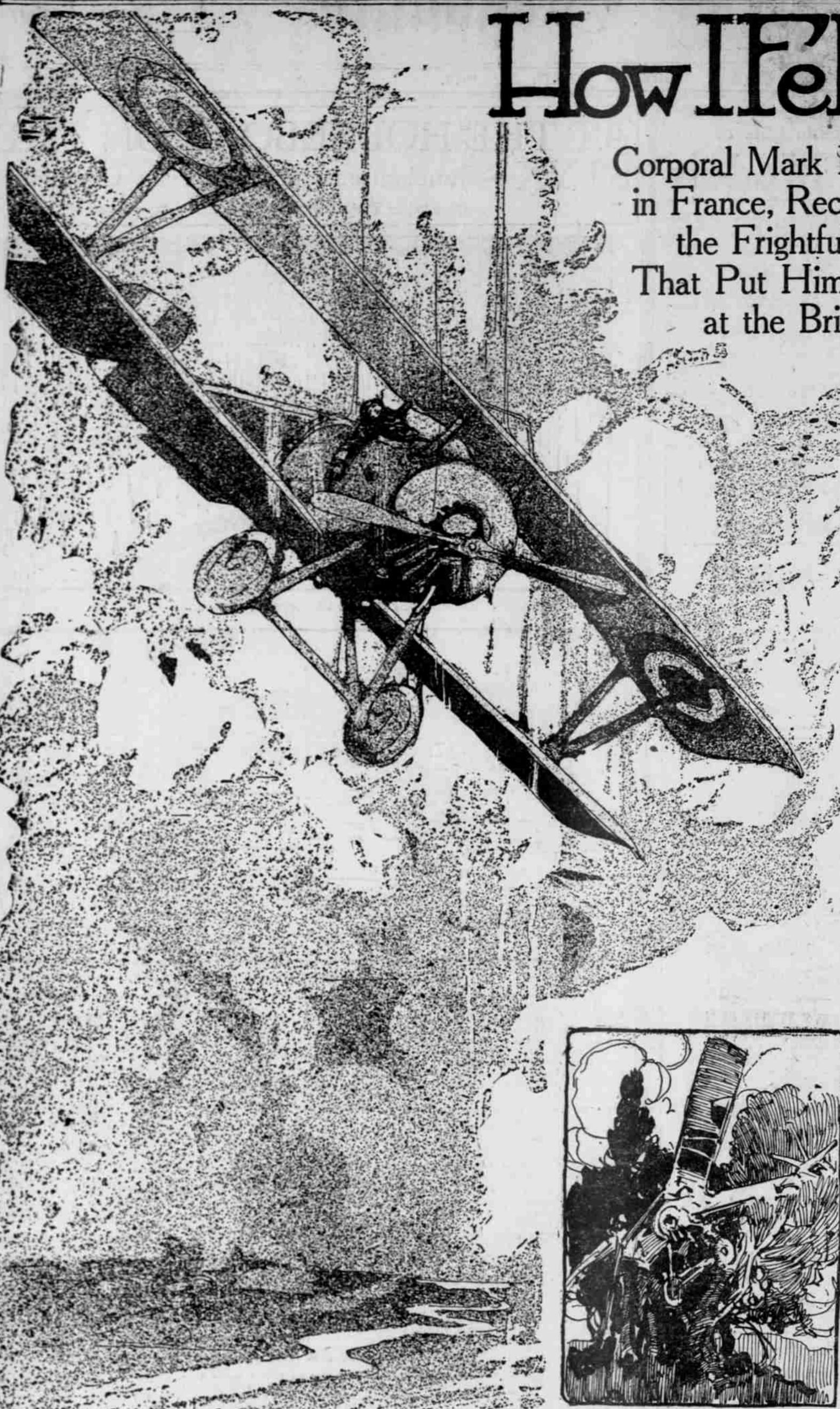


# How I Fell a Thousand Feet

## Corporal Mark Leslie Hull, American Flyer in France, Recounts the Thrilling Tale of the Frightful Plunge From the Sky That Put Him Out of the Flying Game at the Brink of His Air Career



From a Snapshot of Corporal Mark Leslie Hull.



How One Machine Dove Through a Roof, Killing Its Pilot

dazed condition and wondering why it was that my leathers were all torn and bloody. Both legs were lacerated beneath the leathers, and blood was still oozing out. My lip was cut open, and there was a cut on my forehead, so that I had to keep wiping the blood out of my eyes, but the only thing that hurt me much was my hip.

### AMERICAN SOLDIERS OPTIMISTIC IN FACE OF BLOODIEST BATTLES IN WORLD'S HISTORY

Edith Lanyon Says Yankee Hospitals Are Equipped With Most Modern Surgical Devices and Patients Are Given Best of Treatment—Foodstuffs in England Grow Less as War Progresses.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.  
"SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND," Good Friday—Last week I offered my services to the American Red Cross Society here in England, to find that they only take trained nurses (with United States certificates) and a few probationers. They were quite anxious to have me for a probationer nurse, but I did not feel like letting all my months and months of training and experience with the British Red Cross count for nothing, so I am still at the infirmary.



From a Sketch of Corporal Hull's Machine After Its Fall.

"The Machine Continued to Volplane for an Instant, Then Grew Wobbly and Went Over on Its Side, Afterward Almost Righted Itself, and Then Dived Nose Downward."

NOT many aviators have fallen and lived to tell the tale—but there are a few. And their stories form a chapter of unparalleled thrills in the annals of flying.

### THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX

(Continued From First Page.)  
"I didn't care to spoil my face bumping up against floating fruit boxes and other flotsam and jetsam of the Mediterranean while swimming in the dark. But, as I was saying, he lunged at my face. The point of his sword glanced off the metal head-band of my mask, and it simply sheared him over on his starboard side at least 45 degrees, and of course it was all over. I jabbed my sword into his middle, and he turned over and died. 'Touche!' I cried exultantly, as my blade pierced his heart."

I assisted the house-surgeon to put