

# FLYING FROM MONS TO PYRAMIDS: A Personal Story of the Air

By Lt. Col. LORD GEORGE WELLESLEY, M. C.

It has been said that the aviation is the only branch of military service in the present war that retains a remnant of the old time chivalry. Even the Hun flyers show respect for a brave enemy if he is an aviator.

It is the branch of service in which one looks for high adventure, for something out of the ordinary. It seems as if an unusual number of the men who enter this branch of the service are touched with romance.

In a little corner of the British and Canadian recruiting office at No. 220 West Forty-second street, New York city, there are two men each of whom has an interesting story, a career that touches the imagination. One of them has recently come to his new post. He is Lord George Wellesley, youngest son of the Duke of Wellington and a great-grandson of the Iron Duke, a quiet and unassuming young man only twenty-eight years old, who has recently been made lieutenant colonel of the Royal Air Force and charged with the responsibility of rounding up young Britons for the air service.

He was married a little more than a year ago to Lady Louise Nesta Pamela Wellesley, the widow of his brother, Lord Richard Wellesley, and the daughter of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry. They live in New York city.

The other young man in the office is Lieutenant Theodore Marburg, Jr., who has for some time been connected with the British recruiting in New York. Lieutenant Marburg is an American, whose father formerly was Minister to Belgium, but was in England studying in Oxford University when the war began. He joined the Royal Flying Corps and was severely injured near La Bassee in December, 1915. His leg was amputated and he has been compelled, much against his will, to serve in a less active department of the service. Now, however, with the best artificial leg that can be made, he is going back to France to fly again.

Lieutenant Marburg, like Colonel Wellesley, made a romantic marriage, his bride having been the Baroness Gesselle de Vivario, of Belgium, to whom he was engaged before his accident and whom he married soon afterward.



Lord George Wellesley, M. C.

NEW YORK, Saturday. — O such of the interesting and important part of aviation as it affects the war is a military matter concerning which an officer is not permitted to speak. Neither may one express opinion. I may speak only of my experience and of the work which I have come to New York to do.

I became interested in aviation before the war when I was a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards and learned to fly on the Salisbury Plains. As I found it too expensive flying on my own account, I joined the Royal Flying Corps, and when the war broke out I was ready for service in France. War was declared by Great Britain August 12, 1914, and on August 23 I was one of the pilots who flew across the Channel with four squadrons of aeroplanes, each squadron at that time consisting of twelve machines.

I was fortunate enough to be with the leading service, which at once proved its value by discovering the strength of the German army, which was coming down at us in Belgium to be three army corps instead of three divisions, as had been reported by the land scouts. Against such odds it was so manifestly impossible to



A group representing the newest types of machines used in the British air service ranging in size from the great Handley-Page bomber to the little single-seater fighting craft. They range in speed from 90 to 120 miles an hour.

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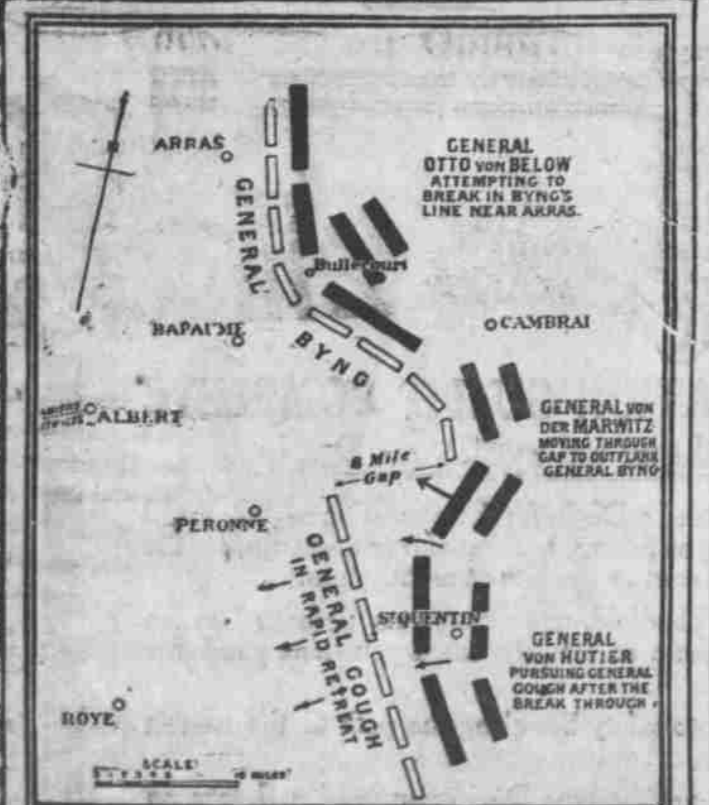
struggle that a withdrawal was ordered by the commanders. In this famous retreat of Mons, or the "Great Washout," we were able to do an effective part, both in keeping our army informed of enemy movements and in warding off the enemy in the air. Of course at that time we had no real fighting machines. I had learned on a Bristol machine, a box-kite affair, and was flying a Henri Farman, a machine that an aviator of today would scorn. The number of my certificate in the Aero Club of Great Britain, which has the record of all the flying men from the time the first certificate was issued, is only 605, so that I was well within Great Britain's first thousand flying men. British civilians had done very little in aviation compared with the French before the war, but in the matter of military

## LITTLE PAL O' MINE

By Private JAMES K. FLYNN, Co. D, 4th Railway Engineers. (Copyright, 1918, by the New York Herald Company—All Rights Reserved.)

IT'S darkening fast, Little Pal o' Mine, and it's dreary and wet and cold, And the night time creeps on a murky sky as it gathers this world in its fold. The shadows fall so silently and deepen one by one. And daylight, passing, leaves no trail as it follows the setting sun. The wind blows chill and cuts the flesh with a deep and stinging pain, It's burdened heavy with cruel mist from weeks and weeks of rain. The heavy, sodden, low'ring clouds in the drear October sky Like bounding, tumbling, tumble weeds go rolling and whirling by. It's a desolate place, this world of war, starved and lank and lean; Besides a few loud squawking crows bird folk are never seen. Even the little rabbits, accustomed to meadows and heath, Have been starved with war's wild hunger and trampled by marching feet. Three years of war's wild waste, of moss and brush and weeds, Of pathways blocked and yards o'ergrown and lakelets filled with reeds. Have made a rack of flower beds, of garden, field and lawn, And left this land as wild and bleak as Iceland's Christmas dawn. Rusty entanglements of wire and shell holes now o'ergrown, Gaunt skeletons of dripping blood and shattered manhood's moan, Remain to mock strong, virile youth, once groomed and fed for the trench, In a cruel attempt from German hordes a lasting peace to wrench. You can watch the van on a busy day as it passes, thousands strong, But there's nothing but khaki, leather and steel in the stream as it passes along; Only the cloth of the service, some new, some spattered with mud; Some old and worn and tattered and some all covered with blood. It's a lonely world, Little Pal o' Mine, and the days pass heavy and slow; Each has its tale of victory, or a tale of suffering and woe. Brave deeds from the "Line" pass commonplace; they're done many times every For men, long injured to the bitter strife, have come to do things that way. And when evening comes in this land of decay and darkness settles o'erhead, It's a lone and cheerless way I take as I seek my lonely bed. I sit in this little hut of mine, and in the embers' glow I see again the faces of dear old friends I know. I hear their gentle voices in the evening's swarming breeze, And my idle fancy takes me to my home across the seas. I see the one I left behind in that dear spot over there; I see a pair of wondrous eyes, a wealth of lustrous hair; I hear again her gentle voice and touch her hand so fine; I dream then of the happy days I'll know when she'll be mine. I'm missing you, Little Pal o' Mine, in this world afar from cheer, And as I sit with my lonely thoughts I wish that you were here. Those were joyous days, Little Pal o' Mine, a riot of youth and song, And good times come on each breath of air and followed each other along, But they're not in this land where I'm dwelling, no youth, no love, no play Enhances my waking hours, nor passes dull time away. My comrades' faces are missing, those voices I cannot hear. 'Neath this pagan altar of Mars in this land so bleak and drear. And you're gone, too, Little Pal o' Mine, and those joyous days of old Are far from this lonely abode of mine, in these days of damp and cold. But this strife must cease, and I'll return to the land I love once more, To a spot that's many and many a league from France's blighted shore. Then joy and happiness will replace the suffering and the pain, And bright and healthy sunshine the snow and sleet and rain, So now good night, and may your dreams be bright and shining gold, And know that your Little Pal dreams of you in this world of damp and cold. Good night again, Little Pal o' Mine, across the ocean blue, Good night and may God bless you, in the measure I send to you.

## The Enemy's Lost Opportunity



WHAT THE Allies and the world owe to Major General Carver's "sneak" army in the early days of the drive for Amiens is just becoming fully known. The strain on the British was greatest on March 23, when General Gough's Fifth Army had been broken, was in full retreat and had lost all contact with General Byng's army, on its left. The sketch map shows the extreme danger of the situation when a gap of eight miles was opened between the two army groups. It was into this gap that a hurriedly gathered force of engineers, cooks, transport workers and stragglers from other units was sent to stem the German tide that was beginning to flow through. These men, few of them trained in the fighting service and including many Americans, held fast with General Byng could pull back his right and the French could copy up with sufficient strength to restore the line.



Lord Wellesley in a photograph taken 5,000 feet above ground. All the other men who participated in the Mons retreat and survived.

From the Marne we followed the ebb of the German movement to the Aisne, and from that day until the retreat drove the British line, then established, has been maintained, our six men doing their full share of service in warding off the full and protecting our line. I participated in the engagement at Soissons and in the first Ypres battle. It was here that my older brother was killed.

Next I was called upon to go home to England and take part in the instruction of aviators, which was going forward at a rate that demanded all available help. From May, 1915, until December, 1915, I again served with the British Flying forces in France. When I next saw foreign service it was in Egypt, under very different circumstances from those of the western front in Europe. My chief work there was reconnaissance over the desert in the desert where hostile tribes were assembling to plot against the government and to assist in the protection of the Suez Canal. When the work there was finished

I was again recalled to England to serve as an instructor in aviation. It was at this time that I received the Military Cross.

I came to this country to carry on the work in connection with aviation a little more than a year ago, first in Toronto and later in Texas, where I was in command of a wing consisting of five squadrons. I notice that many persons confuse the terms of the British air service. It is no longer an army service or a navy service; it is the air service, just as much a part of the fighting force as the army or navy, and distinct from them. This combination of naval and army air services was made only a short time ago.

Aviation is a branch of service that appeals to young men to their patriotism, to their love of adventure and achievement. Its possibilities are great. Every few months a machine is superseded by a new one of greater speed and efficiency. When I began to fly not only were the machines slow but they had no searchlight gun equipment. We were armed with rifles and revolvers, but sometimes an observer would change the enemy in a prolonged duel until one or the other would run out of ammunition; when we would have to fly home, but either would be injured. To-day one of the other in similar circumstances would soon be put out of the combat.

Machines that were considered marvels a few years ago are obsolete now, except for some phases of training. Greater possibilities are still in the future, for as the science of aviation is developed mechanical device and skill keep pace with it. My present work as head of the recruiting office of the Royal Air Force for the Eastern district of the United States is to present its appeal to young men of British citizenship, to recruit as many of them as are eligible for this branch of the service, and to send them to Canada for training.

## Real Work to Get Into the Army

OMEWHERE in France, on the trail of the Hdn, is a chap who until recently was a busy boy employed on the New York Herald. How he got there and is now Sergeant Frank Lafayette Headland, Company K, Infantry, N. A., is a story of patriotism and determination.

Headland, as the other boys on the Herald know him, was born with only seven fingers, four on the right hand and three on the left. After war was declared he made several futile attempts to enlist in different branches of the service, but was told by the army surgeons that he didn't stand a chance. Headland was disappointed, for it was his ambition to keep up the fighting record of the family, since he had seven uncles and a grandfather, who had fought in the civil war.

Then along came the draft for the National Army and Headland saw one more hope of donning the khaki. On the day he was ordered to report the surgeons found him waiting at the door of the Examining Board when they reached there. When he had been examined they were just about to pass him, when one of them noticed his left hand.

"You won't do," said the surgeon. "I will do," he said. "I'll do anything with my seven fingers that any of the boys here now can do with their ten." His pleading for a chance to get into action finally won the hearts of the members of the Board, and after a consultation he was ordered to get ready for the trip to camp.

The day after Headland reached camp he was brought with the rest of the future soldiers before the army medical officers for physical examination. "He was found to be as sound as a bell, but the army examiners discovered his hands the first

thing and two fingers missing from one hand will bar a man from service. This condition is an inherited one, but Headland was no respecter of heredity regulations. At least, he was no respecter of this one. Headland presented himself for examination the next day and the next. Finally he was told he would be thrown into the guardhouse if he persisted.

"I'll show 'em," he muttered under his breath. Then he sought out Captain Holahan.

"Captain," he said, "they have turned me down because of my left hand. It is not as though I lost the fingers in an accident. I have never known what it was to have more than two fingers and a thumb on this hand, and I can use it as well as any five-fingered man in the camp. Please speak for me. I do not want to go back home. I want to go across."

Captain Holahan made his way to the quarters of the Examining Board. When the surgeons saw Headland with him they threw up their hands. He would not do, they said, and that terminated the matter. Headland spoke up; so did the Captain. Their combined arguments won the day. Headland was accepted.

Forgetful of regulations, forgetful of the position of a soldier, forgetful of everything but that he had won his point, he gave one joyous yell. No one had the heart to call him to task for his unobedient conduct. He was too happy to care, and the surgeons who deliberately winked at the rule which debarred him were pleased with themselves. Captain Holahan was as pleased as Headland. He took the young fellow to the regimental headquarters and, telling the story, introduced him to the colonel.

## A New American Fighting Zone



RECENT reports from American headquarters in France have told of our forces extending around St. Mihiel to the heights of the Meuse south of Verdun. These heights are east of the river and in the hands of the French, overlooking a part of the Woerth plain. A week ago came word of a successful raid by the Americans at Vaux-les-Palmeaux in the vicinity of Les Eparges. Some of the most bitter fighting of the war on the Lorraine front has occurred in and around Les Eparges. The struggle was particularly severe during the winter of 1915, when the French were attempting to pinch the enemy out of the St. Mihiel salient. The photograph above, just received in this country, shows a trench made by the French through which one can look