives. Upon returning to London he receives from the captain a wire announcing that Adele has disappeared. Accompanied by his two friends, Mansel crosses the channel and dashes to Austria by motor. Capt. Pleydell, in bed with a broken leg, reports that the search has led to a blank. Mansel's first reconnoitering expedition is interrupted by a man who gives his name as the Rev. Mr. Rouse. For several days he dogs their footsteps; then Mansel grows suspicious and lays a trap for him. He falls into it and leads the searchers to Lass. Following a suspect, Chandos discovers that Noble and his gang are secreted in the castle of Gath, an old fortress situated on a mountain top. With a spy-glass Mansel discovers Adele from a distance, and communicates with her by means of signals.

INSTALLMENT VI.

Inside the Castle.

BOTH cars left Lass the next morning at eight o'clock. We were bound for the dell, where there was work to be done. Hitherto, on reaching the cross roads, the cars had gone different ways, but today both took the road out of which ran the drive which served Gath, so that, if some one was watching, he should be able for once to account for us all. Mansel was leading, and I was sitting with Hanbury, who was driving the second car.

No doubt our ways were known, but, be that as it may, when Mansel had swept past the drive a man rose out of the bushes, stepped to the edge of the road, and stood watching the car out of sight.

To ignore him was out of the question: we were less than a hundred yards off. If he ran we were bound to give chase; and we were three to one. We might contrive to lose him, but you cannot run through a wood without declaring your line, and, unless he had a fair start, such a failure would be instantly suspected, if not by the spy, by Rose Noble, the moment he made his report.

"Take him aboard," said George. "It's the only way."

That this was so became increasingly clear, for we made no manner of sound, and the man was absorbed in his view of Mansel's car. Indeed, I had no time to think and barely enough to act. The man had no time to do either.

As we passed I took him by the neck and Bell leaned out behind me and dragged his legs into the car.

Not until then did I see that it was Jute.

He did not attempt to struggle, but I held him as I had seized him, till Bell had strapped together his ankles and wrists. Then we took a pistol from his pocket and put him on the floor of the car. And so we had meant to leave him, but such was his criticism of our conduct that after a little we gagged him with a handful of cotton waste.

"Understand this," said Mansel. "It's entirely your fault that you're here. Chandos would have ignored you, but you didn't give him a chance. You served your turn very well, but I finished with you at Lass. A man of your parts should have known that and have taken the greatest care to keep out of my way."

Jute made no answer and presently Mansel went on.

"I have no time for a prisoner, for prisoners must be watered and fed. So I'm going to do one of two things. Which I do will depend upon you. Either I return you to Rose Noble or else I hang you by the neck."

"Murder?" said Jute, and laughed.

"Murder," said Mansel, beginning to fill a pipe.

I glanced round the dell.

The spot was peaceful: a gurgling brook, a little lawn, and the shade of spreading trees made it seem fit for a shepherd's piping match. Jute and all of us looked curiously out of place.

Perhaps because of this I had a strange feeling that I should presently awake and find that I had been dreaming, and to this day, recalling the happenings of that sunshiny morning, I seem to be remembering some vision rather than a downright business of life and death.

Mansel was speaking.

"Now, if I return you to Rose Noble, I shall take you up to the castle and watch you go in. That is, if it's dark. If it's during the day, I shall watch from the wood. You see, I don't want to be seen."

Jute's face was a study.

"Now, in view of what Rose Noble said when you reported, after you had 'led me to Lass'"—I saw Jute start—"I imagine your next meeting will be even less cordial—unless you return precisely when you are expected and say nothing of having met me. I mean he might easily argue that you had 'led me to' Gath."

His eyes upon Mansel's face, Jute was plainly thinking extremely hard.

Mansel continued slowly, pressing his tobacco home.

"I can't return you today, because I've too much to do. In fact——"

"See here," said Jute, "you can make it tomorrow night. Do that, and I haven't seen you since you went by in the car."

"Don't try to bluff," said Mansel. "It's only wasting my time. You haven't a card. You had quite a good one about five seconds ago, but I've just drawn that. You see, I wanted to know whether Rose Noble would worry if you didn't come in tonight."

I watched the blood come into the other's face.

Mansel continued in the same even tone.

"I tell you this to show you that it's no good playing with me. Bear that in mind. And now to business."

I cannot describe the coldness with which Mansel spoke; there was no insolence in his speech, only an iron contempt, which must, I think, have entered into the other's soul.

"I'm going to ask you some questions, and I'll allow you one lie. If you tell two lies I shall hang you from a branch of that oak."

"And you talk about bluff," sneered Jute.

"It's not bluff," said Mansel. "I've got the gloves right off. Two lies and you're for the high jump as sure as I'm sitting still. And now we'll begin. Assume you're on the ramparts above the gateway. How would you go from there to where Mrs. Pleydell lies?"

Jute gave a short laugh.

"I thought," he said, "you'd finished with me at Lass."

"So I had," said Mansel, bringing a match to his pipe.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"I don't care what it looks like," said Mansel. "But I think you may as well know that I'm pressed for time; and, if you elect to be hanged, I shall have less still, because it'll take two hours to dig you a grave."

"Rake it out," said Jute sharply. "I know your shape. You can wear a gun on your back side, but it'll never fit. You're out of your depth, Mansel, and if you take my advice you'll kick for the shore. Your job's to pay and be damned. We've got your girl and——"

"Carson," said Mansel, "get a rope on that bough. Timber hitch on the wood, slip knot the other end."

For a moment the servants spoke together. Then Bell was on Rowley's shoulders and up in the tree and Carson was down in a gully with a knife in his hand. The next minute he reappeared with a coil of rope on his arm. . . .

I knew that Mansel was bluffing, for he was not a hard man. He would have killed Rose Noble, for he was the head of the corner and with his death the conspiracy would have gone. He would have killed any one whose death would materially help him to reach Adèle. But a spy that, when taken, refused to open his mouth was as safe in Mansel's hands as a priest on his altar steps. I knew he would never hang Jute, though God knows he had just cause. Mansel was bluffing, and I was greatly afraid that the fellow would call his bluff.

MANSEL returned to Jute.

"As I said, I'll give you one lie. A refusal counts as a lie. Assume you're on the ramparts above the gateway. How would you go from there to where Mrs. Pleydell lies?"

After a long silence:

"Which way am I facing?" said Jute sullenly.

"You are facing the wood."

Jute shut his eyes.

"I turn to the right," he said, "and go as far as the tower. Then I turn again and walk along by the wall. At the end of that I come to another tower. There's a door there."

"In the tower?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"You go through that and down steps till you come to a hall. Cross this to the door in front. That leads you into a room out of which runs a flight of stairs."

"Yes."

"Go down them, and they'll bring you into her room."

"Or the chapel?" said Mansel quietly.

Jute started violently. Then he glared at Mansel with a working face.

"That's one lie," said Mansel.

JUTE let himself go. Out of a foam of imprecation odd sentences thrust, like timbers plunging in a flood.

"I'll see you, you one legged—— . . . Put it over, you movie king. . . . When next I meet you I'll cut my name on your back. . . . We've got the goods, and, by——, we'll make you sweat. . . . 'Cut flowers' won't be in it. . . . I'll make you covet the day you played me up."

Mansel put his pipe in his pocket and rose to his feet.

"You refuse to answer?"

A beastly light slid into Jute's bloodshot eyes.

"My answer's here," he said, glancing down at his coat. "You were to have had it tonight, but, if you're not too 'pressed for time,' perhaps you'll look at it now."

To this day I cannot tell what possessed the man.

I suppose he could not forgive Mansel for beating him at his own game: the thought that all the antics of Hannibal Rouse had been gravely accepted at exactly their proper worth, the memory of the trap into which he had so readily rushed and the bitter reception which he had met at Gath had, I think, inspired a hatred which knew no law. And now to be again confounded, outwitted, and scornfully reduced had sent the blood to his head.

"What do you mean?" said Mansel.

"Try my inside pocket," said Jute.

At a nod from Mansel I stepped to the fellow's side and took a bulging envelope out of his coat.

"That's my answer," said Jute, "to all your back chat today. And, between you and me, Big Willie, I guess it's pretty complete."

Mansel ripped open the paper and took out a white silk blouse. . . .

I thought he would never move.

After a long time very slowly he lifted his head.

"Call the servants," he said, "and put the gag in his mouth."

He spoke so low that I scarcely heard what he said, but with his words I knew that Jute's hour was come.

For a moment the glade seemed misty and my knees loose. Then my head cleared.

I saw Jute's eyes follow Hanbury as he stepped to the oak; then his gaze flashed to me as I picked up the cotton waste. When I approached he recoiled.

Sharply he looked at Mansel and caught his breath.

"You—you'd never dare," he said hoarsely.

At last we had the gag in his mouth. . . .

"This man," said Mansel, "is engaged in one of the vilest crimes. In his lust for money he is not content to play even that filthy game according to its filthy rules." He held up the blouse. "He is trying to win by taking Mrs. Pleydell's clothes from her back and advertising that outrage to make me throw in my hand. I do not think that a man who does that is fit to live."

His eyes bulging out of his head, Jute fell upon his knees.

Mansel turned to Hanbury and me.

"You will return to the cars and wait there until I send."

We did as he said.

Two hours later Rowley brought us back to the dell.

Mansel was sitting smoking with a distant look in his eyes; as he worked, jacketing a crowbar, Carson was whistling to himself; Bell was wiping a spade with a handful of grass.

The contented mien of the servants, if nothing else, showed that the world was the cleaner.

BY half past one the next morning all of us except Bell were standing upon the roof of the Castle of Gath.

The night was starlit, but the moon had set.

Each of us carried a knife as well as a pistol and wore a coil of rope like a sash. Bell was at the foot of the ladders with a signal cord in his hand and Tester was back in the wood guarding the cars.

The castle was built four square, as college buildings, about a great courtyard. Its roof was flat and paved and so made a spacious rampart which the battlements fenced upon one hand and a massive balustrade upon the other.

Indeed, standing there in the starlight we seemed to be upon some ectype of the walls of Babylon, upon which, if I rightly remember, six chariots could be driven abreast.

Peering between the balusters, I could see the ripple of the water of which the bookseller had written and could hear it fall out of the basin on its way to the terrace and the cliff.

Now the basin was our first objective, and, since a rope provides the most silent path, we let one fall to the courtyard and Carson and I went down.

We gained the basin and passed to the channel it fed. This was ten inches deep, and its floor was as smooth as glass. I followed the channel along till I came to the arch. This was shut by a gate, beneath which the water flowed. The gate was of iron and exactly fitted the arch: a man might have lain in the channel and crawled underneath, but, no doubt to foil such cunning, the channel was barred with a grating, through which the water fussed. I tested the bars and found them firm as rock.

I made my way back to Carson and together we sought the rope down which we had come. Upon this Carson pulled twice, when a hundredweight of fine rope was lowered into our arms. We carried this to the grating and laid it down. To its end were attached three floats weighted with lead. With these in my hand, I thrust my arm under the grating as far as I could. Then I released them and Carson paid out the rope. Now, if there was another grating, this would arrest the floats; but, if there was not, the floats would leap with the water and carry the rope down the cliff. With a hand on the sliding rope, I waited for the check. But none came; only a sudden pull told us that the floats had leaped. There were eight hundred feet of cord, and when we had paid them all out we returned for more. Six hundred feet more we lowered, and that was as much as we had. The end we made fast to the grating below the water line. Then we went back to the rope down which we had come, and at a signal the others pulled us up.

Whatever the night might bring forth, we had taken at least one trick, for, though this time we might fail to release Adèle, we had now a way up to the terrace which the enemy would not dream of and a desperate man might take.

We were now beneath the shadow of the tower to the right of the gateway as you came from the wood; the southwest tower, from which Adèle had signaled, lay the length of the castle away.

So far as we knew, there were two ways into that tower from the open air—one by the roof and another by the steps from the terrace upon which we had seen Adèle. The windows which lighted the tower were not to be reached, and the conical roof of the tower gave us no hope. And, since the way by the roof was plainly the first to try, we began to steal over the pavement, one by one.

Mansel went first; the rest of us followed at one minute intervals. Only Rowley stood fast, with a signal cord in each hand.

I had gone most of the way when I felt a hand on my arm.

At once I stopped, and Hanbury, who was before me, spoke in my ear.

"There's an alarm cord, knee high, two paces from where you stand. Tell Carson and then come on."

He left me to wait for Carson and disappeared.

I was desperately afraid of fouling the cord, so I went on my stomach until the danger was past. I afterwards found that the others had done the same.

Mansel and Hanbury were waiting when I came to the tower. And, as we had expected, there was a door.

The door was of wood, very massive and studded with iron. It was shut and locked or bolted upon the other side. Whether we could have forced it, I do not know; but Jack Sheppard himself could not have had it open without making noise enough to awaken the dead.

And there, of course, was our principal handicap. The door of Adèle's apartment was sure to be locked; but that we were ready to force, no matter what noise we made; until, however, we were standing without her door we dared make no manner of sound, for the instant the alarm was raised Noble was certain to fly to his prisoner's side and, if he was there before us, to put her life in the balance against our further advance.

There was nothing to be done but to try the terrace steps.

IN silence we passed to the battlements and from there looked down upon the terrace and the sliding ribbon of water that cut it in two. It was quieter here than in the courtyard, where the four walls gave back sound; the steady rustle of the cascade was only just to be heard.

In a moment a rope was dangling and Mansel and George went down.

That the steps would offer an entrance we had great hope, for the bookseller's guide had said nothing of any door but only that the steps led out of the gallery of stone.

Carson and I stood like statues, he holding the signal cord and I with the rope in my hand.

Two gentle pulls from below told us to take the strain and a moment later Hanbury was by our side.

He put his lips to my ear.

"There's a door at the top of the steps—locked. Mansel's reconnoitering the terrace and then coming up."

I confess that my spirits sank.

To enter by some window seemed now the only way, and we had already decided that if we were put to such a shift, we must essay some window that looked upon the terrace below. What windows looked into the courtyard we neither knew nor cared, for any one at work in the courtyard would be working in a four walled trap and could be observed and commanded from any side.

Now, the windows that looked upon the terrace were those of the royal rooms. They were not barred, because, I suppose, with guards upon the roof and in the galleries, no one could have come upon the king.

Again, that the royal apartments would be occupied was most unlikely. The caretakers might have been bribed, but they would certainly stipulate that the staterooms were not to be used. The last thing we wanted to do was to force an entrance into an occupied room.

Finally the windows of the royal apartments had the world to themselves, for the towers which flanked the terrace were presenting two empty walls. Of no other side of the castle could the same thing be said.

Now which of the seven windows might be the best to essay we could not tell, but reason suggested that the one which was nearest Adèle should be the first to be tried. This we supposed to be serving the antechamber which admitted directly into the "gallery of stone."

It was our belief that if we could reach the gallery we should have the control we sought, for, so far as we could determine, no one could enter the tower without passing through the gallery, unless he came down from the roof by the door which we had found shut. This belief we found to be just; the gallery was the key to the tower, and whoever held the gallery held Adèle. But one thing we did not suspect—namely: that there was a way into the gallery of which the bookseller's guide said nothing at all.

A quarter of an hour went by before Mansel gave us the signal to hoist him up.

As he alighted I perceived that he was drenched to the skin.

At once he drew us together and spoke very low.

"At the head of each flight of steps there's a massive door; both doors are fast. The door at the mouth of the archway is shut and locked. I managed to pass beneath it by lying down in the channel and working my way along. In the side of the archway I found a flight of steps—a very

(Continued on page seven.)

"I do not think a man who does that is fit to live."

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

TEMPTING MENUS FOR THE WEEK

by Jane Eddington

Savorings

IT is in the St. Matthew record (5:13) that we have, "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" and we must visualize, as we see the words, the salt of the earth and the sea. But there are salts we cannot see, though they are in every food substance that springs from the earth. They are named mineral salts, and their savors are as diverse as are plants in all other ways. And they are fragile, too, as are the aromas of the plants which they contribute to.

Every herb of the gardens that may be, and many of the fields which have received but a random sowing, may lend us delight by the fragile savor they may add to our salads, our soups, and our herb teas. We get a lemon flavor from the gentle balm, or from its young leaves, while when the plant hardens much of its savor is lost. Basil gives a clovelike flavor if it is deftly used.

The home grown and perennial caraway is aromatic and valuable for flavoring a favorite rye bread, the seed cake, the home made cheese. And even the catnip (cat mint)—a full fledged member of the mint family, and formerly used as a substitute for mint—has other uses than what its name suggests. A young plant of it we may find growing wild—it loves ruins of houses especially—is more refreshing to my nostrils than any artificial smelling salt.

Dill has other condimental uses than for the fat pickle. Young leaves of it are used for flavoring salads, and the Norwegians, or maybe any of the Scandinavian peoples, are said to use it extensively in boiling shellfish. They are the people who know their fish food.

If space permitted we might go right through the list of herbs alphabetically and quote things about Greek practices, and also about the knowledge of culinary herbs the American Indians of the southwest once possessed, instead of skipping to tarragon—the fresh herb—with its somewhat esoteric uses in seasoning egg dishes and salads.

One authority says of it: "This plant has been for over 300 years the greatest of all salad herbs. Without it, or chervil, a Frenchman will tell you a salad is imperfect."

The warmth of peppermint has a Greek myth to explain its character, and the ancients were of the opinion that those who ate cresses became firm and decided, and for that reason these were much sought after. Of these was the especially pungent peppergrass of colonial and early American gardens. We would like to talk about its classic aspect, and of the sage, too, which the French have called "tout bon" because they once esteemed it as the most salutary of aromatic plants.

Cress and Potato Soup

For each bunch of cress allow two or three medium sized potatoes, one or two onions, two cups of milk, and a tablespoon or more of butter. Wash the cress and lift it out of the rinsing water into a small flat bottomed aluminum kettle. Cover the kettle closely and set it over a small amount of fire.

Cook until tender, then chop and add to the potato and onion, which have been cooked and mashed and have had the milk added to them. Cook for a few minutes, press through a strainer, add butter and salt, and heat up the soup and serve. A little cream improves this soup.

Cress as a Meat Garnish

Cress is never outmoded as a garnish for meat—if it is clean and perfect, without yellowed leaves or snail suggestions. It is even fashionable to use it to garnish roast fowl and game—a sort of eternal fashion—and in general with birds large and small it is almost indispensable. It is equally in place with a fine beefsteak or roast beef.

Discard all heavy stems and bruised leaves, also yellowed ones. Wash the rest in rather heavily salted water, but do not leave in the water or allow any salt to rest upon it. The heavily salted water is needed, however, to separate it from any snail or other live stock. It is a good plan to inspect the cress sprig by sprig, and also to dip it in the salt water sprig by sprig, after that into fresh water immediately, and then put it into a wire drainer. When it is to be used raw for salad or relish or garnish it must be well drained, or not in the least sloppy.

It can be washed in the morning, drained, and put in a salad bag for dinner. When the stems are coarse it is best to pinch off about three inches of the tips of the sprigs and pick off the perfect leaves below this for use, but when it is to be cooked the stems need not be rejected.

In some sections of our country, where cress is used for greens, it can be treated much as the dandelion is in preparing it for the pot. Even for cooking it must be prepared with care, but not with as much care as when to be eaten raw. Such near dirt as it may carry is of a risky sort.

Sage Flavored Ham Slice

Put one slice of ham, after the edges have been slashed to prevent curling, into a shallow glass baking dish. Spread over it one tablespoon of unsalted butter and three tablespoons of brown sugar, one tablespoon of home grown leaves of sage. Use also one cup of cold water and one large apple sliced without paring. Some of the sugar may be spread on the slices of apple. Bake for one-half hour in a 350 degree oven. Pleasant variations of this may be worked out.

MONDAY

Breakfast
Florida Orange Juice
Wheat Cereal
Pancakes and Maple Sirup
Coffee

Luncheon
Cold Lamb, Salad Garnish
Hot Corn Puffs
Baked Baldwin Apple
Milk

Dinner
Radishes
Vegetable Soup
Braised Ox-Tails Baked Potatoes
Glazed Carrots Baked Eggplant
Guava Jelly Cream Cheese Wafers
Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Delicious Apple
Fruited Cereal
Toast Honey
Coffee

Luncheon
Cream of Carrot Soup
Fruit Salad with Cheese Garnish
Hot Rolls
Toasted Sponge Cake, Whipped Cream
Beverage

Dinner
Young Onions
Barley Broth
Boiled Chicken, Bread Sauce
Potato Muffins Escalloped Salsify
Cress Salad
Cup Custards Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Baked Prunes
Barley Porridge
Toast Marmalade
Coffee

Luncheon
Potted Chicken, Cucumber Garnish
Raisin Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Glazed Hot Fruit Cake
Beverage

Dinner
Olives
Cress and Potato Soup
Ham Slice, Sage Flavored
Twice Baked Sweet Potatoes
Cooked Endive Chopped and Heated in Cream
Cheese Pie Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Oranges
Oatmeal Porridge
Toast Honey
Coffee

Luncheon
Rice Baked in Cheese Sauce
Young Onion and Lettuce Salad
Lacy Molasses Wafers Cream Cheese
Beverage

Dinner
Dish of Relishes
Cream of Lettuce Soup
Larded and Baked Liver
Browned Potatoes
Buttered Blocks of Turnip
Tomato Salad
Maple Mousse Sweet Wafers
Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Bananas and Cream
White Cornmeal Mush
Toast Jam
Coffee

Luncheon
Vegetable Shortcake
Buttered Brown Bread
Compote of Fruit Pecan Sticks
Beverage

Dinner
Stuffed Celery
Cream of Cucumber Soup
Broiled Spanish Mackerel, Melted Butter
Boiled New Potatoes
Vegetable Salad
Orange Ice Wafers Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Fruit
Broiled Bacon Hot Muffins
Coffee

Luncheon
Filled Omelet
Brother Jonathan Apple Salad
Hot Gingerbread with Whipped Cream
Beverage

Dinner
Ripe Olives
Cream of Spinach Soup
Meat Loaf Delmonico Potatoes
Boiled Onions
Artichokes, Hollandaise
Rhubarb Pie
Coffee

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Fresh Pineapple Chips
Cream Waffles
Coffee

Dinner
Radishes and Celery Hearts
Fresh Pea Soup
Larded Tenderloin
Franconia Potatoes
Buttered Asparagus
French Endives, Plain or Dressed
Strawberry Ice Cream, Whipped Cream Garnish
Sugar Cookies Coffee

Supper
Sliced Meat Loaf
Hot Potato Salad
Gingersnaps Cheese
Beverage

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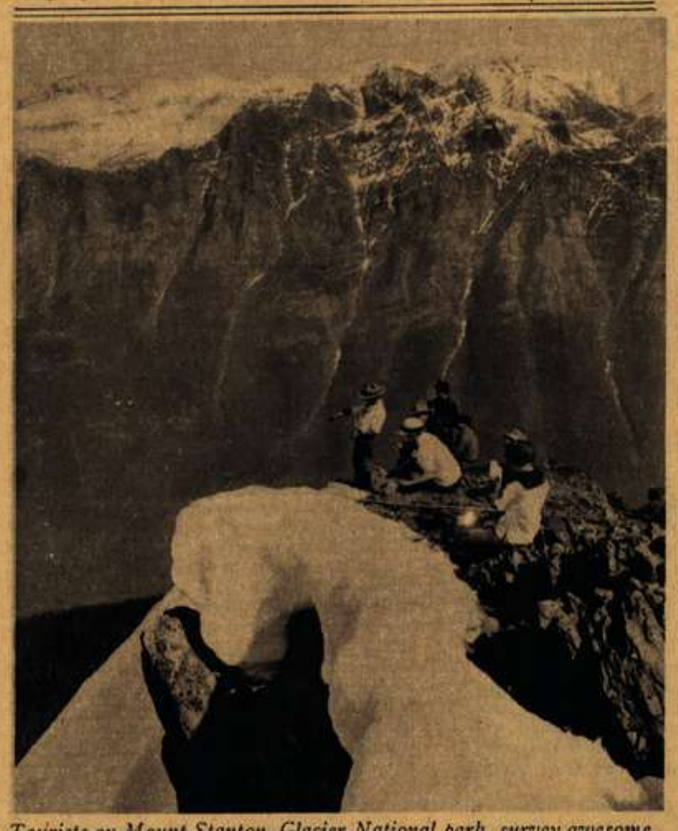


Tourists on Mount Stanton, Glacier National park, survey awesome heights and depths.
[Photograph copyright by Hileman.]

No other salad dressing like it—because no other recipe is like this one

THERE'S a "trick" in making the remarkable New Mazola Salad Dressing—yet no "knack" at cooking is required. The "trick" is in the recipe—discovered by an expert cook.

Follow the recipe below and discover for yourself how easy it is to make the most delicious Salad Dressing you ever tasted—

Made in a few minutes—"beating" requires but 30 seconds—perfect results are certain—and so economical—a pound costs about 20 cents.

And you *know* it's fresh and pure—because *you* prepare it.

Join the thousands of other women who enjoy both the making and the serving of this wonderful Salad Dressing by following the simple recipe to the right.

When you taste this new Mazola-made Salad Dressing you will understand why Mazola is preferred by discriminating women everywhere.

Send for this book today! "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" is a remarkable book by Ida Bailey Allen. It contains nearly 300 new and unusual recipes. Every progressive woman should have a copy. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) to Corn Products Refining Company, P.O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City.

1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup of water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

NEW SWEATER IDEAS

by Corinne Lowe

NEW YORK.—(Special Correspondence.)—A friend of mine who chanced to meet the Marquise de Polignac several months ago at St. Moritz has just supplied me with a good lead. She tells me that the marquise, who as everybody knows, is a luminary of international society, one day threw open the door of her closet to reveal perhaps a dozen sweaters. All of them were destined to go with a pair of those long trousers of Vionnet inspiration which all the smart world wore this year for their winter sports.

This harem of sweaters belonging to that sultan of the sports wardrobe, the skiing and skating trousers, is indicative of the technique many fashionable women employ for looking smart upon a comparatively small expenditure. By changing that knitted garment frequently we contrive to make the other garment, be that skirt or trouser, look absolutely different. We get a reputation for good dressing when, as a matter of fact, all we have indulged in is good sweater-ing.

Now there is an infinite number of new sports ensembles which have just been created for summer by the Paris couturiers. Many of these are so lovely that they tempt even a woman whose strongest interest is the atomic theory. Yet they are really not a necessity—such costly outfits—and many a fashionable woman proves to us that on the foundation of several separate skirts and a separate sports coat we may rear a stately edifice by way of a sports wardrobe. Provided only that we take to collecting sweaters!

Dealing with the subject of spring sports clothes in general, one may say that there is little change in the silhouette. There is nothing surprising about this static condition. In this province the exuberance of detail—the fullness of skirt, the amplification of ruffles and panels and draperies—that make other types of clothes so strikingly feminine would be very much out of place. Several seasons ago we evolved the lovely simplicity of line that represents the ideal of sports clothes behavior and it would be foolish to try to put in any new patents.

But, though silhouette and fabric choice remain much the same, there is always a detail or two to date the sports costume. In sweaters, especially, is this fact impressive. If, indeed, your own particular hobby is sweaters, what a hobby (clothes) horse is ready for you! For there are several absolutely new types in this garment and in saying so we can do nothing better than point to the central sketch of our page.

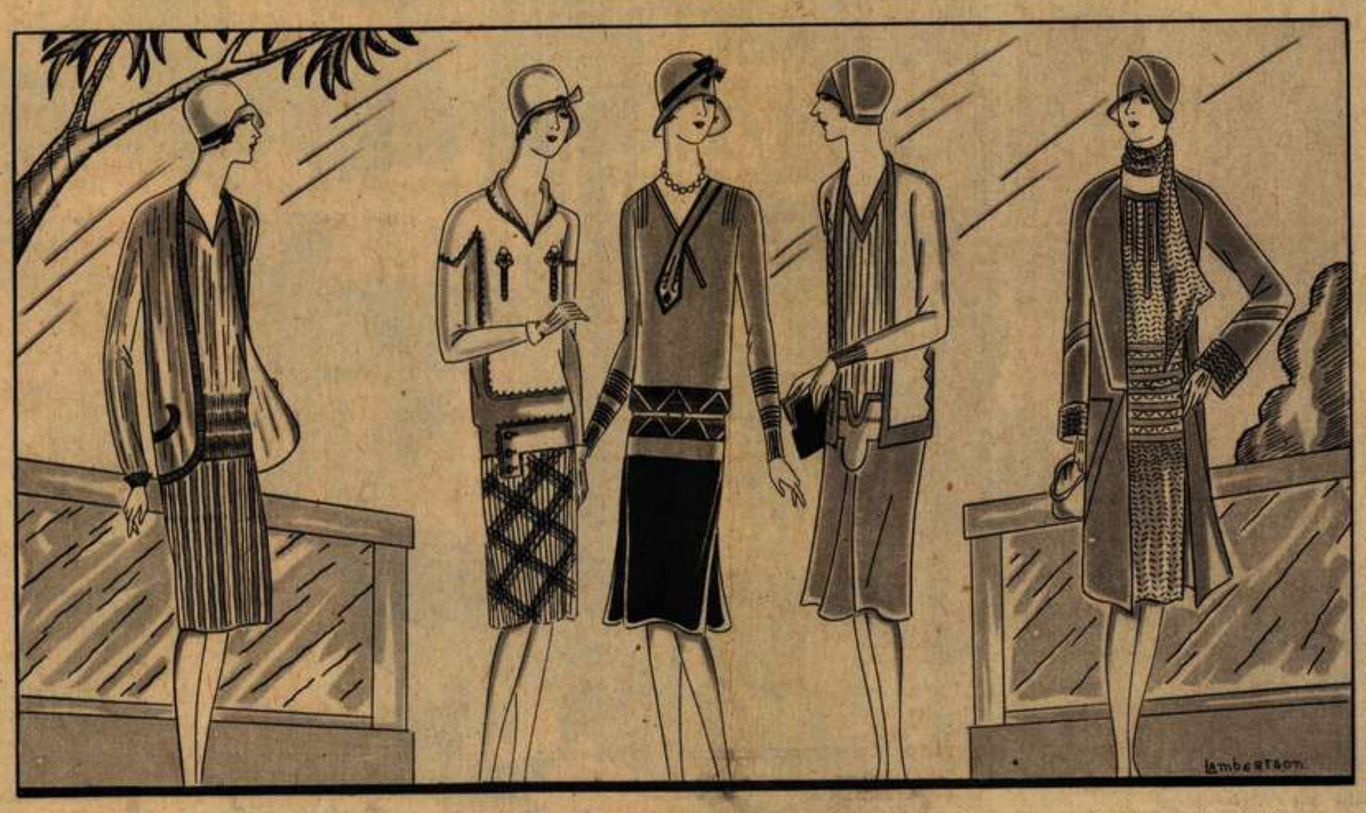
Now perhaps, after all, you can't tell very much from just the mere line, but there is enough novelty about this Patou sweater to make the most indifferent sweater collector cry, "Aha, this has got to go in my album!" Now to be concrete.

First of all, the sweater (or, if you prefer to call it so, the knitted jumper) is in that new tone called Lion's Red which Patou is pushing this spring. This tone is that pronounced red of the English flag and this fact, in conjunction with the companion colors of navy blue and white that go to make the entire costume, direct one to an inevitable observation. It is the emphasis upon military combinations of color evident in many of the spring collections of sports wear.

It is an old axiom that trade follows the flag and we find logically enough in this case that there is considerable trading going on between skirt and sweater. For the skirt is of navy crêpe de chine and bands of that are placed on the sleeves and sweater. These bands are crossed by those of white crêpe de chine especially effective in the diamond formation at the waistline. As for the very individual finish of the neckline, this is done in white crêpe de chine.

Now, what is it which marks this sweater as being of the very latest vintage? It is the bands of crêpe de chine with which the tricot is ornamented. Introduced by Patou at his midseason openings this trimming has been developed mightily in his formal spring collection and today this fabric trimmed sweater is high on the list of the sweater gentry.

We might, if we sunk so low in the field of wit, call this girl arrayed in her colors of red, white and blue, the flag snip. We'll resist this temptation, however, in favor of a few last sober words anent the crêpe de chine trimmed knitted jumper. By no means always is the color scheme the military one indicated. On the contrary, black and white are more favored media of color and some of the most charming creations made chez Patou occur in black with encrustations of white crêpe.



We play our trump cardigan this year when we round off the jacket corners as in this delightful sports ensemble from Worth, shown at the extreme left.

Second, Martial et Armand add a novel crepe jumper to a plaided crepe skirt.

In the center Patou does his new crepe-trimmed sweater in his new tone of "Lion's Red" and allies it with a navy crepe de chine skirt.

Fourth, Worth shows you that a skirt coming up over the jumper is a fashion now old enough to be very new.

Last, Yteb tops a printed and crepe-banded jersey with a kasha coat collared and cuffed in the jersey.

Now this model we have just shown is one of the outstanding novelties of the spring sports world. Still another is a sweater we have not pictured, but which will undoubtedly have its meed of influence upon smart international society. This second model is designed by Schiaperelli and its special contribution of interest centers in the fact that a handkerchief scarf design is interwoven into the fabric itself. A white handkerchief scarf effect knitted into the fabric—yes, here is something of which our sweater collector is bound to take notice.

Not only has the sweater taken on some mannerisms, this spring. Its companion, the cardigan, has also gotten on to some new curves. Witness to this is supplied by our left hand sketch, one showing a cardigan ensemble from the house of Worth. Now, if you look at this model closely you will see the cardigan in its latest and most aristocratic mood. This means to say that, instead of having any sharp corners, this new kind of jacket is all rounded off.

Dismissing this consideration, let us say that this jacket ensemble is also noteworthy because of its alliance of fabrics. The skirt is in beige and gold jersey, while both jumper and cardigan are of beige silk angora. These two fabrics are frequently united in the most luxurious of French sports ensembles, and often they are further infected by such delicate gradations of tone as we observe here. Considering these gradations one by one, let us remark that the jacket is bound with a frill of dull gold utilized further in the smart curving pocket. Then, to carry out further the Midas touch, the jumper is interwoven at the waist line and border in yellow, bronze, and brown. Take these two garments in conjunction with the skirt of beige and gold jersey and you get an idea of the charm of the whole effect.

And have sports skirts been able to resist the wave of unrest which has resulted in new types of sweaters and cardigans? Not entirely. Although many of the sports models show skirts treated to the same familiar plaits, tucks, encrustations, and what not of previous seasons, there are others which have tried fresh fields and pastures new.

For example, just regard another Worth model on our page, that ensemble second from the right. When you have done so you will have to admit that last season no skirt in the world would have expressed itself just in that way. For it comes up like the calyx of a flower to enclose the jumper and, in addition to that, it incorporates the skirt detail found so frequently in other types of apparel, to wit, the yoke.

This trick of the skirt coming up over our blouse in exactly the same way it used to do when all the world was copying Gibson drawings is characteristic of several famous French ateliers, notably those of Lanvin and Worth. It is identified with all that feminine inflection of clothes so apparent in formal avenues of attire and that it does away with much of the monotony of our sports silhouette is evident at a single glance.

In color this ensemble is destined to throw still more illumination upon the invasion of the militaristic. For the wool composing the skirt is of brick red and so, too, is the jersey of the cardigan. This latter is inlaid with beige jersey and a similar touch of beige occurs on the skirt in the form of angora braid binding the top. To give the beige climax, the jumper is of angora knitted wool entirely in this tone.

Unless jersey has a taste for expansion even more insatiable than Alexander's it should be satisfied with the present situation. Today more jersey is used in sports wear than ever before and undoubtedly, too, there are more kinds of jersey. Both the printed and metallic varieties are stressed and in both of these new and beautiful effects are obtained.

At the extreme right of our page we indicate printed jersey in beige and brown tones as the basis for a charming ensemble from Yteb. A frock composed of this fabric is banded in beige crêpe de chine repeated in slanting lines on the sleeves of a beige kasha coat. This coat, interesting because of its stitched treatment, is cuffed and collared in the jersey of the frock.

Here is but one of the many delightful sports ensembles of the season. Attractive are these if we can afford 'em, but if not—well, there is the sweater!

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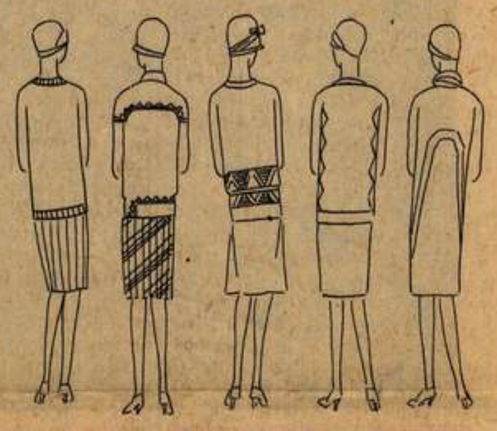

Other views of today's models.

PERISHABLE GOODS - By Dornford Yates

(Continued from page five.)

steep spiral staircase that comes to a sudden end. I'm certain it serves a trapdoor. If the bookseller's guide is sound, that trapdoor should be in the king's closet. That would be natural enough.

"We can't go that way tonight, because the trapdoor is fast. At least, I imagine it is, because I can't move the slab I found at the top of the stair; but, if we can enter the closet by some other way tonight, we can unbar the trapdoor and then, when we come by the terrace, we shall have our way in. Don't think I've no hope of tonight, because I have; but if we fail this time we shall certainly fail the next—unless we can turn this failure into a stepping stone."

With that he told Carson to let him have his shoes, because they were dry, and then to stand fast where he was, with the signal cord in his hand. George and I were to follow the way he went.

We moved as before, one by one, and, when again I found him, he was standing above the archway through which the water flowed.

I knew that below us was a window of three long lights.

AN instant later Mansel was descending the wall.

This time we used two ropes, one fastened about him and the other down which he slid. When he jerked the one about him we were to make this fast, and if he should pull it five times George was to go for Carson and they were to let me down.

Wet to the skin, clinging like a fly to the wall, with only one hand to help him, without a glimmer of light, Mansel worked upon that window for half an hour. I was kneeling directly above him, but I never heard a sound. Indeed I could not believe that he was at work, but supposed that he had seen some one within the room and was content to watch them from where he hung. Yet all the time he was drawing the wrought iron latch—a feat which, had he not done it, I would have put beyond the power of man.

At last the ropes trembled and then swung slack in my hands. An instant later he signaled that he was within the room.

When I came down he swung me in like a baby and asked for my torch.

The room was stately and full of the smell of age. The floor was of polished oak; the walls were paneled head high and tapestried above. The furniture was rich and massive, but very stiff, and had been ranged in order against the walls. A heavy carpet much smaller than the room lay in the midst of the floor, but all the furniture stood clear upon the oak. The two doors were conspicuous, for their frames rose above the paneling and each of them was fitted with a box lock of polished steel.

With one consent we turned to the door upon our left.

Very slowly, with infinite care, Mansel drew the spring latch. At once the door yielded and Mansel set it wide. Not until he had wedged it with a morsel of rubber did we pass on.

So we entered the king's bedchamber.

Not even the unjust light of the torch could deny the majesty of that room.

I have never beheld a chamber so fit to lodge a king, and all the standards of greatness which the fairy tales I read as a child had set in my heart were in a twinkling supplanted by what I saw.

The ceiling was of black oak, picked out with gold. The walls were paneled head high; between the panels stood pilasters picked out with gold. The carving of the panels and pilasters was very deep. Above the paneling hung tapestries, very rich in color, presenting hunting scenes. The bedstead was four posted; each of the posts was carved into the life size semblance of a man-at-arms; coverlet, canopy, and curtains were of what seemed to be a crimson faced cloth, very fine to look at and clearly of a great weight; all the stuffs and hangings with which the furniture was done were of the same dignity. The floor was of polished oak.

We stole across to the door in the farther wall.

This admitted us to the royal dining room.

This chamber resembled the closet and was of much the same size. A handsome table stood in the midst of the floor.

We wasted no time, but passed on.

A moment later we stood in the antechamber.

This was small but notable. The walls were not paneled, but covered with tapestry. Two massive high backed chairs were all the furniture.

The door we now found before us was not at all like those through which we had come. It admitted, of course, to the gallery which led to the tower; and it was like a church door—that is to say, iron studded and Gothic in shape. A wrought iron lock of great size was fixed upon the inside, and, above this, a simple latch which had only to be lifted to be freed.

If hope could but open gates I think this door would have crumbled before our eyes, but hope cannot open gates, and—the door was fast.

Mansel stood very still.

At length he gave a short sigh and touched me upon the arm. A moment later we were moving the way we had come.

When we were again in the closet he put his mouth to my ear.

"Take a message to Hanbury. He and Carson will bring every tool we have to the southwest tower; then they will let fall a rope to the window of the antechamber, moving it to and fro until we take hold; when we do that they will come and take up the ropes which are hanging outside this room."

When I returned Mansel was down on his knees by a hole in the floor. On the carpet, now drawn to one side, lay a square of polished wood. The recess which he had disclosed was floored by a gray stone slab; this had a ring in its midst and was rudely locked into place by a pair of hasps and staples, the pins of which Mansel had withdrawn.

Gently I lifted the slab, to disclose the winding stair which led to the archway below.

"Can you hold it?" breathed Mansel.

I nodded.

At once he replaced the square of polished wood; then he laid the carpet, face downward, between my legs.

I lowered the slab.

Using the carpet as a sledge, we drew the slab into the bedchamber and up to the king's bed. There we transferred it to my coat and, lifting the crimson valance, thrust it beneath the bedstead and out of sight.

To restore the carpet to its place, close the window, and take the wedge from the door took but a moment.

Then Mansel gave me a cloth and bade me polish the woodwork where we had stepped, especially about the casement which we had used. When I had done so he overlooked all with the torch.

Then we stole out of the room and closed the door.

Five minutes later we stood again in the antechamber, and when we had opened a casement and found the rope there was nothing to show, much less to suggest, that we had seen the inside of any other room.

"And now the tools," said Mansel, "and then Hanbury. Carson to stay where he is. We shall make the devil's own noise, and he is to shoot at sight."

I climbed up and gave the message as fast as I could.

The time was now half past three; the stars were no more to be seen, and rain had begun to fall. This to our liking, for now any footprints we had made above or below would be wiped out; but the wet was against our foothold, and as I came back I slipped on the window sill.

We had received the tools and were awaiting Hanbury when some door within the castle was sharply closed.

It was some door behind us—not very far away.

Called upon to say which, I would have named the door of the closet. The clash of a heavy spring lock was unmistakable.

Mansel put out the light and we stood as still as death, straining our ears for footsteps.

A rustle without the window told us that Hanbury had begun to descend the rope.

We could not stop him, for we had no signal cord, and together we stood to the window to take him in without sound.

As we did so came the creak of a floor board, faint yet distinct. I would have said that it came from the dining room. It was now as dark as pitch. I could not even see Mansel two feet from where I stood.

Something swayed at the window. . . .

Then we had George in our arms and Mansel was unfastening the rope which was holding him up.

Again I heard a board creak—somewhere at hand.

With the greatest care we lowered George to his feet. As we did so the dais upon which we were standing tilted suddenly forward and, with nothing to save us, the three of us crashed to the ground. As we fell the massive step resumed its proper position with a deafening clap.

THERE had been nothing to show that the step was not fixed, and, indeed, it was so solid that I do not think it would have moved under ordinary use; but the weight of three men happening to fall upon its edge had, I suppose, been too much for its counterpoise.

For a moment we lay as we had fallen, straining our ears; then Mansel got to his feet and lighted the torch.

"You two all right?" he said.

We told him "yes."

"Then quick," says he, "for, by thunder, we've rung the bell."

With that he set Hanbury to watch the dining room door and hold the torch, while I took the stoutest chisel and laid its edge where the lock met the wood of the door.

"You strike," said Mansel, taking it out of my hand.

I picked up and swung a hammer with all my might. . . .

I cannot attempt to tell the noise we made.

Perhaps our reluctance to make any noise at all and the infinite care we had taken to smother all sound magnified for us this sudden breach of silence; certainly the hour, the emptiness of the apartments, and the style and proportions of the building made so many sounding boards. Be that as it may, had the castle been full of troops and there been suddenly summoned by trumpet and tuck of drum, I do not think the uproar could have won to our ears.

It took us, I suppose, two minutes to reduce that lock.

As Mansel wrenched it away an iron fillet, into which its tongues were protruding, came also. This fillet was a false jamb that ran the whole length of the door and was laid upon stone. Now that it was displaced, we could see that the door was bolted, top and bottom, upon the opposite side. The bolts were shot into the stone, but, the fillet gone, we could reach them and, with the slightest manipulation, could draw them clear of their sockets and open the door.

I put up a hand, but Mansel caught my arm. Some one was pounding upon the other side of the door.

Together we stared at the oak.

Then came Adèle's clear voice.

"Is this you, Jonah?"

"Yes, dear," said Mansel. "One moment and——"

"No, no," cried Adèle. "Stop. Stay where you are. Rose Noble's here by my side. And he says if you open that door you'll lose your match."

[Copyright: 1928: By Dornford Yates.]

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

"It's genuine, Madam—
I wouldn't give you anything but Bayer!"

There is nobody who does not know by this time that Bayer Aspirin is the one sure means of ending pain. But it is just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin! Bayer means genuine Aspirin. In many drugstores, of course, you will find only the genuine Bayer product. But no one can fool the buyer who looks for the Bayer cross, or the word genuine in red letters. The law does not permit anyone but Bayer to use the Bayer name *or the word genuine.*

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Rotogravure Magazine Section

Chicago Sunday Tribune. THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

April 22, 1928

ROULETTE

By G. B. Stern

When the Flighty Ettarre Started the Game of Romance It Proved to Be a Hectic Gamble for Her Entire Family.

"Victorian old ladies like your mother would much rather see their sons rich and happy than be rich and happy themselves." ILLUSTRATED BY GARRETT PRICE.

"AND I was really your vision of Europa?" breathed Ettarre Patterson, ecstatically, to the poet. "And you were the great white bull?"

He nodded assent. Ambrose Knight never spoke while he could remain silent; a few simple gestures sufficed him; a smile, a shrug, an emphatic downward sweep of the hand. What need for more, if you are a famous poet, renowned for the eloquent passion of your verses? For he had been awarded the Grantham prize for the finest love poem of the year. "Europa" was his subject; and on hearing from his own lips how she had inspired him Mrs. Patterson sighed a little and said "yes" to his proposal, even though in that one syllable she forfeited a lordly income. Her late husband, George Patterson, had left her four thousand pounds a year; if she married again she was to have four hundred a year and the rest was to pass from one widow to another; to his sister, Mrs. Sophia Marrow.

For eight years Ettarre, as she loved to be called, coquetted with the idea of combining love and poverty as often as an offer presented itself, though wisely enough she never yielded to it; but, then, until now no man had exalted her as the heroine of a world famous poem . . . Europa!

"Eureka!" cried the ambitious soul of Ettarre, as she lay in the arms of Ambrose Knight, her Jupiter, her great white conquering bull. And, indeed, he was an enormous, burly person, with thick white hair, and something of a bull's strength in his limbs and a bull's lack of social chattiness in his reticence. He was sincere in his love for the pretty brown eyed, brown haired little creature whose talk bubbled like a silvery stream over a bed of hard, round little pebbles:

"What does money matter?" laughed Ettarre, now feeling very transcendental indeed. "I mean . . . what can money buy? What can money bring? What can money hold that is of any value?"

It had bought, brought, and held for her hitherto a most luxurious flat in Regent's Park; an arrogant little coupé, a staff of well trained servants, and a daily expenditure on her person, her clothes, and her comfort which would easily have kept three fair sized families for a month. Ettarre could not endure any creases in the sleek satin of her existence, yet without even a qualm or a shudder she contemplated marrying Ambrose Knight, who earned only an uncertain two hundred a year, to add to the four hundred which would be all her husband's posthumous jealousy would leave her.

Ambrose Knight had nothing to say on the subject of money; he never noticed it; he was a real poet.

He kissed Ettarre's permanent wave and then kissed her very slowly up and down her plump white forearm with the innocent enjoyment of a boy playing a mouth organ.

"How strange and marvelous," from Ettarre, "that you should only have known me from a distance when you created 'Europa'! And that all the while this dream of yours was shaping itself into—into a Grecian urn to hold immortal flowers . . . and I was going about doing just my ordinary things, pouring out tea, and buying silk stockings, and trying to make other people happy, and then at last you came storming and charging into my life, out of the sea—no, into the sea. . . . And she was carried away on his back, and nobody ever saw them again. . . . I think it's one of the most romantic legends; it appeals to every woman's longing for just that to happen to her!"

Ambrose raised his eyebrows incredulously. But he did not mind Ettarre's pretty foolishness. He loved pretty fools; they nibbled at the edges of his massive brain and thought they disturbed the middle of it.

"And now," murmured Ettarre, "you must write another great poem, even greater than 'Europa,' called 'Europa Afterwards'—No, wait a minute; just 'Afterwards' alone, I think!—telling what happened to Europa and her Great White Bull after they eloped together from her father's kingdom. . . ."

"I've often wondered . . ." quoth Ambrose Knight.

"And meanwhile," she finished, blissfully snuggling down cheek by cheek with sacrifice, "meanwhile I'll learn from Sophia—she's my sister-in-law, you know, such a nice, practical woman and terribly plain!—how to be a poor man's wife. Ambrose, darling, I've never, never, never felt so rich before! . . ."

. . . . . .

The sensational news of Ettarre Patterson's engagement scuttled round the circle of those to whom it most vitally mattered, like the little roulette ball darting from one runnel to another, and never settling while the disc spins. From Sophia Marrow, that blunt and thrifty woman in rigid black, whose duty perforce had always been economy and whose watchword, "We can't afford it, and there's no more to be said!"—from Sophia, yet without any of the visible flutterings of joy that one might have expected, the news went to Neville, her son, who dashed around with it to Bobbie Seymour, a hard hearted, red lipped child who might have sat for the very portrait of that modern girl about whom the newspapers argue so disapprovingly. And she, after swiftly calculating just how much of the three thousand six hundred a year of Ettarre's renunciation would remain with Sophia, and how much would be Neville's property, laughed and accepted him. . . . "We might give it a fling," she said, "on three thousand. So see to it, Neville, old thing. Victorian old ladies like your mother would much rather see their sons rich and happy than be rich and happy themselves!"

And these sentiments she repeated to her brother, Dan, who scowled and called his sister a mercenary little rat—but what did she care?—and then, following the sweep of the circle up again and round and back to Ettarre, went and lost his temper about it to his friend, Dorothy Greenwood, who was engaged to Ettarre's nephew, Harry Blair, her only living relative on her own, not the Patterson, side. And so back to where the news started.

And if Sophia was glad of the news, and Neville was glad, and Bobbie was glad, and Dan was sorry—because he liked young Neville and hated the thought that this money would deliver him for life into Bobbie's clutches—yet Dorothy was moved to perhaps the greatest gladness of all of them. She had hated the possibility of that inheritance from Ettarre, which so long had kept Harry spellbound and unambitious in Ettarre's service. ("O, but we're not in the very least like aunt and nephew. Nothing so stodgy. I adore going about with Harry and dancing with him. He's just the right height for me, and his Yale blues are divine. Nowadays, you know, there's no such thing as an aunt.") But no hope now for Harry Blair, with Ettarre's fortune surrendered to the Marrows, on the Patterson side of the family. Harry, released from expectation, would be forced to carve his own way, as other young men have done. Harry's hopes were lost, but his valor was saved.

Dorothy remembered that offer of a job in Kenya. Dorothy was glad; she had long been in secret revolt against Ettarre's invisible rule. She lived with Ettarre, in a sort of undefined capacity which was not companion, housekeeper, secretary, nor prospective niece-in-law. Scornfully, but only to Dan—one could talk to Dan!—she called herself Ettarre's "girl friend." Ettarre's age was seven times seven, and Dorothy's was seven times three—too young for bitter mockery at the situation. But this was an up to date rendering of the elderly lady and her patient companion.

So, head held high, gray eyes alight under the broad brim of her cowboy hat, looking, in fact, as though she had already sighted Kenya on the horizon; hard riding, hard work, open spaces, and no time for the blues, however Yale, however divine, Dorothy told her fiancé the excellent news, and he said quietly, "Good!" but his own look was brooding; his look said "Damn!" Only Dorothy was too tremendously happy to notice it. And over their six o'clock cocktails they made out their rough list of the equipment they would need on their African adventure.

Then Harry, with a great sheaf of flame colored azaleas and one pure white azalea among them, went to Ettarre, went to his Aunt Ettarre, and congratulated her and gave her the flowers, rich with the facile expression of goodness knows what.

And she said softly: "Of all things, Harry, dear, that I do most appreciate, it is the subtle *beau geste*. It's quite wonderful of you to take my news like this."

The little ivory ball had rattled once around the circle.

SOPHIA MARROW was sitting in front of the fire, idly dreaming. Until her sister-in-law's engagement to Ambrose Knight, three weeks ago, Sophia had not allowed herself to dream; for seven years she had had an invalid husband, two sons—Roland had been killed in the war—and ludicrously insufficient means, even for everyday affairs. Dreaming was expensive. Moreover, people would have said of Sophia that she had not got it in her.

She was one of those whom it is apparently easy to sum up: brisk, downright practical, energetic, and intolerant, an excellent mother and a satisfactory housekeeper. This was Sophia on the surface. She usually wore black, occasionally dark green, strong, durable materials in a style whereof you sensed a sewing machine and a little dressmaker in the background.

"I haven't time for fashions!" said Sophia severely—or had she never said it? Was it only from her appearance and from her lack of spacious, beautiful surroundings that people imagined the phrase issuing, as it were, in a sort of balloon from her mouth?

And, of course, her hair was drawn away from her forehead, and with uncompromising fortitude tightly bundled at the back of her head.

But now. . . .

Sophia Marrow, aged forty-eight, for she was actually a year younger than pretty Ettarre, sat in front of the fire, dreaming. The fire was blazing gloriously. She had collected all the cushions in the room to render voluptuous the deep old armchair. She was making plans; her lips curved into happy smiles; her thoughts were luxurious, for they were living at the rate of four thousand a year.

Presently a bell rang, and Ettarre Patterson was shown in. At sight of her sister-in-law, Ettarre uttered a little cry of astonishment: "Sophia! *You!*"

Sophia glanced lazily up at her without moving. "Yes, why not? Who else would it be?"

"*You!*" repeated Ettarre, as though some miracle of transformation had taken place; she simply could not believe that the strongminded woman whom

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she had alternately pitied and respected for so long was now lolling, yes, actually lolling, doing nothing, smoking fat cigarets of the kind that help meditation, and looking—Sophia was looking—Ettarre hunted for a word to describe the amazing change—a-blossoming! Yes, that was it. Sophia had blossomed!

"Is it my hair or my dress that so surprises you, Ettarre?" A strain of mockery in her voice, in the quick lift of her eyebrows.

"You're looking very well. Where did you get it? I like the wave, too. It suits you. Madame Rosina herself couldn't have waved it better."

"Rosina *did* wave it."

"My dear Sophia!"

"My dear Ettarre!"

"She's—she's so expensive!"

"You went to her yourself, once a fortnight."

COULD it be possible that Sophia was laughing at her? Ettarre was resigned to being scolded; one must make allowances for any one who led such a hard, skimping life, poor thing. But to be laughed at, that was a different matter! And by Sophia, in a rest gown, and obviously a model gown at that, a French creation. And doing positively nothing at all, and with that extravagant fire. Feebly Ettarre let drop the rest of her bewildered resentment and merely remarked on the fire: "It's not smoking as badly as usual, is it?"

Sophia replied indifferently: "No; I was in the mood for a good blaze, so I flung on a lot of petrol."

"That," said Ettarre censoriously, "is an extremely reckless, wasteful, and dangerous thing to do."

The woman who hitherto had only been used to the adjectives "careful," "hard," "sensible" applied to her, puffed her cigaret in silent contentment.

"It's not natural, from you," continued the angel of accusation standing in front of the happy, sinning housewife.

"My dear! How do you know what's natural from me and what isn't? You never *have* known!" Sophia slewed her head around for an amused scrutiny of her visitor. "You seem changed yourself, if I may say so, Henrietta. Learning how to be a poor man's wife?" Her gaze flickered down to Ettarre's feet. "And rather overdoing it?" she added tolerantly.

The remark was justified. It was as though she and Ettarre had, by some witch work, changed places. Ettarre, the gay, the extravagant, the expensive, had ceased to be. She had given up her car, and her walking shoes were thick soled caricatures of the normal person's walking shoe; her stockings were woven silk and wool, mostly wool; wool for Ettarre, for whom the purest silk had been hardly fine and delicate enough. Incredible! Her tweeds had been perfect enough three years ago, and in their correct setting of moor and country house party, but they looked a little foolish and battered in London.

Ettarre could obviously not have rid herself, during the last three weeks of her engagement, of all her brilliant and well cut plumage, so that the drastic change in her attire was a sheer theatrical pose which deserved exposure.

She flushed now and said quickly, and not without dignity: "I *was* trying to fit myself to being a good wife to Ambrose, and I don't believe in doing things by halves. It would be quite absurd for me to go on with my hair waving and face massage when I'm going to live on—on six hundred a year. At least, I *was!* And yesterday I tramped for hours looking for a suitable studio in an unfashionable neighborhood for love's sake." Her big brown eyes were sparkling on the verge of tears.

BUT Sophia missed the warning in every "was," so heavily stressed.

"Sit down, then, and have a cocktail, and make yourself comfortable. Why a studio? I thought Ambrose was a poet?"

"A cocktail! Really, Sophia! I'll have a cup of tea, if you have such a simple thing in the house nowadays. It doesn't look like it, I must say—all these flowers! And if you'd lived in the world more, the world of creation, I mean, you'd know that poets do live in studios, as well as artists. They must have space for their ideas"—vaguely—"and to tramp about—horizons, you know."

Sophia grinned mischievously, with a flash of her splendid white teeth. "All right, my dear. Don't get excited. He shall have his horizons, for all I care. After all, his verse is excellent. I think you're very lucky."

"*Do* you?" in a sudden, vindictive spurt. The atmosphere around Ettarre seemed to be trembling and glittering, a-prick with bright stabs and needles. Her hands were clenched in their fat woolen gloves. "Do you? Well, thank you very much for all your congratulations, Sophia. And, as it happens, you can take them back. That's what I came to tell you today. Ambrose is the most selfish man in the world. He doesn't realize all that I've sacrificed for him. I made my world into a bonfire for him—the flames that fed his work.

"If he'd called me 'Europa' a little less and considered me a little more! It isn't as though I were a pretty toy. I was prepared to inspire him. I told him of one or two little things that I considered wrong and ineffective in his great work, 'Dance.' And he, great white bull of a man—yes, exactly like a bull, charging and bellowing. I can tell you, Sophia, and I did think you'd sympathize, if you *can* think of anything but yourself, and most people can't, but I did expect it of Ambrose. I tell you I've had enough! I'm the most unhappy, the loneliest soul that ever thought she had found paradise with—with a serpent!" concluded Ettarre, getting her Eden menagerie into a certain squirming confusion.

Then she burst into tears and said: "Yes, I've just broken off my engagement. I shall never marry again now!"

Sophia remained silent. She had been sitting till now, wrapped closely in a fog of gold which an unhoped for wind had swirled in her direction: Ettarre was going to be married; her dead brother's fortune would revert to her. She had never before had as much money as she wanted. So certain had she been that riches had belatedly fallen on her in a sudden glory that she had not actually waited for Ettarre's wedding day before beginning her royal spendings.

Sophia Marrow, though no one suspected her of it, was a romantic. Secretly, she had always been

His mood reflected the rising bubbles.

mistress of two castles in Spain. One of them was a hunting box in the shires, the other a villa in the south. Before Sophia Patterson had rather unfortunately married Leslie Marrow and was compelled ever afterwards to restrict her nineteen year old impetuosity into the limits of a small house in West Kensington, one maid, one month's holiday in every year—in fact, when Sophia had still been Miss Patterson of Ridgeway Manor she and her brother George were accustomed to hunt every season and to ride all the year round. She had loved riding more than anything else in the world.

Then had followed the stubborn conflict of twenty-nine years. And now she was forty-eight, and she was going to be rich, so she had taken a hunting box in Rutlandshire for the approaching season and exultantly had gone to the very best tailor in London to be measured for her habit. The sound of a distant horn pealed through her dreams and blended with the elated music of hounds in full cry.

If only Roland had still been alive to share it with her! Roland, who had always counted for so much more than Neville! And, thinking of Roland, she remembered her other ruined castle in Spain.

O, it wasn't fair, it wasn't fair that Ettarre's mere caprice, swaying this way and that, should swing so much along in its wake! That villa in the south—true, the negotiations had not yet been closed in Sophia's favor; she could give it up; she would have to give it up, now that Ettarre had given up Ambrose Knight. It was not for herself, the villa; she preferred more bracing, more vigorous climates; yet it was to satisfy her own longings, as could not even the clamor of a meet on a soft gray morning.

Her most passionate resentment had been that Roland might be forgotten. She wished to keep this son of hers alive and immortal, and no small wooden cross on his grave would suffice for that; no photographs hung in her bedroom; no pathetic lines in the papers once a year: "In loving and ever living memory of Roland John Marrow of the Royal Field artillery, the beloved elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Marrow, who died February 17th, 1919."

Something she needed, more vital, more urgent than that. Roland had not died of wounds; his lungs had been affected by exposure on active service, and he had died quite slowly in West Kensington, aching for hot sunshine in his bones. "If I had the cash, mater, I'll tell you what I'd like to do: buy a house down in the south somewhere, where the weather's hot and brilliant and lazy, and run it for fellows like myself, without any worry or cost to them. Not a nursing home, either; just their own place, as many as we could stuff in. That would be worth doing—there are dozens of us, you know, still left over."

And she was going to call it—no, not the conventional "Beau Rivage," or "Miramare," or "Mon Repos," but, fantastically, "Roland's House."

BUT of all her disappointment, of her wild, surging impatience that anything so brittle, so flimsy as Ettarre should have power to make or break these schemes, Sophia showed nothing. Only her lips set into bitter lines and her eyes smoldered, and there was an odd rasp in her voice as she said: "The trappings of poverty really didn't suit you, Henrietta. You'd better go home and order yourself a trousseau to celebrate the fact that you're—not getting married."

"The engagement's off," said Sophia later on to her son Neville.

"Whose? Not——?"

"Yes, your Aunt Henrietta's. She came over to me this afternoon, looking like a fool, and told me her young man didn't really understand her."

Neville's face was dark with premonition of his own fate. "So that's that! It'll make a difference with Bobbie."

His mother wisely said no more. She knew well enough that it would make a difference with Bobbie.

"And that's that!" said Bobbie when Neville told her the news that evening. "I'm not going to pretend, Neville."

"No, I didn't suppose you would."

She lifted slender eyebrows artificially trimmed to an arch of ironic astonishment. "You've got no pretty illusions about your darling Bobbie, have you?"

And then Neville said a queer thing for a modern young man who rarely went beyond the clipped speech of his contemporaries: "You're too beloved for me to have any illusions about you."

"For the love of Mike!" exclaimed Bobbie uncomfortably. Though a shallow pated, greedy little ruffian, she did not like it to be assumed beforehand that she was indeed all of these things to all men with incomes less than two thousand a year.

Bobbie telephoned to her brother Dan.

Dan went to meet Dorothy Greenwood at Waterloo. She had been away for the week-end, and, because big crowded stations at night time made her feel lost and desolate, she had suggested that he might meet her train. It was perhaps significant of much, or yet again of nothing at all, that, though Harry Blair was her fiancé, she had asked Dan Seymour to meet her. She explained this casually, wherever it might need explanation, by saying that Dan had a better technique with luggage and taxis.

Taking her suitcase, he strode along with her beside the file of taxis waiting, somnolent, one behind another, and stretching, as it seemed, beyond the gates of Waterloo into eternity . . .

"You must take the front one, sir!"

"Blast!" said Dan, but in high good humor, so that Dorothy asked what had happened to please him so mightily.

"Ettarre's bust her engagement!" he shouted above the roar and clank surrounding them. "Splendid luck for Neville, isn't it? Of course my little beast of a sister has chucked him. He's a hundred times too good to be eaten alive. Good old Neville! It hurts him tonight, but he'll sing tomorrow!" And he swung her suitcase with so much energy that it crashed into the shins of a porter just in front of them.

Only when Dan had finished what he termed a bluff and manly apology did he notice by the wan stream of light from the lamp post that Dorothy's lips were quivering. "O, my dear, I am a bungling ass. I forgot how you felt about this show."

"I want a taxi," whispered Dorothy, longing for darkness and obscurity.

"Can't take this one, sir. Must take the front one."

"It is the front one!" Dan argued, trying to hypnotize the driver. "It must be. We've walked a quarter of a mile!"

"Plenty more ahead, sir. I can't take you. It's against the rule."

"Whose rule?"

The man stared. "Got to take the front one, sir."

They trudged wearily onward. Then Dorothy burst out: "This means that Harry won't take the Kenya job."

"Hasn't he agreed already?"

"O, he'll slide out of it. Very swiftly and gracefully. You don't know young Harry. He'll never tear himself from London and from his pretty little auntie-chum while there's a hope of one day inheriting four thousand a year. Harry was born to be an heir, but never a missing heir."

Silently Dan agreed with her. He could not bear the handsome young opportunist whom Dorothy Greenwood had promised to marry some day. But how strange and freakish was love in the twentieth century! How well Neville knew Bobbie, and still he loved her; and how well Dorothy knew Harry, and still she loved him! "'Where are the snows of yesteryear?'" Dan quoted in a low voice. But she heard him.

"What snows?"

"The white snows of illusion, my dear, that ought to be draping your hero in a suit of spotless purity."

Dorothy laughed. "This looks as though it might be the last taxi," she suggested, "only it's turned the wrong way round."

They were told that they had come too far and must walk back and take the front taxi. It was the rule.

"I'VE just heard the news from Dorothy," from Harry, later, to Ettarre, who was so young in her ways that she was much more a friend than an aunt. "Ettarre, darling, I think you're perfectly right to break it off. Your intuitions are simply too marvelous. You'd never have been happy with Knight. Any one else, yes; but not you." His inflection implied a whole host of sensitive mysteries hidden away by Ettarre from an undiscerning world.

The little ivory ball had rolled twice round the circle.

Ettarre, on the telephone, a week afterwards, babbling away her happiness to her sister-in-law, Sophia: "My dear, I simply had to forgive him, and we're going to be a million times more to each other than we ever were before. If you could have seen him last night! Like a great, shining, silver haired Zeus! Yes, that's what I call him. . . . No, no. Not juice. Zeus. You know, Jupiter! . . . Honestly, Sophia, sometimes I wonder if you have read anything at all. Of course, I know you haven't much time, but still—considering your own sister-in-law has been an inspiration for one of the greatest poems. . . . Ask Neville to tell you. He'd have learnt about it in his Latin class. Zeus was the bull, you see. It's all very complicated, and some narrow minded people can't see that there's a beautiful lesson in it all.

"Not that I shall have time now for mythology, because Ambrose and I simply can't bear to be apart from each other much longer, and the wedding is to be quite soon. . . . You must teach me how to make puddings; not too heavy for darling Ambrose, because of course he's a poet. I could never love a man who wasn't a poet. . . . O, yes, George. I know. Sophia, darling, isn't it rather tactless of you to remind me of George just when Ambrose and I . . . No, no, no. I know you didn't mean it.

"Ambrose says I've the loveliest ears, like lotuses listening on a pool of clear stillness. . . . Honestly, Sophia, sometimes you say things that make me wonder if you're jealous of me—with Ambrose, I mean. Men don't like sardonic women. . . . All right, all right, darling, of course I'm not angry. Poor Ambrose told me he had really suffered during this last week of our quarrel. It's terrible to see a big man suffer—worse, somehow, the bigger they are. I wonder why, Sophia, don't you?

"Well, darling, I had to tell you. I'm sure you're glad for my sake; and for your own. Isn't it funny how the prospect of being absolutely right down poor doesn't appall me a bit? I suppose it's because

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love gives one that quality of spiritual courage. Well, good-by, Sophia."

Sophia Marrow, her deepset eyes darkly glowing, went straight to the writing table and drew from the drawer the contract with the house agent at Nice, with whom she had been negotiating, previous to Ettarre's recently broken and still more recently mended engagement. In firm, almost hilarious letters, she signed the contract pledging herself to buy the large villa at Cap Ferrat, on the Riviera, for the state price of 120,000,000 francs! "'Roland's House!'" she murmured, as she put the contract into an envelope, stamped and addressed it, and went out herself to send it off safely by registered post.

It was raining in West Kensington—but for her the sky was deep Mediterranean blue—yet at the same time she felt a wet breeze in her face and under her the swinging gallop of a horse pounding over wide fields. She thanked her stars that she had not been able to sublet her winter hunting box during the last dreadful week of Ettarre's broken engagement. The gray fog was golden again.

She rang up Neville to tell him the good news.

NEVILLE, headlong as his mother, and direfully primitive in his methods of conquering the heart of an infant Salome, promptly bought a touring two-seater on a promise of certain payment within the next six weeks, and drove around in it to surprise Bobbie and take her to lunch. Within ten minutes of their meeting he had proposed to her all over again, she had accepted him, and he at once made her a present of the car, saying in lordly fashion that he would buy another for himself. Thereafter their lunch together was an idyll.

"Little beast!" growled Dan for the ninetieth time, when speaking of his sister to Dorothy. "Grabbing little beast! She doesn't even bother to pretend. Snaps him off, hauls him back, and then has the cheek to tell me about it, as though I ought to be proud to be her brother!" Twice he had lost his friend to his sister, and he felt very sore over the whole affair. For the boy Neville roused his protective instincts.

"Impetuous young fool, but decent!" And Bobbie would drink Neville's vitality as wine from a handsome cup. Already Dan's ear prophetically echoed the dismal chime of the discarded goblet as she flung it down. He vented some of his contempt and chagrin on Dorothy: "You're glad, I suppose, about this reconciliation business? Kenya and all that?"

Dorothy did not answer, but Dan persisted, perversely, knowing that he was making himself hateful to her: "Blair won't be half as pleased as you are, I'm afraid. Dispossession doesn't suit his temperament. He'd rather remain Ettarre's best carpet boy. It's a bit maddening, how Ettarre shifts and twitches us all about. When father says turn, we all turn!"

"Yes. She manages to get all the fun of a terrific temperamental ramp round and pays none of the forfeits!"

"Where is she, by the way?" for they were talking in Ettarre's bronze and sea green sitting room. "Looking for a studio for a blissful white bull to write his poetry in?"

"Yes, she's with Ambrose. They're going to be married awfully soon, you know. But here's Harry."

"O, God! I'm off." Dan, looking more than usually broad shouldered and pugnacious, marched out of the room, made a gruff sound at Harry Blair as he passed him in the hall, and crashed the door heavily behind him.

Harry entered the room, humming the wedding march. He smiled sunnily at Dorothy. "Where's the bride? I've just been lunching with the bridegroom. Amusing fellow, Knight!"

"Your Uncle Ambrose," Dorothy corrected him with a faint smile; but somehow or other his attitude made her uneasy. He was too serene If he had growled at his hard luck at thus for the second time being thwarted of his future riches, if he had broken out against the prospect of Kenya and a tough life far away from the civilisation of the London he loved so well, if his manliness had frankly owned to a distaste for manliness in the conventional sense of the word, that would have been Harry's natural self speaking.

Dorothy was uneasy. She was glad when Ettarre came in. But her instinct of foreboding still persisted, and she listened with impatience while Ettarre prattled sweetly and self-consciously of womanhood's responsibility towards fifteen stone of sheer genius, prone but imploring.

"I've had enough!" said Dorothy, suddenly rising. And she set down her teacup with a rattle so that it spilt into the saucer.

The remark, on the surface, might have applied to the tea; but Harry and Ettarre both raised their eyebrows at her tone.

Hardly waiting for her exit, Ettarre said: "Dorothy has all the grand qualities of a pioneer woman. How wise you are, Harry!"

"Yes, almost as wise as Ambrose is foolish!"

A small splutter of surprise from Ettarre. She was not used to anything but flattery from her favorite courtier.

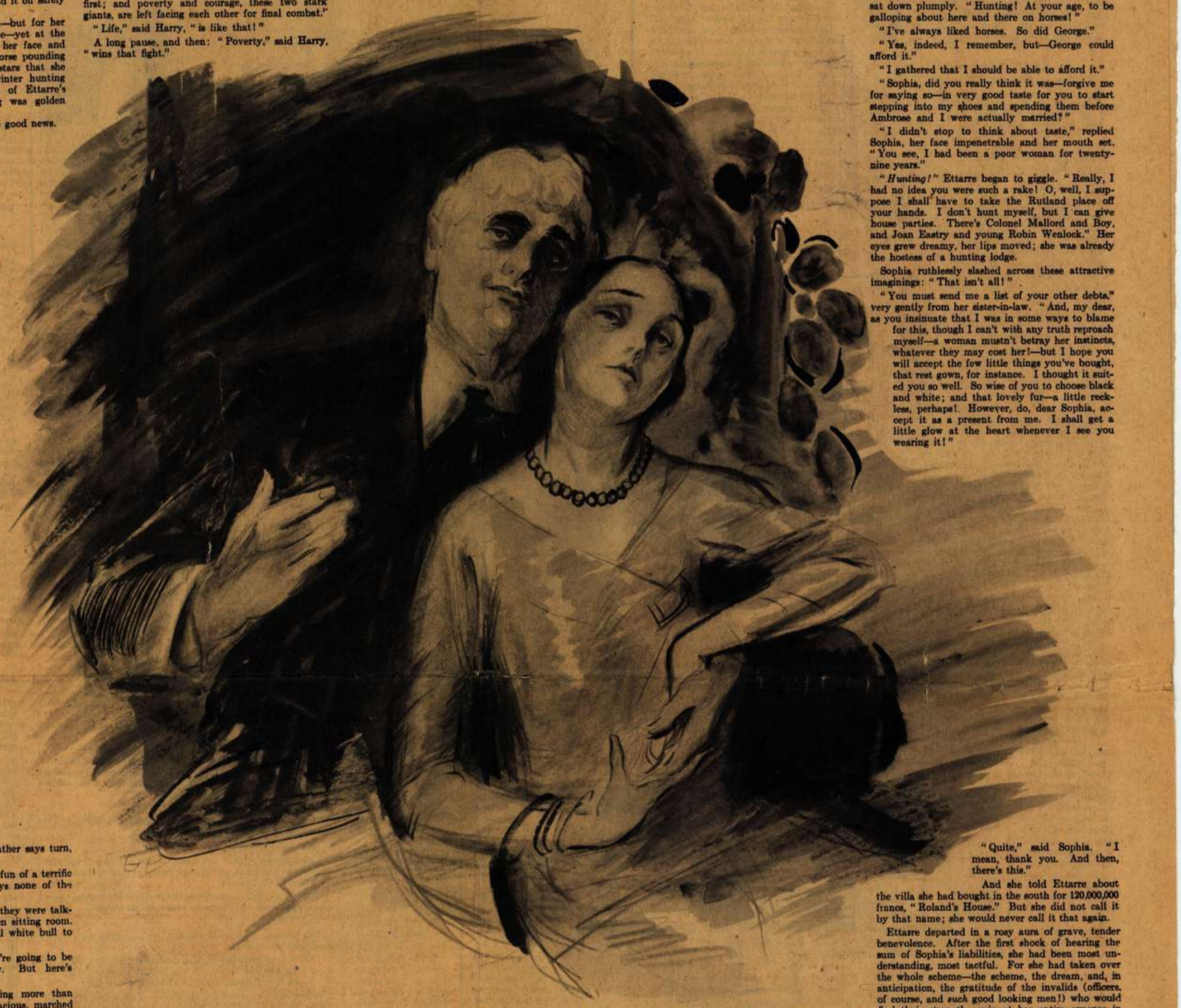
"Ettarre, darling, do you really suppose that you are the sort of flower who will flourish in poor soil?" Rather effectively he dropped his lightly mocking tone and spoke gravely and affectionately. He painted the most realistic picture of her daily life as it would inevitably be in the future, comparing it with the ease and silken daintiness of its past and present. And he succeeded quite cleverly in dragging in the smell of cauliflower cooking and drew a film of grime over the walls of a dingy home with Ambrose. Romance shriveled and wilted while he talked.

"You make it all sound so sordid," she faltered, more than half convinced. "After all, Harry, one must have courage. I often think that courage is like a blazing banner against a gray sky."

Harry leaned forward and took both her hands. "My dear," he agreed, very seriously, "you have immense courage, and it will be the last thing to die. You needn't tell me that. Romance and beautiful ideals, youth, peace and vitality, leisure, the power to help others"—"how in God's name do I do it?" reflected Harry—"all these things die first; and poverty and courage, these two stark giants, are left facing each other for final combat."

"Life," said Harry, "is like that!"

A long pause, and then: "Poverty," said Harry, "wins that fight."



Ettarre stared at him, her brown eyes round with horror: "What am I to do?"

"My dear, can I tell you?"

"I can't let down Ambrose. He says I'm at the very source of creation, for him. What should I feel like if he never wrote again?"

"He had written before he met you, hadn't he?"

"Nothing worth while."

"'Europa?'"

"He knew me already from the distance. I was Europa."

Harry told her, quite clearly and convincingly, with every sort of proof and leaving no room for doubt, that the original of "Europa" was a certain Miss Gilda Hamilton-Blakeney, a small part actress at the Popularity theater. . . . "And nearly everybody knows it!" he added kindlily.

THE little ivory roulette ball was not left to rest in the socket where it had tumbled after its third hectic voyage on the spinning board. Once again, and immediately, it was sent rocketing and dancing for the fourth time round the circle.

Directly Sophia Marrow heard that Ettarre had finally and irrevocably broken off her engagement with Ambrose Knight, she dared not pause to survey the catastrophe in detail, but threw the news on to Neville, who told Bobbie, who finally and irrevocably dismissed him with her characteristic, "And that's that!"

"And that's that!" said her brother Dan to Dorothy. His tone implied: "And what about you? And what about me?"

"It's Kenya all the same, or else . . ."

A wild hope that after all, in the end, he might possess her blew upon Dan like a wind off the sea. They looked at each other . . . as mariners might look, silently racing for the same harbor.

And then after dinner Dorothy went straight to Harry in his rooms. He was rearranging his etchings and humming, as was his habit, but not the wedding march:

Jungles and elephants ain't no use,
Nor fields where the cotton picker reaps,
Town is the only place to go on the loose,
And you can have Kenya for keeps!

Without even a quivr or a shudder she contemplated marrying Ambrose Knight.

"Ettarre isn't going to marry Ambrose!"

He took her in his arms. She was unresponsive. "Darling, I know. I understudied Providence; I was the showman; I was the voice of the serpent. And the funny part of it was that I had nothing to do but tell her the absolute truth! It was almost disappointing that the situation left me so little need for invention. You know how I pride myself on the exquisite finish of my lies! Sweetheart, don't look at me, your eyes somber with reproach, and all that sort of thing. No more Kenya for us!—' All night long he rode by the trackless river without so much as drawing rein.' . . . Not my style, you know. And I can't bear sweltering. Your pal, Dan Seymour, he's a born swelterer. But as for me: 'Aunt Ettarre's Heir, or The Man Who Never Made Good!' featuring Henry Blair and Dorothy Greenwood. The setting will be entirely in the most expensive parts of London——"

"How well you talk," said Dorothy; and repeated with most delicate precision: "'Aunt Ettarre's Heir, or The Three Broken Engagements!' . . ."

"O?" from Harry, "and who are the other two couples?"

"Didn't I tell you? Bobbie Seymour has chucked Neville Marrow again. . . ."

SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD

By Frank R. Adams

NEXT SUNDAY

Katy was Irish; Aileen was Viennese. As the cameras clicked Aileen did the light comedy sequences and the love scenes. All Katy had to do was dive from a 100-foot cliff and swim the rock-strewn channel against the tide. They were alike in face and figure—that's why Katy got to double for the famous star of the flickering reels. But when she essayed the role in real life, that was something not so good.

Toward midnight Harry and Ettarre were enjoying supper at the latest and most successful dance club—"The Shoe Horn." People said: "What pals they are! Not in the least like aunt and nephew!"

"You dance quite too marvelously, Ettarre. We must do this more often." He raised his champagne glass. His mood reflected the rising bubbles. "Here's luck!"

She smiled back at him. "Luck!" she echoed. And, impulsively: "Harry, it's a most dreadful confession, but may I be human and natural, just because you understand me so well? . . . Harry, I can't help feeling as though I had just come into a lot of money; as though I'd actually twice lost and regained it. And now I'm rich again. In some ways," she mused, admiring the hot sparkle of diamonds crusting her costly little shoes, "in some ways it's been a wonderful June. . . ."

A wonderful June for a lady of forty-nine!

"WELL, Sophia, darling, you sent for me, and here I am." Ettarre reflected compassionately that poor Sophia really looked terribly haggard. It did not occur to her, however, that she might be in any way responsible for this. Today Ettarre was not wearing out of date tweeds, clumsy brogues, and a sensible hat for her visit to her sister-in-law. Her new cardigan suit, pale beige, mocked that brief and incongruous period of shabbiness. The hat, or, rather, helmet, folded to the head with an effect of arrested flight, expressed Ettarre's upsoaring mood of lightness and wings.

It was a glorious day, and her low, narrow hipped car, out for the first time since its purchase the day before, was also flung open to the sunshine. The engine was still seductively purring, because Ettarre had told the chauffeur that she might be bringing Mrs. Marrow out at once for a pleasant drive in Windsor Park.

"O!" cried Ettarre, flinging her pretty arms above her head in a dancing springtime attitude. "I feel as though I had just been set free from prison!"

Sophia smiled grimly. "Complimentary to your late betrothed! . . . No, Henrietta, I won't come out now. I'm—I'm worried, and I prefer an indoor confessional."

"Confessional? Sophia, I hope you haven't—you haven't—O, my dear, you haven't gone and done anything rash or ridiculous, have you? Sophia, you haven't got engaged?"

"No, nor disengaged, nor engaged again, nor disengaged again."

"Just because I've recently gone through a period of very deep heartache," Ettarre retorted, with dignity, "I see no reason to ridicule it."

"It didn't occur to you, did it, that your swayings and upsettings this way and that might be affecting me financially?"

"O, finance!" Ettarre's scornful little gesture disposed of finance as sordid and not worth her consideration.

SOPHIA, exasperated, for she had hardly slept since the fatal news five days ago, broke out into an explanation that was willfully brusque: "I've taken a place in Rutland for the hunting season. The contract is signed. I can't get out of it. Of course, I can't possibly afford it now. There are dozens of smaller bills, and Neville has bought a car. He can't sell it again, because he's given it to Bobbie Seymour, who isn't the kind of girl that returns presents."

"My *dear!*" cried Ettarre in amazement, and sat down plumply. "Hunting! At your age, to be galloping about here and there on horses!"

"I've always liked horses. So did George."

"Yes, indeed, I remember, but—George could afford it."

"I gathered that I should be able to afford it."

"Sophia, did you really think it was—forgive me for saying so—in very good taste for you to start stepping into my shoes and spending them before Ambrose and I were actually married?"

"I didn't stop to think about taste," replied Sophia, her face impenetrable and her mouth set. "You see, I had been a poor woman for twenty-nine years."

"*Hunting!*" Ettarre began to giggle. "Really, I had no idea you were such a rake! O, well, I suppose I shall have to take the Rutland place off your hands. I don't hunt myself, but I can give house parties. There's Colonel Mallord and Boy, and Joan Eastry and young Robin Wenlock." Her eyes grew dreamy, her lips moved; she was already the hostess of a hunting lodge.

Sophia ruthlessly slashed across these attractive imaginings: "That isn't all!"

"You must send me a list of your other debts," very gently from her sister-in-law. "And, my dear, as you insinuate that I was in some ways to blame for this, though I can't with any truth reproach myself—a woman mustn't betray her instincts, whatever they may cost her!—but I hope you will accept the few little things you've bought, that rest gown, for instance. I thought it suited you so well. So wise of you to choose black and white; and that lovely fur—a little reckless, perhaps! However, do, dear Sophia, accept it as a present from me. I shall get a little glow at the heart whenever I see you wearing it!"

"Quite," said Sophia. "I mean, thank you. And then, there's this."

And she told Ettarre about the villa she had bought in the south for 120,000,000 francs, "Roland's House." But she did not call it by that name; she would never call it that again.

Ettarre departed in a rosy aura of grave, tender benevolence. After the first shock of hearing the sum of Sophia's liabilities, she had been most understanding, most tactful. For she had taken over the whole scheme—the scheme, the dream, and, in anticipation, the gratitude of the invalids (officers, of course, and *such* good looking men!) who would find their strength again at her entire expense in the Palace Soleil.

"Palace in the Sun! Sophia, I'll call it that, I think. It has a sort of healing note about it, don't you agree, that will give those poor fellows confidence?"

Sophia began to wonder, bitterly, if the vision had indeed ever been her own, so completely had it now passed into the complacent possession of Ettarre. And Ettarre was no fool at practical details; the undertaking would, without doubt, be a success, directed by her. . . . "After all, Sophia, I'm not sorry that this has happened; nothing can help us much, through our bad times, as helping others; we learn to patch their—their broken patchwork into a covering for our own wounds."

Sophia Marrow, left alone, stood for a moment, hands clenched, dark brows drawn together in an intense attempt to control what she was feeling. Then: "Damn!" she shouted. "Damn! Damn her! *Damn.*" She caught up from the mantelpiece a pair of Dresden lovers, which had been Ettarre's last year's Christmas present, and vehemently smashed them against the bars of the empty fireplace.

Then she put her head down on her arms and sobbed.

Roland's House. Roland's House.

Yet presently and by slow degrees, as though peace were softly stealing into the space that surrounded her, hollow and taut as the recesses of a drum, she gradually began to feel that though she, personally, had been robbed of the good plan, yet the good plan still remained; her ideas would still be carried out, filtering through Ettarre's benevolence instead of her own.

"Roland's House" or "Palace Soleil"—what did it matter, provided men were getting well who otherwise would not have been given this chance? One most solid benefit had risen as a magical, a totally and almost humorously irrelevant result of Sophia's blossoming and Ettarre's grand emotional June.

"At her age, too," thought the woman of forty-eight, mercifully able to laugh now, "galloping about here and there on big white bulls!"

[Copyright: 1928: By G. B. Stern.]

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN

By A. ROY BROWN

(Almost daily during the month before he killed the Red Knight, Capt. Brown led his flight of five red nosed Camels on patrols up and down and across the lines. There were frequent brushes with the enemy, and in the air fighting of March and April, 1918, before he killed their leader, Brown shot down four members of Richthofen's circus. But, until the morning of his last fight, the German ace had not mixed in these combats, and Brown had never seen the famous all red Fokker.)

INSTALLMENT III.

The Death of Richthofen.

ON the forenoon of Sunday, April 21, 1918, the Red Noses hit a home run with the bases full. It was in an attack that was a forlorn hope from which none of us expected to come out alive.

Smashing into a flotilla of twenty-two circus planes—Fokker triplanes and Albatross D 5s—my flight of five single seater Sopwith Camels mixed it in one of the epic dog fights of the war.

The Somme flowed sluggishly below. In the air above it we settled several circus scores that day. Thousands of British infantry watched the scrap. There was no quarter asked, no quarter given. It was a fight to a finish.

The flight bagged four machines.

May, Mellersh, and Mackenzie each got a Fokker triplane. And I had the luck to kill Richthofen.

Mackenzie was slightly wounded. That was our only casualty. Four of our machines were shot up, but all of them returned.

And just previous to the big brawl Sammy Taylor of our squadron—the 209th squadron, Royal Air Force—though not of my own flight, sent an Albatross down in flames. His quick kill was the forerunner of victory to come.

Today "Wop" May, now Capt. Wilfred R. May, D. F. C., for he won his decoration later, is living in Edmonton, Alberta. I went to school with him there, long before either of us dreamed of flying, war, or German barons who cruised the sky in all red planes. My personal interest in May contributed to Richthofen's death.

For it was May's first flight; his first sight of Hun machines. It came very near being his last. A mere matter of seconds kept the Red Knight from winning his eighty-first victory and saved May from being his victim.

Fortunately, my machine guns spoke first. Richthofen went down before he could kill May.

I do not pretend that affection for May made me kill Richthofen. I did not even know it was Richthofen at the time. But I was watching May, as it was my practice to keep an eye on lads fresh from the pool to see that they were not popped off before they really learned to fight. Thus it happened that I went to May's assistance.

There is little doubt that Richthofen loved to kill. There is little evidence that he did anything in his last fight until his hawk eyes, from his perch aloft, showed him May at a disadvantage, streaking for home after downing a Hun.

Then he swooped—to his own death.

WE members of the Royal Air Force had little awareness of Richthofen, despite his record. He was no bold, bad man of the skies, the mention of whose name made us shiver lest we meet him.

To the question: Did British pilots or patrols go forth for the express purpose of getting Richthofen? I say absolutely and definitely, to my knowledge, no.

On the body of Richthofen was found a document of which this is a translation:

26th March, 1918, 9:40 a. m. Group Commander of Aviation No. 12 to First Pursuit Squadron: Airman reports that it is not possible to fly over the Ancre (river) in a westerly direction on account of strong enemy opposition. I request that this aerial barrage be forced back in order that a reconnaisance up to the line Marieux - Puchevillers may be carried out.

— —,
Group Captain of Aviation No. 13.

The First pursuit squadron was Richthofen's.

Here is a polite complaint because the British air force controlled the front, and a demand for action. It throws light on the morale of the German flying service at that period in spite of Richthofen's victories.

My own views with regard to war, and especially with regard to my pilots, may be of interest here. My excuse for giving them is that I believe they had a bearing on Richthofen's fate.

When I got a new pilot from the aviation pool—and I did this with "Wop" May a day or two before we met Richthofen—I gave him a penny lecture for the good of his body. It ran something like this:

"I don't know how you feel about the war—particularly your own part in it—but I'm going to tell you how it appeals to me. The government has spent time and money—and probably you've crashed more than one machine in training—in getting you here.

"If you get into a dog fight today, pick out your Hun and take a drag at him. If you get him—fine. If you don't—fine!—turn and come home. There'll be no questions asked.

"Remember, if you don't get one today, you'll live to get one another time."

After getting his Hun on the first burst, May, according to my orders, was streaking for home, when the Red Knight swung down at him.

Watching May, I happened to see Richthofen on his tail, and so I got him.

This Sunday morning—April 21, 1918—was notable in that we were doing for the first time a squadron patrol. The practice had only recently been introduced by the British. The unit of operation previously had been a flight of five machines.

But the Germans had begun to send out flocks of twenty, thirty, even forty machines. A British flight was too small to tackle them. In future we were to fly as a squadron of three flights—fifteen machines. The three flights, each making a V, flew in a V.

I remember being particularly grouchy about the whole affair. My nerves were in shreds and physically I was a wreck.

Richthofen on a German airdrome with Moritz, a Great Dane, his constant companion on the ground.

Three British flyers who took part in the fight in which Brown killed Richthofen. Left to right: M. S. Taylor, A. W. Aird, and W. R. May.

When we left the airdrome at Bertangles it was 9:35 a. m. Our work was to patrol from Hangard north to the Amiens-Albert road, up above the Somme.

We climbed, keeping formation well. At 12,000 feet we began our patrol, flying up and down the front.

The first hint of a change came at 10:25 o'clock. Just as we were making a turn at the north limit of our patrol Sammy Taylor dived clear out of formation. He had spotted an Albatross to the north over Beaucourt.

We watched eagerly, but it was alone. And Sammy's first burst sent it down in flames.

It bucked me. Better still, it broke up the squadron. In the pause while Taylor climbed back to his flight I swung the Red Noses south and east with the intention of edging in over Hunland to see what we might find.

It was about 10:45 a. m., and visibility was poor. A haze fogged the vision, and at first we could not pick up anything. Then I noticed two of our own R. E. 8s down low over the Somme near Cerisy.

It was not long before we made out the white puffs of Archie shells bursting around them. That was queer. British bursts were white, German bursts black. Enemy aircraft evidently was attacking the British machines.

We started sliding on a long dive. And, sure enough, we soon caught the flashing of a pair of triplanes.

Meat! Fresh meat! We'd soon spoil their game. That was our thought. Sticking our noses down, we whanged full out toward them. But within thirty seconds we had brought our noses up again!

It was a moment that called for hesitation. The two had become twenty-two.

It was the circus en masse, though I saw no sign of Richthofen's triplane.

Frankly, I did not know what to do. I looked around. The squadron formation had disappeared. No longer were we hitched. Behind me there were only the members of my own flight—five of us altogether—and back of them a few other Camels.

Attack in the face of such odds was plain suicide. There did not seem a chance in the world of coming out of it alive.

Then I looked again at the Huns piling on the hapless artillery planes. And something snapped inside me:

"You cold footed pup! Save those R. E. 8s. Go in and smash them."

My tail flipped up. I did not even look to see if my flight was following. Down I flung, full out, in a hell riding dive at the tripe attacking the nearest British bus.

I was seeing red, diving so hard that I nearly barged into him as I pressed the triggers of my guns. Mellersh was right beside me, firing, too. It was he who got credit for him. We saw him crash 2,000 feet below.

The R. E. 8s were free. They skinned off home. The startled members of the circus pulled themselves together and piled on us instead.

My own hands were full. Within seconds I was fighting for my life. Three tripes came at me on converging courses. They sought to sandwich my plane. The crossfire of their tracers cut arcs about me.

I did not see how I could get out. But I decided to give them a run.

So I flipped about crazily, swerved and twisted, dived, rolled, and zigzagged—anything to keep from being a straight mark.

In the back of my mind was a hope that I might draw them into crashing with one another. I lured them on. I Immelmanned—up, over, and back. I whipped in underneath them. Two of them missed clicking their wings by inches. The third had to swing wild to escape a smash.

They gave me a brief breather. While they straightened out I zoomed and gained a little height. They rounded and came at me again convergingly. I flew out until they were almost on me; sideslipped and turned flat under them. Again they nearly crashed. Once more I zoomed, climbing madly. They lost me in straightening out.

I pinched myself to see if I was still living, then looked around. The weaving mass of German planes had thinned. The sudden burst of the Red Noses had scattered them. Clusters here and there showed where the pilots of my flight were mixing it with the superior numbers of the circus.

My first thought was of "Wop" May. Anxiously I swept the heavens for a sign of him. At last I sighted him, up toward Corbie, north of me.

He seemed in good shape. He was pulling out, back to Bertangles, as I had told him.

Then in a flash I realized he was being followed. Out of the haze I saw a red triplane go darting after him. It was above and behind him—a position that might easily become deadly.

I continued to climb steadily to be in a position to give May quick help if necessary. He was evidently wise to the Hun, streaking away fast, scuttling about, swerving, zigzagging; though the tripe kept right on his tail. Then I realized the Hun was gaining. When May flipped he fled straight. He cut down the gap between them. Still, May was all right. If he could keep up that gait——

But all of a sudden I saw he was in deep. I knew he had tried everything he knew. I sensed he had shot his bolt.

The red triplane was now scarcely 100 feet behind. He was on a level with him. At any moment he would let go with his guns. It was time to act. Fortunately, I had gained 3,000 feet.

I banked over hard, turned, flattened, stuck my nose down, and dived toward the tail of the red plane.

I was in perfect position, above and behind. It was a mere matter of straight shooting. Neither plane was aware of me.

That was the moment May gave up. "I'm through," he thought. "I can't do another thing."

Then he heard my guns. He flashed a look.

"Thank God, it's Brownie!"

The next time he looked the red tripe had disappeared. Back over the side of his bus he saw it strike the earth.

RICHTHOFEN'S end was exactly like that of the majority of his victims. He was caught cold.

It was all so casual—so simple.

I had dived until the red snout of my Camel pointed fair at his tail. My thumbs pressed the triggers. Bullets ripped into his elevator and tail planes. The flaming tracers showed me where they hit.

A little short!

Gently I pulled on the stick. The nose of the Camel rose ever so slightly.

Easy, now. Easy!

The stream of bullets tore along the body of the all red tripe. Its occupant turned and looked back. I had a flash of his eyes behind the goggles.

Then he crumpled—sagged in the cockpit. My bullets poured out beyond him. My thumbs eased on the triggers.

Richthofen was dead.

The triplane staggered, wabbled, stalled, flung over on its nose, and went down.

The reserve trenches of the Australian infantry were not more than 200 feet below. It was a quick descent. May saw it. I saw it as I swung over. And Mellersh saw it.

Mellersh had a scrap on his hands. Two tripes were right on his tail. I pulled up as quickly as I could and went to help him. The Germans whipped out of the fight in spins and streaked toward Hunland.

The brawl was over. Every one had had enough.

Limping like a lame duck, I turned toward Bertangles. The banging about had addled the engine. Only three cylinders were hitting. The propeller was scarcely turning over. But I made the drome.

The first person to greet me was "Wop" May. He came over running and caught my hand.

"Thank God, Brownie, you got that red Hun! I was all in. It would have been all over in a second."

Mellersh joined us.

"Saw you get the red beggar, Brownie. Great work!"

Mackenzie had got a tripe, and a slight wound across the back where a bullet, cutting through his Sidcot suit, had grazed the skin. We had not lost a man. No wonder the airdrome echoed with our talk:

"I got one!" "I got one!" And "Damn it all, I got one, too!"

We had drink all around. Physically we were low as snakes—but bucked, elated, crazy.

Shortly afterward I sat down and wrote my combat report. In it I said merely that I had destroyed a pure red triplane. The following is my log book entry of that Sunday show:

Dived on large formation of triplanes and Albatross single seaters. Three triplanes got on my tail, so I cleared off. Climbed back and got back in scrap. Dived on all red triplane which was on Lieut. May's tail. Got in burst, when he went down.

Observed to crash by Lieut. Mellersh and Lieut. May.

Dived on two Fokker triplanes which were following Lieut. Mellersh. Did not get them.

Subsequently, at the hangars, I told the mechanics to give the engine a thorough overhauling. Demanded a new one. Then I went to lunch in the old tent that did duty for a messroom. I sat down to my usual meal of milk, eggs, and brandy.

The office telephone rang. The wing was calling. Simpson, our engineer officer, answered. He came rushing back.

"Brownie! Brownie! Get your chest ready for the decorations!"

"What for?"

"Word from the wing. That red tripe was Richthofen!"

I nearly passed out. True, I had had a sneaking suspicion that it was he, but this blunt confirmation just about bowled me over. I began to tremble. Richthofen! The red baron! Germany's prize pilot!

The fellows piled on me, cheering, chaffing.

"Wait till you reach England, Brownie. The women will mob you."

"They'll be pointing as you pass: 'There's the blighter who shot Richthofen!'"

"Wait till the medals begin to roll in, Brownie! French, Italian, Russian. You'll look like a Christmas tree."

WE settled down to lunch at last. We were just finishing when Cairns, the wing commander, came in. We got to our feet. He came toward me. His face was grave. In his manner there was no hint of congratulation. His tone gave me a chill.

"Well, Brown, so you claim to have killed Richthofen?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"I thought you did!"

"No, sir. I claimed to have shot down an all red Fokker triplane. I don't know who the pilot was."

"It was Richthofen. But the point is this: Australian machine gunners say they got him from the ground. There is also a report that he was downed by one of the R. E. 8s. Then there is your report. It looks like a mess."

I said nothing. The other pilots were silent. I was sure that my bullets had sent him down, absolutely sure; so sure that I felt suddenly mad at the other claims. But what could I do? What could I say?

The Australians in question were in the 11th infantry brigade, in whose reserve trenches the red plane crashed. Peculiarly enough, the R. E. 8s, whose bacon we had saved and who were now also claiming to have killed the ace, were Australian machines.

It looked like a case of one Canadian versus the whole Australian corps.

Cairns took me to the squadron office to talk the thing over.

"What d'you think we'd better do?" he asked.

I was mad clean through.

"Only thing we can do," I said, "is go up to the lines and see the machine. That will soon show who killed him. We can see the body, too. The wounds will show whether he got it from the ground or from the air."

Cairns agreed, and we prepared to start.

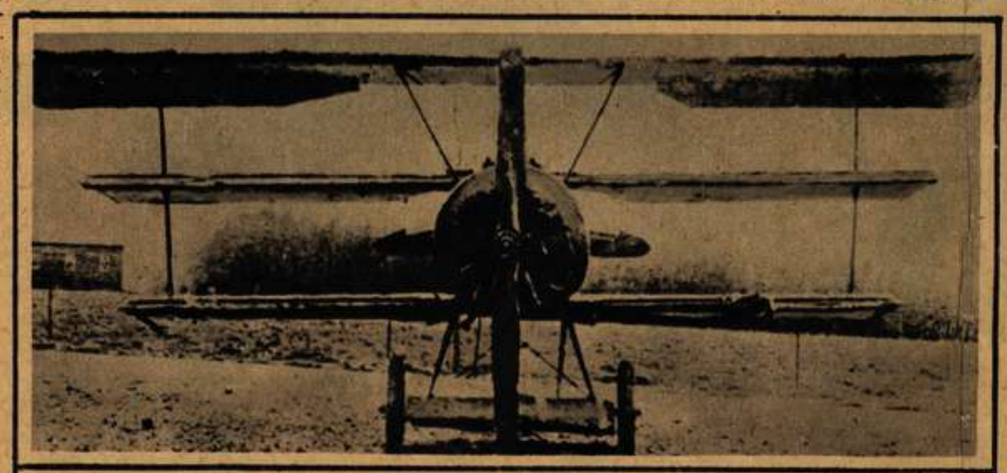
. . . . . .

My mind was in a ferment as I went to my hut after lunch that Sunday to change clothes so that I might accompany the wing commander up the lines to view the body of Richthofen and the ruins of the all red triplane. I was on edge. Very little would have made me say: "All right. Let the Australians have him. To hell with them!"

At the moment I did not really think there was anything in the shooting of Richthofen to make such a fuss about. I knew, as no one else did, how easy it had been. But stubbornness drove me to see the thing through.

[Copyright: 1928: By The Chicago Tribune.]

(Why Capt. Brown was not decorated for shooting down Richthofen, and how his own flying career came to abrupt end, will be told in the concluding installment of his story next Sunday.)



The Fokker triplane in which Richthofen died. These front and rear views show the machine soon after Capt. Brown's bullets brought it down.

Your Boy

Don't Let Him Grow Used to Laxatives!

The complete comfort so many adults derive from calcium wafers should turn a parent's thought to its perfect properties for children. A mother who thinks twice—or thinks at all—will not use harsher means of regulating a growing boy or girl!

For the same reason your bowels are benefited by calcium wafers, they are the very thing for a youngster. A tiny wafer or two at first sign of sluggishness—will end it. If the condition has been chronic, this mild corrective will tend to break it up. Calcium wafers will wean a child away from all need for any laxative.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

PERISHABLE GOODS

by DORNFORD YATES

THE STORY IN RESUME:

JONATHAN MANSEL finds the safe in his London house robbed of a package of letters. He and his friends, George Hanbury and William Chandos, decide that their common enemy, "Rose" Noble, is the thief. Mansel tells them the letters are mere casual notes from Adele, wife of his cousin, Capt. Pleydell. He makes no attempt to recover them, but goes to Austria with Maj. Pleydell and Capt. Pleydell and their wives. Upon returning to London he receives from the captain a wire announcing that Adele has disappeared. Accompanied by his two friends, Mansel crosses the channel and dashes to Austria by motor. Capt. Pleydell, in bed with a broken leg, reports that the search has led to a blank. Following a suspect, Chandos discovers that Noble and his gang are secreted in the castle of Gath, an old fortress situated on a mountain top. In the dead of night Mansel and his forces enter an unoccupied wing of the castle. They are overheard, and Adele cries a warning to come no further. They pretend to leave, but Mansel and Chandos hide in an archway until the next night, when they re-enter the castle and, seeing Adele on the terrace, take her to their hiding place. Before they have a chance to get her out they are discovered by Noble.

INSTALLMENT VIII.

Plunged Into Darkness.

ROSE NOBLE lifted his lids and looked at Adèle.

I cannot describe the awfulness of his gaze. Hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness burned in those terrible orbs. Themselves monstrous, their message was like unto them, and before its beastly menace my blood ran cold.

"You hear?" he said grimly. "You're pretty enough to fool round, but, when it's a question of paying, your gentleman friend gets off."

Adèle flushed under his tongue.

"It's never been a question of paying," she said.

"Big words," said Noble. "But they won't pull you out of this mess. Your health and your name's on the counter: and, if you fancy either, you'd better trouble Big Willie to open his purse."

"My name?" said Adèle, frowning.

"Your name," said Noble softly. "You see, I'm not selling to your husband. I'm selling to the man next door."

Adèle's color came and went. She looked round swiftly.

Then—

"You mean——"

"That I have not asked your husband to buy you back. That I have ignored his existence from first to last. That he's all sure and grateful that Big Willie's hoeing his row. That Big Willie daren't undeceive him; daren't so much as breathe my name—for fear of its putting ideas into his innocent head."

The brutal accuracy of this saying was to me like a buffet which makes the head sing again; and my brain seemed suddenly pygmy beside that of this terrible man.

Adèle had gone very pale.

"You mistake us," she said coldly. "Our understanding——"

"So I guess," said Rose Noble, as though she had not opened her mouth, "your pretty name is as much for sale as your health. Of course, if it isn't bought in, your husband can have it back. But it's not every fool, by ——, that'll pick up a rotten rose."

"I agree," said Mansel. "In fact, all you say would be very much to the point if I hadn't told Capt. Pleydell that I was in love with his wife."

Very slowly the blood flowed into Adèle's sweet face. She did not look at Mansel, and her eyes, which were resting on Noble, never moved. But, after a little, I saw that their focus had changed and that, though she was looking before her, she did not see, because she was lost in thought.

Rose Noble gave a thick laugh.

"I see," he said smoothly. "And, of course, he couldn't kick you—because of his leg. Well, well. And, if you think that chokes me, you're nursing the dirty end. I guess I've a sleeve full of trumps—but if you don't want to see them you know the way."

"I'm afraid you'll have to play them," said Mansel. "You see, we don't mind paying, but it wouldn't amuse the lady to know she'd been bought."

"That's right," said Adèle.

Noble sat back in his chair.

"You mean she don't care to be mortgaged outside your arms?"

"I didn't say that," said Mansel.

"I'll take it as read. I guess a woman's a woman whether she's warming her maid or selling fish. This man can bend her fingers, and that one can go to hell. 'With love from little Willie' don't happen to suit her book. Maybe it don't suit yours. And so I'll help you out." He leaned suddenly forward. "Be here in this room yourself a week from today with two hundred and fifty thousand in Bank of England notes and I'll let the three of you go."

"Nothing doing," said Adèle swiftly.

"I am not prepared," said Mansel, "to continue to talk this over while Mrs. Pleydell sits there."

Noble's eyes narrowed.

"If you don't like the rules," he drawled, "you—well, needn't play. I've picked my words so far, but run me up and I'm not going to cramp my tongue. If you're hunched round my table, God didn't put you there. You horned right into this parlor and if you don't like the eats I guess you can swallow them whole."

"I repeat my request," said Mansel. "I decline to——"

"I don't fancy that verb," snapped Noble, using a savage oath. "You may feel ugly, but I've the right end of the gun. And now try and get me, you ——. I'm running this —— party from the soup to the pineapple's bush. If you wanted a Bible reading you've come the wrong day of the week. We're talking business this morning."

"I repeat my request," said Mansel steadily.

Noble sucked in his breath. Then he opened his blazing eyes.

"Then finish," he said, "you ——. You say you've told her husband you want his wife. I'll give you some more to tell him next time you meet. So far she's lived alone in her private suite. Bedroom and bathroom adjoining, as tight as you please. Now we'll cut out the bathroom, sonny, and she'll share——"

"I decline to——"

With a roar Noble flung forward and Mansel's bare hands shot out. The left struck aside the pistol as Noble fired; the right hit the beast on his mouth and knocked him into his chair. But for this he must have gone down before the weight of the blow, but the chair was massive and, though it rocked for a moment, it held him up.

The sudden support saved him.

As I snatched at the second pistol he swept it off the board, but the movement disordered his aim and his second bullet went wild.

"Into the bedroom!" yelled Mansel, hurling an oaken footstool with all his might.

As I hustled Adèle through the doorway I heard a screech of pain and a third report. Then Mansel whipped into the room and I slammed the door.

"Quick! Wedge the doors," breathed Mansel.

Now that we suspected their presence, the doors in the paneling were easy to find, and, since they opened inward, before thirty seconds had passed the closet and bedchamber had been secured.

. . . and swung her out of the window and into the night.

As I drove the last wedge Mansel leaned his back to the wall and covered his eyes.

"That chair," he said brokenly. "That chair. It's enough to break a man's heart. I'd no time to hit him square, but I never so much as dreamed that that damned chair wouldn't go. If it had . . ."

Adèle put her arms round his neck, drew down his head to hers, and kissed his lips.

"My darling," she said quietly, "no man could have done so well."

"By God, that's true," I cried.

"O, Adèle," said Mansel simply, "I do love you so much."

Then his arms went about her and she hid her face in his coat.

SITTING on the floor of the closet, I summed up our circumstances as best I could.

For the moment Adèle was safe. What remained of the food which we had drawn up the cliff would last us with care for two days. We had three pistols, each holding seven rounds, and we had the run of two rooms and a way down into the archway—for what it was worth. That we could hold this position I had no doubt; indeed, it seemed most unlikely that Noble would make an attack, for, unless we three could break out or Hanbury and the servants could break in, we must in three or four days fall into his hands.

For us to break out would be extremely hard: we had long ago perceived that the two "galleries of stone" were the keys to the royal suite, and that these were joined by a passage meant that we were surrounded by a guard room which two men could hold against twenty, the inside of which we had not so much as seen.

With Hanbury and the servants we were no longer in touch. Our line of communication had been cut, and, even though George should decide to attempt our relief, I could not see that four men could bring this about. Six had been none too many two nights ago, and for four to repeat an assault which had only succeeded because it was a surprise seemed to me a hopeless adventure.

I found it hard not to believe that fortune had taken her stand on the enemy's side. Had we known of the doors in the paneling, not once but five times over should we have won our match; without that precious knowledge two nights ago we had all but rescued Adèle; if Noble had not met Casemate in search of his hat Adèle by now might well have been thirty miles off; but for the weight of the chair Noble must have been dead ten minutes ago. This last was a bitter thought. Looking back, I perceived how Mansel had made the brute angry in order to make him move and had actually lured the master into the way of a fool, how he had ignored gross insult and let Adèle suffer in silence to gain his end, and how only the fear of depriving Adèle of his service had made him break off a battle which he might well have won.

Then I fell to considering Mansel and Adèle and their love—for now I was sure that she loved him as he did her—and what ever would be the outcome of an affair at once so passionate and so much out of joint.

God knows I did not blame them; I was rather exulting to see two such great hearts as one. It was the future that troubled me, the reckoning that would have to be paid.

And whilst I was in the midst of this reflection the two came into the closet with shining eyes.

I got to my feet and Adèle gave me her hand.

I kissed it naturally.

"William," she said, "I think I have the finest lover in the world."

"You have, indeed," said I, gravely.

"William the Faithful," said Mansel and laughed like a boy. He stepped to the trap. "And now," said he, "I'm going to spy out the land. Don't talk too loud, you two, and stay in the doorway, please, so that you can watch both rooms."

"Very good," said I, and went to my post at once.

When Mansel was gone Adèle came to my side.

"Sit down, William," she said. "I want you to know how I feel."

We sat down on the floor like two children and Adèle leaned her head against the wall and slid her slight arm through mine.

"I'm in love with Jonah," she said. "I think I've loved him for years, but I never knew. And then, when I first saw Rose Noble and Jute pulled me off the mare, I remembered our talk in the forest and I knew what they wanted me for. They meant to hurt Jonah through me. That meant that Jonah loved me; and then, all of a sudden, I knew that I loved him. I was terribly worried at first because it seemed so awful to be in love with any one other than Boy. And then I came to see that, so long as nobody knew, no harm would be done. And I made up my mind that no one should ever know—not even Jonah himself. . . . Well, you saw me break down. You saw me kiss him and put my arms round his neck. I suppose I shouldn't have done it, but I'm so thankful I did. I want you to know that, William. And Jonah's so happy, too. We've had it all out and we both of us feel the same. You see, we're locked up here in a sort of No Man's Land that lies between life and death. If we die—well, that's the end. If we live, then we go back. But we can't tell which it will be, and, so long as we're in that land, we're going to love each other with all our heart."

"But, O, Adèle," said I, "what about going back?"

A very soft light came into her wonderful eyes.

"You can't take away memory," she said. "That we shall have forever, like a star that's always in the sky. I'm not seeking to justify myself. I know I'm another man's wife. But I don't care, William. Nature and fortune have driven us into this Eden, and I don't think we should be human if we didn't help each other to pick the flowers."

"I don't think you would," said I heartily.

And that is the point of view I hold today. I daresay it cannot be defended. I can only say that Jonathan Mansel and Adèle were two of a kind that I never saw before and have never seen since. They were wise; "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives"; they were nonpareil; and, looking back, I find it most natural that, suddenly faced with life in the midst of death, two natures so alike and so peerless should have comforted each other.

Adèle looked at me swiftly.

"Do you mean that you understand? I don't think you can do that."

"I can understand enough," said I, "to be very glad you're so happy."

"Thank you, William," she said. "And please don't feel left out. Jonah was saying only a moment ago that you were the only living being he didn't mind seeing our love."

"History repeats itself," said I, indicating the rooms. "The equerry doesn't feel left by his king and his queen."

"O, he's a courtier," cried Adèle, clapping her hands.

"Don't slander my lieutenant," said Mansel, putting his head through the door. "And here's a piece of good news." He sank his voice to a murmur. "The car is still out."

"Which means?" breathed Adèle.

"I hope and believe it means that it's gone for good, that George and the servants have got it and all or some of its crew. When Noble sent them out he knew very well that there was nothing to see; he knew we were in the archway, and he sent them packing to mislead us and draw us out. I admit he pulled that off, but, unless and until they return, I believe he's alone."

I supposé that I showed my excitement, for he continued at once:

"But please remember Noble's a host in himself. He may be single handed, but he's worth ten ordinary men. And so we much watch and wait. If only we'd known of that passage two nights ago——"

"Then," said Adèle, "you'd never have known that I loved you. And now, please, I'm hungry. Will one of you give me some food?"

Mansel smiled.

"Feminine influence, William, is a terrible thing. With this girl-child round our necks we shall forget we're at war."

"Forget it," said I, rising, "for half an hour. While you two lunch I'll watch the castle gate."

"Very well," said Mansel, hoisting himself to the floor. "But keep in the shadow and report the first sign of life. If Hanbury's sunk the pinnace I don't think what's left of her crew will come aboard before dark. At least, they'll be fools if they try. But we can't hang our lives on guess work and so we must watch. And by the time I've eaten I may have some plan."

But he had not; neither had I.

THROUGH all that afternoon we three might have been alone in the Castle of Gath. If others spoke or moved we neither saw nor heard them, and when the light faded we were still without any grounds on which to base any belief.

Of the ways of the castle Adèle knew far less than we, for she had been brought in blindfold and had never, before we seized her, been beyond the gallery of stone; but, had she been able to tell us that a tunnel led out of the chapel to Salzburg itself, the knowledge would not have helped us, for we dared not use the passage in case it was held.

What remained of the waterfall cord was some sixty feet long, and this we had all ready to help our escape. Could we, therefore, have gained the roof, we could doubtless have reached the spur; but we had no means of ascent, and, though I essayed both chimneys, these were built of hewn stone and only a very small child could have made its way up their shafts.

But for Adèle, Mansel and I would have sallied and might well, I think, have escaped. If the passage was under fire, at least it must be lighted by windows which overlooked the courtyard, and we would have chanced a lot in order to reach the gate. To such a risk, however, we dared not expose Adèle. Here, I think, we were wise. Unless he could starve us to surrender Rose Noble's hope of ransom was gone by the board; once we sallied, therefore, the fellow had nothing to gain by sparing our lives—but much to lose, for he knew very well that we would shoot him at sight. Add to this that we had lately enraged him as never before and you will see that to run such a gantlet, with Adele, so to speak, in our arms, was out of the question.

At last we decided to write a message to George and, making it into a parcel, to cast it over the cliff.

So far as my memory serves me, this was how the note ran:

George:

The rope has been cut. We are fast in the closet and the bedchamber and we have got Adèle. There is a passage connecting the two stone galleries and looking upon the courtyard. You will attack tomorrow—Friday, half an hour after dark. As before, gain the roof; go directly to the door in the southwest tower; guard that; then let fall three ropes to the windows of the king's closet; the moment these are in place, demonstrate. You will demonstrate by letting down a ladder to one of the windows of the passage and accidentally breaking the glass. Carefully rehearse the demonstration, which must last one minute. Whilst it is going on you will take up Adèle by one of the ropes, rush her along the roof, lower her down to the spur, and run with her for the wood; Chandos and I will follow. Not counting the caretaker, Rose Noble is, I think, alone—except for those who escaped when you stopped the car. Work out the whole attack with the greatest care; it must not fail.

We wrapped the note in oiled silk and then in a wet coat of mine to serve as ballast; this we made into a parcel, and at 10 o'clock that night I hurled it over the cliff.

Neither Mansel nor I had expected to sleep at all, for the castle gate had to be watched, as well as the doors of the chambers in which we lay; but Adèle insisted on taking her turn with us, so each of us slept for two hours and watched for four.

Adèle was the first to rest and I was the last, and I remember how I stole up the stairway at two o'clock to find the rooms full of moonlight, Adèle in the midst of the doorway with her fair head against the jamb, and Mansel sleeping like a child with her arms about him and his head in her lap. And, when he was gone to the archway and I would have lain alone, she would not have it so, but made me lie down as he had and pillow my head upon her.

THE castle gate was not opened during the night, and this made us certain that those that had left with the car were in Hanbury's hands.

We therefore decided to watch no more from the archway, but only to use it as and when we required. To this end we stopped the keyholes of the door and the gate and wedged a cage grate in the channel beneath the door to prevent an entry by stealth while our backs were turned.

And here let me say that before it was light we had all three bathed in the channel and made as fair a toilet as our means would allow. Mansel and I could do no more than shave and make ourselves clean, but Adèle must change her frock for one of a powder blue, and when we sat down to breakfast she was as point-device in appearance as though she had just left her bedroom in London town.

The day passed quietly enough and, except that one of us was always in the bedchamber, listening for any sound, we kept no particular watch.

Adèle and Mansel were happy as the day was long. I have never seen two beings so plainly glad of each other, so easy and natural in their love. There was nothing common or unclean in all their tenderness, and, so far from embarrassing my senses, my acquaintance with such devotion lifted up my heart.

One thing only troubled us, and that was the absolute silence which reigned without our doors.

That Noble should make no sound was natural enough, and yet the continuous absence of any sign of life came to insist that we had the castle to ourselves and to tempt us against all reason out of our lair. This temptation we certainly resisted, but with every hour the suggestion that we were alone increased in strength until, when the evening came, we were all three unsettled and did not know what to think. In a way this did not matter, for if, indeed, Noble were out of the way, our release by Hanbury must be a simple affair; yet the bare idea of such fortune seemed something sinister, like the counsel of a prophet whose eyes are not straight in his head.

"The truth is," said Mansel, "we ought to have played his game. We shouldn't have made a sound for twenty-four hours. Then he'd've begun to wonder if we were gone, and at last he'd've tried to find out and shown his hand. As it is, the positions are reversed, and he's fairly got us guessing—which is just what he wants."

This was uncommon sense, but, even whilst I agreed, I found myself supposing that Noble was dead or gone and finding the supposition curiously untoward.

For this strange uncertainty of outlook I have never been able to account. I am not given to imagining vain things or to letting my fancy fly in the face of fact; yet, though I was not uneasy, my mind would not come to rest, but continually dwelled upon the silence and the prosperous tale which it told.

At last the day was over and dusk came in.

When it was dark we opened the closet windows and shut the trap door. Then Mansel set me at a window, with Adèle by my side, and himself to watch the bedchamber until the moment should come.

The night was most black and still and I stood leaning out into the thunderous air, straining my ears for the rustle of a rope coming down.

But none came, and after a long time I began to feel sick at heart.

I did not move, for the night was before us, and while it was dark we could hope; but Hanbury was always punctual—and now he was late.

I do not know how long I stood there, but suddenly my heart bounded as I heard a movement above.

An instant later I had a rope in my hands.

As I put my weight upon it another rope brushed my arms, and almost at once a third.

By my silent direction, Adèle gave one flash with her torch, and in a twinkling Mansel was by our side.

Himself he tested the ropes, then he bound one about her and lifted her on to the sill.

Adèle put her arms round his neck and pressed her face against his.

So we stayed, waiting.

Then came a clatter from the passage and the shiver of broken glass.

"My beautiful darling," said Mansel, and swung her out of the window and into the night.

For a second he watched her rising; then he drew back.

"You're next, William," he said, "as quick as you can."

At once I leaned out to grope for the other two ropes.

As I did so a second clatter came from beyond our doors.

"Quick," breathed Mansel. "That demonstration's too thin."

Desperately I flung out both arms, sweeping the air—and found nothing.

"They're gone," I cried, drawing back. "They were——"

Mansel was at the next window, leaning out and craning his neck.

As I did the same, a very faint exclamation came down from above.

And then a thick laugh.

"Isn't that nice?" said Rose Noble.

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(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

TEMPTING MENUS FOR THE WEEK

by Jane Eddington

Cold Foods.

HOT foods and cold foods and foods all the time! There is no getting around it! Nevertheless, there is a tremendous choice of what and how and wherefore, with philosophies of foods and a science and an art. During the ages a million or so of ideas about foods have circulated in communities and states, although primitive man had but one or a few. He had hunger. To be hungry is a consuming business. Even a modern girl has been heard to say, "I can't think when I am hungry."

But let us talk about cold foods because the cold food season is approaching, and because cold foods in that season, even soups, are becoming more and more fashionable. There are new ideas on the subject since Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked that cold foods were nice—or did he say "victuals"?—and that he preferred vanilla ice.

One of the contemporaries of the great Dr. Holmes took the matter much more seriously. This man was Dr. William A. Alcott, father of Louisa, who was the author of that girl's classic, "Little Women," etc. In Dr. Alcott's book, "The Young Housekeeper or Thoughts on Food and Cookery," there is considerable of a preachment on cold foods, their desirability, wholesomeness as compared to hot, their saving graces for the women of the race, whom he honors to the skies. Yes, in the same chapter in which he argues with considerable conviction that cool foods are better than hot, he proposes a remedy for daughters hating domestic concerns—cooking is to be more plain and simple and there are not to be hot things for every meal. It is more sensible, he thought, to cook once for three or four meals.

And in this book is an argument that ought, if it is true, to fit the needs of those people who find it hard to restrain their appetites, and their ever expanding figures, which begins thus: "But we cannot eat so freely when food is cold as when it is hot, it will be said. I know this, very well. People cannot eat so much of a thing when it is cool, as of that which is smoking. They cannot eat so much bread, so much meat, so much pudding, so many potatoes, so many cakes! They must eat a pound of hot bread, a pound of pudding, a pound of johnny cake or buckwheat cakes, or two or three pounds of potatoes or hot baked apples, when half the quantity, or at most two-thirds, if cool, would satisfy their appetites—at least if unperverted—far better, and be a thousand times better for their health, to say nothing, for the present, of other advantages which would result from a little self-denial and retrenchment."

Pan Broiling Lamb Chops.

SET the frying pan over a moderate flame and allow it to heat to a point where it would not burn a lamb chop while cooking ten minutes to a side. By a little practice with observation one soon learns this. Put in one tablespoon of fat, add to it salt according to the number of chops to be cooked, and an eighth of a teaspoon of curry powder for a pan of chops, or even a quarter—depends on the variety of powder used.

Stir the dry ingredients into the fat until the blend is perfect, and have the surface of the pan covered or oiled with the mixture. Put in the trimmed chops and let them cook from six to ten minutes to a side, depending on their thickness. They should, when done, be lightly and beautifully browned and any juice which has cooked out of them should be present in the pan with the fat which was put in originally and some which has cooked out of the chops. This is a "gravy," and the greater the perfection of seasoning the finer it will be, and it can be used separately from the chops.

No one fat is prescribed for the pan in pan broiling of meats. Butter burns most readily and, since the chops will cook beautifully at a temperature below that at which butter burns, this is worth while when the cook has had but little experience. But really this is comparatively slow cooking, considering the size of the pieces of meat. Most people do this sort of cooking too fast and under such circumstances, paradoxically enough, it takes chops longer to cook because the surface gets too crisp at the start and the heat cannot so easily penetrate such. The outside of meat that is too hard is just as unpalatable as burned bread.

A savory fat is excellent for all pan broiling, and a way to test the pan to find whether it is hot enough—if not hot enough we have another objectionable extreme and the meat will be soggy—is to add a drop or two of liquid to see if it is hissing hot, as it should be. Most raw meats need to be cooked in a pan which will hiss when they are put in.

Cold Curried Lamb Chop.

E. V. Lucas, in "London Lavender," tells how a young man got the idea for a new sort of a restaurant for busy men when, because of many distractions, he let his chop get cold and found it delicious. Rather poor shoulder lamb chops, when pan broiled and seasoned with a bit of curry, are not enticing hot, nor attractive to look at, but when cold they are spicy and can be trimmed or served in various ways to be quite attractive if they are well cooked.

These make an excellent luncheon indoors or out.

MONDAY

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Hot Graham Muffins Honey
Coffee

Luncheon
Hot Chicken Sandwiches
Radishes
Toasted Sponge Cake
Whipped Cream
Winter Pear
Beverage

Dinner
Cucumber Relish
Bean and Celery Soup
English Back Bacon, Eggs
Boiled Potatoes
Dandelion Greens
Oatmeal and Rhubarb Pudding
Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Prunes
Big Hominy
Hot Muffins Marmalade
Coffee

Luncheon
Escalloped Salsify
Fruit Salad
Toasted Crackers Cheese
Ginger Ale

Dinner
Young Onions
Vegetable Soup
Roast Veal Pan Browned Potatoes
Hot Dinner Rolls
Cabbage Salad
Maple Custards
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Hot Canned Peaches and Cream
Prepared Cereal
Whole Wheat Toast
Coffee

Luncheon
Cold Sliced Veal, Garnish
Hot Baked Tomatoes
Crisp Corn Bread
Rhubarb Compote
Beverage

Dinner
Crisp Celery
Cream of Spinach Soup
Pork Tenderloin
Frosted Sweet Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Dinner Salad
Lemon Sherbet Macaroons
Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Fruit of Season
Rice Pancakes, Maple Sirup
Coffee

Luncheon
Cold Lamb Chops, Cress
Escalloped Potatoes
Frosted Gingerbread
Beverage

Dinner
Chilled Relishes
Cream of Corn Soup
Chicken Fricassee, Parsley Potatoes
Boiled Onions
Salad of Endives
Graham Cracker Layer Cake
Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Baked Prunes
Barley Porridge
Toast Marmalade
Coffee

Luncheon
Sausages Potato Pancakes
Rolled Bread and Butter
Chiffonade Lettuce Salad
Date Bars
Beverage

Dinner
Green Olives
Pea Soup
Fried Fillets of Haddock
Boiled New Potatoes
Fried Parsnips
Cucumber Salad
Chocolate Mousse Wafers
Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Oranges
Farina Porridge
Toast Jam
Coffee

Luncheon
Vegetable Soufflé
Melba Toast
Iced Cup Cakes
Ginger Ale

Dinner
Fruit Appetizer
Cream of Cress Soup
Baked Liver Delmonico Potatoes
Escalloped Cauliflower
Green Bean Salad
Rhubarb Pie
Coffee

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Strawberries and Cream
Broiled Bacon Popovers
Coffee

Dinner
Relishes of Season
Clear Soup
Fillet of Beef with Mushroom Gravy
Creamed Salsify in Potato Border
Asparagus and Pimento Salad
Strawberry Shortcake
Coffee

Supper
Cold Baked Liver Baked Potatoes
Brown Bread and Butter
Fruits
Beverage

(Copyright, 1928, By Chicago Tribune.)

In the kitchens of women who cook well . . . these two Campfire products are found in front rank on the "pantry staple" shelf

Salads . . . desserts . . . soups . . . souffles . . . good to look at, better to eat

WE KNOW several women who are artists when it comes to cooking. With apparently all the ease in the world they create "little desserts" with a flavor one can never forget. Their "simple salads" would add a new note of decoration to any table. Yet over and over again they would say, "Good cooking is primarily a matter of good ingredients."

Campfire marshmallows are a fine pantry staple used time and time again by women who cook well. They consider these great, white, pure-food marshmallows as important to good cooking as salt, or flour, or spices.

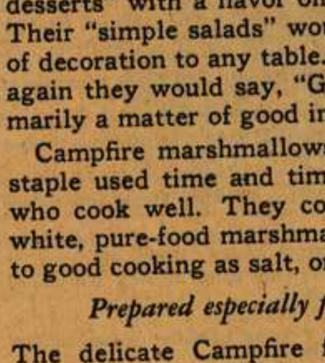
Prepared especially for cookery use

The delicate Campfire flavor is not oversweet, but blends with any other food. Campfires have a wholesome, pure-food base. If you are tired thinking up three meals a day every day in the year you will welcome Campfire marshmallows to your kitchen. They help you to plan interesting dishes that are new, tasty and easy to make.

Here is a new recipe booklet for you

Mrs. Gladys Williams, of our domestic science department, has prepared an attractive recipe booklet showing new and unusual ways to get in extra flavor by adding Campfire marshmallows to many of the salads, desserts and other dishes that you prepare. Some of the recipes are given on this page. Send the coupon and 4c for your copy of the booklet.

Campfire marshmallows come to you dainty, uncrushed, in convenient sized modern packages and in 12-oz. and 5-lb. air-tight tins. Get them from your grocer, confectioner or druggist. The Campfire Corporation, Cambridge, Mass.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Montreal, Canada.



CAMPFIRE ORANGE FLOWER SALAD

Select 6 oranges. Score each rind in about 6 sections. Separate rind part way down from orange. Bend in points. Separate orange sections to represent a flower. Fill center with ½ cup shredded pineapple, 2 diced bananas and 30 Campfires, quartered. Sprinkle with shredded almonds and serve with cream mayonnaise. Garnish with cherries. This is a fine party salad.

Have you tried the new Campfire Creme—as pure and delicious as the marshmallows

This new Campfire product is made of the finest ingredients. Fresh egg whites are used—not dehydrated albumen. Campfire Marshmallow Creme will hold its rich, smooth consistency indefinitely without separating, without shrinking in the can, without ever fermenting. Like Campfire marshmallows, it has a special, delicious flavor all its own.

Use Campfire Creme to enrich sauces, salad dressings, fillings and uncooked frostings for cakes; as a delicious sandwich spread, combined with jam or peanut butter. It will not pull on the finest cake, but spreads easily and sets quickly. Get it in a 12-oz. air-tight tin, where you buy your marshmallows.

CAMPFIRE CREME COLLEGE SANDWICHES

For spread, chop up 15 steamed prunes. Mix with ⅓ cup chopped pecans. Add 1½ tablespoons Campfire Creme to make soft paste. Season with salt and lemon juice to taste.

CAMPFIRE APPLE MALLOWS

Core 6 apples. Cut skin to make points. Cut up 7 Campfires. Put in center of apples. Put bits of butter on top. Surround with water. Bake, basting frequently. Remove, add whole Campfire in top of each apple and brown.

Campfires retain their smooth surface without a crust or wrinkle. This is because all ingredients are properly blended, moulded and set in starch, conditioned at an even required temperature.

Notice the modern Campfire packages. They are air-tight tins that keep them fresher than ordinary marshmallows, with sanitary linings and cardboard partitions that keep them whole, dainty and fluffy.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

SOMETHING FOR OUR LIGHTER HOURS

by Corinne Lowe

NEW YORK. — [Special Correspondence.] — Was it in the time of Henry Clay—or is that only a clay pipe dream of mine—that gentlemen wore tight pantaloons with little straps adjusted under the instep? At all events, the inquiry is relevant in the face of some brand new lounging pajamas of this spring. For Molyneux has created some up-to-date boudoir togs in which the trousers are strapped under the foot in the same manner.

Of course, every season they introduce some novelty or other into the lounging pajamas. Long since has the bifurcated section of this attire been thoroughly emasculated. Long since have the designers been making "them" to look just as sweet and feminine as "it." This spring these creators of boudoir chic have redoubled their efforts and we find, together with that new Molyneux strap of which I have spoken, some other spectacular changes.

One of these is illustrated in our first sketch today. This outfit created by Martial et Armand is typical of the new modish effect. Evidently, you see, the pajama trousers aspire to be like the pantaloons mentioned above. The effect is quaint and unusual.

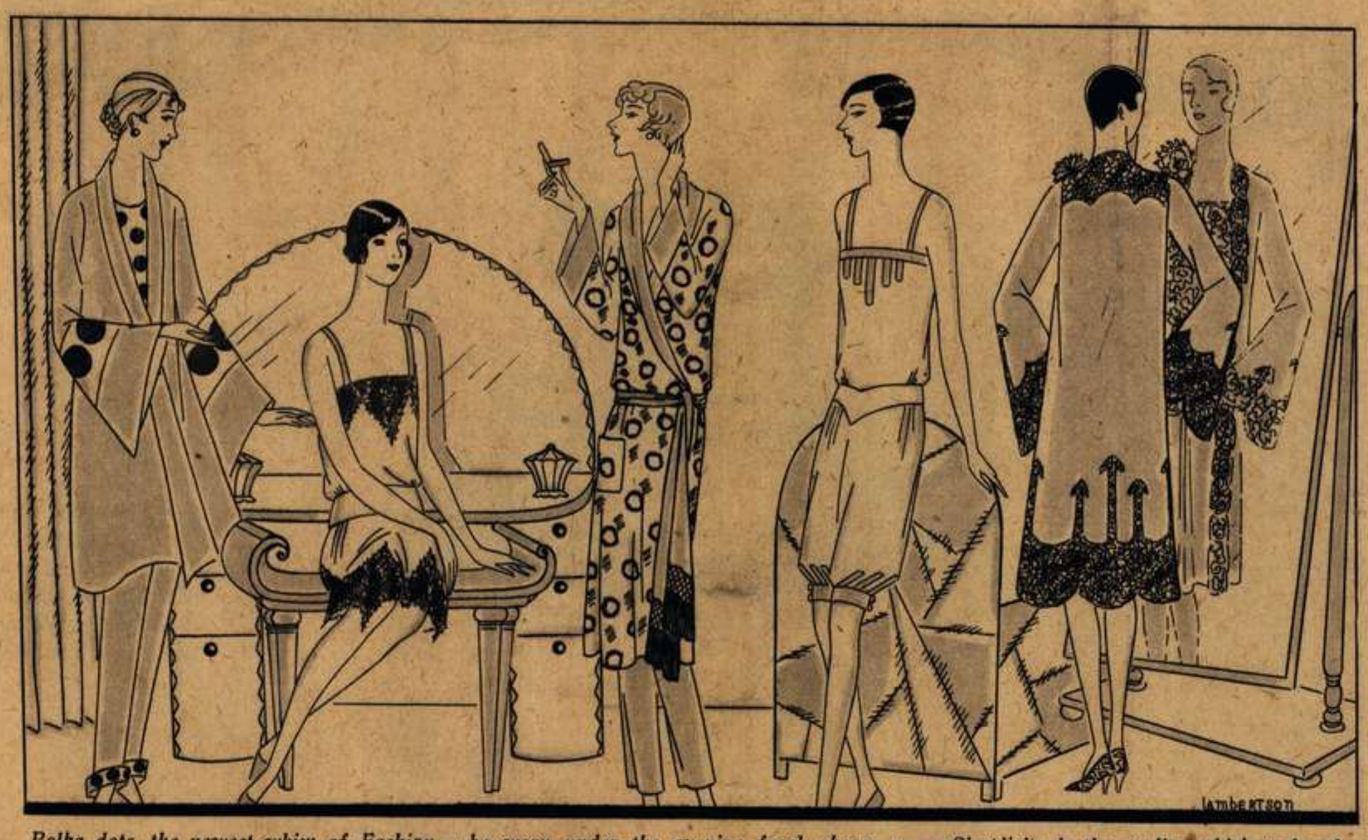
Personally, I like this length and, whether you destine this charming creation for the sea shore or the boudoir, it offers a great deal of summer comfort. But in addition to the trousers, our Martial et Armand suggestion has other recommendations. For one thing, it is so intensely practical. Far different from the usual elaborate and perishable confections of georgette and satin and lame, this one is made of beige shantung. Could anything form a more sagacious choice for ship cabin, train berth, or just one's own broiling city room in August?

But it does not confine its merits to the realm of practicality. It also gives you something very smart in the emphasis on polka dots, for the sleeveless jumper under the graceful eastern coat is made of matching chiffon with enormous polka dots. Yes, this intrusive emblem has broken into the boudoir and in this case the dots—which are purple—do everything to relieve a costume which might otherwise be almost somber in its practicality.

You will see that a band of this figured material accents the bell-shaped sleeve of the coat. This coat is unlined and finishes in the familiar Tuxedo revers. Before dismissing the model from your consciousness, please note that the narrow belt of the jumper is made of purple shantung and that a purple triangular pocket slips over it, military fashion.

If you were really going in for this boudoir attire in a serious way you would have to own five or six different types of costume. There would be fluffy negligees and breakfast coats, there would be tea gowns and numerous lounging pajamas. Fortunately, however, the average woman need put no such strain upon her closet. She can get along nicely with a creation such as we have described and with a dressing gown such as we show in the center of our page.

This "*robe de chambre*," as the French express the gown that is the foundation of our negligee



Polka dots, the newest whim of Fashion, combine with the old fashioned idea of pantaloon trousers in this lounging suit of beige shantung from Martial et Armand, sketched at the extreme left.

Next, a new and exquisite combination to be worn under the evening frock shows a broad flat girdle, which adds to the snug fit of the outer garment.

Third, a distinctive house robe created by Lelong is of foulard patterned in marron on a white ground. It is lined with white crepe de chine.

Simplicity is the quality which makes for chic in the combination shown fourth from the left. Here the bloomers button in place and the flat girdle is again used.

Last, this delightfully feminine ensemble intime is an airy concoction of lace and rose chiffon and comes from the house of Beer.

equipment, is on the same lines that its predecessors have chosen. That is to say, it is fashioned almost exactly like the dressing gown of the man of the household. Unlike the pajama, the creation of this type has rejected all feminine advances and has preserved its tailored character in both cut and choice of materials.

All sorts and conditions of fabric are chosen for the dressing gown, but this foulard patterned in marron on a white ground, which was selected by Lelong for the model in the center, seems to strike just the right average between practicality and the decorative impulse. A lining of white crepe de chine is extended to form the shawl collar with its surplice closing, the mannish cuffs and the girdle. This last named is finished with marron silk fringe.

Between this type of negligee and the most formal of tea gowns and hostess gowns there lie many degrees of sophistication. The model at our extreme right reaches the climax of such sophistication, for this *robe intimé* is really an *ensemble intimé*, and as such takes its place among the newer phases of the creation in which we entertain at tea our most intimate circle.

They have, of course, been doing ensembles in this province for some seasons, but the idea presented by Beer is a new exploitation of the ensemble intime. Made of rose colored chiffon, it incorporates a jumper of fine white lace and the lace functions further on the skirt in the form of an arrow-shaped inset.

The coat is an even more favored beneficiary of this trimming touch. Its back reveals five of the same arrow-shaped motifs that one encounters on the skirt. Another motif appears on the sleeves. And in addition to this, a scalloped border of the lace is extended about the entire garment. In the back this border develops into a yoke.

The skirt shows groups of fine plaits released at the hem to produce the good old flare, and the jumper, which is short sleeved, finishes in scallops pursuing a slightly diagonal line. The last attention is in the form of a a rose made of white silk and velvet. Altogether, a charming and unusual version of a costume which will immediately present itself to the attention of the June bride. At least once in one's life one is entitled to such a fluff as this, and the trousseau undoubtedly points to the logical realization of that solitary privilege.

And now how about lingerie itself? As we all know, this substructure of our costume is likely to give itself super airs. It reflects like a mirror all the moods and vagaries of the mode, and for this reason some lingerie this spring displays a few eccentricities of conduct. For one thing, the waist is often made higher in order to humor the mood of the gown. For another, the combinations sometimes display a diagonally placed girdle and frequently a flare where the flare ought to be.

There are really, however, few startling innovations in this province. Now, as always, the most beautiful underwear is that which is most conservative. Now, as always, our de luxe models depend for their charm on the exquisite quality of the handwork involved. A good example of this is found in the combination second from the left of our page.

Here is a model designed by the famous house of Worth, and it is, of course, destined for the evening costume. It is made of pink chiffon trimmed with the finest black lace and the lace is applied in scallops both on the skirt and corsage. The former is made with those gathers at the side which distinguish many of the latest offerings, and above this is inset a wide girdle which, in addition to defining the higher waistline, girds the hips in a manner that should give no offense to your newest evening gown.

These inset girdles of various types are decidedly a feature of the spring lingerie, and again Worth shows it in the model illustrated by our fourth sketch. This is something really quite new in lingerie and for those whose spirits are depressed by a constant insubordination of the elastic in bloomers, it offers a roseate feature. Instead of elastic, these bloomers fasten with buttons, and for this reason—they stay in place.

This combination of the chemise and bloomer is, indeed, a suggestion of all around merit and one which proves that the loveliest examples of French lingerie are frequently severe in their ideas of ornamentation. Severely tailored, in fact, is this sky blue georgette crepe with its insets of self material bands on bloomers and bodice. Yet it leaves nothing to be desired.

[Copyright: 1928: By The Chicago Tribune.]

Other views of today's models.

THE LESSON *A Story From Real Life*

IF Alan hadn't seen fit to argue with the taxi driver it would never have happened. But he must stand there saying things like: "Now listen. It couldn't possibly be . . . why, we got in at 42d street, didn't we? I *know*, but it's ridiculous. Ridiculous."

She had tugged at his coatsleeve at least three times and said, "Alan . . . the train . . ." and he had tugged it away and said, "Yes, but . . . Fay!" and started in again. So on the third lap of the argument, about the time the taxi driver got an ugly gleam in his eye and started thumbing the handle of the door, the train got tired waiting for them and simply pulled out and left them flat.

Fay sat down on their suitcase, up-ended, and stared into space with the expression of a wife who has seen worse men, but she can't remember where.

"A dollar and a half!" Alan snorted, "why . . . the dirty robber . . . for six blocks!"

Fay held her look of detached interest while she stared thoughtfully at a place in the marble flooring that was chipped.

"Our train's gone," she said, with a little thin edge of disgust entering her voice. "And mother will be waiting supper. . . ."

"O, damn supper," Alan said.

"All right," she said. "Damn supper. You don't have to sweat getting it."

"Of all the nagging women," Alan contributed, in his share of insult, "you're the worst. No matter what I do, or how I do it, or when or where, it's wrong, damn it. If I had paid that taxi driver. . . ."

"We'd have caught our train," she said, getting to her feet. "Mother wouldn't have waited supper and we wouldn't have quarreled. You make me tired. Let's go home."

There were variations on that theme all the way home and into the night, with vituperations flying back and forth across space between their beds. At 2 o'clock, perhaps because he had run out of retorts, Alan sat bolt upright and switched on his bed lamp. Fay sat up and switched hers on. They glared at each other. The taxi driver and his fare and the train they had missed had long faded into oblivion.

Their varied insults had found a thousand new things to be bitter about. He had dragged up the amount she'd spent on her last dress and she'd recounted a few of his pinochle debts, with the dues for his membership at the Yale club coming close on its heels, and the amount she'd saved by doing such and such work instead of hiring it done, and how he'd treated mother the last time she visited them and what his sister had said to her the last time they visited her, ad infinitum ad nauseam.

He shook his arm menacingly at her.

"You don't know enough to appreciate a good husband when you get one!" he shouted. "If you had some one who would come over and bust you one for those remarks you'd darn soon know whether I'm fit to live with or not!"

"If I were big enough to bust you one," she said, witheringly, "you wouldn't be sitting there waving your fist at me like a maniac. You're a fine subject to visit mother. Go out there looking like a thundercloud and have all the neighbors pitying me because I married a grouch."

"To hell with you," he said, putting his feet on the floor and searching frantically around for his right slipper. "I'm not going to your mother's. How do you like that? I'm going to the club. And I'm going to stay there. How do you like that? I'll have my meals in peace and my sleep in peace and I won't be shoving my head under the pillow to keep from hearing what you think of my family. Soak that up."

She turned over and snapped out her light. She was mildly surprised when she heard the door close behind him and his traveling bag. But she wrinkled her nose and smiled to herself. He would be back in time to catch the train the next day. She knew him. He wouldn't hold out.

So, when train time came and there was no Alan, she was mildly—and unpleasantly—surprised again.

She wavered between calling him at the club and making it up and taking the train alone. Taking the train alone won out and Fay climbed into a taxi and broke all speed restrictions getting to the station. She paid the taxi driver $2 without a murmur and scuttled through the gates just as they closed behind her with a clang.

MEANWHILE Alan sat in a big leather chair at the club, twiddling his thumbs aimlessly and wondering what in hell had possessed him to come to the club at all. It was as quiet as the grave. There were three men dozing in as many chairs and a servant was tiptoeing mournfully around, gathering up ash trays and putting clean ones in their places.

Fay hadn't called. Wasn't that stubborn? God! What a woman! She could be dying and she wouldn't call him. He settled into his chair with a "this rock shall fly from its firm base" expression. Nothing, nothing would induce him to call that woman. Some day she would wreck her life that way, with her stubbornness.

Just supposing he met a woman now and fell in love with her. Where would Fay be? Where would she be? She would be out, that's where she'd be. Bet she'd regret it then. Bet she'd call him and beg to see him. He'd take some of the stubbornness out of her then. He'd say: "Fay, I owe you a lifetime of allegiance. Yes, I'll come back—but —I love another. No, I'm sorry. Your stubbornness has completely killed my love. She loves me."

He could hear Fay saying scornfully, "You mean she humors you," but he put that picture from his mind, quickly. It was his picture, not Fay's.

He'd say, "Fay, remember that night how you said that my dues at the club deprived you of a dress every two months? There's one thing about my dues at the club. They bring me peace. That's something my own home never brought me!"

He looked around him. It certainly was peaceful, all right. There wasn't even a fly buzzing. He sighed and sank back into his thoughts.

"Peace!" he went on. "Did you ever lower the shades and tiptoe so that I might be quiet and rest when I came home from the office? Did you?" He paused and then shook his head. He'd have to leave that out. She had, many a time. The game was that she'd have to bow her head and say no, in shame, to every question. He started again.

"How many times," he'd say, "have I begged you, begged you . . ." He stopped and tried to think of something he'd begged her for besides a night out playing pinochle. That didn't fit in the picture very well. He'd begged her to wear her dresses longer and he'd begged her not to get her hair cut so short and to wear more clothes under her thin little silk dresses.

"Begged you to be more domestic," he said, frowning. "Begged you to act more like a wife than a flapper. Begged you to wear more clothes on the street and leave off some of the powder. That's what I've begged you to do. And did you do it? No. No. You laughed at me. That's what you did." Then he'd say, in a reverent tone, "She has stopped using anything but the merest touch of powder since I asked her. She's lengthened her dresses, Fay. No . . . I'm sorry, but I love her."

Then he would go out, with his head bowed, while she sobbed on the davenport. That made him uncomfortable when he thought of Fay sobbing on the davenport while he went out alone to meet some blonde, but he set his lips firmly. Fay was wrong. She was willful and stubborn and needed a lesson.

THE next night found him seated, after dinner, in the same chair, with two of the three men dozing in the same chairs of the night before, and the third asleep on the davenport. The man was tiptoeing reverently about, picking up ash trays and putting clean ones in their places. Alan beckoned him over. He leaned close, with a mysterious expression on his face.

"Great game the Yankees played today, wasn't it?" Alan said, clearing his throat. The man looked around cautiously and then leaned closer.

"Yes, sir," he whispered, "it certainly was." And then he tiptoed away again.

By the third night, when Sam Scoggins came in, Alan was so tickled to see him that he had to restrain himself to keep from throwing his arms around Sam's neck and kissing him madly. Sam settled back in his leather chair and lighted a cigar.

"Wife away?" he said.

"Yes," Alan said firmly. "I—I—she's at her mother's."

"Business keep you here?" Scoggins said, contemplating the tip of his cigar. He chuckled, without waiting for an answer. "I'll bet it did," he said. "You wouldn't be fool enough to let that slick looking woman of yours out of your sight alone if you didn't have to. Did you hear about Jerry Larkin?"

"No," Alan said weakly. "What about him?"

Sam puffed meditatively once or twice and looked soberly at the tip of his cigar once more. "Wife's suing him for divorce," he said shortly. "He's half crazy."

"How—how come?" Alan murmured, running his finger around one side of his collar nervously.

"Well, it seems they never did get along so well," Sam said between puffs. "You'd never have suspected it, would you? In company——"

"No," Alan said. "You'd never have suspected it."

"Well, anyway, I guess everything was all right up until about a month ago, when they had their last fight. He got all het up and said a lot of things he didn't mean and she said a lot of things she didn't mean and he banged off down to the club. Said he wouldn't come home until she called him and——"

"And she didn't call him?" Alan said.

"Well," Sam said, "she gets lonesome there at home alone and she ups and packs and beats it for her mother's——"

"Yes?" Alan said, on the edge of his chair.

"And he lets her go," Sam said. "This is a damned good cigar."

"Well?" Alan said impatiently.

"O! Well, it seems that there's some fellow she's gone with out there in the sticks before she meets Jerry and she sees him again. He's never married and he tells her that he's never been able to find a girl that took her place, and . . . what could you expect? She falls in love with him all over again. So Jerry gets it in the neck. He ought to have called her. There's nothing will get a woman quite as quick as a hashed up romance after she's just been told how little she amounts to by some man she's supposed to live with the rest of her life."

He hove to his feet presently with, "Well, the wife's waiting for me to play some bridge with some old hens. I've got to run along. Give my regards to Fay."

Alan nodded. He was deep in thought. There was that old beau of Fay's . . . Frank something or other, and she'd gone with a man by the name of Tom Caulkins. Alan delivered himself of three or four good mental kicks in the pants. And there was that fellow who always went home for his vacations . . . the New York broker who had never married . . . she'd gone with him, too.

. . . . . .

An hour later Fay took her chin from her hand and her eyes from the gravel path in front of her mother's house to take a telegram from the town's one messenger boy. She tore it open with trembling fingers. It was from Alan and it said:

"Taking next train. Love to mother. Be good. Lots of love. ALAN."

And the messenger boy, who was a small town young man and accordingly unused to demonstrations of any sort, thought it strange when she smudged kisses all over such an uninteresting message. But he shelved his speculations on the way home, because she gave him a dollar tip and it was the largest tip he'd ever had in all his life.

[Copyright: 1928: By The Chicago Tribune.]

Waterton lake, in Waterton Lakes National park, which is just across the Canadian border from Glacier National park, Montana.
[Photograph from Hileman.]

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MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN By A. ROY BROWN

(For a month before they met, and one of them killed the other, chance alone kept Capt. A. Roy Brown and Baron Manfred von Richthofen from an encounter. Their contact began on March 21, 1918, when Richthofen's famous circus appeared on the front where Brown's flight of five planes was stationed. In the first installment the author described his first combat with the ace's crack squadron, and how he vanquished one of the German flyers. This week he tells how he knocked down three more.)

INSTALLMENT II.

Bringing Them to Earth.

THE red noses staggered through the sky, drunk with fatigue.

I looked anxiously around at the pilots of my flight. The four of them seemed to be flying in their sleep. I wished we were safely at Marie Claire Nord, forty miles west, instead of just leaving Bailleul.

The fear that we would bump into Richthofen's circus again would not down. We were all in.

It was on the morning of March 29, 1918, and our location at the moment was midway on the line between Ypres and Lille, where the boche was trying to smash through on his last great drive for the channel ports.

There was little doubt that members of the circus were operating along the sector. They were a big factor in German offensives. Ordinarily nothing would have pleased me better than a joust with them. We already had met and bested them up beyond Ypres. But now I was afraid.

Fifty virtually sleepless hours had sapped the strength of my flight. Rain soaked moves by lorries over atrocious roads had drained our last ounce of energy.

As we left the airdrome by the Cassel road west of Bailleul and zoomed over in the climb for height there was no attempt to keep formations. Heads hanging, backs sagging, the pilots flew like dead men. Even their machines seemed dead.

At that moment the boche, from his new lines on the east edge of the town, archied us disagreeably. Even this failed to arouse the flight.

At last—when we were 12,000 feet up and well headed for Marie Claire Nord—suddenly, in a venomous dive from the clouds behind, came five of the circus.

Fair as you could want! But when I first caught the flashing of those multicolored Albatrosses I felt the cold chills begin to play up and down my spine.

Then my heart jumped. Over my shoulder I saw a pale pink and green dragonfly swoop at me viciously. My old friend of the Houtholst forest scrap! Fine! I'd show him.

Last time he had escaped by spinning when I was about to pump a burst into him. And now he had the advantage, swinging like this on my tail.

All of a sudden, when I saw this Hun, I felt good, electric, vital. The blood raced through my veins. The bus leaped to my touch. There was a duel on our hands.

Richthofen's all-red Fokker, snapped by an alert photographer as it left the ground on a flight that boded no good to British airmen. The German ace was piloting a plane of this type when Captain Brown's bullet stopped him.

I swished up over in a zoom that went to the head like wine. Whipping around in an Immelmann, I flung forward in a quick swing. Good enough! He was still over me, but without advantage. An even break. I'd have him now.

I shot into a circle and he came right on my tail. Soon we were whirling round and round in a mad Maypole, until the planes staggered with the drag of the dizzy turning.

But I was beating him. As in the former encounter, my lighter Camel outclimbed his Albatross. Gradually the level of my circles drew above his. Now, now, now!—I'd pull out straight and dive at him, with bullets smashing through the propeller.

But he outguessed me again.

Just as my hand tensed on the stick he jerked himself out of the circle in a sinking spin. I was determined to go after him—rip into him the moment he came out of the spin—but, as I nosed to dive, another Albatross came straight at me.

A mad jerk at the stick—over and back—and I flipped around right on his tail.

Fine. A bull's-eye. Two hundred rounds streamed from my guns. He took them full in the vitals. A shudder struck the plane. It see-sawed; rolled over on its back. I circled, ready to pour another drag, if necessary.

It wasn't. I had notched my second circus score. The Albatross, its dead pilot hanging by his belt, began to sideslip like a falling leaf. Even at that, I followed until it buried itself in a bank of cloud.

I looked around. The sky was empty. Not even a wisp of smoke hung around as evidence of our scrap.

I came to myself. The brief elation was gone. I felt tired, dead. There was a crazy impulse to fling the controls over, fall to the ground, end it all. In a kind of mad fear of myself, I streaked off toward Marie Claire Nord.

The flight all got there, but, alas, not safely. Banbury crashed landing. As I arrived they were mournfully pulling him from his wrecked Camel.

He had escaped in the circus scrap near Bailleul, to die half an hour later—a victim of his own fatigue—on the face of the new airdrome. Poor Banbury!—a good scout.

Dud days followed at Marie Claire Nord. We went up daily, but could not find a Hun. Evidently the Richthofen circus had been moved to another part of the line. We began to think we should not meet again.

Then, April 6, came orders to move, and the next day we flew eighty miles south to the Somme.

The airdrome was by the railroad track at Bertangles, on the edge of a small wood some five miles north of Amiens.

Again our hopes revived of once more matching it with the Red Knight's men. We wanted them now. We were ready for them. Here was the heart of a real war; the boche battering to break through; the British flinging in every last ounce to hold him.

I was due to go on leave. My soul yearned for it. I would have given my hopes of eternity for a week in London—a week of luxury, wine, women, away from this damnable flying, this damned sky chasing for enemies to kill.

I was a nervous wreck. My insides were frozen tight. My stomach had ceased to function. Milk and brandy were my only food. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't rest. By rights, I should have pulled out and gone. But I couldn't. I couldn't go off and leave the flight in the middle of this stink.

I was afraid to stay; still more afraid to go.

So I carried on, wondering—wishing for the inevitable end. For I had little hope of coming through. I had seen too many men go. In my present state, after eighteen months of flying over the North sea and at the front, I felt it was only a matter of time until I followed them west.

TWO days of dud weather at Marie Claire Nord made patrols impossible. This gave us back a little life. Then, on the morning of April 10, we cruised around for half an hour to learn the landmarks. A church steeple here. A pond there. A twist of the river or a crossroads by a wood.

For when you came out of a dog fight, after skittering all over the sky, you frequently had not the slightest idea of your whereabouts until suddenly, "Ah, the battered château!" and you were able to make a birdline for the drome.

A 10:30 a. m. we went out again on an offensive patrol. Our job was different from that of the circus. Theirs was merely to rove, seeking prey. We were to patrol the line between Albert and Hangard. If we let enemy planes past, it was a question of:

"Where the hell were you? Are you blind, or merely sightless? What do you think you're on the Somme for—a bloody joy ride? Get out and fight, you blistered sons! Get out and stop 'em."

After an hour's flying I spotted an Albatross two seater near Villers-Bretonneux, on our side of the lines. Signaling to the others, I went right at him, diving hard. He stalled, making me miss, flopped around and started for home. Climbing fast, I got behind him again and took another drag. Again I missed, while he continued to streak for Hunland.

This made me peeved. A glance showed me the flight hovering above to protect me from surprise attack. So I crossed after him into enemy's territory.

That two-seated blighter had the devil's luck. I was faster. I could outclimb, outfly, outmaneuver him, but I couldn't crash him. Again and again I

(Continued on page seven.)

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN - By A. Roy Brown

(Continued from page four.)

raked him, but I could not hit his vitals. He must have been all metal an inch thick.

"I'll get you, you pup, or you'll get me!"

At last, in disgust, I took a position behind and above him, in the direct zone of fire from his aft gun, and decided to sit there until one of us went down.

Crack!

I got it.

The engine stopped. Gas flooded the floor of the cockpit. And a quick glance showed me I was low—2,000 feet over the Boche reserve trenches. I flipped out of the Albatross' line of fire and crouched down in the cockpit.

Trouble enough! The filter cup which carried petrol to the engine had been split by a bullet.

Losing height rapidly, I tried with my finger to plug the flow. I could not manage it. There was not time to get my gloves off.

I was now down almost on the lines. From 1,000 feet below Archies were banging away with gusto. Any moment now there might be a thud—a flash—and I would be an angel instead of an aviator.

HOW they missed hitting me as I slid over them I do not know, but I landed safely on the west side of a hilltop northeast of Cachy.

It was a hill pitted with shell holes, and I had not the faintest idea whether it was within our lines or the Germans'. It was a whale of a trick, dodging shell holes as the Camel rolled to a full stop on a flat stretch by the side of a shattered wood.

This bunch of battered sticks—stark, gaunt, desolate—was, I found out afterward, the Bois l'Abbe. At the moment I was sure it was in the hands of the Boche. In my heavy flying coat, still going west, I began to lumber toward its shelter as fast as I could. My hands were doubled in front of me so that I could shoot them up in surrender on the slightest provocation.

They almost went up. A soldier with a rifle appeared at the edge of the trees. He seemed to be covering me. Then I saw he was a Tommy.

"Hello, there!" I said cheerily.

"'Ullo, sir!" he said. "Welcome 'ome."

He directed me through the trees. There was a most unholy strafe on. The Hun, who had seen the plane land, was plastering the hilltop with a varied assortment of metal.

Evidently he had not calculated that the old bus would keep on going to the edge of the wood. Had it stopped where it landed it would soon have been a battered memory. But it did not get a scratch.

A shot of brandy in an artillery dugout gave back to life some of its charm. And when, at last, I got a message through by telephone the wing was tickled. The other fellows had reported me down inside the German lines.

A car came for me. Dinner was just over when I reached the mess, and I got a great welcome. Resurrection drinks all round, several times. Shortly afterward, low as a toad in spite of the binge, I flopped into bed.

Thought of the old bus up there by the trenches worried me. It did not seem square to leave it out there alone. And I had told the commanding officer I could fly it out. That gave me a problem to ponder.

Morning had not yet dawned when, accompanied by an engineer officer and three mechanics, I started back by lorry on the fifteen mile ride.

The plane lay where it had stopped, unhit, unhurt. The installation of a new petrol filter soon fixed it for flight.

But how to get out? Shells were still coming over from the direction of Villers-Bretonneux. Not enough to worry about, though each fresh shell added to the roughness of the slope.

I paced the hill, seeking a space big enough to take off. Thirty yards was absolutely the longest run. It might do—at a pinch.

I told the mechanics.

We pushed the old red nosed bus back until its tail skid lay on a duckboard well over the edge of a hole. It faced the side of the hill. The chocks went under the wheels and a burst of engine showed everything fine.

"Now," I said to the engineer officer, "will you take one of the mechanics and lie on the tail, holding her down hard? You other men get under the wing on each side. Dig your heels in, brace your backs, and hang like hell against the edge. Then I'll open her up. When I yell, let her go. Then drop."

I screeched like a delirious owl. They heard me above the roar of the motor. They dropped. With a jerk the machine shot forward. It seemed glued to the ground. At the end of the runway the wheels sank below the rim of the shell hole and I set myself for the inevitable crash.

But I felt her lift. She picked up in a flash, clearing the far edge by inches. We were in the air.

A quick kick at the rudder—downhill and over the wood. We were off.

Mist and clouds blanketed me before I had climbed 200 feet. The Hun could not see to pot me. But it made flying blind man's buff.

Indeed, I missed cutting into a balloon rope nose on by a pull to starboard that nearly wrecked the bus. Skirting Amiens, I quickly reached Bertangles and was back on the drome before 8 a. m.

This was on April 11. That day I went out on patrol at 2 p. m. and had a fruitless skirmish with the circus.

We had not been up ten minutes when we bumped into a flock of ten Albatross two-seaters bombing Amiens, with a dozen scouts in flights of four protecting them. The five red noses winged without hesitation for this considerable flotilla.

I dived straight at the four nearest scouts. They ran. I looked around, and all over the sky enemy planes were skinning for home.

But next day before breakfast we had a real huffing match with the circus in a new guise. For the first time we met them mounted in their new Fokker triplanes. We were curious as to how these fancy decks of cards would act.

It was a clear, bright, cheerful morning. On such a day and at such an hour as this the Hun had a decided advantage. He could sit in the sun, hidden, and wait for us to come up. We had to fly east, blinded by the glare.

Richthofen wrote on this picture, which they sent to their mother: "How do you like your two bad boys?" Manfred (left) and Lothar von Richthofen.

This morning we cloud-climbed 18,000 feet on our own side and then shot six miles into Boche territory. When we reached Chipilly on the Somme we turned back west, hoping to come on some still-hunting planes between there and the lines. At once we caught sight of two Fokker triplanes just over Iamotte. They had about 12,000 feet. We swooped right at them.

We struck a hornets' nest. The two became eight—eight Fokker triplanes. Six had been nesting in the clouds. We did not break for safety. We merely wondered how much advantage these eight new type Fokkers would have over our five tried and trusty Camels.

My mark was the nearest plane, a circus gent striped red and blue all over. For these were planes with the Richthofen markings.

I dived 6,000 feet full out.

He started to Immelmann, and in a flash I realized he was not as expert as he might have been, or he would not have pulled up thus in front of me.

I slung a drag of 100 rounds right into him. He fell over, slipped into a vertical dive, burst into flames.

I had no time to ponder on my third circus killing. There was a triplane on my tail. His tracers came unpleasantly close. A quick flip over in a vertical turn took me out of his fire. I looked up.

Gosh! My old friend of the pale pink and green, all dolled up in his new Fokker! Well met, for the third time! Now we'd settle it for keeps. I felt good.

Quickly I realized that my old bus had the measure of his three-tiered crate.

Gradually I worked above him. Once again, as on previous occasions, I was about to dive, when he waved his hand cheerily and went into his old spin.

I was still struggling between pleasure at his friendliness and disgust at his escape when another Fokker came at me, spitting, and I in turn had to throw myself into a spin.

When I pulled out of it, every plane had vanished. I headed home, to find the flight all back unhurt.

That evening we went out on a protection patrol with a squadron of S. E. 5s. Their job was to machine gun enemy trenches south of Villers-Bretonneux. Incidentally, they were to give us a lesson in ground strafing.

We were heavily Archied, sitting at 2,000 feet over the trenches, and got rapidly fed up, especially as our S. E. 5 friends seemed to have disappeared. We spotted them at last, straggling about, not below us but 1,000 feet overhead.

Imagine our surprise when we saw them, at that height, stick their noses down, fire a delicate burst, and then zoom up again, as if they had been bitten.

They sighted us. They must have been ashamed, for they swung under us by about 200 feet and popped off a few more rounds.

So this was their idea of ground strafing!

A brute of a barrage underneath was sending up a cloud of dirt. And here we had to sit on top of it, taking instructions from a safety first fleet of cold footed clowns. Windy war pilots! For over an hour we had to endure this lovely version of a war.

We dragged our tails back home, disgusted.

NEXT day's weather was pretty dud. A number of new pilots arrived from the aviation pool, among them May, whom Richthofen was to be chasing when I dived and downed him.

I took these boys up and tootled around behind the lines to give them the feel of advanced front flying before they really went forth to do or die.

The weather was wretched until April 17, when we went out on a job of ground strafing—a sequel, no doubt, to the masterly instruction we had received.

We stayed out over two hours, but saw few signs of a war. We just paddled around quietly, taking in the sights, then slid back to Bertangles.

No flying on April 18 or 19. The 20th, however, dawned decently, and we went up at 10 a. m. Of that morning's operations I have the following log book entry:

Dived on some Fokker triplanes. Opened fire on one, which turned over on its back, side-slipping, stalling, and diving out of control.

These brief lines are the record of my fourth circus victim.

My fifth was to come next day. This was to be Richthofen. I did not know that. I had not the slightest premonition.

Richthofen?

Going to bed, I wondered who he was—what he was. Wondered if he existed in the flesh. If he was a myth. If his name was just Hun propaganda.

Had there been a series of Richthofens—man after man sent out as a war trick to boost the German flying morale, and at the same time build up a bogy to frighten enemy pilots?

Frankly, I never thought of Richthofen as a human being. When I thought of him at all—which was often—it was as a vague unreality. If he lived, why had I never met him?

As I flopped into bed, little did I think that the next day I was to meet him in the air for the first time and the last. I might have been scared if I had known that within twelve hours Richthofen would be dead—killed by my guns as he dived to reap his eighty-first victory. It was well not to know.

[Copyright: 1928: By The Chicago Tribune.]

(The Canadian war bird's own story of how he met and killed the Red Knight of Germany is told in next SUNDAY'S TRIBUNE.)

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Richthofen's burial at Bertangles, France. British fliers are shown lowering the body into the grave.

My Fight with RICHTHOFEN

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Brown did not know that his victim in the historic dog fight on Sunday morning, April 21, 1918, was Richthofen. In his official report he referred only to the destruction of a "pure red triplane." A few hours later, when the German ace had been identified, Australian machine-gunners claimed to have killed him from the ground. A third claim was entered by the occupants of two Australian two-seaters, whom Brown's greatly outnumbered flight had saved from death in the midst of twenty-two German planes.]

IV. What Price Glory?

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin."

THE question was: Who had killed Richthofen?

I was absolutely sure that I had shot him down. Two pilots of my flight—Lieutenants May and Mellersh—had seen him crash.

Such evidence would have been enough after

By A. ROY BROWN

Who Killed the Red Knight? The Story of the Amazing Controversy that Followed His Fall

any ordinary combat. One witness usually sufficed to cause acknowledgment in orders for an enemy downed. But apparently Richthofen was a bird of another color.

It looked as if credit for his death was not going to be won without a second battle.

I felt suddenly sick of the whole business. What, in a way, did it matter whose hand had done the trick? The main thing was that his career of killing was at an end.

In my mind's eye I could see the tracers strike his elevators, tear along the fuselage, pour into the cockpit. I could see him crumple. And yet Australian machine-gunners were emphatic in their contention that they had brought him low by bullets from the trenches.

Indeed, the Australian command had lost no time in recommending that two infantrymen be awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for their allegedly successful effort in potting him. They meant to grab glory while the grabbing was good.

Then there was the claim of the R. E. 8s—artillery observation planes, barge-like two-seaters, whom we had saved from extinction by hurling ourselves at the circus—that they had finished him.

Why, Richthofen had been in the habit of picking off such blighters as an appetizer before breakfast! Their claim was an audacity. They must have been back at their base—thanking God that they were still alive—about the time he died.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

These matters were running through my head as I changed into decent togs. Then I climbed into the car which the Wing Commander had waiting, picked him up, and started for the headquarters of the Eleventh Australian Infantry Brigade. We drove in silence. Cairns was never very loquacious and I did not want to talk.

We found the Brigadier's tent at last, well camouflaged, on a hill in a wood. It was somewhere west of Corbie, I think.

It was Cairns who talked to the Brigadier. We all stood. I was not introduced. Cairns merely said that he was interested in finding out exactly what had happened in the case of Richthofen.

"I shall send," said the Brigade Commander, "for the Major who was in command of that section of the line."

That Australian Major had his story pat. They had been watching the scrap, he said. They had witnessed the triplanes' attack on the R. E. 8s. Then they had seen the Camels jump on the tripes and engage them heavily. After a terrific mix-up, a red-nosed Camel had broken loose from the fight and had been immediately dived on by an all-red triplane. The pair of them, one chasing the other, had come closer, closer, closer; so close and so low at last that he had ordered his machine-gunners to open fire on the enemy flier.

They had, he said, barely got their guns concentrated when they brought him down.

"WERE there any other red-nosed Camels about?" asked Cairns.

"No," said the Major. "There was just the one that was being chased. He flew right on." And he did not bat an eye.

I spoke only once.

"And what," I asked, "did the red-nosed Camel behind the all-red tripe do?"

The Major hesitated, flushed, stuttered.

"He—he—b-but there was no red-nosed Camel behind!"

I knew then that he lied. For, whether I had or had not shot

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With rifles reversed, the Australian guard of honor in the foreground led the Red Knight's funeral procession. A truck bearing the body followed. (Upper left) Richthofen in fighting togs.

down Richthofen, he could not have missed seeing me, since he saw so much; for I was right on Richthofen's tail when he crashed.

But I made no comment. I was only a ruddy captain. The others were all field officers.

Cairns asked the whereabouts of the body, and was told that it had been turned over to the Royal Air Force. We learned later that this was done only after a verbal dog fight. The Aussies had not wanted to part with it.

The Australian officers did not offer to send a guide with us; merely directed us coldly. They were unsociable indeed.

On the way, Cairns said, "What did you think of their statement?"

"That Major's a bloody liar!"

I pointed out that he could not have missed seeing my Camel on the tail of the tripe.

"But," I said, "after we inspect the body, I suggest we look at the machine. I won't say anything more now. There's a slim chance that he was shot down from the ground. But I'll know for sure when I've seen the machine."

We found the body of Richthofen. He was stretched on the ground near some medical huts. A little cluster of men stood looking at him.

IT was with a queer mixture of curiosity and hesitancy that I drew near. Every enemy I had shot down previously had fallen on the Hun side of the lines. This was the first man killed by my guns whom I had had a chance to view dead.

I would have given a great deal not to have had to look at him. There was little thrill in this still postscript to a full-out fight in the air.

One did not think of death—like this—up there. Up there was life, speed, joy. But this—this silent thing! It struck me that it might have been myself. I shivered.

Richthofen was still wearing one of our Sidcot suits, the regulation one-piece overall suit of the British flying service, no doubt taken from one of his many victims.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN] Continued from Page Fifty-three

He had also been wearing a pair of our long sheepskin flying boots. These had been pulled off and were lying carelessly alongside.

There is reason to believe that these boots had belonged to a friend of mine, Jerry Nash, who claimed that he had been shot down by Richthofen, although his name is not listed in the latter's published record.

Nash at that time was a prisoner in Germany. He has always maintained that at the Hun squadron's headquarters, where he was wined and dined, Richthofen took his wool-lined boots before he was turned over as a prisoner.

RICHTHOFEN, close up, dead, gave me a shock. Heseemed such a small chap. He looked like such a decent chap.

His small feet seemed neat as a woman's in their tanned top-boots. Uhlan boots, perhaps. Smart, polished, shining, there was an elegance about them that was incongruous as they stuck out from the legs of the coarse flying suit.

His helmet had been removed. Blond hair, fine and soft like a boy's, fell away from a broad, high brow. His face, peculiarly peaceful, had a look almost of gentleness. A look of refinement. I don't know what I expected, exactly. But that gave me a shock.

It had character and force as well. That struck me most of all.

"There's a type of man," I thought, "I'd like to have known—a damn' nice fellow!"

All of a sudden I felt depressed—wretched—as if I had done something mean.

There was not the slightest thrill in this—no feeling that here lay Richthofen, greatest of them all. A kind of shame, a kind of hurt rage, flooded me at having made him lie so quiet and still, so lifeless—this man who a few hours before had had so much life.

In my heart I cursed the thing that made necessary the killing of such a man. I ground my teeth. I cursed war.

If it had been possible by any act of mine, I would gladly have brought him back to life. But that was a different thing from pressing a machine-gun trigger.

I could not look any longer at his face.

My eyes went to his hands. Those hands seemed to speak to me as they lay by his side. They seemed alive. I can see them now: long, white, delicate as a musician's against the coarse khaki of the flying suit.

And the nails!

Even now, after these years—nine years, nearly ten—I see those nails of his as clearly as when I first looked at them. They were well kept, well shaped, beautiful, manicured, but not effeminately manicured. They were the nails of a man, but not the nails of a man who messed with engines. They were the nails of an exquisite.

Poor Richthofen. His eyes were closed as if he were asleep. I never saw them. There was only that flash of them I got through his goggles as he turned to see where my bullets came from before they hit him.

While Germany's greatest air hero lay in state in a Berlin church, two wartime comrades—a uhlan and a flier—stood guard beside the bier. The wooden cross at the foot of the casket marked the grave in France until the exhumation.

I turned away. There was little of the victor about me then. I wanted a drink in the worst way. With my head down, I stood while Cairns completed his inspection. I could not have felt more sorry if this had been the dead body of my best friend.

I don't think I would have felt as badly, for I would not have had the misery of knowing that I had done him in.

Not a word had passed between Cairns and myself. It was I who spoke first.

"Come on," I said. "Let's get out. We'll go and see the machine."

We started away.

"What impression," he said, "did you get—seeing the body?"

I spoke bitterly: "He looked like a damned good scout. I don't want to talk about it."

WE walked toward the place where the red triplane lay. It was possibly a mile and a half away. A road ran part of the distance. Shells fell casually. They did not bother us much. We kept our ears open and once or twice ducked.

Then we entered the reserve trenches. And shortly we saw the machine. It lay on high ground, between the trenches, in what was once a cultivated field.

Sticking to the trenches, we got as close to it as we could, but it was still possibly 100 yards away.

An Australian Tommy came running up. If I remember correctly, he was a sergeant.

"You can't go any further," he said, "without gas respirators or steel helmets."

"We've come to see the machine," said Cairns.

"I'm sorry, sir," the Aussie barred the way, "but it's against orders."

"Like hell!" I said. "Will you come?" I asked Cairns.

"No," he answered. "I'll wait here."

In a flash I was over the edge of the trench and running, head down, to the plane. A moment's inspection showed me what I wanted to find.

Starting at the elevator, bullets had ripped their way along the fuselage: bullets fired from above and behind. They had traveled right along to the cockpit. There were holes in the cockpit. Blood spattered the seat. There was a hole in it.

This seat, by the way, is now in the Military Institute on University Avenue, Toronto.

I KNEW then, absolutely—no matter who got or grabbed the final credit for Richthofen—that my guns had brought him down.

I turned to dash back to the trenches. Then I thought of a souvenir. There was little left that one might take away. Even the sides of the fuselage had been hacked to pieces and the black German crosses cut out and carried off, as well as those on the wings. All except one. And it had a square missing from its heart. But it was all I could take.

Whipping out my knife, I cut out the remainder of the cross—I have it still—and ducked back to Cairns.

"Well," he said, "what did you find?"

"The pilot of that plane was shot down from above and behind, not by the infantry and not by any R. E. There's only one way he could have been killed by infantry fire, and that is if he had been flying upside down for a considerable distance. We know he wasn't."

"Good. What should we do now?"

"Personally, I don't give a damn. I'm satisfied. But if it's of sufficient official importance to decide definitely who did get him, I suggest a post-mortem. The bullet holes will settle it beyond doubt."

"I'll see that it is done," said Cairns.

That night in the mess we had a binge that was the mother and father of all binges—a wild, enthusiastic drunk. The squadron was full out to celebrate. They were tickled with the day's deeds. That was glory—to have smashed the circus like that.

Visitors dropped in to help, pilots from other squadrons. Limitless liquor was the order of the night. I cannot remember many of the details.

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But I do remember four of my squadron gathering in a corner with their heads together. Some of them had been swilling full tumblers of *crême de menthe*—ugh!

At last they came toward me, whooping:

"Brownie! Brownie! Oh, Brownie! We've a hell of a great stunt."

They lined up in front of me, wabbling; and one said, as serious as an owl:

"Listen, Brownie. Here are four of us. We'll follow you to hell. You lead us and the five of us will make a flight. The five of us. And we'll fly to Berlin and we'll shoot down the Kaiser."

"Yes, Brownie, come on," chimed in the others. They grabbed me and tried to drag me to the door. "We'll kill the Kaiser and end the war. We can do it, Brownie. You lead us and we'll go."

I had quite a time persuading the silly beggars to call the plan off. They would have started right then. Which shows the kind of night it was.

WHEN I awakened next morning I felt like the dregs of a can of salmon. Coming on top of the stomach strike and nerve riot with which I had carried on for weeks, events of the previous day had just about sapped my last ounce of reserve. The mad debauch at the end of it had finished the job.

I lay in bed, trembling, my eyes smarting, my head throbbing; without pep enough to call for the orderly to bring me a glass of brandy.

A hero! I felt like a gutted fish.

Then I began to think. I was able to think.

"So you shot down Richthofen! Greatest of them all!"

I—a crock! It seemed incongruous.

Here I was, just an average pilot, without any special record, and by a piece of luck I would as likely as not be credited with bumping off the most notorious flier in the German service. Maybe get a medal for it. That is, if the Australians did not—

A knock. The orderly entered and announced that a member of the Australian flying corps whom we will call Lieutenant Blank wished to see me.

"What's he want to see me for?"

"He was in one of the R. E. 8s attacked by the circus yesterday, sir."

Naturally, I thought he was going to thank me for the part the flight had played in saving his skin. And I was in no mood to receive gratitude. It was on the tip of my tongue to send him away, but I did not want to be discourteous.

"All right, Jones; show him in," I said.

He entered, a slight young fellow in khaki, and came up to the side of the bed. He did not offer to shake hands. I soon knew why.

"Captain Brown?"

"Yes."

"I'm Blank of the Australian R. E. 8s. I was in one of the planes attacked by the circus yesterday."

He paused. I lay looking up at him. And he went on:

"I—I fired on the red triplane."

"Yes."

"Here's what I'm getting at, Captain Brown." The words came with a rush. "I fired on the all-red tripe, and I—I'd like to get credit for bringing him down. You have the only report on which credit will be given for it. But you've shot down lots of Huns. I've never shot down any yet. If you withdraw your report, I'll get credit for it. Will you do that, Captain Brown?"

Not a word of thanks because we had saved his life. Instead, he had the nerve to think that he could get me to wash out my claim so that he might win the glory of having bagged Richthofen!

For a moment I could not speak. At first I scarcely realized the full measure of his meanness. Then rage took hold of me.

He came to ask me to renounce an act of distinction because he—he had never shot down a Hun! Why, he must have been miles away when the red tripe fell!

I WANTED to get my hands on him. It wasn't enough that the Australian infantry was trying to grab the credit, but now this Australian flier wanted to hog it. I tried to struggle up in bed.

He must have seen the wild look in my eye; for he backed toward the door, his face white.

"You young hound!"

I checked myself. I realized I was in no shape to trounce him. With an effort at control, I called:

"Orderly!"

"Yes, sir."

"Escort this officer off the airdrome."

The orderly saluted and turned. He stepped to one side while the Australian officer slipped through the door like a kicked dog.

When he was gone, I lay for a while trying to ease the quivering which shook me like an ague. This was the last straw of all. I seemed to have gone to pieces. It was all I could do to keep from weeping. With weakness. With anger. With chagrin. Then the orderly brought me an egg shake with a heavy shot of brandy in it. That braced me somewhat.

Later I was able to get up. Still in my pajamas, I went over to the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Field Marshal von Hindenburg and the ace's mother, Frau von Richthofen (indicated by arrows), marching in the Red Knight's great state funeral in Berlin, November, 1925. His surviving brother Bolko, with bared head, is at the mother's right.

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[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN] Continued from Page Fifty-five

mess. I told the fliers about the Australian's request.

The place went wild. The pilots jumped up, swore in several dialects, wanted to go *en masse* to the Australian squadron and smash them up. And tar Blank. Teach them that they couldn't insult the Royal Air Force with impunity.

They would have gone with very little urging. They were bucked about the Richthofen affair—honor for the squadron and all that sort of thing.

But the Richthofen aftermath generally was unpleasant enough without making it an open scandal that would stink throughout the army. Personally, I was sick of the whole business. Certainly, now that I had cooled, I had no wish for further fuss.

"Listen, you chaps," I said. "We know he's a ruddy cad. Let it go at that."

And so it was agreed.

I tried to scoff some porridge, couldn't, and quit. My stomach was through.

WHILE I was sitting there, word came from Cairns that the post-mortem had shown positively that Richthofen had been killed by a bullet in the heart which had come from behind. Thus my claim was proved beyond doubt.

It gave me little kick. I did not seem to care. The series of incidents since his death had stripped the last shred of glory from the dog fight in which he died.

A little later a wire came from Royal Air Force headquarters, signed by General Salmond:

> Very best congratulations to No. 209 Squadron and Captain Brown on bringing down the redoubtable Von Richthofen.

Other congratulatory messages arrived. They failed to bring me any particular cheer.

The Richthofen affair did not excuse me from getting on with the war. That afternoon I went up alone on a ground-strafing job. I forced myself into the bus, crossed the lines, and flailed the trenches with my guns.

I had a return of the old thrill as I dived into the enemy. The air was the only place. It was cleaner than the ground.

When I returned, I flopped wearily into bed.

Next day I led the flight out on patrol. I was determined not to give up until I was ordered out. We bumped into some Huns. I dived on one, but my machine guns jammed. I pulled out of the scrap and came home.

That was my last fighting flight. For the next two days I could not get out of bed.

Then Butler, the Squadron Commander, and Cairns, the Wing, came to visit me. The former had a message from Brigadier General Charlton. He wanted me to go to Nice on leave with some friends of his. He thought it would do me good—lift me back into shape.

I was a fool not to have jumped at his kindness. But I was sick of France. I wanted to see England. I asked Butler to thank General Charlton, but to tell him that I would rather he shipped me right across the Channel.

Then Cairns spoke. He said he had been delegated to explain why there had not been and would not be any official recognition for the shooting down of Richthofen. And, by the way, I was given neither decoration nor award, although two Australian Tommies were credited with receiving Distinguished Conduct medals for their unsuccessful shooting from the trenches.

Manfred von Richthofen's grave in Mercy Cemetery, Berlin, as it appears today.

But I have no complaint. It is good to be still living, when so many men you flew with—and against—have been such a long time dead; great to be able to look back at all that madness from the security of nine years after, the sanity of returned health, and the sanctuary of a growing family.

Cairns went on to say that the Australians had demanded the decorations aforesaid, and that if they had not been awarded there might have been a lot of friction.

There had been friction, as it was. Indeed, he continued, it had got to a point where, if he could use the term, it had become a kind of international complication within the British Empire.

The British authorities, bowing before the ruckus raised by the Australian command, had thought it wise to make no recognition of my part in it, lest they — the Australians — be offended.

Old Cairns was quite apologetic about it.

It was apparently a question of army and imperial politics, the point of which I, in my dull way, could not quite grasp. But I was just a simple flight commander, merely a Canuck pilot in the Royal Air Force, without anyone particularly interested in pushing my claims. We Canadian fliers had no identification with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, else there might have been a proper rumpus: Canada *versus* Australia.

SO I said quietly to Cairns: "Oh, well, sir, it does not matter. Richthofen's shot down. That's the main thing—not who gets the credit. After all, we're all here to win the war, not to win decorations."

The affair petered out at that.

I was sent to a hospital in England. Two weeks there made me well enough to go on a month's leave of absence with Stearne Edwards, a fine pilot with a fine fighting record, who was destined to die in a crash the day after the Armistice.

We painted London red. The downing of Richthofen may not have won me any medals, but it certainly gained me many a drink. Everyone insisted that I clink glasses with him.

A queer kind of sequel to a full-out fight in the air! Very demoralizing—what?

I finished my leave without drinking myself into an early grave.

I was flying in England preparatory to going back to the front, when I crashed and, literally, broke my neck.

They managed to bring me back from the dead; but long before I was able to walk, the war was over.

So was my flying.

THE END

Another chapter in Captain Brown's wartime adventures, as gripping as his story of how he conquered Richthofen, but of a different character, will appear in next week's issue. Read Dirty Work at the Crossroads.

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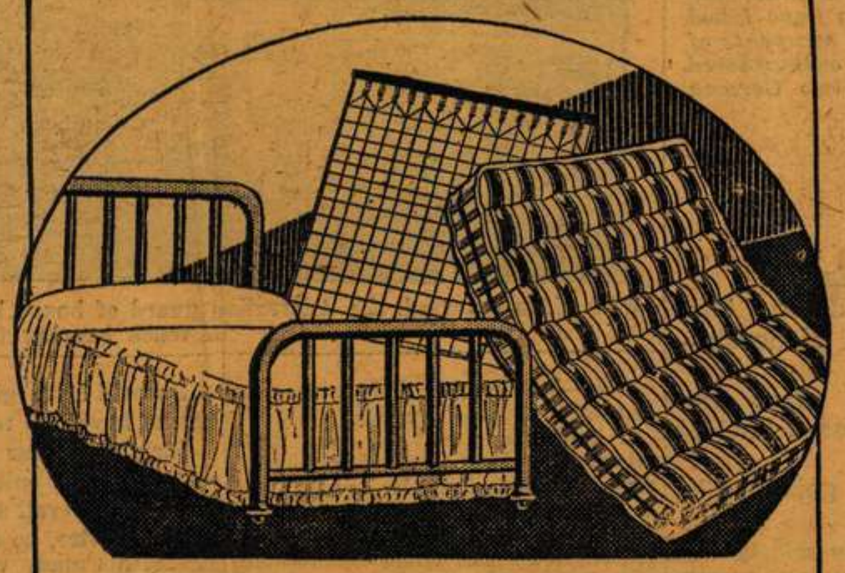

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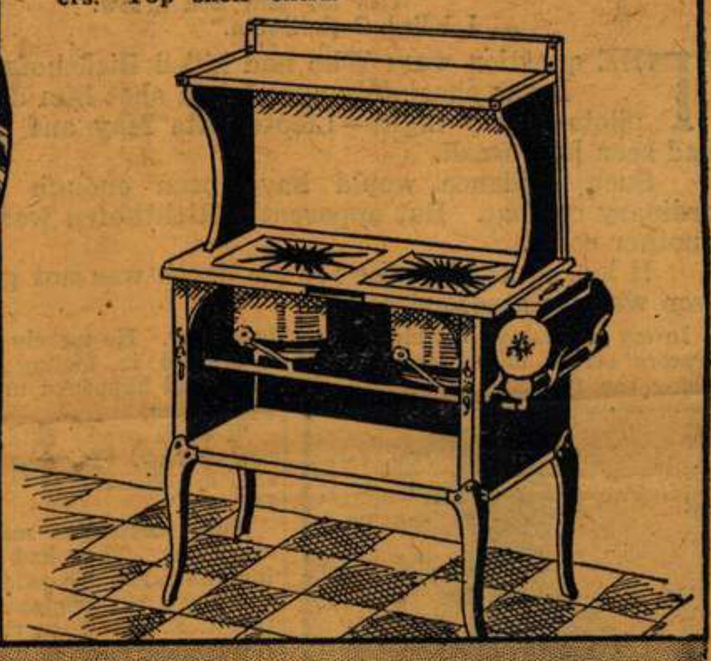

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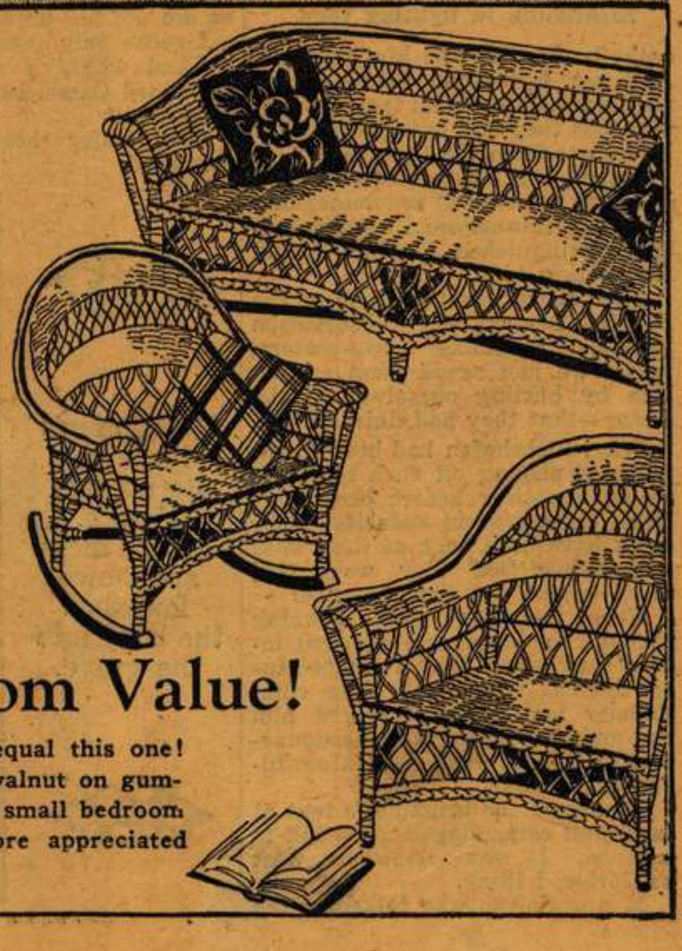

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My FIGHT with

Amazing Events Before And After the Death Of the Red Knight

Told by Man Who Shot Him Down

[Editor's Note: Capt. Brown did not know that his victim in the historic dog fight on Sunday morning, April 21, 1918, was Richthofen. In his official report he referred only to the destruction of a "pure red triplane." A few hours later, when the German ace had been identified, Australian machine-gunners claimed to have killed him from the ground. A third claim was entered by the occupants of two Australian two-seaters, whom Brown's greatly outnumbered fight had saved from death in the midst of twenty-two German planes.]

FINAL INSTALLMENT.

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin."

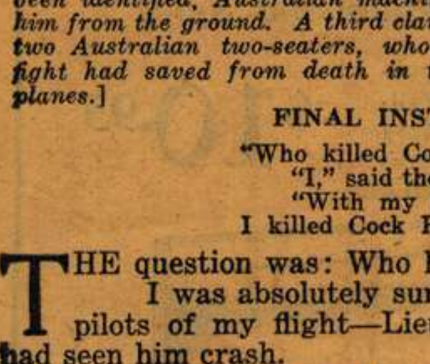
THE question was: Who had killed Richthofen?

I was absolutely sure I had shot him down. Two pilots of my flight—Lieutenants May and Mellersh—had seen him crash.

Such evidence would have been enough after any ordinary combat. But apparently Richthofen was a bird of another color.

It looked as if credit for his death was not going to be won without a second battle.

In my mind's eye I could see the tracers strike his elevators, tear along the fuselage, pour into the



Richthofen in fighting togs.

cockpit. I could see him crumple. And yet Australian machine-gunners were emphatic in their contention that they had brought him low by bullets from the trenches.

Indeed, the Australian command had lost no time in recommending that two infantrymen be awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for potting him.

Then there was the claim of the R. E. 8s—artillery observation planes, bargelike two-seaters, whom we had saved from extinction by hurling ourselves at the circus—that they had finished him.

Why, Richthofen had been in the habit of picking off such blighters as an appetizer before breakfast! Their claim was an audacity. They must have been back at their base—thanking God they were still alive—about the time he died.

These matters were running through my head as I changed into decent togs. Then I climbed into the car which the wing commander had waiting, picked him up, and started for the headquarters of the Eleventh Australian Infantry Brigade.

We found the brigadier's tent at last, well camouflaged, on a hill in a wood. It was somewhere west of Corbie, I think.

It was Cairns who talked to the brigadier. He merely said he was interested in finding out exactly what had happened in the case of Richthofen.

"I shall send," said the brigade commander, "for the major who was in command of that section of the line."

That Australian major had his story pat. They had been watching the scrap, he said. They had witnessed the triplanes' attack on the R. E. 8s. Then they had seen the Camels jump on the tripes and engage them heavily. After a terrific mixup, a red-nosed Camel had broken loose from the fight and had been immediately dived on by an all-red triplane. The pair of them, one chasing the other, had come closer, closer, closer; so close and so low at last that he had ordered his machine-gunners to open fire on the enemy flier.

They had, he said, barely got their guns concentrated when they brought him down.

"WERE there any other red-nosed Camels about?" asked Cairns.

"No," said the major. "There was just the one that was being chased. He flew right on." And he did not bat an eye.

I spoke only once.

"And what," I asked, "did the red-nosed Camel behind the all-red tripe do?"

The major hesitated, flushed, stuttered.

"He—he—b-but there was no red-nosed Camel behind!"

I knew then that he lied. For, whether I had or had not shot down Richthofen, he could not have missed seeing me, since he saw so much; for I was right on Richthofen's tail when he crashed.

But I made no comment. I was only a ruddy captain. The others were all field officers.

Only After A Verbal Dog Fight.

Cairns asked the whereabouts of the body and was told that it had been turned over to the Royal air force. We learned later that this was done only after a verbal dog fight. The Aussies had not wanted to part with it.

The Australian officers did not offer to send a guide with us; merely directed us coldly. They were unsociable indeed.

On the way Cairns said, "What did you think of their statement?"

"That major's a bloody liar!"

I pointed out that he could not have missed seeing my Camel on the tail of the tripe.

"But," I said, "after we inspect the body, I suggest we look at the machine. There's a slim chance he was shot down from the ground. But I'll know for sure when I've seen the machine."

We found the body of Richthofen. He was stretched on the ground near some medical huts. A little cluster of men stood looking at him.

IT was with a queer mixture of curiosity and hesitancy that I drew near. This was the first man killed by my guns whom I had had a chance to view dead.

With rifles reversed, the Australian guard of honor led the Red Knight's funeral procession in France. A truck bearing the body followed.

I would have given a great deal not to have had to look at him.

Richthofen was still wearing one of our Sidcot suits, the regulation one-piece overall suit of the British flying service, no doubt taken from one of his many victims.

He also had been wearing a pair of our long sheepskin flying boots. These had been pulled off and were lying carelessly alongside.

There is reason to believe these boots had belonged to a friend of mine, Jerry Nash, who claimed he had been shot down by Richthofen, although his name is not listed in the latter's published record.

Richthofen, close up, dead, gave me a shock. He seemed such a small chap. He looked like such a decent chap.

His helmet had been removed. Blonde hair, fine and soft like a boy's, fell away from a broad, high brow. His face, peculiarly peaceful, had a look almost of gentleness.

All of a sudden I felt depressed—wretched—as if I had done something mean.

There was not the slightest thrill in this—no feeling that here lay Richthofen, greatest of them all. A kind of shame, a kind of hurt rage, flooded me at having made him lie so quiet and still, so lifeless—this man who a few hours before had had so much life.

In my heart I cursed the thing that made necessary the killing of such a man. I ground my teeth. I cursed war.

If it had been possible by any act of mine, I would gladly have brought him back to life. But that was a different thing from pressing a machine gun trigger.

I could not look any longer at his face.

My eyes went to his hands. Those hands seemed to speak to me as they lay by his side. They seemed alive. I can see them now: long, white, delicate as a musician's against the coarse khaki of the flying suit.

And the nails!

Even now, after these years—nine years, nearly ten—I see those nails of his as clearly as when I first looked at them. They were well kept, well shaped, beautiful, manicured, but not effeminately manicured. They were the nails of a man, but not the nails of a man who messed with engines. They were the nails of an exquisite.

Poor Richthofen. His eyes were closed as if he were asleep. I never saw them. There was only that flash of them I got through his goggles as he turned to see where my bullets came from before they hit him.

I turned away. There was little of the victor about me then. I wanted a drink in the worst way. With my head down, I stood while Cairns completed his inspection.

Not a word had passed between Cairns and myself. It was I who spoke first.

"He Looked Like A Damned Good Scout."

"Come on," I said. "Let's get out. We'll go and see the machine."

We started away.

"What impression," he said, "did you get—seeing the body?"

I spoke bitterly: "He looked like a damned good scout. I don't want to talk about it."

WE walked toward the place where the red triplane lay. It was possibly a mile and a half away. A road ran part of the distance. Shells fell casually. They did not bother us much.

Then we entered the reserve trenches. And shortly we saw the machine. It lay on high ground, between the trenches, in what was once a cultivated field.

Sticking to the trenches, we got as close to it as we could, but it was still possibly 100 yards away.

An Australian Tommy came running up.

"You can't go any farther," he said, "without gas respirators or steel helmets."

"We've come to see the machine," said Cairns.

"I'm sorry, sir," the Aussie barred the way, "but it's against orders."

"Like hell!" I said. "Will you come?" I asked Cairns.

"No," he answered. "I'll wait here."

In a flash I was over the edge

Richthofen's burial at Bertangles, France. British fliers are shown lowering the body into the grave.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Richthofen

By A. ROY BROWN

Hindenburg and ace's mother (indicated by arrows) in state funeral procession in Berlin in November, 1925. His surviving brother, Bolko, with bared head, is at mother's right.

Two wartime comrades, a uhlan and a flier, stood guard beside bier while Richthofen's body lay in state in Berlin church. Wooden cross at foot of casket marked grave in France.

of the trench and running, head down, to the plane. A moment's inspection showed me what I wanted to find.

Starting at the elevator, bullets had ripped their way along the fuselage; bullets fired from above and behind. Blood spattered the seat. There was a hole in it.

This seat, by the way, is now in the Military institute on University ave., Toronto.

I KNEW then, absolutely — no matter who got or grabbed the final credit for Richthofen—that my guns had brought him down.

I turned to dash back to the trenches. Then I thought of a souvenir. There was little left. Even the sides of the fuselage had been hacked to pieces and the black German crosses cut out and carried off, as well as those on the wings. All except one. And it had a square missing from its heart. But it was all I could take.

With Knife He Cut Out Remainder of Cross

Whipping out my knife, I cut out the remainder of the cross—I have it still—and ducked back to Cairns.

"Well," he said, "what did you find?"

"The pilot of that plane was shot down from above and behind, not by the infantry and not by any R. E. There's only one way he could have been killed by infantry fire, and that is if he had been flying upside down for a considerable distance. We know he wasn't."

"Good. What should we do now?"

"Personally, I don't give a damn. I'm satisfied. But if it's of sufficient official importance to decide definitely who did get him, I suggest a post-mortem. The bullet holes will settle it beyond doubt.

"I'll see that it is done," said Cairns.

That night in the mess we had a binge that was the mother and father of all binges—a wild, enthusiastic drunk. I cannot remember many of the details.

But I do remember four of my squadron gathering in a corner with their heads together. Some of them had been swilling full tumblers of *creme de menthe*—ugh!

At last they came toward me, whooping:

"Brownie! Brownie! O, Brownie! We've a hell of a great stunt."

They lined up in front of me, wabbling; and one said, as serious as an owl:

"Listen, Brownie. Here are four of us. "We'll follow you to hell. You lead us and the five of us will make a flight. The five of us. And we'll fly to Berlin and we'll shoot down the kaiser."

"Yes, Brownie, come on," chimed in the others. They [illegible] me and tried to drag me [illegible]or. "We'll kill the kaiser and end the war. We can do it, Brownie. You lead us and we'll go."

I had quite a time persuading the silly beggars to call the plan off. They would have started right then. Which shows the kind of night it was.

WHEN I awakened next morning I felt like the dregs of a can of salmon. Coming on top of the stomach strike and nerve riot with which I had carried on for weeks, events of the previous day had just about sapped my last ounce of reserve. The mad debauch at the end of it had finished the job.

A hero! I felt like a gutted fish.

Then I began to think. I was able to think.

"So you shot down Richthofen! Greatest of them all!"

Here I was, just an average pilot, without any special record, and by a piece of luck I would as likely as not be credited with bumping off the most notorious flier in the German service. Maybe get a medal for it. That is, if the Australians did not—

A knock. The orderly entered and announced that a member of the Australian flying corps whom we will call Lieut. Blank wished to see me.

"What's he want to see me for?"

"He was in one of the R. E. 8s attacked by the circus yesterday, sir."

Naturally, I thought he was going to thank me for the part the flight had played in saving his skin. And I was in no mood to receive gratitude. It was on the tip of my tongue to send him away, but I did not want to be discourteous.

"All right, Jones; show him in," I said.

He entered, a slight young fellow in khaki, and came up to the side of the bed. He did not offer to shake hands. I soon knew why.

"Capt. Brown?"

"Yes."

"I'm Blank of the Australian R. E. 8s. I was in one of the planes attacked by the circus yesterday."

He paused. I lay looking up at him. And he went on:

"I—I fired on the red triplane."

"Yes."

"Here's what I'm getting at, Capt. Brown." The words came with a rush. "I fired on the all-red tripe, and I—I'd like to get credit for bringing him down. You have the only report on which credit will be given for it. But you've shot down lots of Huns. I've never shot down any yet. If you withdraw your report, I'll get credit for it. Will you do that, Capt. Brown?"

Not a word of thanks because we had saved his life. Instead, he had the nerve to think that he could get me to wash out my claim so that he might win the glory of having bagged Richthofen!

For a moment I could not speak. At first I scarcely realized the full measure of his meanness. Then rage took hold of me.

Slipped Through Door Like a Kicked Dog.

I WANTED to get my hands on him. It wasn't enough that the Australian infantry was trying to grab the credit, but now this Australian flier wanted to hog it. I tried to struggle up in bed.

He must have seen the wild look in my eye; for he backed toward the door, his face white.

"You young hound!"

I checked myself. I realized I was in no shape to trounce him. With an effort at control, I called:

"Orderly!"

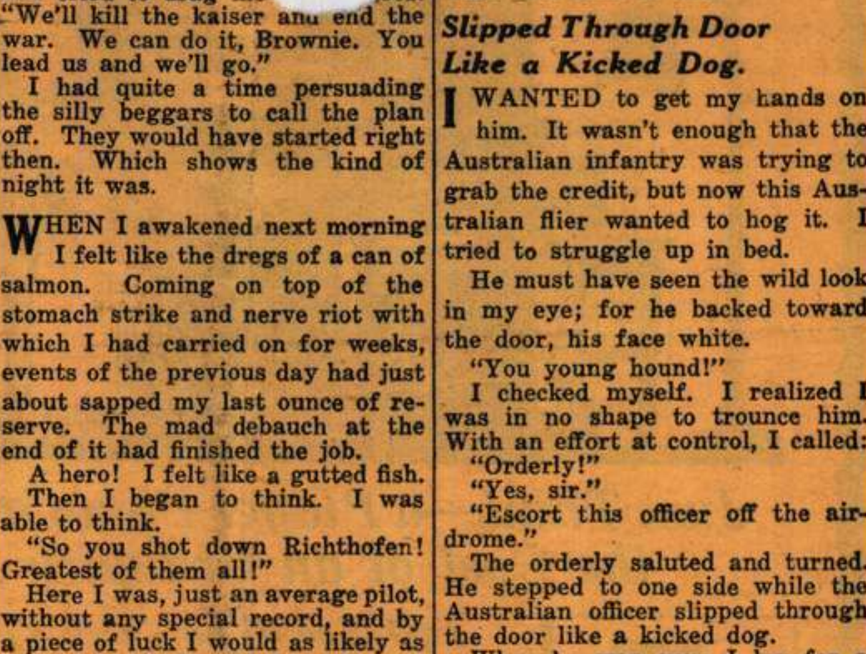
"Yes, sir."

"Escort this officer off the airdrome."

The orderly saluted and turned. He stepped to one side while the Australian officer slipped through the door like a kicked dog.

When he was gone I lay for a while trying to ease the quivering which shook me like an ague. This was the last straw of all. I seemed to have gone to pieces. It was all I could do to keep from weeping.

Later I was able to get up. Still in my pajamas, I went over to the mess. I told the fliers about the Australian's request.



Richthofen's grave in Mercy cemetery, Berlin, as it appears today.

The place went wild. The pilots jumped up, swore in several dialects, wanted to go en masse to the Australian squadron and smash them up. And tar Blank.

They would have gone with very little urging.

But the Richthofen aftermath generally was unpleasant enough without making it an open scandal that would stink throughout the army.

"Listen, you chaps," I said. "We know he's a ruddy cad. Let it go at that."

And so it was agreed.

WHILE I was sitting there, word came from Cairns that the post-mortem had shown positively that Richthofen had been killed by a bullet in the heart which had come from behind. Thus my claim was proved beyond doubt.

A little later a wire came from Royal Air Force headquarters, signed by Gen. Salmond:

> Very best congratulations to No. 209 Squadron and Capt. Brown on bringing down the redoubtable Von Richthofen.

Other congratulatory messages arrived. They failed to bring me any particular cheer.

The Richthofen affair did not excuse me from getting on with the war. That afternoon I went up alone on a ground-strafing job. I forced myself into the bus, crossed the lines, and flailed the trenches with my guns.

When I returned, I flopped wearily into bed.

Next day I led the flight out on patrol. I was determined not to give up until I was ordered out. We bumped into some Huns. I dived on one, but my machine guns jammed. I pulled out of the scrap and came home.

That was my last fighting flight. For the next two days I could not get out of bed.

Then Butler, the squadron commander, and Cairns, the Wing, came to visit me. The former had a message from Brigadier General Charlton. He wanted me to go to Nice on leave with some friends of his. He thought it would do me good—lift me back into shape.

I was a fool not to have jumped at his kindness. But I was sick of France. I wanted to see England. I asked Butler to thank Gen. Charlton, but to tell him I would rather he shipped me right across the Channel.

Then Cairns spoke. He said he had been delegated to explain why there had not been and would not be any official recognition for the shooting down of Richthofen. And, by the way, I was given neither decoration nor award, although two Australian Tommies were credited with receiving Distinguished Conduct medals for their unsuccessful shooting from the trenches.

But I have no complaint. It is good to be still living, when so many men you flew with—and against—have been such a long time dead; great to be able to look back at all that madness from the security of nine years after, the sanity of returned health, and the sanctuary of a growing family.

Cairns went on to say that the Australians had demanded the decorations aforesaid, and that if they had not been awarded there might have been a lot of friction.

It was apparently a question of army and imperial politics, the point of which I, in my dull way, could not quite grasp. But I was just a simple flight commander, merely a Canuck pilot in the Royal Air Force, without any one particularly interested in pushing my claims. We Canadian fliers had no identification with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, else there might have been a proper rumpus: Canada versus Australia.

Shot Down—That Was the Main Thing.

SO I said quietly to Cairns: "O, well, sir, it does not matter. Richthofen's shot down. That's the main thing—not who gets the credit. After all, we're all here to win the war, not to win decorations."

The affair petered out at that.

I was sent to a hospital in England. Two weeks there made me well enough to go on a month's leave of absence with Stearne Edwards, who was destined to die in a crash the day after the Armistice.

We painted London red. The downing of Richthofen may not have won me any medals, but it certainly gained me many a drink.

I finished my leave without drinking myself into an early grave.

I was flying in England preparatory to going back to the front, when I crashed and, literally, broke my neck.

They managed to bring me back from the dead; but long before I was able to walk, the war was over.

So was my flying.

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THE END.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

CAL SEES END OF 'DRAFT COOLIDGE' IN GRIDIRON SKIT

Will Hays and Deficit Joshed at Dinner.

Washington, D. C., April 28 (U.P.).—The draft Coolidge for President movement was done to death here tonight, and with President Coolidge looking complacently on.

However, it was all in jest, the foul deed being staged in caricature by members of the Gridiron club, at their annual spring dinner.

Not only did the Coolidge die-hards surrender at the Kansas City convention, but the members of the famous newspapermen's organization also showed Will H. Hays trying desperately to dispose of the Republican deficit.

The scene of the skit was laid in the telegraphic press section just outside the convention hall from which issued the resounding chorus of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," termed the national anthem of the Republican party.

Members disguised as messenger boys carried papers to a "Washington correspondent," who wrote the story of the proceedings. His story described the ejection by the sergeant-at-arms of a man caught with a copy of the McNary-Haugen bill in his pocket, the seating of the Indiana delegation in a special section where there were extra chairs for parole officers, and the keynote speech of Senator Simeon D. Fess, which began with "Hurrah for Coolidge!"

Calvin Coolidge — Will Hays

Butts of gridiron skit.

"When the roll call was started," the correspondent wrote, "Alabama withheld its vote because Bascom Slemp was out at lunch. Following this, the 'draft Coolidge' triumvirate made a long distance call to Washington."

Another correspondent came running from the hall at this point to announce that "the convention adjourned until tomorrow in great confusion. Butler, Mellon and Hilles returned from their talk to Washington, and Senator Butler mounted the platform and, with tears streaming down his face, turned the picture of the President to the wall."

"So he won't risk catching cold in a draft?" asked the first correspondent.

"Then all three of them collapsed," the other continued. "So, of course, there was no use going on with the roll call."

The dinner was concluded with a speech by President Coolidge.

WINDOW MAN FALLS

Vladimer Cupiak, 34, employe of the Prudential Window Cleaning company, 572 7th ave., fell yesterday from the third story of the Bowery and East River Savings bank building, 41st st. He probably will die.

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CHARLES H. REIS
Sunshine City, Wood-Ridge, N. J.

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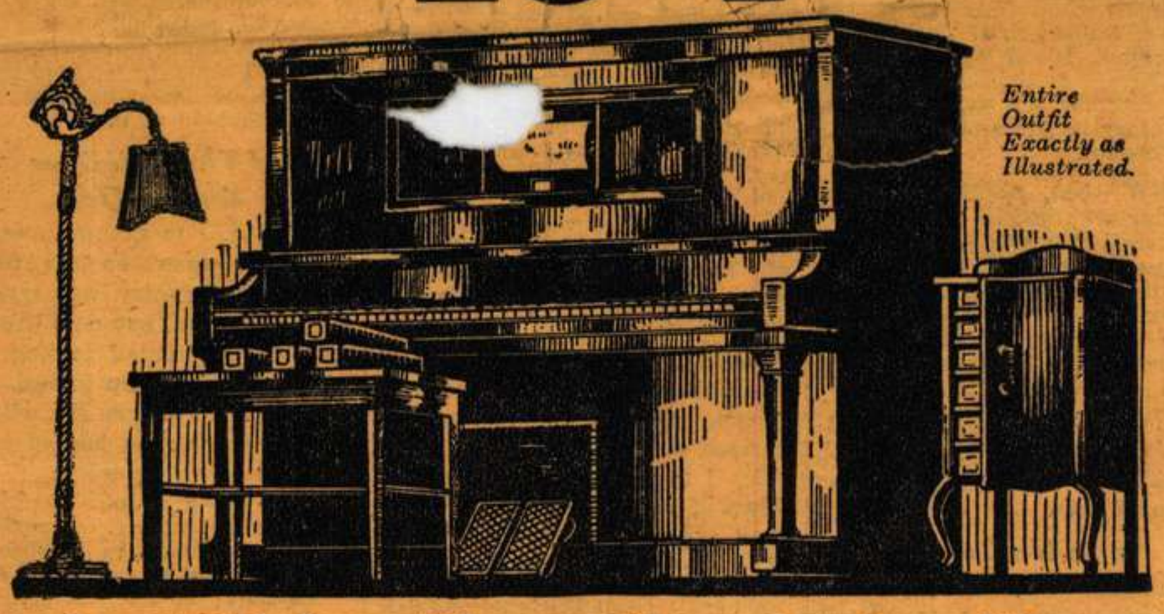

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CANBERRA,
A.C.T.

26th July, 1939.

Dear Mr. Bazley,

Knowing that you are interested in records relating to the death of Richthofen, Mr. McAllan has handed to me to send to you the attached copy of an article which appeared in the June, 1939, issue of "Fidac Review".

Yours sincerely,

J. McAllan

Mr. A. W. Bazley,
C/o Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

The Richthofen Riddle

ON April 21, 1918, Richthofen's famous flying circus went into action near Bertangles, on the Amiens front, against a Canadian squadron while below Australian troops did what they could to help *straf* the German airmen.

Suddenly, one of these latter dived out of the conflict and brought his red Fokker to an uneven landing behind the Allied lines.

When Australian troops surrounded the plane, they found sitting bolt upright in the pilot's seat, his hands still on the control stick, but very dead, Germany's outstanding ace, Baron Manfred von Richthofen himself.

How had he been killed ? By whom, Canadian fliers or Australian gunners?

For many years following the World War, the question was discussed and argued back and forth between Canadians and Australians but never definitely settled.

In 1930, *Our Empire*, official publication of the British Empire Service League, investigated the matter and published three graphic descriptions of Richthofen's death.

The following are the generally accepted facts leading up to Richthofen's last fight :

« At 11.30 a.m., on the morning of April 21st, 1918, from the aerodrome just east of the little village of Cappy, Richthofen's famous « Circus » (Staffel No. 11, to give it its official title), rose from the ground to take part in its daily dog-fight appointments with Squadron 209 of the R.A.F., which was located at Bertangles, and was co-operating with the Fourth Army on the Amiens front. These daily combats had been going on for several weeks and both sides were eager, on this early spring morning, to get to grips. They had not long to wait, for Richthofen soon spotted his prey. At about the seven thousand feet altitude level, two old R.E. 8's, belonging to No. 3 Australian Squadron, manned by a daring quartette of young Australians — Lieutenants S.G. Garrett, A.V. Barrow (both of Melbourne), T.L. Simpson, D.F.C. (of Hamilton), and E.C. Hanks (of Sydney), were flying over the village of Hamel on photographic reconnaisance. Richtfohen's Circus swooped down upon them, and the « Camels » of Squadron 209 roared to their relief. So started the last combat of Baron Manfred von Richthofen. »

In 1927 there was published « The Red Knight of Germany », by Mr. Floyd Gibbons, an American writer, who, to secure information as authentic as possible for his book, actually interviewed many of the actors — Canadian, Australian and German — who took part in this last great drama of the air. Mr. Gibbons vividly describes the last minutes of Richthofen as follows :

« Richthofen was flying on May's tail. (May was the junior member of 209 Squadron engaged in the *melee*). He had selected him for his next victim. The nose of the all-red Fokker was within thirty yards of the fleeing « Camel ». May, looking over his shoulder, saw the approach of death. He saw the openwork air-cooling casings of the two Spandau barrels pointing down on him from above. Between the butt ends of the machine guns the top of a leather-helmeted head was just visible, down as far as a pair of dark glass goggles. The eyes of Germany's deadliest marksman in the air peered through the glasses...

« The open cockpit of May's « Camel » comes within the wire-crossed circle of Richthofen's sights. The pressure of a steady finger on the trigger — two jets of lead spout from the gun barrels. Bullets snap through the air close by May's ears. Splinters fly from the struts before him.

« He is defenceless from the rear. He can only shoot forward. Richthofen keeps behind him. The young Australian resorts to every stunt he knows to get out of that deadly line of fire. He darts to one side — darts back — goes into a zig-zag course, but his pursuer seems able to foresee his every manœuvre. Richthofen keeps the nose of the red Fokker trained on the body of the fuselage. The short bursts continue to rip out from the Spandaus.

« The speed of the pair is terrific. They are going down the wind with full motors and depressed planes. May is flying for life against an agent of death who has seldom failed before.

« Captain Roy Brown (second in command of 209 Squadron), from the height of 1,000 feet, has seen the frantic efforts of his fledgling to extricate himself from the talons of the pursuing eagle. He noses the « Camel » down again at full speed toward the whirling duellists, who are now not more the two hundred feet off the ground.

« Directly in front and beneath the pair are the trench positions and gun pits of the Fifty-Third Australian Field Battery of the Fifth Division. They are located near the crest of the ridge, and the waiting gunners watch with bated breath the two whirling, twisting forms of Richthofen and his harassed quarry.

« May, still zig-zagging, makes for the crest of the ridge in a last desperate effort to land before those two streams of lead reach him. One bullet has already traversed his right arm. The pain is forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

« The Australian gunners see the leading machine is British and that the one behind it is an all-red « Fokker ». The machine gunner on the nearer flank of the battery aims forward and upward at the writhing oncoming pair, but so close is Richthofen upon May's tail that the gunner dares not fire. The two planes are almost in line. Another Lewis gunner beyond the ridge sprays a stream of lead upward. His range is 100 yards. He sees splinters flying from the woodwork of the German plane.

« But Brown has arrived at the end of his dive. He comes out of it slightly above and to the right of the daring « Fokker ». His last drum of ammunition is in place. His sights come to bear on the red machine. He presses

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the trigger and the ready Vickers speak in deadly unison.

« He watches the tracer bullets going to the red triplane from the right side. They hit the tail first. A slight pull on the sitck — a fractional elevation of the « Camel's » nose, and the Canadian's line of fire starts to tuck a seam up the body of the « Fokker ».

« Richthofen, with his spurting Spandaus still trained on May, is unaware of this new attack from the rear.

« Brown see his tracers penetrate the side of the Fokker cockpit.

« The « Fokker » wavers in mid-air — falters — glides earthward.

« The Red Knight of Germany goes down...

« The red « Fokker » hits the uneven ground, but rolls on an even keel. It loses one undercarriage wheel and comes to a stop right side up in a shell hole on the outskirts of the ruined village of Sailly-le-Sec, not far from Corbie. The terrain on which the triplane rests is open and exposed to fire from the German side. The Australians in the nearby shell holes and gunpits wait for the occupant of the plane to emerge. Telescopes in the German position a quarter of a mile away are also trained on the machine for the same purpose. But the occupant makes no effort to get out...

« The German pilot is sitting bolt upright in his seat, strapped to the back. His hands still hold the control stick between his knees. There is blood on that part of the face which shows below the strapped helmet and the broken goggles. Blood is coming from the mouth, and the lower jaw sags. The man is dead — it is Richthofen. »

The second description is taken from Vol. 8 of the Australian Official War History, « Australia in the War », by F. M. Cutlack, published in 1923, and reads as follows :

« Meanwhile, at about 10.45 a.m., the Red Circus, having passed the lines after the first escape of the two R.E. 8's, immediately encountered a formation of Camels from a British Naval Air Squadron operating as fighting scouts in the Amiens sector. These scouts had witnessed the approach of the enemy, and it was evidently their presence which had saved the Australian photographic machines in the first attack. The two formations flew straight at each other, and in a few seconds the infantry on the great natural grandstand of the Morlancourt Ridge were spectators of a first-class air battle. They could not see the whole fight, for the mist hid much of it. But the extent of the firing told all they could not actually see... Suddenly the watching gunners of the 53rd Australian Field Battery, 5th Division, near the crest of the ridge, saw two whirling and twisting forms emerge from the haze where the pipping of the machine guns had been heaviest. Then one machine dived for the ground with the other on its tail. They darted about wildly for a few seconds. Suddenly the pursued aeroplane, evidently in desperate straits, made straight for the crest of the ridge near the battery. The gunners saw that it was a British machine and its pursuer a red triplane. The Lewis guns on the nearer flank of the battery made ready to fire, but at first could not, for the machines were flying so low and close that the fleeing Camel blocked the gunners' sight of the German. The German was firing rapid short bursts at the Camel just beyond his nose, and the hunted British machine was making no attempt to turn and fire. The pilot afterwards explained his hopeless position by saying that he had his guns jammed, had no room to manœuvre so near the ridge, and was making a dash for a landing as his only hope. The machines flew on right overhead, careless of everything except their own duel, and at this point, at about a hundred yards range, the artillery Lewis gunners and a machine gun from another Australian camp behind the crest of the ridge opened fire on the German. Splinters of wood were seen to fly off immediately from near his engine. The triplane wobbled, side-banked up, swerved across to the left of a half-circle, obviously crippled, then dived straight into the ground about 400 yards away and was smashed to pieces.

« The Australians into whose territory it fell discovered from the watch and papers on the dead pilot that he was Richthofen. No. 3 Squadron saved his body and the remains of the machine that evening, and buried him a couple of days later...

« The honour of shooting down the redoubtable German air leader was much disputed, but the evidence of the time clearly indicates that it belonged to Australian Lewis gunners on the ground, though a British squadron of Camels has never abandoned its claim to him as its own victim. »

In an article in the London *Evening Standard* Mr. Boyd Cable, the famous was correspondent, wrote as follows :

« I had good reason for collecting every possible fact concerning the death of Baron von Richthofen, because at that time I was specially permitted by Air Ministry and R.A.F. to send home to the aircraft factory workers any stirring reports of air fights which would keep their interest sustained and encourage them to speed up production. H.Q. of the R.A.F. naturally gave me every facility for collecting such records.

« As soon as the report of « The Red Baron » being crashed had been verified, I telegraphed the factories engaged in building Sopwith Camel machines that Richthofen had been crashed by a pilot flying a machine of that type.

« Later I sent a full account to the factories in letters, but before doing so I had visited the Squadron (No. 209, previously R.N.A.S., which with R.F.C. had become R.A.F. a few weeks before); had heard the fight told in detail by all the pilots of the squadron in it, including the two specially concerned; had read their independent « combat reports »; had been to Headquarters R.A.F.; had the facts from the doctor who examined the body; and had done everything else I could to make sure of the full details.

« My letters and telegrams to the factories had to pass the R.A.F. and Army censors, and naturally the R.A.F. especially would not pass anything which was not authentic. I feel, therefore. that the account I can give of the fight is as correct as it can be.

« One of our artillery-observing machines was working over the enemy lines a little way when Richthofen and his « Circus » swept down on them. The artillery observing plane pluckily tried to fight off the swarm of fast fighters, and another of our machines (I believe of the same Australian squadron), seeing his plight, flew to the rescue.

« A flight (six machines) of No. 209 Squadron on fast single-seaters — Sopwith Camel fighting scouts — opportunely arrived and flung themselves on the « Circus » of anything round 30 enemies. (Accounts vary as to their number, but the « Circus » was usually 30 to 40 machines.)

« A hot « dog-fight » followed, with no attempt at formation fighting or control by the leader, but on the usual dog-fight « Donnybrook rules » of « every man for himself » and « when ye see a head hit it ».

« One of our pilots, a youngster who had very shortly before joined the squadron and was inexperienced in air fighting, heard bullets smacking about his machine, looked round, and to his dismay saw the « Red Baron » dead astern, « sitting on his tail » and raining bursts of fire on him. There was no mistaking Richthofen, the victor of so many air fights. His machine was painted a deep blood red from nose to tail, even to strut, stay and flying wires. Every other German machine was painted « dazzle colours ».

« If there was the psychological reason we suspected in Richthofen being so plainly marked by his red machine, it worked well in this case. Our young pilot admitted that seeing the deadly Red Baron « on his tail » (a scout machine like the Camel can only shoot dead ahead, so that as long as an

(Continued on Page 12.)

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the result that these Russian troops were driven across the upper Dniester (June 24th). By this success, the army-group under Pflanzer-Baltin, at the extreme right wing of the Central Powers, was relieved of the pressure of continual attacks by strong Russian forces.

« After the ejection of the enemy from West and Central Galicia, Mackensen's army continued its advance without a pause, again defeating the Russians at Grodek (June 20th) and shortly thereafter occupying Lemberg, the capital of Galicia (June 22nd).

« While Linsingen's army and the right wing of Mackensen's army followed the rapidly retreating enemy eastward to the sector of the Zlota-Lipa and the upper Bug, the greater part of Mackensen's army turned northward in order (along with the army of Archduke Joseph Ferdinand) to remain on the heels of the main part of the Russian army, which was yielding between the Bug and the Vistula. »

« However, before we can follow the movements of both these armies further, it will be necessary to turn to the left wing of the German forces in the east, which had undertaken an offensive at the same time — an offensive that was related to the attack on the right wing just described in so far as both had the purpose of embracing from both sides the so-called « central-position » of the enemy in Russian Poland.

« In the winter battle in the Masurian district (February 7th and 8th), Field-Marshal von Hindenburg had again trounced the Russian forces invading East Prussia so severely that since that they had taken up a defensive position, on Russian soil, on the strongly fortified Niemen-Bobr-Narew line, venturing only occasionally to disturb our weak covering forces in this region. One such aggression was undertaken against the border-city of Memel (March 17th), resulting in a short-lived occupation of this city by the Russians. In order to punish them for this attack on an unfortified city and to prevent a repetition of similar unamiable behavoir, a special army was created in the northern part of East Prussia under the command of General von Below, which was entrusted with the task of driving out the Russian forces that had appeared north of the Niemen, as well as occupying Samogitia and Courland. Despite the obstinate resistance of Russian forces hurriedly summoned to this region, Von Below's army accomplished its task in the course of a few months; supported by our marines, it occupied the Baltic ports Libau and Windau and forced the Russians back in the direction of Dinaburg, Friedrichstadt and Riga.

« Eichhorn's army assumed the defense of East Prussia against the fortress of Kovno and the Russian troops still stationed west of the Niemen. In order effectively to oppose invasion of the southern boundary of East and West Prussia from the strongly fortified river-line Bobr-Narew, and at the same time to carry out the planned offensive against the right wing of the « central position » in Russian Poland, two new armies were created in North Poland in the end of June under Generals von Gallwitz and von Scholtz. In close cooperation, both these armies then drove the strong Russian forces opposing them back upon the Bobr-Narew line and then advanced to the attack of this line from Novo-Georgiewsk to Lomza. After they had occupied the fortresses of Ostrolenka and Rozan and Pultusk, they crossed the Narew at several points; then they broke the resistance of the strong Russian troops opposing them on the left bank, and resumed their advance between the Narew and the Bug in a southeasterly direction. »

Everywhere, the Russian armies were on the retreat.

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THE RICHTHOFEN RIDDLE

(Continued from Page 8.)

enemy can keep dead astern he can shoot without being shot at) he thought he was done for, and in a desperate effort to escape the rain of bullets, flung his machine forward and down in a headlong dive. The Red Baron dived close astern, still on the tail of the youngster and shooting in bursts.

« Another Camel pilot, Captain A.R. Brown, seeing the two flash down past him, whipped round and followed, shooting at the red machine.

« The three came within range of the ground where the trenches were occupied by Australian troops, and they also opened fire. As our first pilot neared the ground he zoomed up and away, and Richthofen, close behind him, continued his dive and struck the ground. His body and machine were salved by the Australians, who claimed that their fire had brought him down.

« On account of this claim and conflicting reports, and of the fame of the German Ace, R.A.F. Headquarters made most exact and exhaustive inquiry into every circumstance. It was found that the Baron had been struck by two bullets — one in the jaw and one slantingly from back to breast. Those who examined the wounds said that it seemed Richthofen must just have been twisting in his seat and turning his head to look back at his pursuer when he was shot by Brown's two bullets.

« After the fullest investigation, it was reported in the official R.A.F. « Communique » that Richthofen had been shot down by Capt. A. R. Brown, 209 Squadron. »

.....

WITH THE HARWICH FORCE

(Continued from Page 10.)

had freshened and it was no weather for boats. Besides, we had no desire to try our luck too far by offering the enemy another sitting shot. The King's Messenger had managed to tell us the location of his cabin and where the precious bag was stowed, and with a young and active sub-lieutenant ready on the forecastle we went alongside the *Copenhagen*. It sounds simple enough, but in reality it was not; both vessels were knocking about in a nasty sea, and the only possible way to go alongside was forecastle to forecastle— and trust to the overhang of the bows to take the bump and save the side from being holed.

With the sub-lieutenant ready for his jump, we steamed up alongside, and when the two vessels rolled together with a crash the youngster managed to get on board. We backed clear, and raced round the sinking ship at full speed, expecting to see the track of a torpedo at any minute. But luck was with us, or perhaps the enemy had gone off. We were not fired at. To repeat the evolution and take off the sub-lieutenant, complete with bag, was only the work of a few moments, and, leaving the *Copenhagen* to the mercy of the sea, we started off for home.

The King's Messenger died from his injuries on the way home, poor chap, but lived long enough to learn that his despatches had not fallen into enemy hands.

The *Copenhagen* floated for some days, was picked up by a tug and lost again, and now is at the bottom of the North Sea in the Broad Fourteens off the Dutch coast.

(*The Reveille*, Australia.)

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"They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious—not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed. . . . ."

CANBERRA,
F.C.T.

4th January, 1936.

Dear Mr. Bazley,

Major Treloar has suggested that the enclosed photostat copy of an article which appeared in the Auckland "Herald" of the 21st November, 1936, may be of interest to you.

Yours sincerely,

C. E. W. Bean

Mr. A. W. Bazley,
C/- Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON, N.S.W.

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9

HOW RICHTHOFEN DIED

Germany's Famous "Red Knight" of Great War

WHO FIRED THE SHOT THAT ENDED HIS CAREER?

The manner in which the famous German air-fighter, Richthofen, met his death has been the subject of a good deal of controversy among historians of the Great War.

One report states that the "Red Knight" was shot down by Captain A. R. Brown, of Toronto, Canada. Many Australian soldiers are equally certain that Richthofen was killed by a rifle-shot fired from the ground by an Australian artilleryman.

From the following article it would appear that the Australian assertion is correct, although, as the writer says, the point will never be really settled.

IF the Richthofen Circus, when it possessed a decided superiority in equipment, had shown more of the offensive spirit by attacking our aerodromes and destroying our machines in their hangars, as they easily could have done, they would have "blinded our Army," and at the same time have paved the way for their reconnaissance machines, and possibly victory for their arms, writes Squadron-Leader Ira Jones in the News of the World, London.

As it was, they only achieved the doubtful satisfaction of seeing some of our machines tumbling to earth, while others were carrying out work of vital importance in co-operating with our ground forces.

It is an incontrovertible fact that our aeroplanes aided our Army at all times of the war, and during even the dark month of April, 1917, considerably more than the enemy craft aided theirs. Indeed, it is now well known that the German troops were very bitter in their remarks about the non-efficiency and non-aggression of their airmen.

The Battle of Arras

The machines of Richthofen's Circus were painted all red, with the exception of the tail-plane, which had a distinctive marking for each pilot. Richthofen alone had an entirely all-red aeroplane. My first meeting with the circus was by no means a surprise. The Battle of Arras had opened, and my squadron, No. 16, now stationed at Bruay, suffered heavy casualties.

The Richthofen Circus, imbued with confidence because of their superior machines coupled with the fact that they always went about in large numbers, and fighting on their own side of the lines, were now in "full cry."

But although casualties in the Royal Flying Corps grew into ominous figures, the daily routine of reconnaissance work went on with the same precision as the Guards move on parade. Casualties were quickly replaced; but we all some of the Red Devils, and was shot down in flames.

And so the casualty list was increased by the addition of one machine and two gallant young souls. Neither was twenty years of age. An odd game it seemed, and the price to most was death.

Each day brought a growing list of additions to what is now known as the Roll of Honour. Airmen looked at each other wondering what the morrow would bring. But if there were fears, they were secret fears. The morale of the Royal Flying Corps was never affected.

Orders were issued each night for the usual reconnaissance work, as if our supremacy were still unchallenged, and never once did I hear a complaint.

I do not want to begrudge any of the credit due to Richthofen, who claims to have shot down over 80 machines—a figure which has been challenged in many quarters—but in comparing him with our own aces—men like Mannock, Ball and Barker, to quote just a few—his record shows that he secured only a few victims over enemy lines.

British Audacity

He was content, to quote his own words, "to wait until the English come to us," rather than go in pursuit of his enemy. On the other hand, our pilots sought out the Germans miles over their lines.

It is on record that a number of B.E.'s actually had the audacity to go and bomb the aerodrome of the Richthofen Circus at Douai.

Richthofen also took great care that he did not fight a machine of the calibre of his own, unlike the redoubtable German-Jew, Werner Voss, who literally tackled anything under the sun.

The only time Richthofen appears to have come any great distance over our lines was the day he met his doom.

In April, 1918, our machines had been so active over the German lines that Richthofen had been asked by the High Command to keep our craft more under control on the Somme area. On April 21, soon after breakfast, he and his merry men patrolled the locality of Vaux-sur-Somme.

On reaching the front, Richthofen immediately attacked a two-seater of the R.E.8 type, flown by an Australian.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

knew that this could not go on indefinitely.

During the early part of the battle I had been engaged on some ground work connected with wireless, but on April 12 I was permitted to fly as observer with a new pilot, Lieutenant Crow, on the following day, to take photographs east of Lens, an area which was being jealously protected by members of the circus.

Soon after the dawn of April 13, 1917, I clambered into the observer's cockpit of a B.E., which was in front of the pilot's seat.

Crow, a brave, but not very experienced pilot, smiled knowingly.

"Jones!" he shouted, as the mechanics were getting ready to pull the propeller round to start the engine, "any Huns you see knock hell out of them!"

I smiled, perhaps a somewhat forced smile, back.

So off we went.

Touch and Go for Life

Richthofen's Circus did not disappoint us. As soon as we crossed the lines opposite Lens there was the telltale crackle of machine-guns. Underneath, diving up at the tail, were three red Halberstadt and Albatross machines.

It was impossible to return the fire, as they were within our blind spot, and I remembered an unfortunate mishap with O'Hara Wood, so did not try any clever stunts with the Lewis gun. Overhead were two more Germans preparing to dive. Holes were beginning to appear in the wings, and as even more opponents appeared on the scene, it looked as if we were soon to be wiped off the active list.

Crow did his best. He swung the craft round with a quick turn, and then put her nose down in an attempt to get to our lines as quickly as possible. But the enemy were determined to get us. We felt very much like the lone settler on the prairie suddenly surrounded by a tribe of wild, bloodthirsty Indians encircling him and firing away frantically, inspired by the knowledge that even though their marksmanship was bad, it was only a matter of time before they must succeed.

Pretty Hopeless

It all seemed pretty hopeless—for us. The moment we approached our lines, the machine flying rather low, the German air attack became less intensive. It was another example of their reluctance to cross over to our side.

However we had lost much height, and with the engine missing badly, Crow decided—quite wisely in the circumstances—to land as quickly as possible.

We touched earth near the reserve trenches. The craft turned a somersault, and we extricated ourselves from the machine before a small bunch of Tommies, one of whom exclaimed, "Blimey, what would your nuvvers say if they saw yer naw!"

A few days later, Crow, with a Canadian observer, again encountered

At the same time a patrol of our Sopwith Camels, under the command of a Canadian, Captain A. R. Brown, of 209 Squadron, reached the same point of the front, and, seeing the plight of the R.E.8., went to its rescue.

There followed for several minutes the most breathlessly exciting do-or-die air battle of the war. It was a desperate dog fight, but Richthofen picked out his opponent, Lieutenant May, who was a raw beginner, and forced him to land.

The German ace came down to about a hundred feet, and was fired at by machine-gun and rifle from the ground, while simultaneously attacked from above by Captain Brown.

Thumb on Trigger

Suddenly his machine was seen to half turn and then glide for the ground. It made a satisfactory landing on our side of the lines, and ended upon its nose.

When the "Red Knight's" triplane was reached by our troops, Richthofen, with his thumb still on the trigger of his gun, was dead. When examined it was found that one bullet only had pierced his body, and that from right to left, near the region of his heart.

Whether Richthofen was shot down from the air or from the ground is a problem that will never be satisfactorily cleared up, but it is my belief that the fatal shot was from a rifle.

In his death Richthofen was honoured by our Flying Service as they would have honoured one of their own gallant airmen. The "Red Knight of Germany" was laid to rest with full military honours, and the small mound of earth which marked his resting place covered with floral tributes from his former enemy, who admired his great work for the Fatherland.

Memorials to his memory are scattered over Germany, but where are our memorials to Mannock, McCuddern, Barker and Beauchamp-Proctor—all V.C.'s and greater air fighters than the "Red Knight"?

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

See also notebooks ~~108~~

1079 108

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Hq Press cables Ap 27/ "Tps along Somme & Avere had heard distant popping from 2 fleets Brit & Germ aeroplanes wh cd be fightg high over G. lines when G plane seen diving after Brit. plane. These two detached from fight came so low tt temply hidden from sight behind Germans & Tps around them. Presently Germ approaching engine heard & two over crest hills by rear came Brit. plane making directly towds post where 2 Hqrs were. Behind his planes cd be seen wings of G. plane pursuing." G pressing Brit desperately close, firing short bursts from mg.. some Tps on hillside thought shots meant for them, ducked into cover behind bank (did not yet see G. plane)

Germ. seemed to be overtg Brit, driving it lower & lower till almost on its tail, & perh 50' above. Abt 100 x away G. plane was swiftly clear of Brit to enable L-Gns to fire & off saw bits of wood or metal flicked off Brit plane still below & ahead of R. "5 diff observers all watching within 200-300 x cd tell me not slightest doubt"

Germ plane next inst. wavered unsteadily side to side, banked, veered in sharp circle to left, then shot down steep long angle like spear to grd 400 x away. As banked Germans fired 2nd burst killing plane

Hist of 238 Jelda R./75 mentions flight to where he disappd over a wood — & did not come back. It mentions the machine tt he was chasing, but no machine after him. (Writer says Hqs were watching the fight). It was later thought he had landed smoothly. A companion who was w him tt day sd he had landed in a vol-plane. Writer suspects he may have been shot by "treacherous bullet" of an Enemy rifleman, not in air. Opposing arty had only slight effect, but cd day after 1 att. caused much loss.

Hist. 16 Jelda R/257-8 Observers Rep ts a red triplane had gone down undamaged at Corbie.

Hist. 10 Jasta. R/156. "Richthofen was foll[illegible] an Enemy aeropl, & forced it down to earth. In doing so he flew over 1 German lines & went suddenly in a gliding flight down onto 1 ~~second~~ hill N. of Vaire sous Corbie & landed smoothly. After a short time there were strong enemy assemblies on 1 hill — Australians. They wanted to put away 1 machine. 3/10 At once Lt observer fire on 1 plane because the plane must not fall undamaged into 1 Enemy's hand. Next day 1 plane had disappd & R. had been K. by 1 Enemy".

15 Mg Coy/12 Apr. Our Sector Rpts "A plane w a red body was conspicuously prominent yesterday afternoon".
13 Apr. Anzac Sector: "Aeropl. activity v. great. There was one enemy squad of 8 Triplanes. Three of our planes were seen to fall in Enemy lines".

Rept of W Travers 13 Bde Ap 21. (Sgt Popkin)
Crown Prince Rupprecht's diary. ("landed in a vol plane")

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Aust Corps. Ap 19/20 Js dropped bombs abt Allonville & V/Boscq.

Anti aircraft work at night — beauty of Tracer bullets 107/87.

AWM

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Death of R. 1

16 FAR/258. Observers of 16 FAR repts tt a red triplane had gone down undamaged at Corbie. 11a

I/10 Fuss AR/156. "Richthofen chased an enemy machine & forced it down to Earth. In doing this he xd the German lines & went down suddenly on 1 highland N of Vaire sous Corbie landing smoothly in a gliding flight. After a short time there were strong Enemy Concentrations on the hill (Austrus). They wanted to drag away 1 plane. 3/10 at once land observed fire on it, so tt 1 machine shd not fall undamaged into 1 enemy's hand."

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Ap 21 Corps ms/ 12.40 amst C. to 4 army Q 770. reps enemy triplane brt down in J19 B4 & A L.G. fire. ~~Capt~~ Pilot Capt v. Richthofen dead.
Rawlinson Ap21 sends his best thanks & congrats to 53 Bty 5 Div.
8.50 p. Corps issues situ wire & this wd "Cavalry capt Baron v. Richthofen credited w 79 air victories!"

4 army/ Richthofen, who on prev. day had accted for 80th allied plane, brt down & K. by L.G. attd acft 53 Bty A.F.A. 1000x N of Vaux sur Somme.

Rept of Lt J.C. Doyle 53 Bty A.I.F. (14 A F A Bde) says: "Two planes flying at abt 150 ft — a Brit Sopwith Camel pursued by an enemy triplane painted red — approached / Lewis gun from / east. Owing to our plane being in / line of fire, fire was not opened on / enemy plane until it was less than one hundred yds off. The enemy plane was then firing at / British machine." After several bursts of fire The Hun plane turned NE & wobbled as if out of control ....

Lt A B Elles (No 598 Gnr W J Evans 53 Bty) M.G.): "I was standing by the rear Lewis gun ... when the two planes approached from the east flying at a height of abt 150 ft."

Major L.E. Beaves (No 3801 Gunner R Bate 53 Bty) L.G.: I saw / two planes approach & / two Lewis guns opened fire when / enemy plane was at a height of abt 150 feet & 100 to 200 yd away .... If / enemy plane had not been turned off by our fire it could have been able to drive down / Brit. Plane. LE Beaves OC 53 Bty A.F.A.

4 Army Int. IIIrd Pursuit Flight, 1st Pursuit Sqdn Shot down N of Vaux S. Somme.

5 D Int Ap. 22/ abt 11 am. Ap 21, at J19 B52. Richt was flying WNW towds wood in J19 c. He was fired on by a Mg. of 24 Coy & wobbled but came to pursue Brit. plane. He was left Somme Vy & came over high grd N of Corbie. Both machines were v. low, not more than 150 ft.
as soon as he 2 L guns cd get R. clear of Brit plane they fired at Richthofen. The G. plane turned NE till under fire, staggering, out of control. Twelve bursts were fired — it veered N. & crashed on plateau near brickworks at J19 B52
The Brit plane was saved — altered course, & circled back over spot where G. plane had crashed.
The papers of aviator were to be IIIBde H.Q. They stated he was Captain Baron manfred v. R., born 2 Mar 1892 in Breslau.
G. Offl wireless 21 day, Ap 21, announced at "Capt Bar. v. Richthofen at head of pursuit flight II, attained his 79th & 80th air victories".

10/7/88 Over V/B two obs old Austr planes (REPs of No 3 Sqn) were photographing — "one of them had to go a good way past / line & two German planes had swooped on them & they had just managed to scuttle away (they think one of / triplanes fell but are confident it was not / one in question) — after wh a British naval squadron of Camels was scrapping w / German triplanes in / air.
"a fair haired, rather good looking pilot lay dead in it — & amongst / papers wh they took from his pockets was one in / name "Cavalry Captain Freiherr M. von Richthofen." His Sqn was / 1st Pursuit Sqn, wh v. Richthofen used to command. His body & / plane were taken last night to / aerodrome at Bertangles — & it proved to be / Lt Richthofen right enough."
The archies also claim to have shot him.

Ap 26.
10 8/33. Hobbs wants me to clear up / mystery of who shot Richth. "I said / answer from my little pop gun — I shot Richthofen". Ye men have a rhyme on it already.

"what I considered trivial matter

10 8/56. "It seemed to me so trivial a matter who had shot him that I had not bothered to investigate / various claims!" Germ. Communique says R. was shot from / grd. I said I must see / actual men who claimed to have shot him. They were in 5 D HQ ~~Corps~~ Artly HQ Corps. They were going on over Germ. fl. They cd hear it but it was too far away to notice much. small plane painted on / nose. Our plane seemed betw 30 & 50 ft. Germ plane seemed to be overtaking him. You cd see / Germ. airman's body, & hear / gun going in short bursts. Apptly only one man in Engl plane. Guns Brice & Evans were at 2 L gps abt 130x apart. Engl. pl. 1st appd over top of hill & then G. after him. German one abt 15' above other plane & both guns fired a burst at him 100x away. G. plane at once wobbled & swerved to his rt & then "speared" down / Earth & crashed 350 — 500x from / guns. He was hit in chin, neck, chest, L. side, & rt leg. Bullet was in chin (?) Lt Doyle, in / pit, cd see / bits flying off / plane.

Richthofen

12

Ap 21. C.P.R. Sopp Richthofen landed in a vol-plane.

RICHTHOFEN.

While with the 52nd Battalion was in the line near Vaux Sur Somme, it was my duty as Scout Corporal to maintain an observation post on the high ground to the rear of the village. When not on duty, the section occupied a cellar in the village under a semi-ruined house. One day (I did not keep the date), my companions and I were startled to hear a plane flying so low that it seemed almost on the roof. We rushed out in the road in time to see a plane flying very low and skim over the houses, followed by a red three-decker German plane. The German fired a short burst, while overhead, apparently without affect. The Britisher soon disappeared over the brow of the hill in a South Westerly direction and was quickly out of sight. The German plane did not go beyond the crest of the hill and turned for his own line. The plane, which was plainly visible to us, was seen suddenly to rise vertically in the air and then crash on its nose. I should say that the plane came down about a mile from where I was standing. We heard afterwards, that Richthofen, on his return, flew directly over a Lewis Gun Anti Aircraft battery attached to some Austtralian artillery, and that the Aviator had been shot upwards through the stomach.

Richthofen was certainly not brought down by the man he was chasing, whose one idea was to get away from his relentless opponent as quickly as he could. They say his guns were jammed.

Richthofen owed his death solely to his impetuosity in chasing the Britisher down to ground on his own side of the line.

While admitting that Richthofen was unlucky, nobody at the time but rejoiced that such a dangerous foe was at last brought down.

J Smackum

1935

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

14

Equity Chambers
472 Bourke Street,
MELBOURNE, 1/7/35.

The Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks, Paddington,
NEW SOUTH WALES.

Dear Dr Bean,

In response to your queries relative to the downfall of Richthofen I send you the following information for what it is worth.

I was the Signal Officer of the 8th F.Art. Bde and we were brigaded with the H.Q. 11th Inf.Bde.(Brig.Cannan) and living in the same quarry hole in the corner of a wood on the N. bank of the Somme, at J19 C 7,3. The plane crashed at J 19 b 3,3, approx., just near the edge of the main road Corbie to Bray.

When I first saw the plane it was diving down and practically sitting on the tail of an old R.E.8 bus that was going for its life in a westerly direction flying very low. I did not see any other plane within firing distance at that time but heard much L.G. and M.G. fire from the ground particularly from the Somme valley immediately to our right front. Richthofen broke off the chase, did one or two spirals downward and then crashed. With several others from our Bde H.Q., I went over to the machine 400 yds away and soon quite a number of men were around the machine souveniring Richthofen had been pulled out on to the ground. A guard was put on to stop further souveniring and was under the charge of a Lieut. Ellis from a near by A.L.F. unit. I saw only one wound in the chest of the dead airman. His plane was not so badly smashed as it would have been presumably if he had lost control.higher up. This has always seemed to me to be a point of evidence against his having been hit decisively by a British airman before the pursuit of the aforesaid lowflying machine. There was no shelling by the enemy of the group around the plane until some time later.* We remarked on this fact at

* (Monash seems to have been misinformed as to this Vide his letters)

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The site was within view of the enemy near Hamel as it fell on high ground. 140a

the time and attributed it to the enemy giving us a chance to rescue a possibly living airman. Lieut (or Capt) Vasey of the 11th Inf Bde, (then Intelligence Officer) took possession of Richthofen's papers and we waited on the decision of Corps asto the identification. At first the information was negative but later Army or some other authority confirmed the original belief that it was the Richthofen. A pioneer engaged on our dugouts brought back to the dugout a large portion of the propeller and began to saw it up in cross-section pieces for distribution. I have my piece still showing the 7 ply formation.

My diary notes of the time attribute the bringing down to fire from the ground.

Taking same references as above:-

The following incident of the 24/4/18 indicates the perseverance of the wireless men. At our H.Q. we had a wireless aerial stretched from tree to tree above the quarry for communication with 3rd.Div. H.Q. During the heavy shell fire of that morning it was shot down seven times but was always repaired but unfortunately not for long enough to acquaint Div. H.Q. of the true position in front of us. It was not until 10-15am (although the barrage commenced at 3-30am) that we were able to get the following message through by Despatch rider. This message was sent by me to the Signal Officer Capt C.E.H.Ferguson at 3rd Div Art. H.Q. He afterwards said that Monash considered it the first proper information from our sector that he received.

"

10-15am By D.R.L.S. 10-30am
24/4/18.
Sigs Scupper/

Hostile shelling gas and H.E. very heavy since 3-30am. All communication cut. Repeatedly repairing lines under shellfire. At present O.K. to J.S.F., J.S.K. J.S.W. and "Rudder".

Batteries & Bn. HQ

P.B. at Rudder base lines were cut. Now O.K. All batteries severely straffed. Infantry wireless to Div at present working but has been shot down seven times. Able to get to J.S.O. by P.B. Visual impossible up to now owing to smoke fog.

Power Buzzer

Position to rear --

Both infantry and arty lines to Div. running through Bonnay and Heilly cannot hold in these villages. Suggest that these lines should run via emergency crossings over R. Ancre. ....."

this means the Section generally not myself

1146

Note on the Power Buzzer.

It is interesting to note that in the incidents related above that the PB. worked except when the base line was cut at "Rudder's" end. The base lines consisted of about 50 to 100 feet of wire pegged to the ground at each station. Communication was by induction the base lines being set beforehand to run parallel to one another. At our end the base line was along the floor of the corridor of the dugout system and could not be cut. The power buzzer in the dugout made a terrible din according to the language of Gen Cannan!

Of course there were no inter9linking wires between the two stations with this method. It was alleged to be defective beyond about 1200 yds. As a matter of fact we got good results next day when working from Heilly (to which we were ordered to go on the night of the 24th/25th) across the Ancre and a belt of old barbed wire to batteries nearly a mile away.

The enemy is able to pick up such messages of course by induction. The system was somewhat cumbersome owing to the amount of equipment involved and slower to operate than wireless. Its chief merit seems to have been that you could tuck the base lines out of danger. Later on we were able to do this with the aerials of some wireless sets.

Best wishes

yrs sincerely

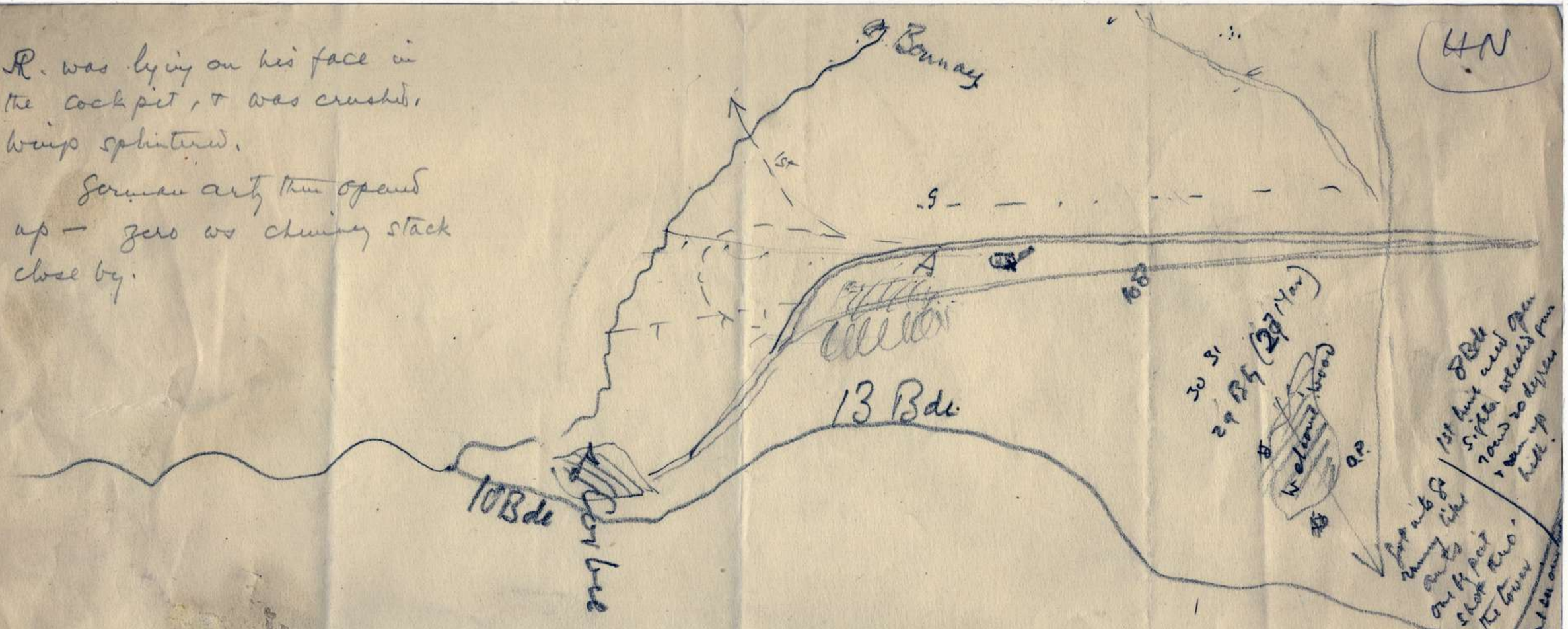
G. L. Mayman

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

15

R. was lying on his face in the cockpit, T was crushed, wings splintered.

German artly then opened up — Zero on chimney stack close by.



3rd plane was ½ mile away from crash. Didn't fire after ½ mile away. Didn't pass Redpath. [May was a Canadian]. Don Leagues was w Redpath.

Richthofen in diving almost hit top of trees at A near cemetery (at back of wood) 1 & 2 were getting away from 3rd. 2nd was a Dicky only few lengths behind 1. 3 was out of the picture before they passed stack. 1st plane then flew to rt 1st seemed to be dodging. Heard bullets falling first. Richthofen went still lower & circled turning to left & began to climb steeply. You cd see him (head & shoulders) & hear occasional rifleshot. Infs opened from all directions. He climbed to abt 500 ft — then turned over on its left wing, & fell fairly steeply, propeller going in splinters, & landed in a heap of mangels by the road.

16

TELEPHONE Nos.
F 2597.
F 2598

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
"THE DIRECTOR."

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE

NO .....
....

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
"AUSWARMUSE."

"They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious—not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed. . . . ."

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL,
POST OFFICE BOX 214 D,
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

27th March, 1935.

Dear Mr. Bazley,

I have recently skimmed through "King of Air Fighters" by Flight-Lieut. Ira Jones. This, as no doubt you are aware, is a biography of Major "Mick" Mannock.

I at first confused the author with the man of the same surname who was responsible for the British Official Air History. I have since found that this is not the case. Nevertheless two extracts from his book will be of interest to Dr. Bean in connection with the Richthofen incident.

In his preface the author says:-

> ".....For reasons which will be explained later, the number of victories officially allocated to air fighters of the various nations can never be strictly accurate, in the same way that it is impossible to say whether Captain Albert Ball or Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the British and German aces, were destroyed by gun-fire from the ground or by their enemy's machine guns from the air; but the facts themselves indicate the truth, if they do not actually state it.
>
> "Roy Brown's claim to Von Richthofen's death was convincing enough to his comrades in the fight, yet, to many minds, a doubt exists; and that doubt suggests a whole world of possibilities as to what actually took place during three or four minutes of the most breathlessly astonishing episodes of four long years of war between nearly all the civilised peoples of the earth."

Mr. A. W. Bazley,
C/o. Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON. N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

On pp. 188/189 there is a description of the receipt by Mannock's squadron of the report of Richthofen's death. The author proceeds:-

> "It is strange that when for the first time Richthofen had crossed our lines for months and months, if not years, that he should be shot down. The story of his death has so often been told that I do not propose to tell it here, but I must say that from a close study of all the numerous reports, both written and unwritten, I favour the opinion that he was shot down from the ground. The only bullet that pierced his body killed him, and it passed through in an upward direction. This being so, I cannot imagine in what position Richthofen's machine was, at the time he was hotly beset by Captain Roy Brown's, so that a bullet from the latter's machine guns could have penetrated Richthofen's body as it did. Brown's combat report does not give the impression that he was at any time below him. I am of the opinion that the two greatest air adversaries of the war, Mannock and Richthofen, died by the ironical hand of Fate, which directed a bullet from the barrel of a lone infantry man "firing for fun." I am not suggesting that Richthofen was invincible as an airman, for we know that he was shot down twice on his own side of the lines. Anyway, whether he was shot down by Captain Roy Brown, flying a Sopwith "Camel," by an Australian machine-gunner, or a lone infantryman, his death had a demoralising effect on his Service. His cunning tactics of only attacking "cold meat" gave the Germans a false impression that he was invincible, and his death came as a terrific shock."

Probably Dr. Bean will not find it necessary in Vol. V to discuss Richthofen's record. Should he, however, propose to do so I think he would be interested in Jones's book which contains some critical comments regarding the German Ace's claims.

Dr. Bean may also be interested in the attached cutting from the Melbourne "Herald" of yesterday, which deals with some post-war exploits of May whom Richthofen was chasing when he was killed.

Returned to AWM Jan 1937

Yours sincerely,

J. Treloar

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

17

TELEPHONE Nos.
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F 2598.

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL,
POST OFFICE BOX 214 D,
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

14th November, 1934.

Dear Mr. Bazley,

With further reference to your letter No. 8938 of the 31st October, Mr. McAllan has gone through our Flying Corps records and has informed me that he could find no trace of a medical report on the cause of Richthofen's death.

He has, however, found a bundle of papers furnished by the Air Ministry to the R.A.A.F. Liaison Officer at Australia House. These include two medical reports and are possibly copies of those which Captain Knox saw. It is very important that Dr. Bean should see them and I regret that we nearly omitted to bring them to his notice.

Under separate cover we have forwarded to you the book "Richthofen: The Red Knight of the Air" which I mentioned in a postscript to my letter of the 9th November. When you have received the book and the bundle of papers will you please sign and return to this office one copy of each of the attached receipts.

In chapter XIII of the book reference is made to Sgt. A.J. Porter, 3rd Squadron, A.F.C. In the War Diary of the same squadron it is stated that 1/A.M. C.C. Collins, M.M., "crawled through the barrage and tied a rope about Richthofen to draw him from the plane". It might be worthwhile to consult both of these men regarding the photograph which we obtained recently. According to Base Records Porter resided at Brixton Villa, Morningside, Brisbane, while Collins lived in Hardy Street, Queenstown, Port Adelaide. Both addresses are said to be "very old". If they are to be consulted it would, I think, be best for Dr. Bean to write.

I have decided to obtain a copy of the photograph which we received on loan from Mr. Barrett and will send it to you in a few days time. Opposite page 78 in "Vigilant's" book is a profile photograph of Richthofen which places the head in nearly the same position as in Barrett's photograph. This will enable you to make a comparison after the copy of Barrett's photograph reaches you.

Yours sincerely,

Director

Mr. A. W. Bazley,
c/- Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON. N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

118

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F 2598.

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AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL,
POST OFFICE BOX 214 D,
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

9th November, 1934.

Dear Mr. Bazley,

With further reference to your letter No. 8938 of the 31st October, I am now returning the cutting from "Smith's Weekly" which you forwarded therewith.

We have been successful in obtaining the photograph of Richthofen which Mr. Barrett submitted to "Smith's". It appears to be important to test the authenticity of the photograph which was not taken by Barrett. He is a young man, about twenty-three years of age, and states that the photograph was given to him by a returned man named Hogan, whose christian names he does not know. Barrett thinks he may, however, be able to obtain Hogan's address and is making enquiries for us.

It appears to me advisable to retain the photograph for the time being but, if Dr. Bean would like to see it, please let me know and I will forward it to Sydney at once.

Mr. McAllan has not yet completed his enquiries but I hope to be able to let you know early next week whether there is any trace in the records in the library of the medical certificate referred to by Captain Knox.

Yours sincerely,

J Pinedoan

Mr. A. W. Bazley,
C/o. Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON. N.S.W.

This afternoon we received an application from "Richthofen: The Red Knight of the Air" by Vigo Lamb (John Hamilton). We should like it if you would send it to us next week. We have already the Henry that R. was shot down by Brown after R. had engaged developed the Henry that R. was shot down by Brown after R. had engaged him for some time previously. Barrett's genuine photo was lent by Arthur after he had been free on by

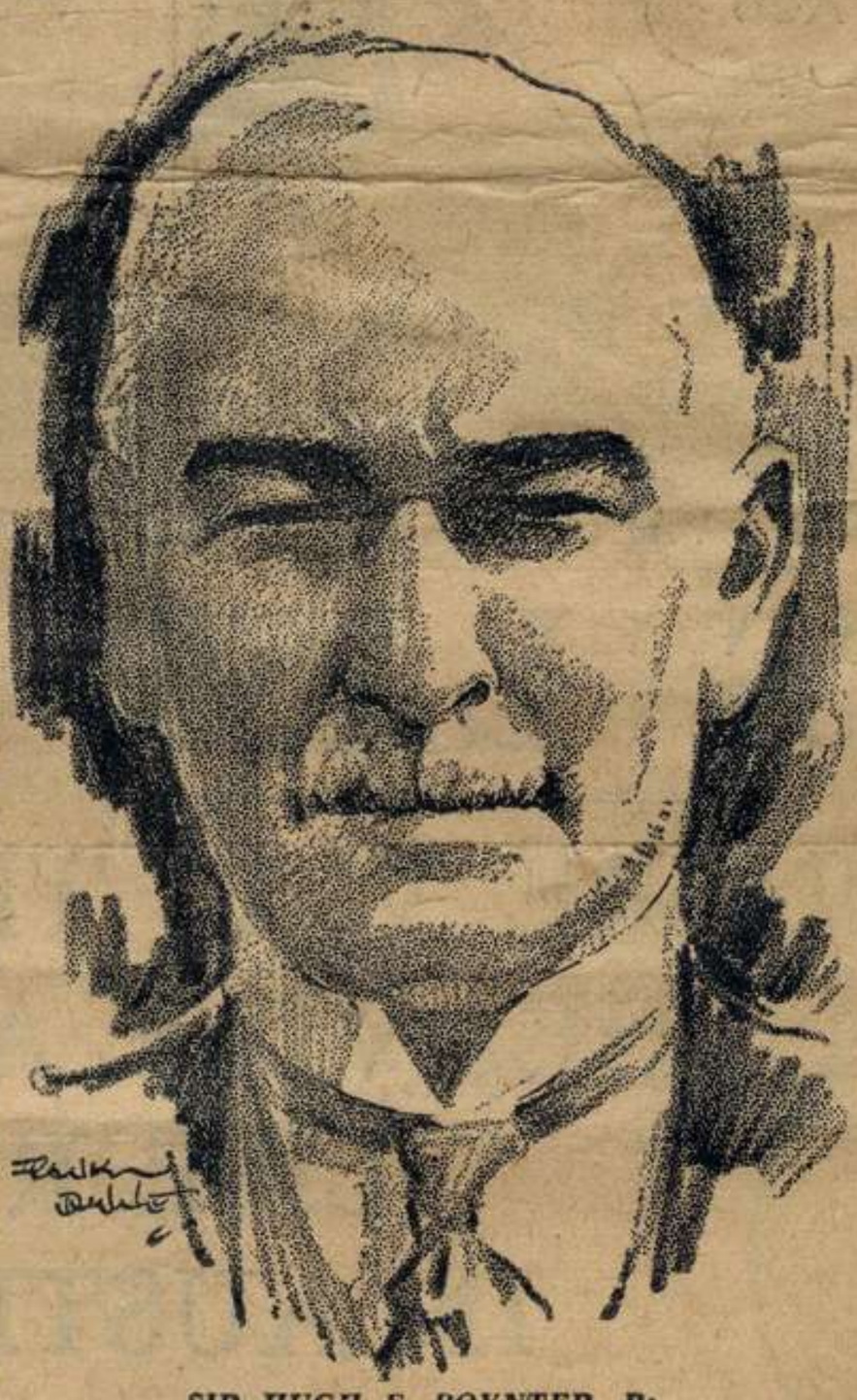
AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

"SMITH'S WEEKLY", 15/9/34.

THE RICHTHOFEN CONTROVERSY STILL RAGES

"Wop" May's Account of the Episode

POST MORTEM PHOTO SHOWS BULLET MARKS



SIR HUGH E. POYNTER, Bt.

SIR HUGH POYNTER, Bt., JOINS IN

MANY contributions have been received by "Smith's" to the controversy concerning the bringing down of the German war ace, Captain Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the great bulk of them expressing surprise that there should be any controversy at all.

The fight, at its various stages, was seen by probably more than ten thousand Australians who were in the vicinity of Corbie and Bonnay, in the Somme area, at the time. So far, not one of them has been found who saw a third plane anywhere within striking distance at the time Richthofen met his death.

Two contributions—one from Sir Hugh Poynter, Bart., and the other from Mr. H. Eccles, of Rydalmere, N.S.W.—are therefore of interest in that they put forward contentions in support of the Canadian claim that Richthofen was shot from the air by the Canadian airman, Captain Roy Brown.

A third contribution, however, encloses a post mortem photograph of the face of Richthofen—too gruesome for publication—which seems to show quite clearly where the fatal bullet entered and where it came out—AND IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN FIRED FROM THE AIR.

"I HAVE read with much interest the discussion taking place in your paper regarding the rival claims of bringing down the German Ace, Richthofen," writes Sir Hugh E. Poynter.

"Although unable to add to the elucidation of the actual facts, it may interest you to know that the seat of the plane in which Richthofen sat when he was killed is in the Military Institute in Toronto, Canada.

"As a member of that institute for several years during my residence in Canada after the war, I often looked at the seat, with a bullet hole through the back of it, and the description of Captain Brown bringing down the plane.

"There appeared no doubt in the minds of the Canadians that Captain Brown shot down Richthofen, and the fact that the seat of the plane finds an honored place in the museum of the Canadian Military Institute in Toronto would certainly lend some color to the claims that Captain Brown was responsible for the finish of Richthofen."

Of course, as Sir Hugh Poynter points out, this adds nothing to the elucidation of the actual facts of the fight; but it does bear out the contention, disputed by some of "Smith's" previous correspondents, that the claim has been made on behalf of the Canadian airman that he brought down the German.

MR H. ECCLES, writing from Rydalmere, N.S.W., forwards what he states are extracts from the story of Lieut. W. R. ("Wop") May, the British airman, who was being chased by Richthofen, and who was in such a parlous plight when the German was shot down. Mr. Eccles states that the extracts are from a publication which he holds, and which emanates from either Canada or U.S.A.—he is not certain which.

After describing events which led up to the death of Richthofen, May states:

"A mile behind our lines the whole thing ended as abruptly as the chase had been long-drawn-out. The machine-gunning behind me seemed to become particularly intense. I looked over my shoulder and discovered that the pursuit had become a double one. Another Camel was sitting as prettily on the Fokker's tail as the German was sitting on mine. The thing finished almost at the moment I turned to look. The pilot of the third machine let loose with a burst at close quarters, and the red 'Tripe's' nose went down. For a moment it looked as though he was pulling a fast one to get out of a nasty spot, but he didn't stop until he had hit the ground.

"I banked about and waggled my wings gratefully at the newcomer. Then I noticed his markings. It was Brownie. It had been a long chase for Brownie.

"Once he came within range, though, he hadn't taken long to conclude the affair. The German, intent on finishing me, had been a perfect target.

"My combat report, describing the action, was in before we discovered that the red Fokker contained Richthofen, who had set out that morning with a bag of eighty Allied machines to his credit. He'd tried hard to elect me No. 81.

"Naturally I'd like to see Brownie given full credit for tumbling the Red Baron, because he's a close friend of mine. Friendship aside, though, the fact remains that he turned the trick. I guess I was in a position to know. Not only did Richthofen crash when Brownie opened up, but a post mortem proved that the bullet that did the damage came from the air. There were only three of us up in the vicinity."

The combat report mentioned was dated April 21, 1918, and signed by May. It stated:—

Sopwith B.R.D.
7000 feet.
2nd Lieut. W. R. May.

Single-seater triplane, blue camouflaged. Attacked large formation of about 10-20 machines. Engaged one E.A. (enemy aircraft) firing bursts head-on into engine. He went over and dived down. I was unable to observe result as second machine attacked me from behind. I fired at the second machine but without result. I went down and was attacked by a red triplane which chased me over the lines low to the ground. While he was on my tail, Captain A. R. Brown attacked and shot it down. I observed it crash into the ground. Near Vaux-sur-Somme."

The post mortem photo (sent in by Mr. George Barrett, 36 Barkly St., North Fitzroy, Melbourne), shows very clearly the marks of the bullet. It went in near the lower jaw and came out behind the right eye, bearing out what was written by Mr. Edward Burrow, of the 53rd Battalion, and published in "Smith's" of August 25.

But if additional evidence is required concerning this, it can be had in Australia. Major Errol G. Knox, formerly managing editor of the "Evening News," and still resident in Sydney, was then a staff officer at R.A.F. Headquarters, and had charge of Richthofen's body from the time it was taken away from the plane in an Air Force tender, during the post mortem examination, and right up to the burial, which was accorded with full honors.

He states that the post mortem examination proved quite definitely that the fatal bullet came from the ground and he had a copy of the doctor's certificate showing this to be the case.

Major D. Blake, another Australian Air Force officer, has also testified to the effect that the fatal bullet could not have been fired from the air.

The controversy will probably never be settled to the satisfaction of everybody, but whereas many thousands of Australians will state that Brown was [illegible] shooting distance [illegible] when he crashed. [illegible] statement that [illegible] brought down [illegible]

It is quite p[illegible] circumstances, [illegible] confused at the [illegible] to use his own [illegible] elected No. 81 [illegible] list of victims.

To Be Victim No. 81

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

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TELEPHONE Nos.
F 2597.
F 2598.

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
"THE DIRECTOR."

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE

NO.....
....

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
"AUSWARMUSE."

> *"They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious—not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed. . . . ."*

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL,
POST OFFICE BOX 214 D,
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

5th November, 1934.

Dear Mr. Bazley,

With reference to your letter No. 8938 of the 31st October, I have arranged for a member of the War Memorial staff to call and see Mr. Barrett with a view to obtaining the Richthofen photograph or an authority to collect it from "Smith's Weekly". It appeared to me best to approach Mr. Barrett in this way, as we have found that diggers are frequently apprehensive regarding enquiries about photographs taken during the war when the use of cameras was forbidden.

Mr. McAllan is also going through all our Flying Corps records with a view to ascertaining if they contain anything relating to Richthofen's death, and particularly the doctor's certificate referred to by Mr. Errol Knox.

I will write to you further regarding this before the end of the week, and will then return the cutting from "Smith's Weekly" which you sent to me with your letter.

Yours sincerely,

J. Pinelooo

Mr. A. W. Bazley,
C/- Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

21

8938.

31 October 1934.

Dear Major Treloar,

As Dr. Bean will shortly be dealing with the circumstances of Richthofen's death, I am keeping for the time being the several cuttings from recent issues of "Smith's Weekly" that you sent me on September 24 - that is, with the exception of the one returned herewith, which I should be glad if you would let us have again at your earliest convenience.

My reason for returning the enclosed cutting is t that we would like to see (a) the post-mortem photograph in Mr. George Barrett's possession, and (b) a copy of the doctor's certificate referred to by Mr. Errol Knox.

Would you kindly see if you can get hold of the photograph from Mr. ~~Bartlett~~ Barrett, whose address is given, in the "Smith's Weekly" article", as 36 Barkly Street, North Fitzroy. As he is probably a Digger, I have allotted the number 1/12/11/5384 to the file - for you may succeed in getting other records from him.

As to Mr. Errol Knox, you have already received his records (vide 12/11/4728), but I should be glad if you can tell me whether a copy of the doctor's certificate was included among them. If it wasn't, we can quite easily ask him for the loan of his copy, if he still has it; but you may, of course, have received this document from another source.

Yours sincerely,

Major J.L. Treloar, O.B.E.,
Aust. War Memorial,
Box 214D, G.P.O.,
Melbourne.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

22

TELEPHONE Nos.
F 2597.
F 2598

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
"THE DIRECTOR."

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE

NO .....
....

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
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"They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious—not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed. . . . ."

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL,
POST OFFICE BOX 214 D,
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

18th June, 1935.

Dear Mr. Bazley,

From a recent batch of cuttings from Australia House it was noted that the controversy in regard to Richthofen's death is again receiving prominence in the English papers. In case they may be of interest to Dr. Bean we have had photostat copies made of the cuttings in question, and these are now enclosed for your retention.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. A. W. Bazley,
c/o Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON. N.S.WALES.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

D. Mail 1.5.35.

RICHTHOFEN'S DEATH

SIR,—In view of the number of letters that have appeared in *The Daily Mail* concerning the death of Freiherr Manfred von Richthofen, may I point out that the British official opinion will be found on pages 389-93 of "The War in the Air," Volume IV.?

After sifting all the available evidence, including the reports of four medical officers who examined the body, the official decision is that the German air ace was killed by a bullet fired from another aeroplane, i.e., that flown by Captain A. R. Brown, a Canadian.

G. S. O.

Stratton-road, S.W.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

24

HOW RICHTHOFEN MET HIS DEATH

TWO GERMAN VERSIONS

From Our Own Correspondent

BERLIN, Tuesday.

The controversy about the exact manner of the death of Baron von Richthofen, the famous German air ace, has been revived by the publication in a German newspaper of an alleged "eye-witness account" of his descent in the British lines.

The Essen "National Zeitung," which is closely connected with Gen. Goering, the German Air Minister, and the last commander of the "Richthofen Circus," quotes a certain Herr Bink late of the 3rd Grenadier Regiment.

After describing an air duel between the Baron and a British airman, Herr Bink says: "Richthofen flew quite low. He was so engrossed that he did not notice that he was just above the enemy trenches. From these trenches he was greeted with a rain of bullets.

"Then he suddenly glided down quite smoothly, and landed behind the enemy trenches. . . . We saw him climb living from his 'plane. A number of brown figures leapt upon him and butchered him. He was treacherously assassinated by bestial non-Europeans."

Last week a German newspaper published extracts from the diary of Lt. Schoenemann, a German artillery observer, who described how Baron von Richthofen "came down at an angle of 45deg, striking the ground so violently that his machine broke in two.

"It was impossible for any man to have survived such a crash," he concluded.

'AUSTRALIAN GUNNER RESPONSIBLE'

STAFF OFFICER'S REPORT

Light from another angle is thrown upon Baron von Richthofen's last fight by this month's issue of the "British Legion Journal."

"The man responsible for the 'Red Knight's' end," writes Mr. Patrick Clifford, "was Gunner Robert Buie, formerly of the 53rd Battery, Australian Field Artillery." A staff officer's war-time report, he adds, was discovered by a Brisbane solicitor; it gave a vivid description of an aerial battle, and identified the pilot who had been shot down as Baron von Richthofen.

The report appeared in a Sydney newspaper, and as a result of correspondence which ensued, it was revealed that Gen. (afterwards Lord) Rawlinson, the Army Commander, sent a telegram of congratulation to the 5th Australian Division, to be passed on to the 53rd Battery, Australian Field Artillery. It read as follows:

"To 5th Australian Division. Following from Gen. Rawlinson: Begins, A.A.A. Please convey to the 53rd Battery, 5th Division, my best thanks and congratulations on having brought down the celebrated German aviator Richthofen. Message ends."

"It cannot be doubted," says the writer, "that in a matter of such moment the Army Commander would hesitate to send such a message unless he was absolutely convinced of the accuracy of its contents."

Telegraph

24.4.35.

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/ 215

D. Mail 25/4/35

D. Mail 25.4.35

RICHTHOFEN'S DEATH

SIR,—I can substantiate Flt. Lt. Harker's account of Baron von Richthofen's last fight. This gallant German airman was separated from his circus, and died in combat with two British airmen, one above and one below him.

I saw both "combat reports" of the officers concerned, and only a medical examination of the body finally proved that the fatal shot was fired from above—through the shoulder and heart. I was instrumental in despatching the following notification, a carbon copy of which is still in my possession:—

To the German Flying Corps.

Rittmeister Baron Manfred von Richthofen was killed in aerial combat on April 21st, 1918. He was buried with full military honours.

From British Royal Air Force.

This message was dropped over the German lines.

R. SCHOFIELD.
Late R.A.F., 22nd Wing, B.E.F.

SIR,—As an anti-aircraft officer on the spot I claim to be in the best position to judge as to who brought Baron von Richthofen down.

The two D.H.5 machines were forced down by Richthofen to less than 200 feet, and before this my battery laid a barrage between them and the tri-plane Fokker.

Just as the ace was straightening out on the tail of one D.H. a burst of machine-gun fire came from an Australian battery, and the Fokker crashed.

Later in the day the Air Force came to me for confirmation of their claim, which was then the rule, but I could not substantiate it.

P. HUTTON.
Countess-road, Northampton.

RICHTHOFEN'S DEATH

SIR,—At the time of Richthofen's death the Australians were holding the line on the banks of the Ancre, supported by the Field Artillery of the 35th Division, whose infantry had been relieved by the Australians.

The German ace had tailed one of our Camels to the ground in our lines. They both taxied along as far as the Albert-Amiens road, which was lined with trees.

Here our 'plane lobbed over, while Richthofen did his Immelman turn to make for his own lines. It was while doing the turn that he was killed by the bullets from Australian riflemen, who up to this point had been viewing the chase in wonderment and silence.

JOHN R. PAYNE, Ex-Lieut.,
159 Bde., R.F.A., 35th Div., B.E.F.
Coningsby, Lincoln.

D. Mail 26.4.35

D. Express.

D. Express

*

SCRAP of secret history related yesterday by Australian veteran who was in first Gallipoli landing under **BIRDWOOD** twenty years ago this Anzac Day:—

Last pay to troops (privates had 6s. a day) was made in 10s. notes overprinted with Arabic explanation of value and guarantee by British Government.

NOTES were issued for purchases by conquering Anzacs in Turkish villages and Constantinople.

Failure of invasion confined circulation to trench "schools" for poker or crown and anchor.

Do any notes exist now?

*

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

HOW RICHTHOFEN DIED

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph"

Sir,—References have been made in THE DAILY TELEGRAPH recently to the death of the German airman Richthofen. Richthofen's body was examined by four medical officers, and the official decision was that Richthofen was killed by a bullet from the machine-gun of Capt. A. R. Brown, D.S.C., in a Sopwith B.R. Camel, on Sunday, April 21, 1918, when attached to No. 209 Squadron, R.A.F.

There is no doubt that the German leader rallied for a few brief moments after he was mortally wounded in combat by Capt. Brown, and died fighting to the last, which is in keeping with his character and record.

When Capt. Brown returned to the aerodrome at Bertangles after the fight, he was full of admiration for the plucky fight put up by his gallant opponent, although at that particular moment he was not aware of the exact identity of the pilot of the "red triplane."

Among the congratulatory telegrams received by the squadron was one from Gen. Salmond, H.Q., R.A.F., reading: "Very best congratulations to No. 209 Squadron and Capt. Brown on bringing down the redoubtable Von Richthofen."—

Yours, &c.,
A. SHELLEY,
(late Captain and Adjutant, No. 209 Squadron, R.A.F.).

Cobham, Surrey, April 25.

27/4/35.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Summary of Statements in A.W.M.

Richthofen — (but not of calling up which there are abt 50 accts by Eyewitnesses)

(1) 27

B Sqn HQ, written 21 Apr.
Note from Cannan in 3rd Div. SS Diary:

Abt 10.45 am an enemy Triplane chasing a Triplane of ours flew abt 100 ft above these headqrs. Our plane was not firing at enemy tho' later he began firing at ours. Just as 1 plane was overhead a Vickers gun of 24th Bty Coy located at abt J 25 A 69 opened fire on 1 enemy plane & it immediately swerved to its right & to ground obliquely appd & he hit. After it turned the A.A Lewis guns of 53rd Bty and F A opened on it. It then appd to turn round in 1 air & crashed at abt J 19 c.

Lt. D. L. Fraser Bde I.O. Rept Ap 21.
In wood at J 19 c. 75 65 (1/20,000)

At abt 10.45 AM 21st inst "saw 2 aeroplanes approaching flying westward directly towards 1 wood at a height of abt 400 ft above land of River Somme over wh they were flying." Just after Brit machine reached edge of wood F. heard a strong burst of M.G. fire from direction of SE or of 1 wood. "immediately afterwards 1 red painted Enemy machine appd overhead flying v. low & unsteadily & probably not more than 200 ft from 1 gd. I lost sight of 1 Brit. machine as my attention was concentrated on 1 enemy plane wh was flying as if not under complete control, being wobbly & uneven in flight, it veered north, then eastwards rocking a great deal & suddenly dived out of sight 1 engine still running full open." It fell abt 200 x away along side B.C.30 in J 19 B 40.30. Fraser undid airman's safety belt & pulled him from wreckage but he was quite dead & was considerably cut about face & apparently shot thro' chest & body.

Crowd gathered & Fraser got Adams to put guard over 'plane to prevent looting, as feared it would be shelled.

Fraser searched airman, took his personal effects — few papers, silver watch, gold medallion, fur lined gloves — gave them to Capt Hilliary, II Bde staff, who took them to interpreter who identified Richthofen.

Cannan sent F. to get parties of M.G. & found Sgt Popkin 24 M.G. Coy & aa. M.G at abt J 25 B 3 7.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

53 Bty Ligne probably assisted but D. thought first hit by Popkin "as he was unsteady from / moment of 1st burst of fire." The airman's body was afterds in charge by offrs of the A.F.C. & / wrecked plane salvaged by them after dark.

Lt. Geo N. Travers 52 Bn. Rept to Col. Witham. Hq 23.
Liaison offr to Bde HQ. at J19c8.6. Abt 11.45 lying on grd to runner 50* from Bde HQ setting map & having food took rd to places. Heard "a plane or planes coming at a tremendous pace from / direction of 26 central." A Vickers Gun was firing from a spot situated at J25A8.9 "The first plane wh came into view was one of ours own, & less than 20 paces behind was an enemy plane painted red. The red plane was overhauling our plane fast & both were flying so low & they almost crashed into / trees at top of hill. Almost directly over / spot where I was lying / enemy plane swerved to / right so suddenly & it seemed almost to turn over. Our plane went straight on from the moment. The enemy plane was quite out of control & did a wide circle & crashed to ground at J19B3c where it crashed."

Travers thought B had 1 bullet on L. side of face near bottom of jaw & came out at rt eye. Popkin's gun was only one then firing

11.25 am 11 Bde reported 1 3D Pitched. but down & burnt 13 Bde also 1 one of its guns did it.
3 D rpts to Corps 11.45 am. "Brt down by AA small arms fire."

Sgt Popkin (B. 24 Ap. 10.45 "one of our aeroplanes was being engd by a G aeroplane & was being driven down. The planes came from an easterly direction & when within range of my gun were flying very low, just above / tree tops. I hastily got my gun into action & waited for our own plane to pass me as / planes were close together & there was a risk of hitting both. As soon as this risk was over I opened fire on / germ. plane. The plane at once gave up / chase, our own escaped, & / German plane banked, turned round, & came back towards my gun. As it came towards me I opened fire a second time & observed at once that my fire took effect. The machine swerved, attempted to bank & make for / gd, & eventually crashed."

Brt. plane direct fire.

P. saw Richt shortly after fall. He had at least 3 explosive bullets 1 dum dum entering his body — one in / ribs at / side & two thro' chest. A. thought / dum dum killed him in 2 or 3 secs.

27b

Hanna sap in Summary: Buie v Evans were 100x away when fire opened.
based on evidence of Eyewitness
R. was armed w 2 air cooled mgs.
G. wireless on Ap 21 sd. Capt Barron v R. at head of
Bersaint flight II attained his 79th v 80th air victories
G. planes flew over. Def guard was placed, but driven
away by German barr.
L Grs Gp. W J Evans 5 v 8 v 9 v R Buie 3801. 53 Bty.

Diary of 3 Sqn A.F.C.

2 machines of 3 Sqn Encountered Circus at same time
but "weren't concerned in 1 actual shooting down v I celebrated"
Lts Simpson v Banks, v Lts Garrett v Barrow were going to
photo Corps line ~~who~~ in RE 8s when saw G. triplanes
appr. Sqn B were 1st attd by 4 triplanes of wh one separated
& went down. when obsr fired 100 rds. The others with Evans v attd G v B. Observer got
in 180 rds Lewis gun v anor Ea went down out of control.
Both machines then went on. on returning Sqn B were
again attd by a no of Albatross scouts but put
up a running fight v evaded them.
The L Gns of 5 DA. claimed R. but, after I matter
had been carefully investgd, reward was made to Capt
Brown of No 209 Sqn R.A.F.

Waterford Sap
Poem was still being shelled.
at 2pm when body was salved.
Fokker triplane No 2009.
(No notes as to any damage by my fire (Ewbs)

At 1 am on Ap. 22 Air mechanic Collins CC. crept out
to machine v removed R's body. Remnants of
machine cold after dark v got back to Sqns
Aerodrome at Boulainvelle
On afternoon 22 he was buried with full military honours
by party of mechanics of No 3 Sqn A.F.C.
Coffin made in Sqn workshops assisted in by A.S.
Germ.

Capt Captain Manfred Baron von Richthofen
Age 22 years killed in action
aerial combat, near Sailly le Sec,
Somme, France, 21st April, 1918.
Germ. air force sent news note, as key for to Eng. Flying Corps
fate of V.R.

Capt R L Dorsett D.S.O. M.C. 52 Bn in Vaux. (Diary written up later in 1918)
"Standing at back door of our farm one afternoon saw the fight. Much circling v manoeuvring v. high up, 4th over our lines. Suddenly their formation opened out and a big red speck darted at one of ours v got speed. They were chattering away v their mgs. The red triplane circled round our plane v as evidently faster v better manoeuvred as our boy got lower v lower v finally came skimming along a few hundred feet above 1 earth w 1 big plane on his tail. He got lower v lower v came straight for our house. I ran thro 1 house to 1 front door just in time to see him almost tip 1 tiles of our gate (an impressive tiled affair) and after him, lower than I have ever seen a plane, came 1 big triplane. Julien with me gave a yell v grabbed for his revolver, but he had left it in 1 mess-room. 1 village they went v skimmed up 1 hill behind it, the triplane stuttering its gun off in short gasps at what looked like a 30 ft range. At the crest of 1 hill our boy turned sharply v 1 triplane ran into a direct stream

of bullets from a machinegun in amongst a battery. He swept away sideways at once, very low, turned sharply as if going to attack the guns & nose dived to earth.

We all started to run over, when I then opened with salvos over position." [It was by 1200x away].

J.S. Secculla NCO in chg of 2 Lt guns of 53 Bty.

24 May 1930 "A battle was going on below a number of Brit & Germ planes... A Brit. plane left others chased by a Germ. plane painted red. After many turns & dives German plane got above & behind Brit. plane & started to fire it down towards our guns. I called for Lewis guns. Then Brits took up No 1 gun & Evans took No 2. The guns were abt 5 feet apart. After planes had travelled about two miles they were still in same position. Then Brit plane passed direct over our heads at a height of about 200 feet & directly behind it was German plane flying at abt 200 feet. I did not give order to fire until Brit. plane had passed over guns owing to it being in line of fire, but as soon as it had passed two guns opened fire. They only fired for a few seconds but it was a direct aim & we were firing a phosphorus bullet to carry the ordinary bullets & so we could see our line of fire direct to cockpit. The German plane at once turned to his right, wobbled, & within a few seconds crashed about 300 yards away..... There were no other planes within miles.... The German airman was firing & the bullets came close to us as gun. We carried German airman over to our bty & he lay outside my dugout until Holy morning when aircraft Service sent & took him away."

Secculla was called into his O.C. Insp. Board when "May" & his O.C. were present & were trying to claim honour. Secculla asked "M." his position when Germ. crashed" & he admitted to be in above position. Then I asked him how he did fire backwards"... Etc

Lt J.C. Doyle. At abt 11 am I was in forward L.G. pit (I 24 B 9-5.) watching planes manoeuring over our lines. Two planes flying at abt 150 feet – a Brit. Sopwith Camel pursued by an enemy triplane painted red – approached L.G. from the East.!! At 100x the enemy plane was then firing at British machine. After several bursts of fire Hun plane turned NE and wobbled as if out of control. While turning further Effective bursts were fired. The plane went out of control, veered to (north) & crashed."

Gnr W Evans.

Lt A B Ellis was in other (rear) L.G. pit. (Bruce's) "when two planes approached from East.... The gunner was able to fire direct onto body of Enemy pilot. As soon as fire was opened plane turned N. Further bursts were fired & plane crashed.

Capt L E Bevins. "I saw two planes approach & two Lewis guns open fire when enemy plane was at a height of abt 150 feet & 100 to 200x away. It was flying directly towards Lewis guns. The fire was effective as plane turned NE apparently out of control. It then turned towards N and crashed. The wounds in pilots body were mainly in chest & stomach... Both Secculla was in charge of Lewis guns

217 d

Doyle says (1930) that they saw 1 two planes leave 1 ~~Scout~~ General Fight & head down 1 valley to Corbie. They could see them ~~smoothly~~ when abt Vaux, the crest hiding them — for possibly two minutes, but could hear 1 rover of their machines. The machines came up over 1 quarry in a direct line to Hamel, heading directly for 1 Bty ... the L-G. Cd not open fire as both planes were aligned & none of us knew wh to open ... Fire was held until the Camel cd be recogd as a 1 triplane riding on 1 Camel's tail opend fire No 1 L-G. Bombardier Secrett went into action at a range not greater than 100x ..... both guns rep'd a 1 Triplane, & when directly over No 1 saw 1 plane staggered, sideslipped into a bank, & in 1 bank swerved in a 3/8 circle towards his lines, & after sailing some hundreds of yards sideslipped & crashed into a warped heap."

The claimant afterwards verified his claim at 1 conference of Bty position. (They were at x purposes)

Lt J Pinder sd L-Sp. were firing from Vaux; a sight of 53 Bty sd a rifleman emptied a magazine & got him!

Richthofen's report of Ap. 20 claim (1) Aust Empl. Camel shot down burning near Hamel wood, & 3 mins later a not Camel. It fell burning N.E. of V/B.

His last 5 victories Ap 6, 7, & 20 were all on or near our part.

Also others on Mar 27 & 28.

Cattaok:
(1) 2 Aust obsn machines, photogs., were attd by 6 fs.
(2) The Austs fired & cleared; thought they put down a Germ.
(3) But 8 of Camels was now engaged w G. triplanes. We think we have shot down 4

Beau. The officer standing by told me he clearly saw 1 fragments of wood or metal flicked from 1 machine when 1 burst was fired.

Rawlo's message 808. 21. Folly from Genl Rawlinson. "Please convey to the 53 Bty 5th Div my best thanks & congratulations on having brot down 1 celebd German aviator Richthofen".

Aust Corps.

Copy was sent to Bde

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Capt Rh Forsyth, 137 Amb C 52 Bn

After about a week of this (at Vadencourt) an advance party went up to Corbie where they endured awful hardships! The machinegun fire was incessant — our boys would use them to shoot pigeons. They had nothing to drink but Baune & champagne & no food except their rations & pigs, ducks & fish.

E C Adams Rly Stn Rivervale 1.1.28. Capt. OC. D Coy 44 Bn in retreat betw Hattencourt & Vadencourt on Brick Works

"The machine did not crash badly nor was it smashed to pieces. The pilot appeared to have been dead before landing, nor was his body in any way disfigured. The plane was practly intact when it landed until 1 German arty opened fire, & shelled it & 1 Tps, who rushed madly from all directns to 1 scene o 1 landing."

"Both machines were flying low manoeuvring for position; 1 British plane being about ½ to 1 rear o 1 German plane & was firing his machine gun at 1 German plane wh was painted a light red colour. ~~[illegible]~~. The German pilot appeared to shut off his engine & vol plane down landing in 1 1st Bn SD. 25."

Adams with guard over 1 'plane.

A Sgt of 3 Div Sig Co. 34 Derwood Rd Wanhoe NE 21 Smelb, attd 8 Fld Arty Bde HQ.

Lts Floyd Gibbons. a rather florid descriptn — says how they dodged

"There were at least 2 dozen A. Gs. potting at him from 1 grd. In addition to our Hs gs whose fire we in a chalk pit in 1t wood, one of Col. Tivey's Bde bns was bivouacked in 1 back position of it (we were up in 1 front) & just over 1 crest o 1 hill were 1 arty who also had A Gs mounted for anti-aircraft work. R. made a splendid target flying so low".

under strict ords not to leave wood in daylight but "without thinking of th, Brec, Buck Mazzorel, & myself dashed over to 1 'plane not 50 yds away. We of course didn't know who it was but as soon as we dead so lifted him out & laid him on grass." The Tpt pot souvenirs — "but it was then found out who he was & the Padre o 1 8th Field Arty Bde collected them all from 1 souvenir kings.... We got 1 propellor & cut it up."

Rs body we put under a blanket by 1 battery lines & as got at night by a ply of air reconnaissance, as a rope - (? No need).

"By this we got 1 propellor off an officer of Tivey's crowd divided — & chased us away!

"When May zoomed Richthofen let him go & swung east at 1st & took a "flying fox..." by so doing he flew parallel to those arty Ls. After going abt 50 K or so he swung N again & so home etc...

Tells Gibbons his book just true "we all felt sorry at R. was killed in 1 manner he was.

9430.

14 October 1935.

Captain A. Roy Brown, D.S.C.,
President,
General Airways Limited,
406, Bank of Hamilton Building,
67, Yonge Street,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Captain Brown,

Many thanks for your letter of May 13th last. I have your account of your fight with Richthofen, published in the Chicago "Sunday Tribune" on 22 April 1928, and I should be grateful if you would let me know whether the narrative there is as you gave it to the paper, and literally accurate. I know that these articles are sometimes "ghosted", and that the supposed author is unwittingly misrepresented.

If it does represent precisely what you said, it gives rise to certain difficulties. The chief of these is that, after you had ceased firing at him, Richthofen undoubtedly flew for a considerable distance still firing at May. This was the only part of the fight that most of the Australian witnesses saw, although some who caught sight of it earlier saw your 'plane also. I should therefore be grateful if you would let me know whether you are still convinced that Richthofen was dead when you finished firing. It would be a help if you could let me have your answer as soon as conveniently possible.

No doubt you will have realised long before this that the Australians were perfectly genuine when they said they saw only two machines in the fight. I have the narratives of scores of them, some of them my own friends, who only saw the two 'planes - that is, they caught sight of the fight after you had finished firing.

Yours faithfully,

C.E.W. Bean

Official Historian.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

GENERAL AIRWAYS LIMITED

PRESIDENT A.ROY BROWN

406 Bank of Hamilton Bldg.,
67 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Ontario,
November 7, 1935.

Mr. C.E.W. Bean,
Official Historian,
Commonwealth of Australia,
Victoria Barracks,
Paddington, N.S. Wales.

Dear Sir:-

In reply to your letter of October 14th, I never read the account referred to by you of my fight with Richthofen published in the Chicago "Sunday Tribune", for that reason it is impossible for me to state how accurate or inaccurate it may have been.

No doubt in your position you have, or have access to, the official history of the activities of the Royal Air Force during the War 1914 - 1918. If you will refer to these you will find the official record there of the fight with Richthofen when he was killed. I would think that probably this record would be more satisfactory for your purpose than anything I might say to you..

Yours truly,

A. Roy Brown.

A. Roy Brown.

ARB/PGP

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Tyalgum
16.10.35-

30

C.E.W. Bean Esqr

Dear Sir

In reply to your request dated the 14th ult. I have made out a sketch of sorts as the incident appeared to me at the time the planes would be travelling in a north easterly direction straight towards my gun position. I opened fire immediately the British plane left my gun sights and followed the fritz around he would be perhaps 100 to 120 yds in front of me

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

when I opened fire and about 200 to 400
feet in the air he would be below 30a
the top of the ridge which is about
500 to 600 feet high I opened fire the
second time at the peak of his
Turn marked × I dont think I was
firing to long the second time as the first
I would be firing at him the second time
while he was travelling the line between the
two Crosses
I worcld be firing about a 1/2 to 3/4 a minute
each time

I reached the plane just when they were about to place a guard on it

A Chap named Marshall my No 3 on the gun at the time and who was afterwards killed got a bullet off Richthofen's body which had just penetrated his clothes and half sticking in his skin right on his belt line

Yours Faithfully
C B Popkin

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

top of ridge when plane crashed

I am not clear now which side he curled at the last but the way I saw them on the opposite side

11th Bde HQ

British Plane flew straight on

gun

Road

flight of Planes

Sailly-le-Sec

Vaux sur Somme

Road

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

P.S.
Of course a proper PM must have been made after I saw the body but I never heard of it so do not think so.

DR. G. W. BARBER

CENTRAL ROAD.

TELEPHONE:
KALAMUNDA 101

KALAMUNDA. WA 32

Oct 23 1935

My dear Bean

With reference to your letter of Oct 14th.
Upon inspecting this Aerodrome I found the mutilated body of Lieut Richthofen's body
So I made an examination
There were only two bullet wounds, one of entry & one of exit of a bullet which evidently passed through the chest & the heart
There was no wound of the head but there was considerable bruising over the R. Jaw which has been fractured
Mr Orderly told me that the Consulting Surgeon of the Army had made a post Mortem this morning & found how he did it as there was no evidence. Mr Orderly

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

told me that the Lord Saxton
had used a bit of feeding
wire when he had pushed
along the back of the wound
on the head. I used
the same bit of wire for
the same purpose.
So you see the medical
examination was not
a thorough one & not a
Post mortem examination in
the ordinary sense of the term
A hole in the side of the
plane coincided with
the wound through the chest
& I am sure he was
shot from below while
banking.
I sent a full report to Genl Birdwood
at Aust Corps & have often
wondered what became of
it with kind regards
Yrs sincerely
Geo Hodgson

C E W Bean
Sir
I wrote you a letter
& wrote but decided
not to send
on state these
& paper controversies

Central Pol 33

Kalamunda
Dec 22nd 1934

The Editor
The Daily News
Perth

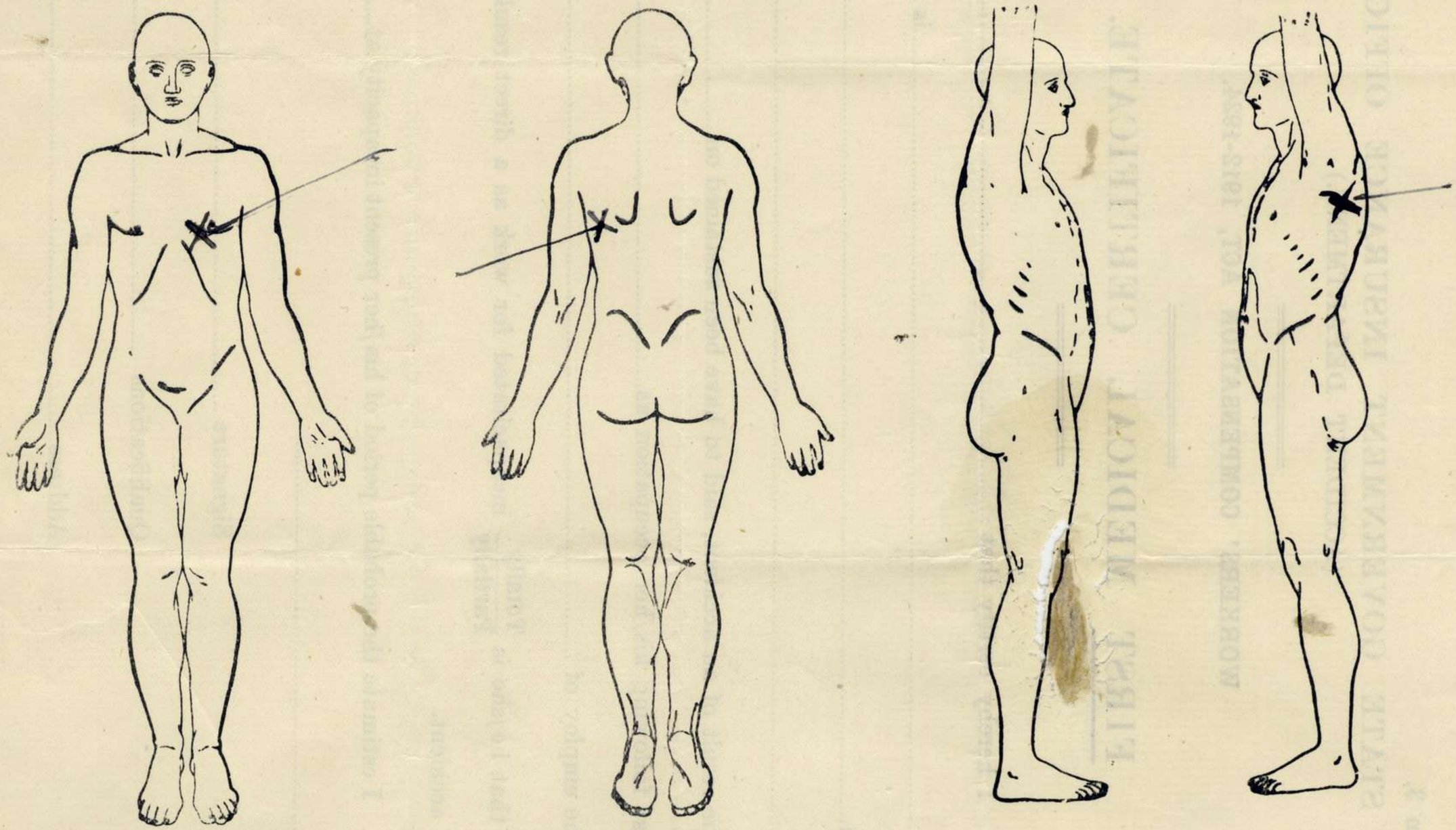
Dear Sir

With reference to your
Article "How Richthofen died"
"Today, Sir".
General Monash was in
error when stating that
Richtohofen was shot through
the head.
There were only two wounds
one of entry & one of exit
of a bullet which had
evidently passed through the
heart.
I made an examination of the
body & furnished a report to
the Australian Corps Commander

Yours faithfully
George Pearce

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

NOTE.—Kindly indicate hereunder the approximate site of the injury.



Rechtofen
Approximate site of
exit & entry of bullet
I forget now which
was which but
think ~~it was~~ the site of entry
was the one in
the back G.W.K.

34

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

35

Gresham Fire & Accident Insurance Society, Limited.

CHIEF OFFICE:- 188-190, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

BRANCH MANAGER:
DONALD J. JENKINS.

TELEPHONE:
MIDLAND 5402.

Branch Office:- Temple Courts,
55, Temple Row,

Birmingham, 2. 4th June 1936.

BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE.

LOSS OF PROFITS.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION.

BURGLARY.

HOUSEHOLDERS.
"COMPREHENSIVE POLICY".

MOTORS.

PERSONAL ACCIDENTS.

FIDELITY GUARANTEES.

PUBLIC LIABILITY.

PLATE GLASS.

FORGED TRANSFERS.

PROPERTY OWNERS LIABILITY.

ENGINEERING.

Noted

C.E.W. Bean Esq.,
Commonwealth of Australia,
Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
Paddington, N.S.Wales.

Dear Sir. Volume V. Appx. 4
10 (MS)

In reply to your letter of the 22nd. Apl: the information you require is as follows:-

DONALD J. JENKINS.
BORN: STAFFORD, ENGLAND.
DATE of BIRTH: 1st. OCTOBER, 1883.
BELONG TO: STREETLY, Near BIRMINGHAM ENGLAND.
PROFESSION:- AS ABOVE (PRIOR TO & SINCE THE WAR)
RETIRED with Rank of Lieutenant
DECORATIONS: NONE. (beyond the usual two - Service & Victory Medals.

I have been interested in the controversies which have cropped up from time to time regarding Baron von Richthofen & guess you have my name from a letter I wrote to the Daily Telegraph (London) on 14th. Jany: 1928. This was followed by Judicial Testimony on

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Gresham Fire & Accident Insurance Society, Limited.

CHIEF OFFICE:—188-190, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Branch Office:—Temple Courts,
55, Temple Row,
Birmingham, 2. 4th January 1928.

BRANCH MANAGER:
DONALD J. JENKINS.
TELEPHONE:
MIDLAND 5402.

January 16th: & by your Description on January 30th: 1928.

I enclose a letter I wrote to the Editor of the "Evening Standard" in December 1926 which you will see has not printed. It is my summing up. I have kept a copy so please tear it up when it has served its purpose. I think the two references to the Baron's death in the Book- "War Birds- Diary of an American Aviator"- are interesting if the Book was authentic.

How long before the Article is to appear?

Yours very truly,

Donald J. Jenkins.

Late 2nd Lieut:
212, 5B
R.G.A.

FIRE.
LOSS OF PROFITS.
WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION.
BURGLARY.
HOUSEHOLDERS.
"COMPREHENSIVE POLICY."
MOTORS.
PERSONAL ACCIDENTS.
FIDELITY GUARANTEES.
PUBLIC LIABILITY.
PLATE GLASS.
FORCED TRANSIT RISKS.
PROPERTY OWNERS LIABILITY.
ENGINEERING.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

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PHONE: CITY 2040 (PRIVATE EXCHANGE)
TELEGRAMS: "EVENING STANDARD, LONDON."

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
THE COMPANY.

In your reply please refer to

Evening Standard
(EVENING STANDARD CO. LTD.)
47, SHOE LANE,
LONDON, E.C.4.

5th December 1929

D.J. Jenkins Esq.

Dear Sir,

The Editor desires me to thank you for your letter with reference to Richtofen which he has read with interest. He regrets, however, that we are unable to devote further space to the controversy which has already received very considerable attention.

Yours faithfully,

EDITOR'S SECRETARY.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

WHO BROUGHT DOWN RICHTHOFEN ?

To { C.E.W. Bean Esq. Commonwealth Historian Victoria Barracks, Paddington N.S.Wales. / The Editor of the "Evening Standard". }

4/6/36

Sir,

As one who clearly saw the German Ace, Count Richthofen- sitting alone in his Red Triplane some 200 feet above the Somme and at about only 120 yards distant from me, and within 30 seconds of his death,- I am interested in this controversy. I have expressed my view on a previous occasion that the two Dominions, Australia and Canada should shake hands over this historical event and each take its share of the credit - in my opinion "fifty-fifty."

I was greatly interested in Boyd Cable's account of this great incident in the "Evening Standard" of the 2nd December, 1929 If I may criticise his version, without offence, I would point out that, as one interested in the Aircraft Factory Workers, he appears to have investigated the matter by obtaining his information from the Air Force alone. I have many Press cuttings which include several from Australia and would point out that Gunner Evans has a letter from General Hobbs and a covering letter from General Rawlinson congratulating him upon his feat in bringing down Richthofen.

According to the Official Records of Fighting Squadron No. 209 R.A.F., Capt. A. R. Brown, D.S.C., had brought down Richthofen from a height of 12,000 ft. near Beaucourt to an altitude of some 200 ft. above the village of Vaux-Sur-Somme. Lieut. May also was attacking Richthofen and credit must be given the British Air Force in bringing him down so near to the earth. When Richthofen passed across my view he was chasing Lieut. W. R. May, who was zig-zagging and Richthofen was keenly following him less than 50 yards behind the tail of May's machine. Suddenly Lieut. May turned left across the copse on the edge of the high hill from which I was observing, followed by the Red Baron, and I thought they would both crash in the tree-tops. Machine Gun Firing from the air and from the ground caused me to look out before me and I saw these two machines pass hurriedly across my field of view straight in front of me about 150 ft. above the Vaux road; and when the two machines passed over the trees on my left, and out of my sight, the Machine Gun Firing from the ground increased. Capt. Von Richthofen had been decoyed from 200 ft. above the Somme across the high hill on which the Bray Corbie road runs and he fell within 1,000 yards of my Observation post, which was situated in the copse by the

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Crucifix on the highest point of the Bray Corbie road. It must have been a matter of only half a minute later when he was shot - either by Machine Gun Fire from the ground (as claimed by the Australian - Gunner Evans), or from the air (as claimed by Capt. Brown, the Canadian who was attached to Fighting Squadron No. 209). In that period of 30 seconds Richthofen met his death and these two men each claim to have fired the fatal bullet!

Capt. Brown claims to have been flying above the fleeing Lieut. May and the intrepid Richthofen, and to have fired ~~the~~ his "fatal" bullet downwards.

One witness of the crash (according to ~~your issue of the~~ the "Evening Standard" of the 29th Nov. 1939) states there was no other machine visible when Richthofen crashed. Does this necessarily mean ~~that~~ Capt. Brown was not there ? I think not. He might have circled back immediately the German Ace fell to take the news back to Bertangles where his Squadron then was.

On the other hand if Capt. Brown is sincere in his statement - and Gunner Evans also in his — would any living person be able to convince either of them that his was not the fatal bullet.? I do not think so !

I do not know anything of air fighting, but it is no doubt an extremely exciting occupation, especially when one is firing at a "Bird" he has brought down from 12,000 feet to nearly ground level. I can easily imagine Captain Brown's certainty on the point.

As to aiming at a German Plane at a low altitude with a Lewis Gun, I know a little from experience of the excitement, and can safely aver that Gunner Evans would not easily be turned from his belief that he alone was responsible for the capture of this red triplane that fell immediately he had fired at it with his machine gun.

The Royal Air Force gave Capt. Brown a bar to his D.F.C. and presented him with Richthofen's Engine! Other members of No. 209 Squadron each took a piece of the "bus" as a memento. General Salmond of H.Q. R.A.F. wired congratulations to No. 209 Squadron and to Captain Brown, and General Rawlinson attended a dinner at No. 209 Squadron to celebrate Capt. Brown's achievement. All quite rightly! Because at all events, whether Brown shot the Red Baron or not, he and Lieut. May and others had succeeded in bringing him down to the place of his crash. No account in my possession, however, states that General Rawlinson ever wrote Capt. A. R. Brown a letter of congratulation, as one, I have, states he sent to Gunner Evans!

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

A report from the Official Correspondent to the Australian Force during the War, states that after No. 209 Squadron had thus celebrated this most glorious deed, the Australians put their claim before the Headquarters of the R.A.F. and General Salmond stated that "while the R.A.F. could not relinquish their claim there were prepared to share it with the Australians."

The matter appears to have been honourably disposed of right back in 1918 by this very fair agreement of General Salmond. But as long as any of the combatants who took part in the incident live, the fire of controversy will periodically blaze up.

The accounts of the medical evidence of the number of wounds Richthofen sustained and the position of the wounds varies so greatly that it is difficult to form any opinion from them as to whether the fatal shot came from the air or from the ground.

I always maintained that the German Official Communique — which appeared about a week after the incident, immediately after the British Official Communique in the Daily Press — was correct, and that the British statement that Richthofen was brought down from the air was wrong; because of the low altitude at which Lieut. May and Richthofen were flying and because of the sudden burst of machine gun fire from the ground when May decoyed Richthofen from nearly 200 feet above the Somme level to about 30 feet above the high-lying Bray-Corbie road. The German Communique said "He was brought down by gun-fire from the ground"; and in commenting upon the British Communique to the effect that the aeroplanes brought him down, the German version of the affair asked, "How could this be, for at the time of his death Richthofen was chasing the British Airman?". And I saw this and made an entry in the Log to the effect that a "British aeroplane followed by (?) hostile triplane (red) passed over J.19.c at approx. 200 feet." Time 10.50 am.

One very significant fact has recently caught my eye: I have been reading "War Birds (The Diary of an Unknown Aviator)" — an American who joined the British Air Force. The Diarist makes four references to Von Richthofen, two of which I give below :-

> June 4th, 1918: "They say 'Archie' (referring to anti-aircraft guns) is the most useless thing in the war, but that Machine-Gun-Fire from the ground is greatly to be feared. That's what got Richthofen".

Again :-

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

July 20th, 1918: "Mannock got hit by Machine-Gun-Fire from the ground, just like Richthofen".

These two statements from the Diary of an Airman of the British Air Force point to the fact that at any rate some members of the R.A.F. believed that Germany's greatest Air Fighter was shot from the ground.

With regard to the anxiety of the family of Captain Baron Von Richthofen over ~~the recent~~ report that Captain A.E. Woodbridge shot down their gallant relation, the newspaper cutting I have before me states (referring to the late Captain Woodbridge) : "In June 1917 he shot down the German "Ace" Richthofen". If this refers to Richthofen's death, it is wrong so far as the date is concerned, for the correct date is "April 21st, 1918". If, however, Richthofen was ever "shot down" before, it may have been Capt. A.E.Woodbridge who did it. I have never before seen Capt. Woodbridge's name connected with the great historic incident of April 21st 1918, — the death of Manfred Von Richthofen.

4/6/36.

I am, Sir,

Yours &c.,

Edward J. Jenkins.

Late 2nd Lieut.
212 Siege Battery.
R. G. A.

55 Temple Row,
Birmingham.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

9431.

14 October 1935.

The Australian Trade Commissioner,
36, Yonge Street,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir,

I have shortly to deal in the Australian Official History with the air fight in which the famous German ace, Richthofen, met his death. I understand that in a museum in Canada there is the seat of Richthofen's aeroplane, and that it shows a bullet hole through the back. As the existence of this bullet hole and its position and direction may have a bearing on the manner in which he met his death, I should be grateful if you could inquire for me as to these facts. I would be glad to have the evidence of someone of sufficient experience to be able definitely to recognise a bullet hole, and also to have a sketch or photograph showing the direction taken by the bullet. A sketch would perhaps be preferable.

Yours faithfully,

C.E.W. Bean

Official Historian.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Per "Aorangi" via Vancouver
closing Toronto November 29th.

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COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

OFFICE OF THE
AUSTRALIAN TRADE COMMISSIONER
IN CANADA

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
"AUSTRADE"
TELEPHONE WAVERLEY 4460

15 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO 2, CANADA

November 27, 1935.

Capt. C.E.W. Bean,
Official Historian,
Commonwealth of Australia,
Victoria Barracks,
Paddington, N.S.W.

Dear Capt. Bean:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 14th October relative to your investigations concerning the death of the famous German ace, Richthofen.

So far as can be ascertained the only part of Richthofen's aeroplane which is stored in Canada is the seat. This seat is at present on exhibition in the Canadian Military Institute, Toronto, and has been seen by Mr. Ellen, my Assistant. There are several holes on the back of the seat but these are of such uniform character as to indicate that they are small nail holes. There is one jagged hole at the right-hand lower side towards the front. The aeroplane was, however, for some time in an exposed position in the museum and some parts were taken by sight-seers as souvenirs. It seems, therefore, that at this stage it is impossible for anyone to say whether the hole in question was caused by a bullet.

Captain Roy Brown, the Canadian aviator who chased Richthofen out of the air fight, when the latter pursued Captain Roy, resides in Toronto and I have had the pleasure of an interview with him. He states that he is not prepared to enter into any further controversy. He suggests that you should refer to the British Official History based on the evidence, including the post-mortem report, presented to the court of enquiry after Richthofen's death. Captain Brown confirmed the information that the holes in the back of the aeroplane seat at the Military Institute were merely nail punches. In his opinion also the larger hole in the right-hand lower portion was not a bullet hole.

Captain Brown did indicate quite privately that he understood the post-mortem of Baron Richthofen showed that the bullet had entered his right shoulder and travelled downwards through the heart.

It seems that the aeroplane seat in the Military Institute is of no value as evidence, and that perusal of the official documents held by the British authorities relating to the court of enquiry and post-mortem examination would be the most valuable source of reference.

I attach copy of the original inscription in the case containing the aeroplane seat at the Military Institute, Toronto.

Yours very truly,

L R MacGregor
(L. R. MacGregor)
AUSTRALIAN TRADE COMMISSIONER IN CANADA.

E:S

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

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CANADIAN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Copy of the inscription in the case of the Foker triplane deposited on the Canadian Military Institute by Captain Roy Brown,D.S.C.

" This case contains the seat of the Foker triplane of Baron M.Von Richtofen regarded as the mpst distinguished of the German airmen in the Great War,having 82 Allied planes to his credit. He was shot through the heart by Captain Roy Brown,D.S.C.,and bar,Royal Air Force, of Carleton Place,Ont.,in an air engagement over the Somme Valley, 21st.April,1918. Captain Brown was flying after Richtofen,and while slightly above and behind him on his left rear brought him down by the shot mentioned.

When the German triplane reached the earth,a claim was made by the crew af a machine gun,and also by an anti-aircraft battery,that had fired the shot which ended the career of Richtofen. These claims, and the statement of Captain Brown were enquired into by a Board,and the evidence adduced by those firing being somewhat conflicting,the evidence of the surgeon who examined the dead and gallant airman, proved that the course of the bullet through the body showed that it could only have been fired from an aeroplane in the position of Captain Brown,and a finding was made accordingly.

Captain Brown having been given this trophy and memento,has kindly deposited it in the Museum of The Canadian Military Institute. It will be a reminder to Canadians of the prowess of one of them in the air."

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

41

Telephone No.: CITY **9941.**

All communications to be addressed to the Head of Branch.

Our Ref......

Your Ref. .....

HISTORICAL SECTION
(AIR BRANCH),
COMMITTEE OF IMPERIAL DEFENCE,
AUDIT HOUSE,
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT,
LONDON, E.C.4.

7th November, 1932.

Dear Bean,

I am much obliged to you for your long and interesting letter of the 3rd October. I note that you are looking into a few points for me and shall be pleased to have your comments in due course. The volume has already been sent away for printing, but I shall have time to make emendations in the proof stage.

About Richthofen. I agree with you that it is a pity that there should be controversy. This has given me a good deal of trouble and I have been into the question from every angle. I enclose a copy of my draft Chapter IX in which I go into this question. As you will see the conclusion I come to is that the likeliest explanation is that Captain Brown shot Richthofen down. There is no doubt in my mind that the machine gunners of the 53rd Battery can be ruled out. The evidence is that the red triplane was in trouble before these gunners opened fire, and there is the further difficulty that from the relative positions of the machine gunners and of Richthofen's aeroplane, the bullet fired by the 53rd gunners could not have entered Richthofen's body from the right. This latter difficulty also seems to rule out the 24th Machine Gun Company. If you plot, as I have done, the positions of the various machine gun posts etc. and read the evidence of eye-witnesses with the plan in front of you, you cannot fail to come to the conclusion that the bullet fired from the machine guns of the 24th could not have entered Richthofen's body from the right and made the sort of wound which, as we know, caused the pilot's death. This, of course, is assuming that the medical evidence about the wound is correct, and the body was examined by four medical officers who all agreed with the entrance and exit particulars.

Dr. C.E.W.Bean,
Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
Paddington,
New South Wales.

/All

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

All the same I would hesitate to say that there is no element of doubt, and it is unlikely that the exact cause of Richthofen's death will ever be resolved. I have even thought that it is not entirely out of the question that some unknown Australian infantryman, perhaps in the reserve trenches, seeing the aeroplane suddenly appear just above, took a chance shot at the German triplane and scoreda hit. I do not for one moment put this forward as a theory. I shall make a careful scrutiny of the Richthofen business once again when I come to deal with the proofs and, meanwhile, if you would care to comment further I should be grateful if you will let me have your remarks as soon after you receive this as you can.

Yours sincerely,

H A Jones

Official Air Historian

P.S. According to my original instructions, Chapter IX was included in the batch of chapters sent to you. It is possible you did not receive it, or else that you had not got as far as the Richthofen business, at the end of Chapter IX, when you wrote.
Anyway, I enclose an amended copy of Chapter IX, because I have already made some alterations in the Richthofen narrative. H.A.J.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Lieut. S.G. Garrett
No. 3 Sqn. AFC
see Vol. VIII

He was one of the four men of No. 3 Sqn who were attached by the Richthofen crews on 21/4/18

42

PARAGRAPH AS BROADCAST ON TUESDAY

9th MAY, 1933 at 7.5 a.m.

.....

American newspapers have given credit to Mr. C.G. Garrett, a Melbourne airman as the pilot who shot down Baron Richtofen, the most famous of all airmen in the Great War. Mr. Garrett is reported in the press as expressing the opinion that Captain Roy Brown, a Canadian was more probably responsible for Richtofen's end. It may be permissable to believe that both these opinions are erroneous. Captain Brown who was serving with the British air force, claims to have shot down Richtofen from the air, but the testimony of a great number of Australians who were camped on the Hills between the Somme and the Ancre Rivers places the facts in a very different light. There had been a "dog fight" in the air after which a British camel was seen going for dear life pursued by Baron Richtofen in a big tri-plane. These were the only two machines about. They swooped low, over the hills, and the Baron was the only one who was firing, the Englishmen's gun having probably jammed. A number of Lewis and Vickers machine guns in the Australian camp opened fire on Baron Richtofen, who suddenly swerved and crashed, with a bullet through his heart. He was only 100 feet from the ground when he was hit and so many Australians bore testimony to what happened, that this story is probably correct. The chances are that the pilots who were in the original dog fight, knew nothing whatever as to how Richtofen fell. The Baron was a very gallant gentleman and a marvellous fighter. He brought down about 70 Allied 'planes, and his enemies recognised his merits by giving him the fullest burial honors.

.....

WITH COMPLIMENTS FROM:
C.C. Faulkner.
AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION.

.....

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

Victoria Barracks (A.H.Q)
Melbourne.
21st Jan 1933

Reference yours {7748 of 14/12/32
{7781 of 9/1/33.

Dear Bean,

Your letters of 14th Dec. last and 9th January awaited by return from Tasmania this week and as promised when we met in Hobart during Christmas week. I'm sending you all the information I have on the matter of Baron Richthofen's death:

The report of my subaltern - Lieut. G.M. Travers. 52nd Bn A.I.F. - who was on duty on 21.4.18 at H.Q. 11th Aus Inf Bde, was made immediately after the famous red triplane was brought down but it was not typed until the date shown, 23rd April, as we moved during night 21/22 April from our attachment to 3rd Division on the Somme to a reserve area. [Querrieu - Pont-Noyelles] I don't know whether that report, a copy of which is now enclosed, was ever received by either 24th M.G. Coy or 4th Aust. M.G. Bn., or whether it was ever seen by you or your official staff in A.I.F. records.

Enclosure (3)
Report (copy)
Sketch of Area
Notes attached to sketch.
PWS

* I was an eye witness only of the passage of the two 'planes, - the British Sopwith Camel and Richthofen's red triplane - as they passed over Vaux-sur-Somme, travelling westwards. I did not see the triplane crash - this occurred over a mile W.N.W. from Vaux.

I am very definite on the point that two 'planes only came down the valley. A heavy fog or river mist, with a curtain of about 150 feet, had rested in the valley of the Somme for several hours and prevented our view of the air fight which we could hear very plainly overhead and towards the East, ie, over Sailly-le-Sec and Sailly Laurette. Both these 'planes came from East and downwards, they PWS "flattened out" as they passed over VAUX-sur-Somme, less than 100 feet from the valley level. It seemed certain that both would crash into the spur immediately west of the sharp bend in the Somme where it turns southwards towards CORBIE, but we saw the leading 'plane rise at the spur, closely followed by the triplane. The triplane seemed to be definitely under control of its pilot as it passed over VAUX-sur-Somme and it is difficult to credit the assertion that the pilot was fatally wounded by a shot fired from the air prior to his passing ~~crossing down~~ over VAUX. I cannot say whether Richthofen was firing at the Camel at PWS this stage - the noise of both engines was very great - but I heard machine guns firing from the ground further west down the valley.

* Other officers of Bn HQ were with me, including the Bn Intl. Officer, Lieut. J.H. Julin, (a Queenslander) PWS

Yours sincerely J.L. Whitham.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

4 A

Note for Dr C.E.W. BEAN. (A.I.F. War Historian)

This copy of a sketch [enlarged from Sheet 62D] is to illustrate the accompanying report (copy) by Lieut. G.M. Travers. 52 Bn A.I.F. of what he saw on Sunday 21st April 1918 regarding the death of Baron Richthofen. He has quoted some map references and I have endeavoured to show on the sketch plan some of the country to which he refers. The contours are approximately correct but have really been sketched in to make clear the East-West valley of the Somme and its abrupt change of course as it approaches CORBIE (CORBIE is just South of Square I 36.

HQ 52 Bn was at School House in Vaux-sur-Somme, almost at River Somme level. Whilst HQ. 1 Bde, from where Travers was observing, was well above the valley bottom and clear of the fog which filled the valley from Vaux to the Eastwards. The Vickers Guns (mentioned by Travers) are indicated in division line between J. 19 c and J 25 a. Other Vickers are shown in 26 c and 34 b but I have no reason to think that these guns - or any riflemen in 52nd Bn Sector - fired at the Red plane.

The 53rd Battery (5th Aus Div), whose Lewis Guns fired at Richthofen plane after it passed the 24th M.G. Coys guns in J 26 a, was located I understand on western slope of ridge or spur shown in Squares I 24. 30 and 36 on this sketch.

J. Whitham
Capt
Aust Staff Corps

21.1.33

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

COPY.

REPORT BY LIEUT. G.M. TRAVERS ON CAPT. VON RICHTHOFEN'S PLANE

C.O.
52nd Battalion, A.I.F.

Herewith report on Capt Von Richthofen's plane which was brought down on the 21st April, 1918, at about 11.45 a.m. and landed at (Map Reference - Sheet 62 d.) J.19.b.3.4 and was hit directly over J.19.c.8.5.

On the 21st April I was instructed to report as liaison officer to 11th A.I. Brigade H.Q. situated at J.19.c.8.5. At about 11.45 a.m. I was lying on the ground accompanied by my runner about 50 yards from Brigade H.Q. setting my map and having a general look round with my glasses. I heard a plane or planes coming at a tremendous pace from the direction of 26 central, a Vickers gun was firing from a spot situated at J.25.a.8.9. The first plane, which came into view, was one of our own and less than 20 paces behind was an enemy plane painted red, the red plane was overhauling our plane fast and both were flying so low that they almost crashed into the trees at top of the hill almost directly over the spot where I was lying; the enemy plane swerved to the right so suddenly that it seemed almost to turn over. Our plane went straignt on, from that moment the enemy plane was quite out of control and did a wild circle and dashed towards J.19 b.3.4. where it crashed. I went over with other officers and had a look at the plane and also the driver, who was dead, a machine gun bullet had passed from the left side of his face and near bottom of jaw and came out just behind his right eye. His description would be - height about 6 feet, age about 26 or 28 years, eyes very light blue, closely cropped fair hair, fair complexion, clean shaven. The Vickers gun mentioned was the only gun firing at the time the driver first lost control of his machine. I made enquiries and found the gun was handled by No.424 Sergt. Cedric Basset POPKIN, 24th Aust. Machine Gun Company.

(Sgd.) G.M. TRAVERS, Lieut.
"A" Company, 52nd Battalion,
A.I.F.

23/4/18.

Note for War Historian

K Richthofen
Cr
22/1/33

I understand that Sgt Popkin made his report to O.C. 24th Aust MG Coy and quoted this report which I have every reason to believe } passed to C.O. 4 MG Bn in normal manner. 52nd Bn A.I.F. left the Vaux-sur. Somme sector on night of 21/22nd April and the above report by Travers was handed to me (as C.O. 52 Bn) when we were at Pont Noyelles (Querrieux) on 23/4/18. Lieut. Travers was wounded two days later (Villers Bretonneux night attack) and evacuated to England. Whilst in England I believe he handed over in custody of Aust. War Memorials some valuable relics or souvenirs from Richthofen's plane. Travers' account of the head wound of Richthofen ~~was~~ was incorrect; medical officers reported later that one bullet wound only was received.

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informing it of the movement.[63] This call was picked up by the wireless station at the headquarters of the 14th A.F.A. Brigade, and was sent on to the 7th and 53rd Batteries, which at once shelled those areas. The 26th Heavy Battery also opened fire.

(TAKE IN SKETCH No. 82A)

Within twelve minutes the airmen dropped at one of the advanced batteries a note:

(8-point) The fire directed over the enemy infantry in J.17.B & D has been excellent. The Huns are still in a pretty thick line about J.17.D.9.7.

The field batteries continued to fire at the area indicated by these map references, expending in all 400 shells, with the result that, if a counter-attack was intended, it never developed. It would have had little chance of success, since the 55th had ten Lewis guns and two Vickers machine-guns established around Doignies with a clear field of fire.[64]

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[63] The call stated that two bodies of infantry, each 200 strong, were advancing, and indicated their positions. The first message received by the artillery was: "JX200 FAN J17B99" - that is to say, that 200 infantry were stationary at J.17.B.9.9 (the map reference).

[64] The airmen also at 7.20 dropped a note at the headquarters of the 55th informing Major Woods that 500 of the enemy were advancing on Doignies from the east. He telegraphed to Colonel Scott of the 56th, who telephoned to Captain H.A. Roberts (of N.S.W.), the senior officer in the firing line of the 56th, ordering him to assist as far as possible. The assistance was not, however, required.

The German effort to retake Louverval Wood was more dangerous. At a comparatively late hour in the morning a number of the men forming the left of the 56th were found to be in rear of the wood, and the intelligence officer, Lieutenant Watt, was sent forward with them through the trees. On its eastern edge being reached, a large number of Germans were seen ~~ix~~ lining the bank of a road leading from that point towards Boursies. A Lewis gun was at once turned on them, and they broke back across country. Meanwhile, at 8.30, the observers of the 55th Battery had observed parties of the enemy attempting to reach the wood from the north-east, and had driven them back.

This ended all serious counter-attack. South of the ~~road~~ wood a

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Smuts's Weekly
1936

Richthofen's Wounds

THE wide divergence of evidence in the controversy as to who brought down the famous "Red Knight of Germany," the Flying Baron Manfred von Richthofen, has only been made wider in two recent contributions to the argument, though in these cases the contributors agree on the point that Richthofen was shot from the ground.

A contributor to "The Dominion," Wellington, N.Z., has written: "There is a photograph in Feilding of Richthofen, taken a few hours after he was shot down. The photograph, which was taken in a barn, shows the body, still in flying kit, stretched out on a plank. The face is quite clear, the eyes being open. There are two bullet marks under the left chin, and three below the right eye. The five holes are points of entrance, not of exit, which bears out the statement that he was shot down from the ground in front, and not by a following machine."

"Smith's" has had submitted for publication some gruesome post-mortem photographs of what purported to be the dead airman's face, but they were not of the type which could be printed. The face certainly showed considerable injury, although it was not possible to locate bullet holes as such. The injury may have been caused in the crash, by the face having come in contact with the edge of the cockpit, or the instrument board, or some other projection.

However, there is a well-documented addition to the evidence in the recently published history of No. 3 Squadron of the Australian Flying Corps, entitled "The Battle Below," by Squadron Leader H. N. Wrigley, of Royal Australian Air Force Headquarters, Melbourne. In this the historian states:

At the Inquest

"Major D. V. J. Blake, who then commanded No. 3 Squadron, states that he was present when medical officers of the Fourth Army made a post-mortem examination of Richthofen's body in one of No. 3 Squadron's hangars. He further states that there was one bullet wound only, the bullet having entered from the right side at the lower ribs and made exit through the left breast, at a point about three inches higher than that of entry. Major Blake states that he made many inquiries from ground eye-witnesses of the combat and crash, including Brigadier-General J. H. Cannan, C.B., of the 11th Australian Infantry Brigade, near whose headquarters Richthofen was shot down, and is personally satisfied that Richthofen was brought down by fire from the ground. Captain E. G. Knox, who was also present at the medical examination, and some of the subsequent inquiries, supports Major Blake's statements."

And Wrigley has been a very careful historian.—G.H.G.

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To RIBEMONT
MERICOURT
To MERICOURT
River Ancre
Brick Works
11th Aus. Inf Bde H.Q. here
O.P
Old Windmill
Wellcome Wood
Vaux-sur-Corbie
32 Bn Aif H.Q
Rt Sector (52 Bn)
Centre Sector (52 Bn)
Left Sector (52 Bn) Bn H.Q
River Somme et Canal
Brigade (3rd Aust Div)
11th Infantry
Sailly-le-Sec
50th Bn A.I.F
31 Bn 8 Inf Bde Aif
Vaire-sous-Corbie
Bouzencourt.
Detached Coy 52 Bn
31 Bn (8th Inf Bde) 5 Aust Div
50 Bn
Sailly-Laurette
From CORBIE
From CORBIE

This Sketch shows portion of Sector held by 3rd Aust. Div (9th Inf Bde) between Rivers Somme and Ancre [illegible] 5th Aust. Div. (8th Inf Bde) (South of Somme) and held by units of 13th Aust Inf Bde (4th Aust. Div) [illegible] Front Guard to 3rd Aust Division — April

Part of Sheet 62D
Scale 1. 20,000

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

7806.

27 January 1933.

H.A. Jones, Esq.,
Historical Section (Air Branch),
Committee of Imperial Defence,
Audit House,
Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.4.

Dear Jones,

Since receiving your letter concerning Richthofen's death, I have had the opportunity of referring the matter to two personal friends of mine who saw the incident. Colonel J.L. Whitham, then commanding the 52nd Battalion, saw the two 'planes as they passed over Vaux-sur-Somme travelling westwards. They passed out of view just before the triplane crashed. He says:-

"I am very definite on the point that two 'planes only came down the valley. A heavy fog or river mist, with a curtain of about 150 feet, had rested in the valley of the Somme for several hours and prevented our view of the air fight which we could hear very plainly overhead and towards the east, i.e., over Sailly-le-Sec and Sailly Laurette. Both these 'planes came from east and downwards, and they 'flattened out' as they passed over Vaux-sur-Somme, less than 100 feet from the valley level. It seemed certain that both would crash into the spur immediately west of the sharp bend of the Somme where it turns southwards towards Corbie, but we saw the leading 'plane rise at the spur, closely followed by the triplane. The triplane seemed to be definitely under control of its pilot as it passed over Vaux-sur-Somme, and it is difficult to credit the assertion that the pilot was fatally wounded by a shot fired from the air prior to his passing over Vaux. I cannot say whether Richthofen was firing at the Camel at this stage - the noise of both engines was very great - but I heard machine-guns firing from the ground further west down the valley."

Major Blair Wark, V.C., who was then second-in-command of the 32nd Battalion, watched the actual shooting-down. He tells me that beyond question there were only two aeroplanes present - one, a British 'plane, being pursued, by a second, a red triplane, which was following it, firing keenly. No other 'plane was near, and there could be no possibility of the pilot having already received such a wound as that which killed him. Wark was of opinion that the fatal shot came from another machine-gun than those with the 53rd Battery and 24th M.G. Company, but definitely from one firing from the ground. A number were firing at the 'plane.

Yours sincerely,

C.E.W. Bean.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668

TELEPHONE Nos.
F 2597.
F 2598.

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
"THE DIRECTOR."

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE

NO. .....
....

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
"AUSWARMUSE."

> *"They gave their lives. For that public gift they received a praise which never ages and a tomb most glorious—not so much the tomb in which they lie, but that in which their fame survives, to be remembered for ever when occasion comes for word or deed. . . . ."*

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL,
POST OFFICE BOX 214 D,
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

23rd April, 1934.

Dear Dr. Bean,

The attached copy of correspondence will be of interest to you in connection with the death of Richtofen. I have sent an acknowledgment to the writer - Mr. Maurice Super - and have told him that I am sending the correspondence to you. I have also stated that, if you think it necessary, you will no doubt write to Gunner Ridgway and to Lieutenant J. A. Wiltshire for further particulars.

The reference in Ridgway's statement to Heilly has reminded me that I once saw a statement by an officer who from the same village was also an eye-witness of the Richtofen incident. In this he said, I think, that he came into the open because of heavy machine gun firing and as he emerged from the house a British aeroplane closely pursued by a German passed overhead, the German machine crashing a little further on. If I remember rightly the statement was in the form of an extract from a diary and not an account written specially when the controversy regarding Richtofen's death commenced. I think the statement would have been included amongst the papers we sent to you but, if you have not seen it, please let me know.

Of course I have written to Gunner Ridgway asking him to present the number plate of Richtofen's machine to the War Memorial!

Yours sincerely,

J. Lloyd

Dr. C. E. W. Bean,
Official Historian,
Victoria Barracks,
Paddington, N.S.W.

There was a lot of correspondence in a Brabant paper re this incident. If you think it worth while to study same you might like to ask Curtin to keep for me. Large collection.

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T/MR

50

23rd April, 1934.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 10th April addressed to the Official War Historian, Canberra, has been re-directed to this office and reached me to-day.

The recent report in the Melbourne Herald that the death of the German Flying Ace, Captain Von Richtofen, was attributed by the Official Historian to a Canadian named Brown, referred to the British Official Historian and not to the Australian.

Chronologically the incident in which Richtofen was killed comes within the scope of Vol. V of the Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918. This volume is now being written by Dr. Bean and it is known that he has collected a considerable amount of data dealing with the subject. I have therefore copied the documents which accompanied your letter and am passing them, together with a copy of your communication, to Dr. Bean. If he requires further information he will no doubt communicate with Gunner Ridgway and, if he thinks it necessary, with Lieutenant J. A. Wiltshire.

I am sure that Dr. Bean will be grateful to you for having brought this interesting information to his notice.

Yours faithfully,

J. L. Treloar.

Director.

Maurice Super, Esq.,
Lang Lang,
Victoria.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL RCDIG1066668