

## MY FOURTEEN MONTHS

### AT THE FRONT

Continued from first page

ty. It became known as the "British Scout," and it was in this type of machine that Lieutenant Hawker defeated three big German battle planes. It has a very high powered, high speed engine and can pull right away from any other type of machine that flies. It carries one man only, who runs the machine and works the gun too, so he has his work cut out for him.

Before I ever saw a bomb dropping aeroplane in action I used to imagine that the bombs were dropped by hand.



The Regiments Have Foot Balls With Which to Amuse Themselves While in Rest Camp.

I was much surprised to find that such is not the case. The bombs are hung on little clips under the body of the machine and are released by a foot pedal arrangement. It is a much quicker and less dangerous method.

The bombs dropped from the machines vary in size and weight, and they run all the way from ten pounds to one hundred pounds. Each bomb has a little propeller at the tail of it. This keeps the bomb nose down in falling and insures its landing on the percussion cap. As the bomb falls through the air this little propeller whirrs at a tremendous speed and makes the weirdest whistling noise one could imagine.

During the summer months a great many air raids were made on moonlight nights. The machines are practically invisible when they reach any great height, and they can get back home and make their landing without very great danger.

When aeroplanes are late coming in it is very interesting to watch the rockets being sent up to guide them to their landing grounds. These rockets are of different colors and are sent up at regular intervals until the machine is either safely back or is given up for lost. When the machine is sighted and is circling down toward the ground big flares are lighted, so as to enable the aviator to pick his spot for landing. The whole thing is scientifically arranged, and there are not many accidents in this part of the work.

One of the most daring parts of the air work is the dropping of spies behind the enemy's lines. I believe this goes on on both sides and in many cases is successful. The second time I was going on leave to England I had made arrangements to go with one of our fellows from the flying corps. We were to start on a Monday morning, and on the Friday before he told me that he was going to make his last flight before going to England on the following morning, Saturday.

He started out at 4 o'clock Saturday morning with a man and a crate of carrier pigeons in his machine, and he had orders to drop both behind the German lines and return to his headquarters as quickly as possible.

As I said, he started out at 4, and so far as I know he is not back yet. He may have been shot down, he may have had an accident and been forced to land behind the German lines, or any one of a hundred things may have happened. All we know is that he failed to return.

The anti-aircraft gun was practically unknown before the beginning of this war, and there is an enormous chance for improvement in this branch of aerial warfare. It is very interesting to watch an anti-aircraft gun in action, for one can see the gun fired and then see the shell burst a few seconds later.

So far as I know there is no accurate way of finding the range of an aeroplane in motion. The popular way of shooting at a flying machine seems to be that of firing shells in a large circle, using the machine as the center, and then closing in until the aeroplane is dead in line. There is the uncertainty, however, of knowing when to time the shell to burst, and, so far as I can see, it seems to be pretty much a matter of luck. I heard an average quoted on the number of hits to the number of

shells fired, and the figures were one hit out of every 3,000 shells. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, but I do know that the number of hits is surprisingly small.

The falling of the shrapnel from these shells which burst in the air is rather dangerous, as I can show by narrating an incident which happened to us. We were out in a car near a village called Brandhook, and we noticed as we came along that a German aeroplane was coming directly toward us and that it appeared to be following the road. Our anti-aircraft guns were playing on it, and the shells seemed to be bursting mighty close to it.

Before it attained a point above us it turned at right angles and made off toward the German lines. We continued on our way, and a little farther on we came to where an empty auto was standing in the middle of the road. We stopped and looked around for signs of the occupants, but could find none. When we had been there about five minutes an officer and the driver of the car showed up and said they had been forced to take refuge in a dugout on account of the falling shrapnel.

Holes where pieces of shrapnel had entered the ground were to be seen all around, and we tried to dig some of the pieces up. We dug down ten inches and had not reached them, so we gave it up as a bad job and went on to camp. This will show that these pieces of shrapnel are not to be sneered at as being harmless.

Another favorite stunt with aeroplanes is the dropping of hundreds of steel darts on bodies of moving troops or even on towns or the men in the trenches. These darts are four or five inches in length and have a sort of four pointed tail. They are extremely sharp and are heavier at the point than they are at the tail. This causes them to fall point down.

It has been proved that one of these darts dropped from a great height would, if it struck a man on horseback square on the top of the head, pass through the length of a man's body, through the saddle, through the horse's body and disappear into the ground. I have seen darts that have been dropped, but I have never been where they were falling, and I had no desire to be either.

There was a German who pulled the greatest little game of bluff on us. We were at a village called Rheninghelst when this fellow came over, and everybody remarked at how low he was flying. Our anti-aircraft guns were letting him have it from all directions, and suddenly his engine stopped and the machine began to fall. The guns let up, thinking that he was winged. He fell to within two or three hundred feet of the earth, when suddenly the machine righted itself, and he skimmed over us toward the German lines. He had the audacity to wave his hand at us as he went by.

It was one of the nerviest things I ever saw. He saved himself by the chance of running through our fire, for when he was so low he was out of range of the anti-aircraft guns.

Air raids do not always prove as dangerous as they sound. About three or four days before I left the front we had a flock of twenty-three German aeroplanes over our camp, and they dropped bombs for nearly fifteen minutes. Everybody got under cover, and the total loss of life caused by the raid was one mule. If this were always the case the Zeppelins and Avatiks would have to go out of business.

There was very little of interest after Loos. Every day it was the same old routine—up to the firing line in the morning and back down again at night. Once in awhile we would let ourselves in for a young bombardment or would have rather a hot session in the trenches when we would happen to get there at the right time, but as far as any important happenings there was none.

I will never forget the last day I spent at the front. It seemed to me that the Germans must have put up a job on me, and just at the moment I

was sure that I was coming out of it all right and that the war was over for me they were trying to get me.

I was ordered to report with my car to one of our new officers. I did so, and we left for the firing line. When we reached the divisional signal office we left the car and mounted our horses to finish the journey. We got to a place called Krustadt and stayed there about half an hour. I hitched my horse to the gate of an old deserted house and went over to one of our ammunition columns to see if I could get some hot tea. When I came back about fifteen minutes later I found my poor horse down with his front leg gone. A shell had exploded in the yard of this house and had blown his leg clear off. There was nothing for me to do but to shoot him and put the poor beast out of his misery.

I hunted around among the different units in the vicinity until I found another horse, and then I went up and reported to my officer. We visited some of our batteries and came back to Krustadt. The officer told me that he would not need me during the afternoon, but to meet him at 5 o'clock that evening. We hitched our horses to a tree, and the officer went off. Very soon after he had gone some more officers came along and hitched their horses to the same tree. Altogether there were six tied to the one tree.

I went over to the Royal Engineers' place and proceeded to make myself at home. I was feeling happy, for I knew that this was my last day at the front, and I was hoping to be home for Christmas. Of course I told everybody I met all about my good luck, and we were having a regular little farewell dinner, only we had tea instead of champagne. After it was all over some of the boys went away, and I proceeded to make myself comfortable on a couch the fellows had built up in the corner.

I had been there about fifteen minutes when for some reason or other I got up and went over and sat down by the brazier. I hadn't been off that couch three minutes when a shrapnel shell burst directly over the hut, and I should say fully twenty pieces came through the roof. They went through the floor as if it had been so much paper, and about half a dozen pieces penetrated the couch I had been lying on not five minutes before. There were three of us in the hut at the time, and not one of us was so much as scratched.

The shells were coming over pretty thick then, so we went for the dugouts on the dead run. As I passed the tree where our horses were tethered a high explosive shell burst in the middle of them and buttered them all over the landscape.

Believe me, I didn't pause one second. I just kept on going. I entered a dugout that had about a foot and a half of water in it, but I lay right down in it and was only too glad to stay there. The Germans were keeping up a sweeping fire, trying to locate our batteries, and they continued until nearly 7 o'clock that evening.

When 3 o'clock came and I was supposed to meet my officers I stayed right where I was, for I knew that I would not be expected to go out and wait by that tree when the shells were falling the way they were then. At 7 o'clock the fire had pretty nearly ceased, so I ambled out to the tree to see what had become of the officer. He was sitting on the ground with his back against the tree. I told him what had happened, and he asked me if I knew where we could find some more horses.

I said I did and that it was right on our way back, so we walked about a half mile until we came to the transport camp, and there we got two other horses and proceeded to the place where we had left the car.

Here the officer decided we would have some tea, so I went into a tent where there were some fellows I knew and begged some grub. I had just commenced to eat when a shell screamed over and went into the ground about twenty or thirty feet from the corner of the tent. It didn't explode, so we

## LAND BARGAINS

We have several excellent buys in either large or small tracts of land.

There never was a time in the history of the country when profitable land buys were better. Now is the opportune time.

By tomorrow the other fellow the other fellow may have bought just what you wanted. See us today.

Price your ranch right, then come in and give us the exclusive right to sell it.

## Taylor Real Estate Agency

CLOVERDALE, OREGON

were all right, but I decided that right here was where I quit, and I went out and sat in the car until the officer was ready.

But my troubles were not over yet. On the way back to camp one of the back wheels came off the car and nearly dumped us into the ditch. The officer got a lift down in another car, and I set to work to try to put back the wheel. It was dark, and the road was muddy and soft, and everything seemed to go wrong. The train left at 1 o'clock in the morning, and I was nearly beside myself for fear I would miss it.

When I finally did get in it was after 11, and I had to do some tail hustling to get my things packed, get my grant and tickets and change my clothes for dry ones and walk half a mile to the station to catch the train. I did it, though, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon I was in London.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**T. H. GOYNE,**

**ATTORNEY AT LAW**

Conveyancing, Etc.

Opp. Court House, Tillamook, Ore.

**FRANK TAYLOR,**

**Notary Public**

Cloverdale, Ore.

### Tillamook Abstracting Co

THOS. COATES, PRESIDENT.  
COMPLETE SET OF ABSTRACT BOOKS  
OF TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON.  
TILLAMOOK CITY, OREGON.

### F. R. BEALS

**REAL ESTATE**

Write for Literature.  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

### ROBERT H. McGRATH

**COUNSELOR AT LAW**  
106 Oddfellows' Building,  
Tillamook, Oregon.  
Special Equipment for Making Income  
Returns and Reports.

### C. W. TALMAGE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law  
NATIONAL BLD., - TILLAMOOK, ORE.

### J. N. PEARCY E. J. MENDENHALL

**ATTORNEYS AT LAW**  
928 Chamber of Commerce,  
PORTLAND, OREGON

### A. C. EVERSON

TILLAMOOK, ORE.  
**Money to Loan**  
**Real Estate Agency**  
See me for realty deals.

### Tillamook Undertaking Co.

R. N. HENKEL, Proprietor.  
Night and Day calls  
promptly attended.  
Sixth Street at Second Avenue East  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

### Office Ground Floor Bell Phone 53-J

National Bld., P. O. Box 147

With Rollie Watson

### Abstracts on Short Notice

by the

### PACIFIC ABSTRACT CO.

L. V. EBERHARD, Manager.  
Complete Set of Abstracts of the Records  
of Tillamook County, Oregon.  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

MOLES HAVE NO EYES, SO  
THEY CAN'T READ MY  
BILLBOARDS AND GET  
WISE. DON'T YOU BE  
A MOLE!

