

VOL. XXXIII.

· PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1914.

Oregonian.

MAGAZINE

SECTION

NO. 37.

SIGNALS ARE DEADLIEST MISSLES HIRLED BY AIRMEN

The Sunday

M ORE ceadly than bombs or casks of high explosives are the clicking little signals hurled by the airmen. The airman's eyes are more deadly than the guns and bombs he carries. For what he sees he can communicate to artillerymen waiting below.

Batteries of artillery stand behind a hillock. In the distance troops are advancing in mass formations, led by advance guards and protected by flankers. But their advance does not carry as far as 3000 yards, particularly on the flank of their movement. An artillery officer in the seroplane with him carefully computes the firing

An artillery officer in the aeropiane with him carefully computes the firing data and signals it by wireless or semaphore. The birdman signals corrections, having seen the shells burst short or beyond the target.

Then the batteries pour in deadly fire. Shell after shell goes hurtling into space only to burst over the panlestricken troops in the distance and scatter death among them. They have fallen into a hornet's pest from which there is no immediate escape. Unless their supporting field rifles rush into action and slience the hostile batteries they must stand the shrapnel pounding until the survivors are out of range.

Neither the birdman nor the gunners see the bloody havor they are playing. Through powerful glasses the air scouts can see faintly when the mission has been accompliated. From the distance the slaughter appears no more harrowing than that of applying chemicals to bacteria on a stained glass under the microscope.



