

Men Dueling' Aces' in World Records of the Air

Special Correspondence of The Star.
 PARIS, May 18, 1916.
HERE'S the Ace of the Air!
 In the Cafe de la Paix, the maître d'hotel Michele indicated a mere boy lurching opposite, alone, and conscientiously smoking off with sliced fruits in a machine and Genois jelly cake. He looked astonishingly like Napoleon Bonaparte in his youth, as artillery subaltern.

"It's Navarre!" whispered Michele. A mere boy, yet he has fought forty aerial duels and brought down fourteen enemy aeroplanes in flames. Pigoud is dead, and Garros is a prisoner, but greater than Pigoud and Garros have sprung up. The fighting records are mere boys. The public is wild about their exploits, but has scarcely learned to recognize their faces. Navarre attracted no attention in the famous restaurant. Nobody dreamed that he was in Paris.

"He's come to take back a new apparatus," whispered Michele. "I think it's a one-seat biplane Neupert, but I'm not certain. He flies alone. Previously to last September he used Morane-Saulnier parasol monoplanes, with a gunner behind him, but he wanted more speed and altitude, so built single-handed."

The Ace looked only young and bright. Could this be the youth of whom they tell such stories? Scouting alone in a two-seat "parasol" he came in a fog, inside German lines. The machine was intact, but a German captain had an idea. Strapping the young man to a seat, he strapped the pilot's seat, he jumped in behind him, pointing a revolver and saying: "Well, now the French trenches and rear at a low altitude. If you make a move to land, I'll blow your brains out and pilot the machine myself." The French boy obeyed. He steered straight to the French trenches, flew over them, reared suddenly, and dived to the ground, not strapped to the seat, in order to be free of his movements, the German captain was spilled out, a wounded man, and the French boy steered for headquarters and made his report.

Michele came from pouring the hero's coffee. "He says the Fokkers are not in it with a little French 'zine' he knows of. The 'gasses' 125 miles per hour and mounts to 4,000 yards dead easy. (whispering) His brother, Georges, in a hospital, with his poisonous arm, after all. They're great, the Americans!"

Here was my chance to "get" the hero alone. I asked for a lunch and favorable to Americans for their care of his brother.

Jean and Pierre Navarre are twins from down Grenoble way. Both are military aviators; both fly alone in one-seat "chasing aces"; manipulating rudders and machine-gun single-handed, and both are "aces." Pierre Navarre, flying only six months, had already made a strong record, when he got these two rickety machine-guns in a German airplane, machine-gun, in the upper left arm—nasty wound, threatening amputation. To save his arm was an American triumph.

Naturally, Pierre stopped, while Jean, already tie-and-tie with Georges Guynemer, continued on. He landed at the Hotel Hospital with a similar shoulder wound, less serious. He, too, continued to make victories, and became the Ace with a big "A" for the present.

I sent word by Michele—would he see me? He could scarcely refuse. But not today. Already he had paid his bill

and was slipping away. Try to interview a French military aviator. You had Thaw in the United States, on vacation, and you get a "no" from him? Up to recently it was forbidden them to talk, and even now, that the policy is deemed in high quarters to have been a mistake, the habit of silence is strong among these boys. Quotidian, exceeding the rigor of discipline by a scruple, shrinking to rise out of the "anonymous effort" and telling their work of life and death is sacred.

Jean Navarre would see me later. He never hasten to visit his brother at the American Ambulance Hospital of Neuilly. A revolver? And he was gone. Outside of an across a queer coincidence—Georges Guynemer and his father in an automobile. Nobody recognized them. Nobody passed on. I had failed with Guynemer; could never find him in. With his wound practically cured he was at day at "Comptoir" or running about Paris with his father, dining out and returning to the hospital only to sleep. They are really family.

It was my day for aviators. Immediately I had an idea—the American Hospital had a "face" lying on a bed of pain. Who could criticize Pierre Navarre, fat on his back, with his poisonous shoulder, for remembering past adventures? If Jean Navarre, the big Ace, should be with his brother, how could he refrain from cheering up the invalid?

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The War in the Air is becoming specialized.

Dueling "aces" are recognized as indispensable. The recent great battle over Alsace resulted from a raid on the Mulhouse railroad junction and the aviation park of Habsheim, center of German aeroplanes leading Belfort. Twenty-three French bombing aeroplanes were led by Capt. H., whom the Germans recognize as "Mons. X," the corsair of the air. From the repeated attacks of his squadrons. The expedition was a success, yet the French authorities consider it as proving absolutely that henceforth bombing squadrons must be convoyed by "chasing aviators," to protect them, like knights to the rescue.

From the Swiss frontier to Thann the French had to pass a wall of bursting shells, a curtain of steel splinters, the sky lit by explosions and blackened by smoke. One aviator's motor was pierced, and it managed to plane back to French lines. The others passed the ground attack. Soon they were met by an army of thirty-two German units.

A French plane, attacked by two Fokkers, took fire and fell, burning. A second French apparatus burned, corkscrewing to the earth in flames. In a third, Lieut. F., receiving a freiball which exploded in his machine's essence tank, deliberately, with fracas, dashed into the Fokker which had shot him, both falling to the ground on fire and exploding. Two more French machines were attacked by two Fokkers each. In one, Adjt. R., and his bombardier, both severely wounded and their apparatus riddled, managed to return to French territory. Twice the adjutant fainted at the steering wheel from loss of blood, but landed safely—only to fall dead. In the other a Serbian volunteer, Sublieut. M., with Sublieut. P., as bombardier, covered himself with glory. Maneuvering smartly, he shook off the Fokkers, relieved the wounded adjutant, and, returning, was met by an enormous L. V. G. Swiftly his bombardier attacked with percussion shells. One exploded in the giant's sleeper, literally gutting the German "elephant."

Past these combats the bombing fleet continued. They must not even look back. They must bombard Mulhouse junction and the aerodrome of Habsheim. Two Fokkers and two double-motor German biplanes fell. Four "fluttered on one wing." During the bombardment of Habsheim two other German machines, while rising, were blown to bits by falling shells. At Mulhouse they dropped eleven shells on junction and station and exploded a machine shop. At Habsheim they dropped fifty-seven shells on the German authorities. Among the papers of a German pilot, the Gefreiter Steinberg, brought down three days later by Sublieut. G. H., was found an order of the day of Gen. Goelke, relating that "while the losses caused by the bombardment of Mulhouse and Habsheim were bloody," they were "compensated by the enemy aeroplanes which we descended."

So, you see, Duelling "aces" must, henceforth, convoy their brethren.

Some were told by Jean Navarre to Georges Trade and a Matin man whose names have missed. All are told here, as around the sick bed of a wounded "ace." They are mere boys, remember, very anxious to be "corrected."

"I was discussing with two enemies in a Fokker," a slender, yellow-haired boy twenty was saying—and I can't even give the name of this one. "A broadside of my machine-gun put mine out of action. Impossible to shoot a shot, there was nothing left for me to do but to run."

"Of course," murmured the outlander, sympathetically. "Did you get away?" "No. I was very angry. I ran in and cut their tail off with a slap of my section. He seemed to be surprised all right, but it deked my motor, and I dived almost 800 yards. I thought I was must catch them to catch myself up in time, and had the satisfaction to see my two Boches dash to earth, dropping their wings."

"What shall a boy do with such a story? Tell it and seem crazy or boasting, or keep silence? Now you know in good confidence, and you are aware and almost violate their confidence. Flying has made great progress during the war, and these young men are paragons of wonderfully balanced machines. In conversation these phrases repeat themselves continually. To "run in" (to dedans), to "get them" (les avoir), and to "let go the rudders" (lacher les commandes). So, another whose name I can give—Brocard, remember it—being alone in a one-seat airplane was attacked by three enemy biplanes.

"I am swifter than they are," argued Brocard. "I will pass inside their zone of fire, and in passing, perhaps I'll have a chance to 'get' one." He "descended" one, all right, but got a ball in the jaw, which stopped his flying for the present. "But I brought home my machine!" says Brocard. Jean Navarre was recently surrounded by five Fokkers inside the German lines.

"The Fokkers were far enough away," he says, "at right, left, in front and behind me. I made sure that my 'baby' was in good condition, and I began tricks to amuse them. Suddenly, as by a signal, the five Fokkers dashed straight at me. I started, but I had three little loops and found myself behind two Fokkers. Naturally, I shot at them, and the others dared not shoot at me for fear of hitting the crew. It was extremely rigolo. The secret is never to let fly your discs (machine gun discs hold forty balls) until you're sure to make a hit."

The Ace stops suddenly, embarrassed. There are too many listeners. The Ace gets up and roams about, on prettexts. "Last week, in three days," remarked a comrade, "he did twenty-four hours' effective flying. He seemed to make on body with the apparatus, and has fixed his machine gun so that, to load it, he is obliged to rise and let go the rudders. It is horribly dangerous, but he says it is convenient."

Later, when alone with Pierre Navarre, I asked him, "It's not dangerous," replied the Ace's twin, "but many think it's dangerous and have not tried it. It's like letting go the handlebars of a bicycle. When you're high enough, where the air is

still and free from draughts, you can let go the commands for fifteen minutes at a time and the machine will slide safe on the atmosphere. It is so well balanced. Of course, you must not jump around. You must not stop the motor. When the constructors send men up to test new machines they always let go the rudders, to try the balance. They're well paid, because it's dangerous. Perhaps a new machine is not well balanced. We know that ours are."

Bring back the Ace to finish up the tale of the five Fokkers. He is wandering about, by modesty, to "keep out of it," and I can tell you one reason why—the American aviators. They form almost a full squadron in the French army, with some very daring pilots among them, and the high authorities

have promised that within ten days American correspondents are to be put in touch with them at last. The policy of silence is changing, but until the brother started off, like lightning, Navarre and his then gunner got the first "piece" of the Ace's record. It was the River Marne. My brother ran in close and aimed twelve balls at the pilot's cockpit.

And he hit it!" "No; the apparatus side-stepped and nine balls went into the motor. It was my brother's fourth combat. Down the Aviatik went and landed safely in the French lines. My own brother came beside them. No, my brother's capture the crew. The gendarmes had already done it. The gendarme station was next door to a cafe. My brother, who was fully recovered, had two Boches also. He deemed it the gallant thing to stand the drinks. It cost him his teeth, but he was a hero. The general did not approve it." STERLING HEILIG.

"It was not my brother," exclaimed Pierre Navarre, "but my brother must have had credit for a thing he did not do. He would be horrified to take another's glory. Give credit where due."

So I make the correction. It was Commandant de V.—who spilled the German captain, and it won him the cross of war and citation. "My brother never landed inside German lines, never was captured, never dumped a German captain, never captured a German pilot, but once my brother stood the drinks to German aviators and got arrested for it."

"You know, my brother, early in the morning, before daybreak, has the habit of going down in his machine to take a nap and be all ready to fly as soon as an enemy is seen in the air. That morning it was bad weather. They said, 'There'll be no Boches.' But suddenly a mechanic came running, crying, out of the sky. It was lightning, dashed into the sky and joined the adversary, a two-seat Aviatik. Just about the River Marne. My brother ran in close and aimed twelve balls at the pilot's cockpit.

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single ball, it went to earth by emotion, landing safe in German lines. It was on April 1, 1915, the same day on which Garros "descended" his first German aeroplane, an Albatross, that Navarre and his then gunner got the first "piece" of the Ace's record. It was the River Marne. My brother ran in close and aimed twelve balls at the pilot's cockpit.

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JEAN NAVARRE, FRENCH MILITARY AVIATOR, KNOWN AS THE "ACE OF THE AIR." He had won the cross of the Legion of Honor and the military medal before he was twenty years old. He holds the present record of the French army for dueling, single-handed, with enemy aeroplanes, having been in forty combats.



PIERRE NAVARRE, TWIN BROTHER OF JEAN, IN BED IN THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL OF NEUILLY. JEAN ON THE RIGHT AT HEAD OF BED. (Copyright by King & Hellic.)

SUCCESSFUL DESIGN FOR FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT

IN July last Congress appropriated \$25,000 for the erection of a monument to the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" at Fort McHenry, Md. A few days ago award of a commission to execute the design was made to Charles Henry Niehaus of New York.

Congress provided that the supervision of this work be under the direction of War, who, in turn, appointed an advisory board and a committee of experts to assist.

Sculptors all over the country were invited to compete. The reward offered the successful competitor was the contract for the memorial. Three prizes of \$500, \$300 and \$200, respectively, were offered the next successful competitor and three more were to receive honorable mention.

Throughout the competition conditions were such that the authorship of the submitted models was unknown until after the decision had been rendered. It was stated that if any competitor who made known to any one either directly or indirectly associated with the competition designs, forfeited all right to submit his work. When the models reached their destination at the New National Museum they were placed in a safe, a reliable, but indisinterested individual, who proceeded to set them up as he judged best. The work of each competitor was carefully examined for a name or mark of identification.

A sealed envelope containing a card bearing the name and address of the sculptor accompanied each model submitted. These envelopes were held unopened until the decision was rendered. The jury of award consisted of Glenn Brown, Adolph Wetman, Heron A. MacNeil, J. B. Peaslee, mayor Balti more, and J. C. Linticum, representative in Congress from Maryland. One of the first three men is an architect and two are sculptors. This jury made the first decision, which was subject to ratification by the national commission of the arts, and of this ratification the author, who was necessary for the approval of the design.

It was carefully stipulated that nothing original in any of the unsuccessful designs or models should be in any way appropriated without the consent of the author, who in such a case would be entitled to financial compensation. Another requirement insisted that the model be ready for execution on the first of April or before. The contestants packed and sent the models entirely at their own risk, the modeler refusing absolute responsibility for any blame for accident previous to the time they reached the museum. All transportation charges were paid by competitors, and failure to comply with this regulation barred the model.

Heber, J. E. Fraser of New York and Edward Berge of Baltimore. The prize-winning model executed in white marble, the figure is tinted green and the whole is done on a scale of an inch and a half to the foot. Mr. Niehaus declared that it was impossible to imagine the "heroic figure" of a national character of such great reputation as Francis Scott Key attired as a civilian. The single large figure of the monument reminds one at once of the classical Orpheus with his lyre. The figure is nude, across the right forearm is flung a drape and in his hand he holds the extra. His short, crisp locks are bound by a ribbon. The figure is, of course, mounted on a pedestal, and the figure is in the act of striding forward as he plays upon his lyre.

On the front of the pedestal on which this figure stands is carved in relief a portrait of Francis Scott Key. Around the entire girth of the pedestal runs a sculptured frieze picturing vividly the bombardment of the fort. The two pylons which guard the entrance and stand at each side of the large figure commemorate the deeds of the soldiers and sailors of that period. The sides of the monument are decorated with the names of the heroes who were properly inscribed with song.

Mr. Niehaus conceived the figure first, and he had an architect spend considerable thought on the form of architecture which would set off to best advantage the statue. They finally decided to adopt the extra of old Greek and Roman days to their bodily. The plaza, which is of considerable size, is round, and the figure is in the center, which joins admirably the proposed road to the monument with Fort McHenry, the main approach to the monument.

To one who gazes down the long length of this avenue will be given a right pink granite. The figure is of exedra. The exedra is in the shape of a half circle, and the back of the seat will cover the cost of excavation of the large city which will be one or more pieces of work which formed under his direction. He is affiliated with various academies and art institutes. His work is of national range and has been recognized to any one period of particular locality.

From time to time during his career he has won numerous prizes. He was given the award at the Chicago exposition in the year 1922. He contributed to the Buffalo exposition, and from there received a gold medal. The two groups which brought the sculptor fame at the Buffalo exposition represented the production of "The Star Spangled Banner" John Stafford Smith was alive and made no claim to the music. After the poem as to the spirit of hilarity congregated in front stands today after he had reached his hotel in Baltimore.

It is claimed that twenty-two years after the production of "The Star Spangled Banner" John Stafford Smith was alive and made no claim to the music. After the poem as to the spirit of hilarity congregated in front stands today after he had reached his hotel in Baltimore.

recipient of gold medals. At St. Louis the city of Muskegon, Mich., has an apotheosis of that city gained for him an added reputation. The Astor historical doors at Trinity Church, New York, were designed and executed by Mr. Niehaus; also the pediment to the appellate courthouse of New York. At the statehouse in Connecticut there are statues of both Hooker and Davonport by Mr. Niehaus. One of his notable works stands at Titusville, Pa. It is a statue of Drake

at that time netted him considerable fame as well as fortune—in fact, a strong doubt is entertained as to his authorship. It was not until the year 1799 that the music made a formal claim to the music of "To Anacron in Heaven," which was the tune to which "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung. The appeal of "The Star Spangled Banner" is strong to all American people.

with horror, yet they inspired him with the lofty spirit of song. It is said of him that he was generous to a fault, the needy and the poor could always depend upon him for a stray coin or two and even his friends who were fairly able to dispense with his pecuniary assistance occasionally imposed on his liberality. He was notoriously careless as to dress—a fact which more or less distressed many of his fastidious friends, while to others his supreme indifference was a mark of distinction. However, this fault grew with him and age did not tend to correct it.

Fort McHenry is a historic spot in America. In 1776 it became the first fortification and was equipped with a water battery, which today would look indecipherably quaint and helpless. Two years later eighteen guns were placed in position with the aid of military experts. In 1794 the government made an appropriation to improve Fort McHenry. In 1812 a number of elaborate and extensive improvements were made. In 1814 it was heavily but unsuccessfully bombarded by the British.

As an army post Fort McHenry was abandoned in the year 1912; and May 21, 1814, Congress passed the bill which gave the old fort to Baltimore. The formal and ceremonial transfer was made in June of the same year. New roads will be built by Baltimore and the old fort will be preserved as a national monument.

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Strange Bird Migrations.

THESE verses in ornithology say that birds are not so invariable in their migratory habits as most persons suppose. If, for instance, the season is warm, or there is sufficient food for them in the north, the birds are late in starting south.

Nevertheless, the month of October is a sort of "starting point" in the records of the ornithological societies. But it is not infrequently the case that birds that migrate in large numbers on October 31 one year have either not arrived or have passed south earlier on the corresponding date of previous years.

"The Accidental Visitors' List" kept by the London Zoological Society, is a record of all birds observed in Great Britain and on the British coast that are not indigenous to the British Isles, but have flown thither from the continent. In England, naturalists, ornithologists, lighthouse keepers, masters of vessels, coast guardsmen, farmers and country gentlemen gladly report strange birds that they may observe and give the date and circumstances of the observation. An examination of "The Accidental Visitors' List" reveals many curious happenings.

Birds from Siberia and China, North Africa and the arctic regions have thus been observed in Great Britain, but, of course, at rare intervals. There are, however, some good records of instances of American birds crossing the Atlantic and being seen in Great Britain. An extraordinary instance was that of a Canada warbler that alighted in an exhausted condition on the coast of Cornwall in 1830. The bird was so fatigued with its long flight across the Atlantic that it offered not the slightest resistance when handled by the sailors.

A Carolina cuckoo was shot in Wales in February, 1820, by Lord Cadwaller. In 1831 an American wood duck was killed at Dorking, England. In 1872 three specimens of Cassin's snipe, a native of Labrador, were seen on the west coast of Ireland. The American societies have also a record of five individuals of this species shot in Chesapeake bay in 1871. The London Zoological Society also maintains an "accidental visitor" list of fishes as well as of birds, and the same thing is done at the fish commission laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass.

The curious wanderer of the continent are doubtless the young of some migratory flock. Such a flock is led by an old and experienced bird, which knows the route north and south. Occasionally birds that have never before been over the aerial road may get separated from the flock. They become bewildered and fly about for an immediate way in such services of the most-colored sort. These birds are very high, and added to them are other qualifications, which operate to shut out men who have the required physique. It is perhaps also a fact that the average city man applying for enlistment in the armed services of the United States in this time of peace and of tremendous industrial activity and consequent demand for efficient labor, is not a representative type of the American, or even of the average American, and far below that of the American to base ball and certain other outdoor and indoor sports, a percentage of men below the physical capacity deemed by military experts as essential for efficient military service.

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