
The Diary of Cpl. Walter S. Williams

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**TWENTY-SEVENTH
AERO SQUADRON
U.S.A.S., A.E.F.**
—★—

by Walter S. Williams



This diary was written many years after the Great War and is based on the writer's wartime notes and his postwar memories. While much of the document does not deal with aircraft or flyers, it does give a frank insight into the life of one enlisted man in one American squadron. It has been edited to reduce its length, but it still retains much of the events as they were noted by the writer.

The document is in the writer's own words with his frequent change of tense, and it contains some attitudes of the times that are objectionable today. But rather than follow the "advertising-show business" philosophy of some sociologists and historians who advocate the censorship and rewriting of history, this diary is presented as an accurate historical document.

Thanks to James J. Parks for additional information in the footnotes. All photographs, unless otherwise indicated, are through the courtesy of the USAF Academy Library and Dr. James J. Parks. —Ed.

I WAS BORN IN MT. CARMEL, PENNSYLVANIA, MARCH 7, 1891. Went to school up to 8th grade and was necessary to go to work at 15 years old. Worked around the coal mines, then in a stocking factory and then as an automobile mechanic. Moved to Philadelphia in 1915. I was employed by the Midvale Steel Company as a floor and bench machinist when the U.S. entered the World War.

May 1, 1917—Applied for enlistment in aviation but due to my small stature, 5 feet 3 inches and 108 pounds, my application is held up for three days. I was accepted and sent to Ft. Slocum, New York, for induction.

Walter S. Williams at Camp Kelly, Texas, which later became Kelly Field.

Thirty-eight of us new recruits marched into the Reading Railway Station in Philadelphia where we were booed and hissed and called suckers by the people crowded in the station.

May 10, 1917—We were quartered in barracks at Ft. Slocum and we did quite a bit of gambling by which I was a good winner. I had \$500 in gold which no one knew about.

While at Slocum some of us fellows loaded the signal gun with garbage and when fired in the morning, the officers' quarters, facing the gun, was splattered with garbage. The culprits were never found out.

May 19, 1917—Arrived at Ft. Wood, Bellows Island, Statue of Liberty Island, along with 100 other men. We studied flag signals, drills, mechanics, etc. One night, when I was on guard duty at the statue, the torch lamp went out for the second time in history. Another time I accidentally locked a young lady in one of the rooms after I ordered all the visitors out and locked up at 8:00 P.M. She was quite a thirsty and hungry young girl in the morning at 9:00 A.M. I received a reprimand from the commanding officer.

June 1, 1917—One hundred of us were ordered to Texas. We boarded two Pullman coaches which were hooked to regular trains. We stopped at a Tennessee mountain village in which the people were ignorant of the war. They treated us fellows with corn squeezings and our two sergeants had a time with us. We traveled west as far as Salt Lake City and north to Chicago. In fact, we were sent through Chicago twice before we got to Texas.

June 6, 1917—We arrived at Camp Kelly, San Antonio,

Texas. We marched from the railroad siding for two miles with our blue bags, blanket roll and haversacks on our backs. Cripes, it was hot! We were assigned to Company K Provisional Squadron.

June 23, 1917—We are organized into the 27th Aero Squadron with lots of drilling and work details. All kinds of gambling at night on the drill grounds. The mornings are cold at reveille and our teeth chatter at roll call. But after breakfast it gets hotter than hell. Quite a lot [of us] get prickly heat, mumps, etc. My tent squad is placed in quarantine for mumps.

I am made an acting corporal and I take two deserters to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. They were really tough guys, but don't know I am still a rookie. I don't have any trouble with them. By this time I had some of the Texas grit in my belly and could grind my teeth with sand.

Throughout the camp the hours from three to four are siesta time for all off-duty troops as it was too damned hot to work. Snakes, centipedes, tarantulas and Gila monsters are plentiful. We catch a sidewinder and sell it to the hospital for venom. Dust storms and small tornadoes are many.

Acting Corporal Spaatz is general drill master although he was a captain but was demoted for some violation. Later he was reinstated as a captain and then promoted to major.

With the dust and windstorms our medical records are blown away and so we had to have new medical treatments and records. Eventually I have five vaccinations and 13 inoculations.

I learned to shake out my clothes and shoes in the mornings before getting dressed to get rid of crawling things.

Our pay is \$13.00 per month with clothing and coffee allowances. On July 4th our pay is increased to \$21.00 per month with \$5.00 extra for foreign duty if any.

August 10, 1917—We leave Camp Kelly aboard day coaches

and receive Pullmans at Kansas City for Canada. We were greeted by the Dolly Sisters at Kansas City and given cigarettes and candy. I corresponded with them later.

We were trucked to Leaside Camp about three miles from Toronto. The Canadians greeted us warmly, but the English didn't cotton to us.

The 17th, 22nd, 27th and 28th Squadrons were assigned to quarters. We are in tents with ground floors and 12 men to a round conical tent. We were then assigned to flying fields, shops and other places for training in airplane mechanics. Also an assignment of U.S. Navy ensigns arrived for flight training.

We are placed under British regulations doing British drills and are mixed with the British at times. At other times we drill as our own units.

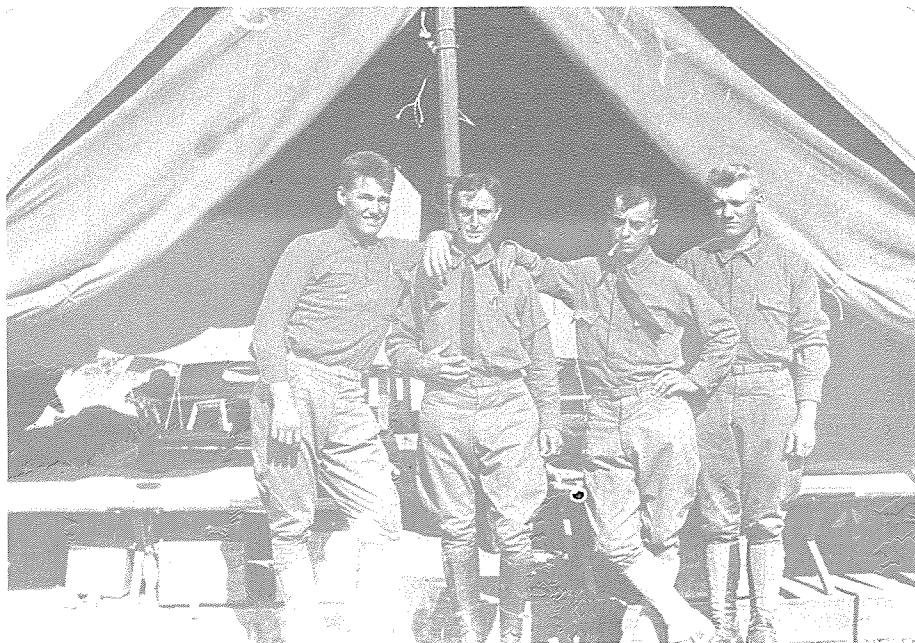
Reveille at 5:00 A.M., hot coffee at 5:30 and roll call. Parade, drills, lectures, etc., at 8:00 A.M. Midday meal at 12:00. Work, drill, lectures, inspection, etc., at 1:00 P.M. Roll call again and supper at 5:00 P.M. Evening off duty for the first two weeks. Then mechanical instruction and work in the hangars.

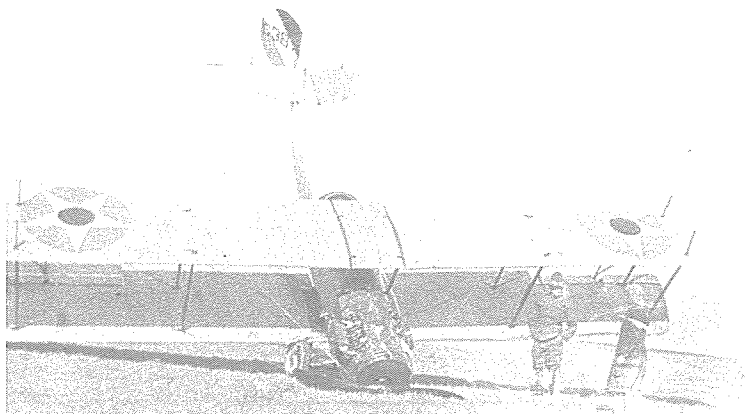
We have to carry swagger sticks and wear a red ribbon shoulder bar and must shave twice a day. In the mornings at 5:15 A.M. with cold water, and with hot water in the evenings before we go to town.

We also are to receive foreign service pay. Some men are sent to Barrie, others are sent to Deseranto, Red Lake, Toronto, and Camp Borden. It is really wonderful up here as to scenery and weather and the Canadian people and girls,

Walter S. Williams, on right, and friend after a training hike at Camp Kelly. The primary purpose of such hikes was to tire the troops and keep them busy to lessen the possibility of mischief, fights, etc.

Walter S. Williams, second from right, and other recruits at Camp Kelly, Texas.





27th Aero Squadron Curtiss JN-4 No. C387 nosed over for its fifth crash. Taliaferro Field, Hicks, Texas, January 8, 1918.

Closeup of C387's nose.



but the nights are getting cold.

We Americans were always doing some prank to and against the Britishers, although the Canadians worked with us in such affairs. At one time we fastened the alarm siren signal switch so that it blew continuously. Also it was a trick of ours to wear white armbands marked picket to help our men in camp after curfew time. Another time the bass drummer of the band was sick so I volunteered to play the drum while marching to the work hangars. Someone tripped me and I rammed the drum stick through the drum head. I had to pay for the drum head.

We would go to the latrines wearing only our overcoats and shoes hiding our clothes under the overcoat, then dress and jump the fence to go to town and do the same thing coming back. I also dated my pass for a year ahead and had it signed and went to town for three days before I was picked up by the M.P. pickets. I was made a corporal up here and busted the next day.

A Canadian sergeant was court-martialed for hitting another sergeant while drunk and smashing up the furniture in the clink. He was stripped of rank and insignia and buttons inside of a square formed by all the troops of the camp.

Oct. 20, 1917—Today we received the spinal meningitis inoculations outside the medical building.

One night at supper we had a food riot in the mess hall as we are given only bread, cheese, jam and poor tea. We made so much trouble the American officers are called in and we waited until meat and potatoes were cooked and served. The British officers didn't like it at all, but we won our food riot.

We receive orders to leave for Texas so we paint U.S. on the camp mascot goat and clip U.S. on the camp commander's dog and our mascot pup "Rookie" was stolen.

Oct. 29, 1917—We are ordered aboard the train but we didn't load up until our pup was returned by an English officer. We crossed over at the Windsor-Detroit Bridge and traveled south making Camp Taliaferro Field (Ft. Worth), Texas, in 17 hours and some minutes.

Nov. 1, 1917—We arrive Taliaferro Field but cannot unload due to a snowstorm which has drifted up over the train coaches. We stay on board today until about three o'clock then scramble off through the snow to our barracks.

Nov. 3, 1917—We are regularly quartered now and organized into ship crews and the 27th is commanded by Major Hartney, a transferred American officer from the RFC. I am assigned to "A" Flight, No. 2 ship No. 387. Our squadron insignia here at Taliaferro is a U.S. shield with an arrow crossing in back.

Nov. 10, 1917—Now we are in action training our own aviation cadets and flying our Curtiss OX-5 ships. Crashes galore, fires and cadets getting killed or injured, etc.

The British RFC has a camp here also and are flying their own cadets. Vernon Castle and his wife Irene Castle are here and visit our squadron a number of times. One day we are sent out to fight a prairie fire.

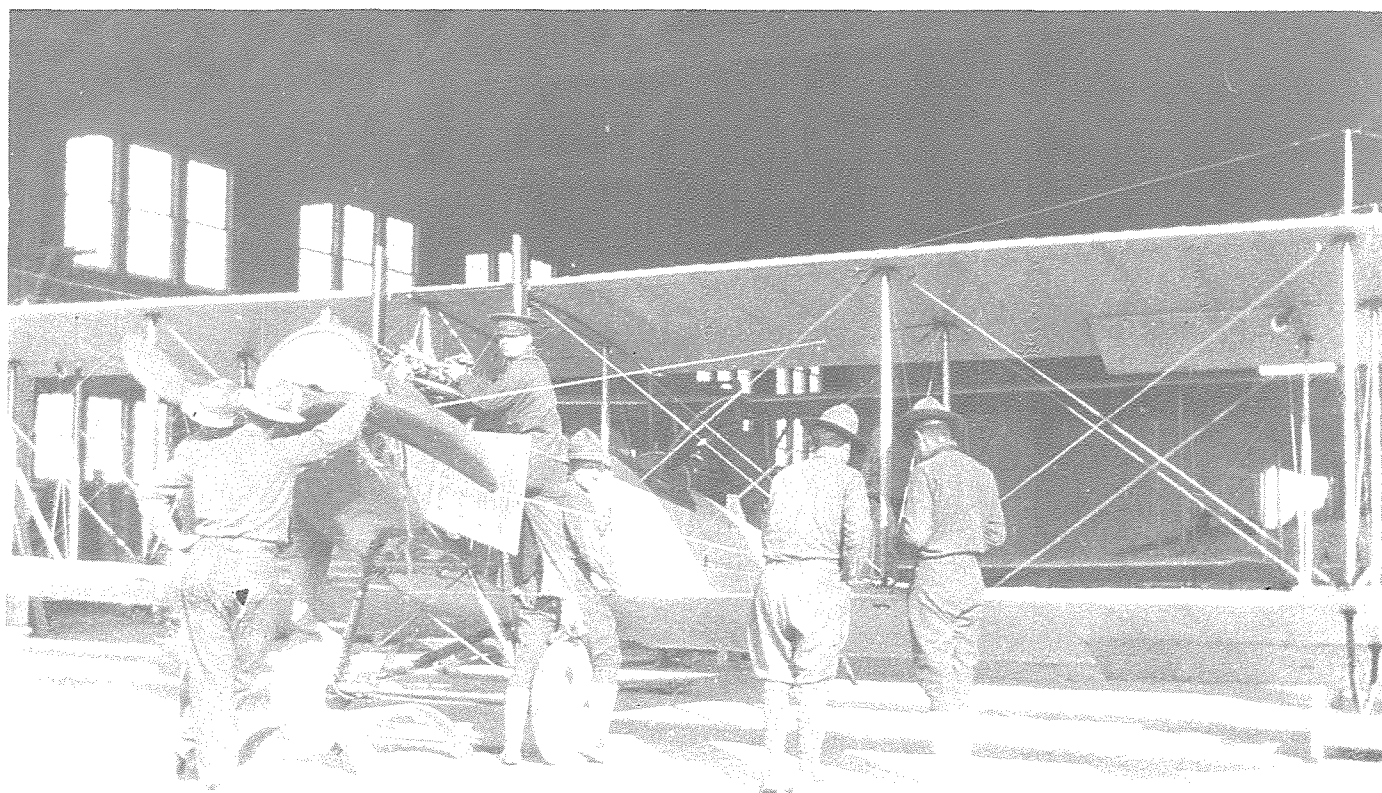
I am sent to Paradise, Texas, to replace the carburetor on my ship which made a forced landing on a ranch with Lt. Williams (no relative of mine). We stayed at the ranch house overnight and, with the help of some cowboys to hold the plane, we revved up the motor and took a flying start into the air. We flew to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and then south to our field.

We boys, or men rather, get off duty if we volunteer to fly with the pilot in the target plane. Cadets, flying other planes, shoot at the target controlled by the enlisted man in the target plane.

I was made corporal again but was busted for arguing with the major about the supposed frozen radiator of ship 387. The major later agreed with me but didn't reinstate me.

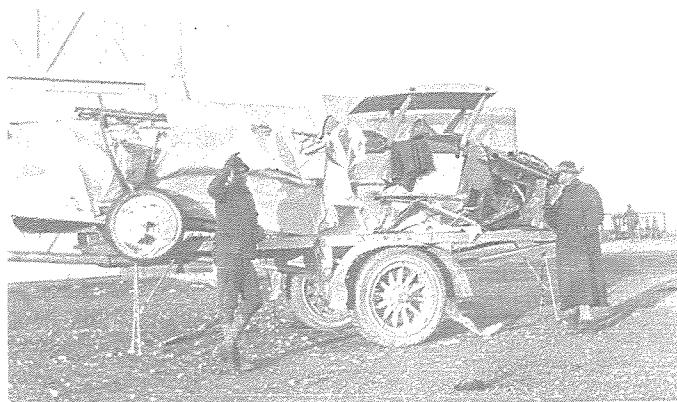
My No. 2 crew ship 387 is one of the best and has more flying time than others and has more crashes. I am the motor mechanic, Alfred Tolg the rigger, the crew chief corporal, and two other men. We have five men in our crew but other crews have six to eight men. I like to be on the night and early morning flying patrol duties.

Thanksgiving Day and Ivan Wisdom and I are having



Walter Williams and the rest of the maintenance crew of Curtiss JN-4 C360 at Taliaferro Field.

Ship No. 360 on the salvage trailer after a bad landing at Taliaferro Field, Hicks, Texas.



Thanksgiving dinner with Ft. Worth people by the name of Shepherd. We were invited by the girls of the family and with our red ribbon bar on our shoulders have the troops around here believing we are third lieutenants. It started out to be a fine day and we roamed about in our shirtsleeves, but about one o'clock it began to snow and by three o'clock the camp is all snowed in. On Sunday, Ivan Wisdom and I go to our delayed Thanksgiving dinner.

Major Bonnell is field commander and he sure has us jumping around. Fire drill at night and in the early mornings. The Canadians are setting their tents on fire all the time as they are not used to having Sibley stoves in their tents.

A lieutenant and I flying ship 387 crashed on the prairie while he was looking for another crash. I stayed with the wreck while the lieutenant hiked to a ranch house to call the field. A number of ranch people came out and we had a great time overnight. In the morning our crew came out and we salvaged and repaired 387 to fly.

Dec. 10, 1917—We receive orders to stop flying and to pack all ships away with all equipment. We put our bunks and all surplus equipment in storage and go on short rations and

emergency duties preparatory to leaving. Winter has set in, snowstorms, cold and bleak.

Christmas comes and we are still on detached duty. One of our sergeants almost got burned as he set his mattress on fire with a cigarette. A guard is appointed each night now to patrol the barracks to watch for burning mattresses.

On Christmas night I was on outside fire patrol and watched the 17th and 22nd Squadrons leave Taliaferro Field on their way overseas. The following night the 28th left.

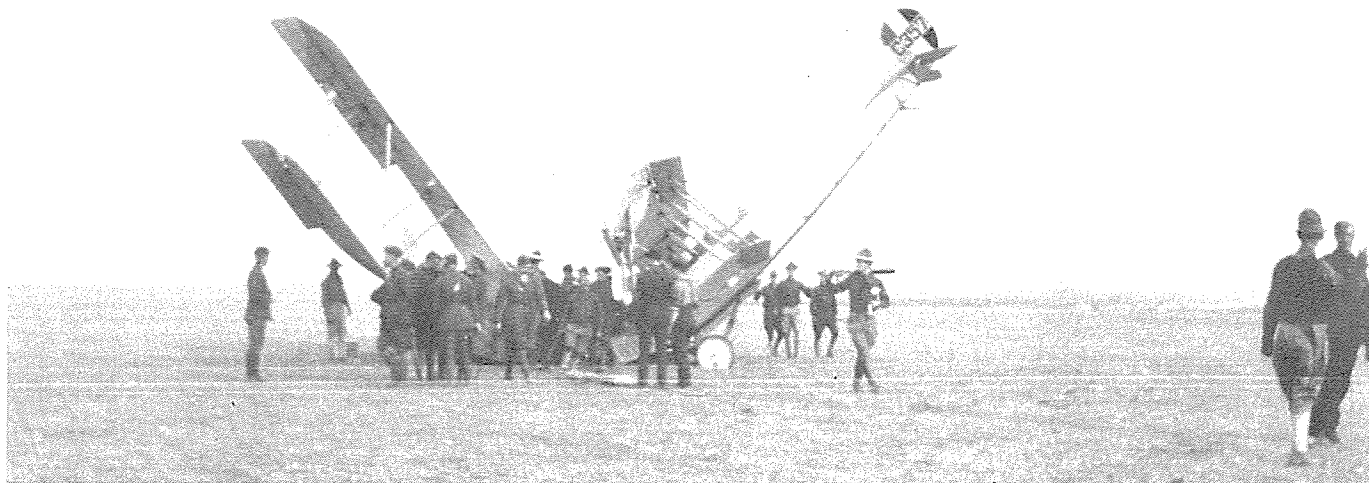
On New Year's Eve we celebrate the new year by taking the major and the officers prisoner and marching them around the camp. It's a custom at U.S. military posts and is known as "Stealing the Camp."

Jan. 17, 1918—Another snowstorm rages today and still no orders. We have turned in our mattresses and now sleep on blankets on the floor.

Jan. 19, 1918—Today we get our orders to leave and to turn in all kitchen equipment, etc. We are issued field rations and confined to quarters.

Jan. 26, 1918—We leave camp and march two miles through the deep snow to the railroad siding. We highball it northeast and cross the Mississippi at Kansas City. It is all frozen up with riverboats frozen fast. We again are met and greeted by the Dolly Sisters of whom Lt. Prinz used to play with in vaudeville. Lt. Prinz was surprised to see the girls greet me personally. Elsie Janis was also in the party of entertainers to greet the 27th.

Jan. 27, 1918—Today we arrive in St. Louis. We are detrained and march through the Negro section. There had been several race riots in St. Louis and we are used as a preventive warning.



Landing accident at Taliaferro Field, December 25, 1917.

Curtiss JN-4s ready for the 27th's first lineup inspection at Taliaferro Field.

While marching through the section any Negro persons on the street quickly went into houses and we could see them peeking out of windows at the troops.

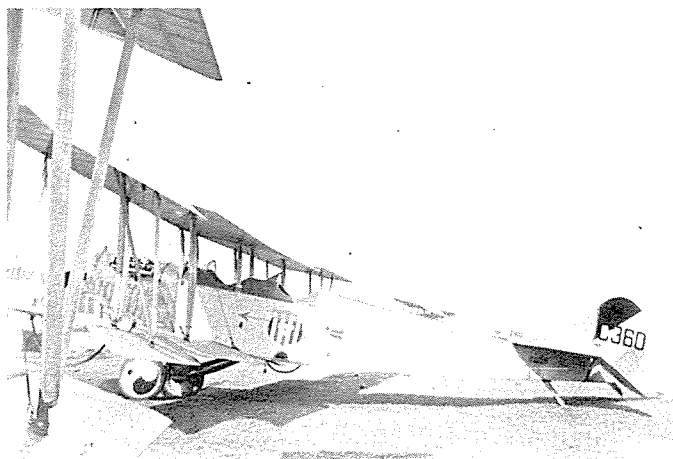
As none of the 27th members had a furlough the men now begin jumping train to go home for a visit. Our officers knew of it but didn't do much. I myself intended to jump train but fell asleep before reaching Philadelphia and passed through without knowing it.

We arrive at Mineola Field, Garden City, N.Y., with only 150 members out of 285. All NCOs are busted to PFC and we operate with only appointed acting NCOs. We are placed in quarantine and each squad is sectioned off with blanket curtains in the barracks. We start to undergo medical inspections and the men who jumped train are beginning to return. The only way we can get into town is to jump camp and run the M.P. lines. The ground is deep with snow and we are sighted in town at dances, etc., because there is a rumor that we troops wearing the red ribbon bar on our shoulders are venereal disease cases, though we convince the girls and people otherwise, very slowly.

We are scheduled to embark on the *U.S.S. Tuscania*¹ and we are inspected for cameras. I have a vest pocket 127 camera and am able to keep it, unknown to the officers.

Feb. 22, 1918—Our Major Hartney visits our barracks with his wife and she gives all the members a piece of their wedding cake² for good luck and the major states that all members must be present Sunday night as we board the *U.S.S. Olympic* for overseas. We give our mascot "Rookie" to a new master who promises to give him a good home and we write last-minute letters. I send one to Miss Allien Shepherd in Ft. Worth, Texas, with the envelope all decorated, for which she was offered a price to sell to a stamp collector.

Feb. 25, 1918—On this Monday morning the 27th has reveille at 4:30 A.M.. We have a quick breakfast, burn all



trash and march to the train to take us to Hoboken Docks. We board the *S.S. Olympic* at 6:30 A.M. and the ship sails at 8:00 A.M.

We see the Statue of Liberty as we pass out of the harbor and it is foggy and cool. Soon we are at sea. As the days go by we are allowed on deck after 10:00 A.M. We are exercised by being marched around the deck. In the afternoon we do various stunts such as putting on a British drill, sing song parties and visiting other troops. There are approximately 12,000 troops aboard, mostly artillery and aviation³. Also a consignment of Red Cross girls and nurses. Secretary of War Mr. Baker is also aboard. In the holds there is also a consignment of war equipment and supplies.

A number of men overeat pies and such which we buy from the ship's stewards and we get very sick. On the morning of March 3rd we see two U.S. destroyers that are assigned to escort the *Olympic* to Liverpool.

Mar. 4, 1918—We sight two German submarines. They fire torpedoes at the *Olympic* but miss the ship. We swing in a sharp turn to starboard and we could touch the water if we extended our arms. The U.S. gun crews at the stern went into action. A shell band flew off one of the shells and flew back and up to the top officers' deck and hit one of the Red Cross



Quarantine at Camp Mills before moving to Port of Embarkation.

nurses. The two destroyers dropped ashcans and it was all over in about 15 minutes.

Later in the day we sight a large ship convoy.

Mar. 5, 1918—We are in the Irish Narrows and passing the Irish Giant Causeway and dock at the Gladstone Docks of Liverpool, England. We enjoy the sights and activities of the English "Bobbies." We unload and board the train for Winchester.

Mar. 6, 1918—We arrive at Morn Hill Rest Camp a few kilometers from Winchester. The shops and stores are not allowed to sell us troops much of anything. We are issued cards and must have them punched every time we buy anything. We are allowed to spend up to 10 shillings a day at the shops and five shillings at the pubs. It is said that the American Alabama Division went to France by this route and they overdid things which spoiled it for the rest of us.

We visit the camp of the survivors of the ship *Tuscania* which was torpedoed and sunk. We were scheduled to embark on this ship but was postponed on account of the 27th being in quarantine.

Mar. 7, 1918—I visit the Winchester Cathedral and it is a wonderful edifice. The 27th drills and takes frequent hikes. In the evenings we have shows at the camp YMCA. Lt. Prinz of the 27th puts on a show.

Mar. 12, 1918—The 27th has reveille at 5:00 A.M. and packs up to leave. We leave Morn Hill Camp at 9:00 A.M. on foot and march to Romsey Camp 18 miles away arriving at 3:30 P.M. It was a wonderful hike and we see quaint farm thatched-roof village homes and quaint byways.

Mar. 17, 1918—The 27th Squadron leaves Woodley Camp

Romsey for South Hampton. In the early evening we load aboard a cattle boat to cross the Channel. We can't stand the animal smell in our ship quarters and we go up on deck to sleep on the air gratings and hatch covers. The Channel is really rough.

We arrive at Le Havre and march up the hill to the English camp. We use our own pup tents and some of the boys stole some whiskey from the English officers' club. Some of our officers and most of the men really got lit up and had quite a time.

Mar. 20, 1918—After a quick short-ration breakfast we march down the hill to the French railway and board boxcars, 40 *hommes* -8 *chevaux*, and we get our first look at the French.

We arrive at Tours and are trucked from the railroad yards to Beaumont Barracks. These barracks are old mud, wood and stone built during the Napoleon times with tile roofing. Our latrines are open sheds with high seats and barrows underneath. The human manure is used to make high-explosive powder. It is dumped into huge railroad vat cars and shipped to explosives factories.

Mar. 23, 1918—Payday today and the squadron goes wild. Gambling, drinking, fighting, etc. The Mess Sergeant of the 139th came over to our barracks to clean up on our Mess Sergeant. We 27th men didn't want to see our Mess Sergeant get cleaned up on and a battle royal ensued. Some of our young pilot officers got involved. Our Top Sergeant and the 139th Top Sergeant took over. The next morning we are called out at 6:00 A.M. and Lt. Prinz is Officer of the Day and quite angry at us. He marches the squadron at double time and orders us to continue. We march and march. He leaves us and another officer comes running up to take charge.

Mar. 29, 1918—The 27th and 139th leave Beaumont Bar-



The first group picture of the 27th Aero Squadron after it moved into the Zone of Advance at Epiez. Note the French insignia on the aircraft wing. The first Nieuport 28s received by the 27th came from the factory with French markings.

racks and travel by 40 and 8 to Issoudun Field.

On one occasion when we stopped for personal duties and we were all out in the meadows relieving ourselves, a flock of women and girls came from a nearby village with baskets of fruit and pastries. They circulated among the men to sell things unconcerned of what the men were doing. One girl even gave me a piece of paper to clean myself and stood by until I was in proper condition. I bought from her a bottle of wine and some pastry.

Apr. 1, 1918—The 27th reports on duty at various schools and shops. I am a motor mechanic but I'm sent to the Fuselage Repair School.

Apr. 4, 1918—The 27th is assigned some old condemned Sopwith Camels and Nieuports and ordered to make them fly. We do and Major Hartney flies one of them up to AEF Headquarters at Chaumont for squadron orders.

Apr. 7, 1918—Today we have a military funeral for Lt. Seward of the 139th who crashed to death on a training flight. Lt. Seward formerly was a member of the 27th. We of the 27th are the armed escort, 12 of us, and Sgt. Saunders accidentally drops his rifle while at Present Arms at the grave.

The 27th reorganizes with regular appointed NCOs and ship crews. I am the only motor mechanic in my crew, No. 2 "A" Flight.

At 11:45 P.M. a fire burned down Cook House No. 26. Cooks can't cook without burning the grub and everything else.

Apr. 9, 1918—We get some more planes and are assigned to hangars.

Apr. 10, 1918—Major Hartney upsets a monoplane while taking off. This is an experimental one-wing (top) plane.

Our grub here is poor and not enough. I hope we move out soon.

Apr. 12, 1918—27th Squadron is ordered to take a final bath at the bathhouse and prepare to leave. We have a snowstorm and the advance party packs up and leaves for Paris for equipment.

Apr. 20, 1918—Lt. Marquardt crashes to death and is buried on Sunday, April 21st. He is our first squadron member to die in France.

Apr. 22, 1918—The 27th leaves Issoudun as an original organized squadron. The first as is. All other squadrons leaving were reorganized with replacements.

Apr. 24, 1918—The 27th arrives in the Zone of Advance, Maxey sur Vaise, Epiez, Nancy Sector. We go into old troop quarters surrounded by forests, mud, and old trenches. We can hear the heavy bombardments. Our first night was a nightmare. We heard the artillery fire and rumbling and the earth trembling under our feet or floor beds. We could not sleep and some of the boys are panicky. We get accustomed to the conditions and are soon unconcerned soldiers.

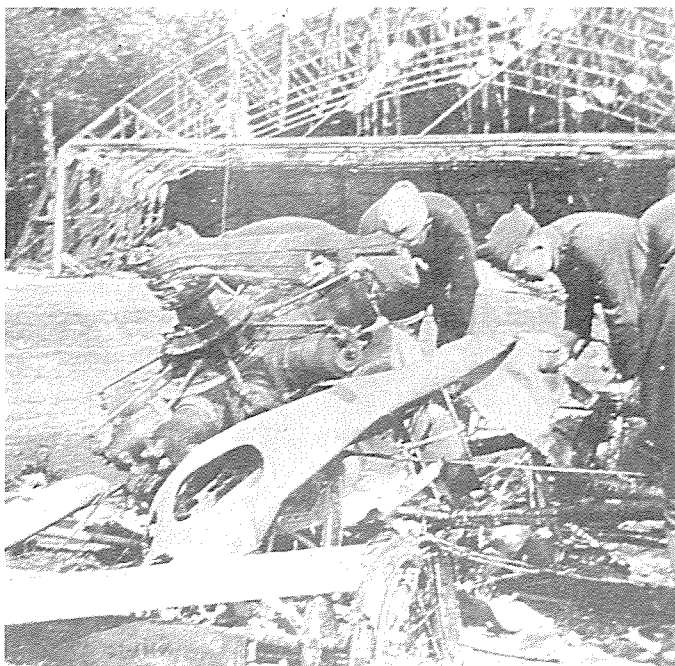
All fresh water must be hauled in tank wagons. No water for bathing and the streams are restricted as they are poisoned with mustard and chlorine gas.

Trees are down all over from bursting shells and plenty of duds and flares lying around. We enjoy shooting at the shells and bombs to see them explode, but a lot are duds and will not explode.

We learn of duckboards here. They are lengths of 2 x 4 with two-inch strips nailed across. These are placed in rows in the mud for the troops to walk on. They wind everywhere through the forest. Wild boar are numerous.



The first Nieuport 28s delivered to the 27th Aero Squadron in May 1918 at Epiez.
(Charles Woolley Photo)



During their stay at Epiez one of the 27th pilots was straining fuel through chamois skin into his airplane. Since the hose nozzle was not grounded, static electricity ignited the fuel resulting in the loss of one Nieuport and one hangar by fire.
(Charles Woolley Photo)

Apr. 28, 1918—I go to Base Hospital 66 with other members to have teeth pulled.

May 1, 1918—The 27th drills and lays duckboards. I am sent to the hospital again for dental treatment.

I find a large air bomb and take out the fuse. A buddy takes my picture doing it and I get hell from an officer.

I am arrested for writing a letter home describing the abuses, duties, etc., we are prevailed upon to do. I get Squadron Commander punishment and am placed on special fatigue duty.

I take a bath in a stream and get mustard poisoning. Big red blotches all over my body and I go on sick report for treatment.

May 4, 1918—The 94th and 95th leave for Toul to establish a field.

May 7, 1918—Cpl. Black of the 147th Squadron was killed by lightning which struck the bathhouse while he was taking a bath.

A British RFC bomber visits the field and we have movies shown at the hangar.

May 11, 1918—Payday and the 27th received three new Nieuport planes.

May 13, 1918—Lt. Geary crashes.

May 15, 1918—We receive our first tin hats, gas masks and other equipment.

May 16, 1918—I am taken down with acute appendicitis and while trying to get to the infirmary I fell in a trench. Cook Abdell was outside kitchen starting a mess kit wash fire and saw me fall. He dragged me out and carried me to the infirmary. The doctor ordered me to the hospital and I was rushed in a Kelly Springfield five-ton truck to Base 66 at Neufchateau. This hospital was built by the Germans and used by them in the Franco-Prussian War.

I come through all right and the doctors and nurses treat me very good.

May 30, 1918—Decoration Day and a 27th ship cracks up near the hospital.

June 1, 1918—I receive my clothes and am allowed outside the hospital. As a number of freshly wounded soldiers are arriving we convalescents are evacuated to Base Hospital 9.

June 6, 1918—I receive orders and transportation to rejoin my squadron. I leave Base Hospital 9, Chateauroux, by first-class train and proceed to Vierzon. I spend the night in the MP Transportation Barracks and am allowed to visit town. Another fellow and I meet two young French widows and had a pleasant time with them. The MPs asked for their addresses as they didn't know of them. They promise to treat them o.k. At every town I had to report to the MP Headquarters for further transportation, meals and sleeping quarters.

June 8, 1918—I arrived Chaumont, AEF Headquarters. Ye gods, there are more officers around here than enlisted men.

We men on the train are served with chocolate candy and cigarettes by the Salvation Army and are given "Soldier's Friends."⁶

I was then transferred to another train to Toul. The French passengers made a great deal of fuss over me as a wounded soldier and all wanted to see my wound. They gave me vin rouge, eats, etc. One young woman with a camera insisted I let her take my picture showing my wound. I told them it was a bayonet wound.

I arrived at Colombey les Belles, then to Neufchateau, then by truck to Toul to Squadron Headquarters. They were all glad to see me and the major ordered me to take it easy off-duty for a few days. I visit around and watch the big guns fire from the French fort nearby. I lose out for promotion by being on the sick list.

June 12, 1918—Two German observation planes flew over the field taking pictures. At night the sky in the north and east and southeast is lighted up by artillery fire.

Our pilots being new to war are having a hard time of it. The Nieuports are always catching fire when we start the motor. We are using Pyrene fire extinguishers. When empty we load some with gasoline to prime our motors with, with the result being that sometimes a fire extinguisher loaded with gasoline is used to try to put out a fire.

June 13, 1918—Lt. Plyler is lost over German lines and the 27th knocks down three German planes. I go on a liberty party to visit the battlefields and see two burned-out German planes. There is heavy bombarding on the front and we see a number of German observation balloons in the sky. The First Pursuit Group receives orders to prepare to move.

June 18, 1918—The 27th has pack inspection today. Raining a little. Lt. Schmitt flies back to the field with a damaged plane and is wounded from a dogfight.

June 22, 1918—I report back to duty and am assigned to ship No. 2 as chief motor mechanic. The officers have a dance with the Red Cross girls.

June 23, 1918—The 27th celebrates its first birthday with a big dinner, beer, wine, etc., and a picture taken of the squadron. Later a report that a German spy had been on the field dressed as a French aviator with a French ship. This was later confirmed by one of our officers who was taken prisoner. He even took a picture of the squadron.

June 25, 1918—Major Hartney and Lt. MacArthur each shoot down an enemy plane. A 94th ship with Lt. Taylor crashes on the field as well as two 27th ships.

June 26, 1918—The 27th Advance Party leaves Toul Field and tonight our field is bombed.

June 27, 1918—The 27th leaves Toul arriving at St. Dizier at 7:45 P.M. and we go into night camp. We get a report that Toul is bombed again and the new replacement squadrons were shot up.

June 28, 1918—We arrive Sezanne and again see a German observation plane covering our movements.

June 29, 1918—Early morning our bivouac camp is attacked by German bombers. We have emergency rations for breakfast and keep in the woods out of sight from the sky.

We proceed to Rigney Field Touquin. The Germans are supposed to be only 14 miles from Paris. We move up to Alnoise Field Coulommiers and go into quarters in the barns on Alnoise Farm about a half mile from the field.



Walter Williams and the bomb he disarmed which resulted in a stern lecture.

June 30, 1918—Three 27th ships crack up today. Ship No. 16 caught fire and burned on the field.

We are constantly attacked by bombers at night.

There are some German prisoners here being guarded by French soldiers and are being used as work details on the farm.

July 4, 1918—Independence Day and we are visited and inspected by a group of high French government men and officers.

July 5, 1918—We were attacked by German bombers again last night and we move our ships to the south field.

July 8, 1918—A 94th Squadron ship, No. 17, crashes.

July 10, 1918—The 27th Squadron goes on alert and guard duty. We expect to be attacked by enemy planes and artillery. We have a guard schedule with men placed at the hangars with lighted torches to burn hangar and planes that can't be flown away. Bridges are being blown up and anything to hamper the enemy from moving towards Paris.

July 13, 1918—General Liggett and staff visit the First Pursuit Group.

July 14, 1918—Lt. Quentin Roosevelt, 94th Squadron⁷ is lost and later found and buried.

July 15, 1918—The "Big Push" is really on. Heavy bombardment all along the front. All First Pursuit Group held in close formation at Squadron Headquarters. Trucks loaded with personnel and baggage ready to hightail it out of the Zone of Advance. All pilots are on strafing patrol. Rifles ready to be issued to men if necessary. Men stationed at hangars ready to set fire to all equipment and ordnance. In the early evening we see a motorcycle and sidecar approaching. A lieutenant and sergeant are aboard with orders to resume operations as the German advance was checked.

July 16, 1918—First Pursuit Group resumes operations and

all available planes go up to strafe enemy front lines.

July 17, 1918—Lt. MacArthur shoots down a German, the 27th loses six planes, and the baggage truck train leaves camp for protection area.

July 18, 1918—Payday and the 27th receives six new planes. The 95th is being assigned new "Spads."

July 19, 1918—Lts. Dawson, MacArthur and Vasconcells each shoot down a German plane.⁸

July 20, 1918—Lts. MacArthur, Miller and Norton lost in action.

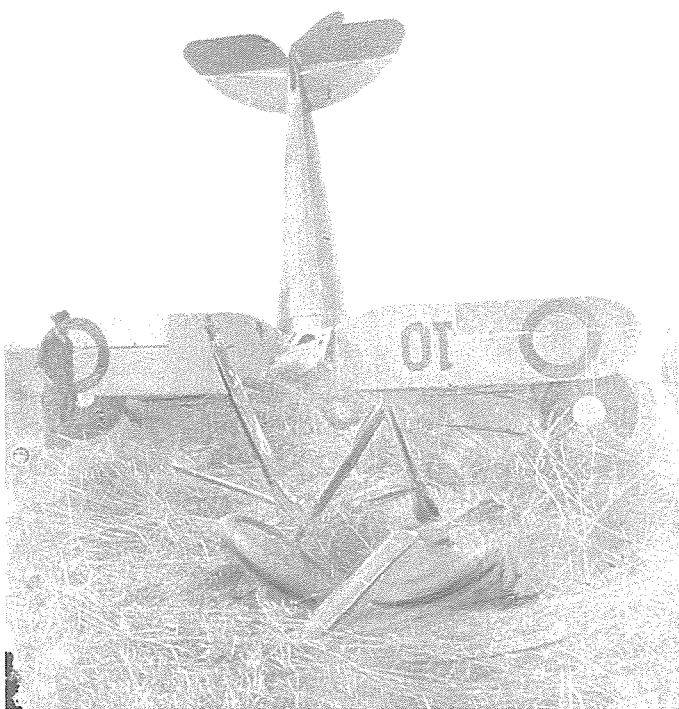
July 24, 1918—I was sent with a crash detail to salvage some crashed planes on the battlefield. Dead mules and dead soldiers both sides. I pick up a German rifle and shoot it. It explodes and peppers my left arm with five pieces of metal. I put a dressing on it and reported to the squadron doctor when I got back and did he bawl me out! Whew! He simply gave me hell. That evening we had a lecture from Major Hartney on the dangers of booby traps and were instructed not to pick up anything on the battlefield.

We used to need ships so badly that whenever we heard of crashed ships we went after it regardless of whose they were. We salvaged several French and British ships and even went after German planes.

While on a salvage detail we set up a French 75mm gun and shoot it toward the enemy lines. An artillery officer and sergeant ride up to our bivouac camp in a motorcycle and sidecar and give us hell.

Aug. 1, 1918—Today is our "Jonah Day." We lose an entire patrol of five ships and pilots. Lts. McElvain, Hunt, Martin, Whiton and Sands lost in German lines. Also Lt. Beauchamp was lost in this fight for a total of six. (*See Cross & Cockade, Autumn 1962, Vol. 3, No. 3, for a detailed account of this incident. —Ed.*)

Lt. Harkins broke both legs in this landing accident at Saints, July 1918.



Aug. 3, 1918—"A" Flight gets new Spad ships. I go on a liberty party to Melun and get into a fight with French soldiers. I said we American troops will be home or on our way by Christmas 1918 as the war will be over. Everyone in the cafe said I was nuts and crazy in the head.

Aug. 4, 1918—Our field was visited again by some *Liberty* ships.⁹ One crashes.

Aug. 5, 1918—The 27th Advance Party leaves to establish a field in the St. Mihiel Sector.

Aug. 7, 1918—The 27th receives a message from Lt. Norton who was shot down in German lines. Not much flying today. Other squadrons of the First Pursuit Group leave for the new field. We have a tobacco and cigarette issue and Rear Party is announced. I am assigned to Rear Party, one man from each crew with NCOs and officers.

Aug. 9, 1918—Ships No. 5 and No. 26 lost, and ship No. 1 lands at La Ferte. Ship crews 1 and 2 are sent on a salvage party and we visit La Ferte. We went into bivouac under our trucks as it was raining. Some YMCA girls see us and tell 26th Division officers who take us to their camp for supper and to the YMCA Canteen.

The battle zone is a terrible mess. Crashed planes, blown-up trucks, guns, dead mules, horses and dead soldiers. The Pioneer outfits are busy cleaning up. They are mostly colored troops. The Pioneers always follow-up a battle to rescue wounded, bury the dead and salvage any equipment.

Aug. 10, 1918—We returned from La Ferte to our field.

Aug. 11, 1918—We take ship No. 1 to Faremoutiers Depot. The 77th Division Band gives a concert.

Aug. 12, 1918—Lt. Dawson arrives assigned to the 27th and crashes No. 4 ship on his first flight.¹⁰

Aug. 14, 1918—We take another busted, washed-out ship to Faremoutiers.

Aug. 15, 1918—The 27th leaves for a new field.

Aug. 16, 1918—The Rear Party goes on leave to Melun and Lt. Nevius crashes to death on field. The Liberty Party is chased out of Melun by French MPs.

The 149th Band gives a concert and Lt. Lucas knocks down a German. Lt. Beauchamp is lost in action.¹¹

Aug. 17, 1918—German planes over our field again and La Ferte is bombed.

Aug. 18, 1918—Went on salvage detail to Orly.

Aug. 19, 1918—The 27th Squadron is on *Alerte* today.

Aug. 20, 1918—Went to Orly again with salvage motors.

Aug. 22, 1918—Major Hartney is promoted to Lt. Col. and Lt. Col. Billy Mitchell is promoted to General. Capt. Grant is promoted to command the 27th.

Aug. 23, 1918—Sergeant Bussy goes as ballast in a British observation plane to Colombey les Belles.

Aug. 24, 1918—Squadron 218 arrives and joins the First Pursuit Group as a repair squadron. Oh boy, they have a musical band.

Aug. 25, 1918—The 27th receives authority to issue first service stripes to officers and men. Private-First-Class Daubenburg receives recommendation for flying instruction. He was a stunt flyer before the war, but as he is of German descent he was never favored.

Aug. 27, 1918—I am assigned to ship No. 3 to get the motor in shape. I am considered the best motor mechanic in "A" Flight but am only first class private with rank of acting

corporal. Ship No. 2 has more flying hours than any others and yet Crew No. 2 does more loafing. Our ship is always ready. Instead of working on the ship all day we put it in condition to fly as soon as possible after it returns from a patrol. When done we loaf, of course, but the officers don't think we do enough work.

I have been doing a lot of art painting such as the squadron insignia for officers.

Aug. 28, 1918—I missed roll call this morning and got one-week confinement. Payday and lots of gambling.

Aug. 29, 1918—Signed payroll for next payday.

Aug. 30, 1918—Pvt. Baughman, motorcycle rider, crashes to death. He is buried alongside Lt. Quentin Roosevelt in cemetery near La Ferte.

Aug. 31, 1918—Flying washed out—27th prepares to leave.

Sept. 1, 1918—Sunday and 27th leaves with other squadrons. 2:30 P.M. ship No. 2 crashed and washed out and No. 5 won't fly.

Sept. 3, 1918—Rear Party sends all serviceable ships off and we, Rear Party, busy conditioning and sending off other ships.

Sept. 5, 1918—Rear Party packs up and leaves for new field. We stop at Sezanne to eat.

Sept. 6, 1918—Rear Party camped at Camp Haussman overnight.

Sept. 7, 1918—Rear Party stopped at Vitry le Francois for dinner. Rear Party arrives new field, Rembercourt, St. Mihiel Sector, 6:30 P.M.

Sept. 8, 1918—Aviation men not allowed to wander around field or to mingle in groups. We have to keep under camouflage so the German planes cannot see us, as they don't know of our presence at this field yet. All roads in the Zone of Advance are protected with camouflage. Sheets of burlap or canvas stretched across over the roads are fastened to trees or poles. This field is about 10 kilometers from Bar le Duc.

Sept. 9, 1918—27th Squadron prepares new Spad ships for flying service. We see German observation planes overhead.

Sept. 10, 1918—There is a 72-hour artillery bombardment going on a 20-mile front. The sky is all lighted up with flares, searchlights, bursting shells and gun fire.

Captain Grant decides the squadron needs more military efficiency. We have regular reveille calls, roll call formations, morning exercises, spit and polish inspections, inspection of quarters, night roll calls, etc.

Sept. 11, 1918—The 27th is off flying duty and we men are allowed to spend the day as we wish. We spend most of our time in Knights of Columbus Canteen. I paint the squadron insignia on the canteen piano.

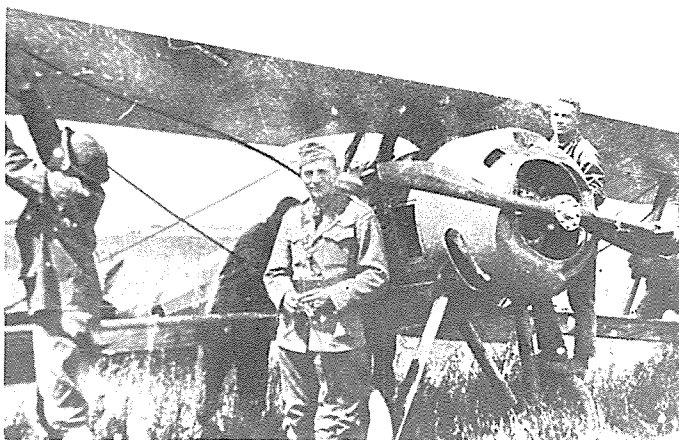
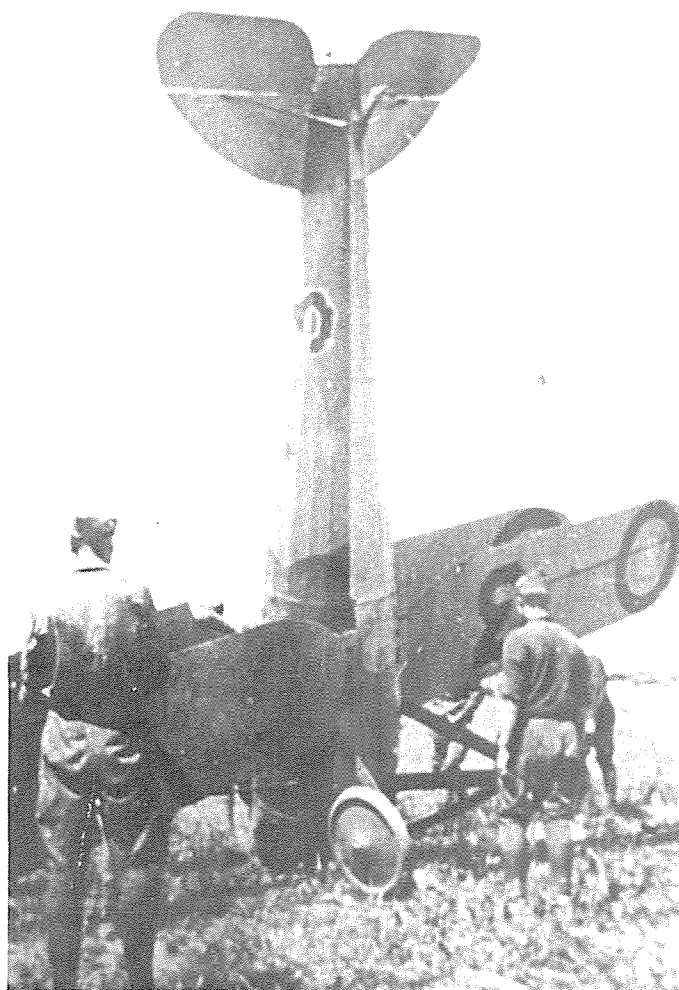
Sept. 12, 1918—First Pursuit Group supports ground troops by strafing German trenches and supply lines. Lts. Luke and Wehner each shoot down a German balloon.

Sept. 14, 1918—Lt. Luke downs a balloon and Lt. Wehner downs two planes. Lt. Dawson downs a plane and a balloon. Other pilots drop cigarettes to infantry up front.

Sept. 15, 1918—Lt. Luke downs another balloon.

Sept. 16, 1918—27th ship No. 18 runs wild into No. 21 at takeoff. Squadron armorers Klunk and MacDonald hurt in accident on duty. The 91st Field Artillery battery goes up into position as they pass our field.

Sept. 17, 1918—The only lights we have are candles and they



Lt. Martin's Nieuport 28 which nosed over on takeoff. Saints, July 1918.

Lt. Martin and his aircraft after it was righted. (Photo: From J.J. Smith)

must be out at 10:00 P.M. We are quartered in old wooden sheds that leak like hell when it rains. A potbellied stove in the middle. No windows.

Sept. 18, 1918—Lt. Luke knocks down two German balloons and three German planes. Lt. Wehner is shot down in enemy territory.

Sept. 19, 1918—Lt. Luke flies into 147th gun test pit while taking off. Crew No. 8 brings ship back.

Sept. 20, 1918—The 27th military regulations are enforced



Frank Luke posing with a captured Maxim ground machine gun for a publicity photo of the time.
(Charles Woolley Photo)

again. Pvt. Dunkle has to go two nights without lights as punishment for having his candles lighted after Lights Out. Sept. 22, 1918—Reveille at 4:30 A.M. today. The 27th on *Alerte* duty. A couple of liberty parties go up and visit the trenches. We steal a piano from a German outpost up beyond St. Mihiel.

Sept. 23, 1918—Reveille again at 4:30 A.M. 27th men get our turn to use group bath houses. We have some German prisoners here for labor work and there is a young German fellow who is a piano player. We take him to the Knights of Columbus Canteen and have him play the piano for the troops.

The First Pursuit Group forms a group of entertainers to travel around to various camps. The first seven-day leave party leaves for Nice in southern France. But they are recalled after five days and no other enlisted men received a pass longer than 72 hours. A few of the 27th men took French leave (AWOL) at various times. Some went to Paris to be chased out and some went up to the front lines.

When the American Tank Corps was organized a bulletin was tacked up stating that any man going AWOL or violating Army regulations would be transferred to the Tank Corps. Being placed on KP was not punishment as we volunteered for KP so we could get more to eat. Our chow was pretty bad and slim.

Sept. 25, 1918—"B" Flight moves up to Verdun. Lts. Luke and Roberts drop candy and cigarettes to infantry in trenches. Bombardment of Metz starts another big battle in the Meuse-Argonne Sector.

Lt. Luke was reported shot down.

Sept. 26, 1918—Ship No. 2 goes on early and late flying time. Lt. Roberts still missing. Lt. Wannamaker reported alive in POW camp in Germany.

Sept. 28, 1918—Artillery duel still on. Lt. Stout "B" Flight wounded and Lt. Luke reported killed for a certainty.

Twenty-seventh busy patching bullet holes in ships, marking them with German crosses.

We lose our Campaign Hats. U.S. General Headquarters orders all Campaign Hats turned in to Supply and wear the Overseas Cap.¹²

Oct. 4, 1918—Lt. McKimmon wounded. Ship salvaged o.k.

Oct. 6, 1918—Ship No. 2 makes a forced landing. The 27th getting poor food again, and on short rations and the cook spoiling what we have.

Oct. 8, 1918—Hail and thunderstorm. French bombing plane crashes and burns on northeast part of field. The French crew of three men jump out, one breaks his legs, others o.k.

New ship No. 3 forced down in German lines.

Oct. 9, 1918—Squadron 185 arrives and is supposed to do night flying. One Eighty Five has a flying bat for its insignia.

Oct. 10, 1918—Our "B" Flight up at Verdun is having a hard time of it. The field is under artillery fire most of the time. Some of the planes are shot up.

Oct. 11, 1918—Ship No. 2 washed out. The 27th has equipment inspection.

Oct. 12, 1918—Bar le Duc was bombed by the Germans. The only damage was a warehouse with the occupants killed or wounded.

Lt. Rickenbacker of the 94th flies a captured German Hannover plane.

The 35th Division marches past our field on the way to the front. A number of German planes are overhead.

Oct. 13, 1918—The 28th Division is in rest camp near our field. It is reported that the Germans want to make a deal to withdraw their troops.

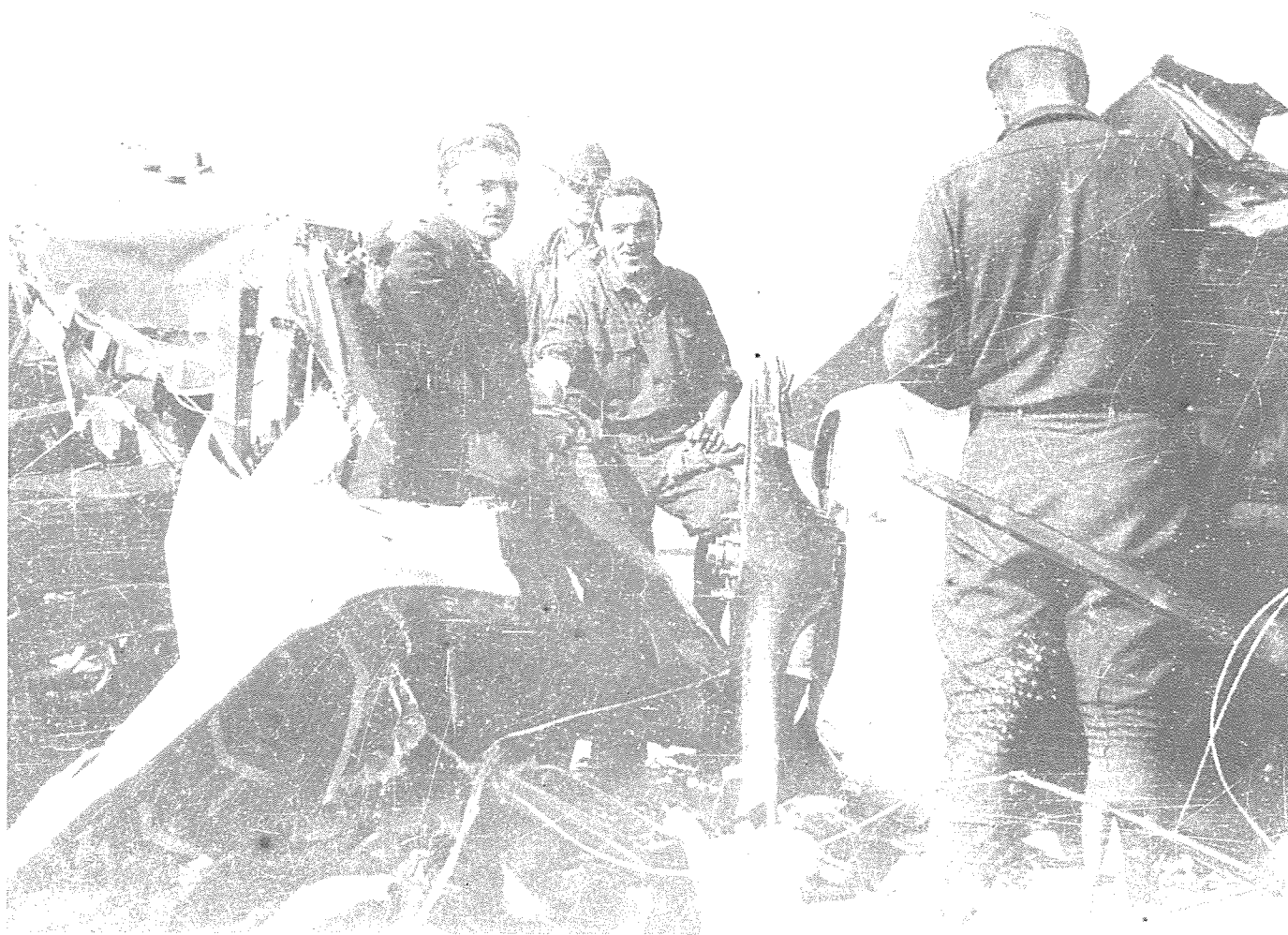
Oct. 17, 1918—One of the 147th ships runs wild around the field. The sergeant in the cockpit got scared and jumped out while testing the motor at full throttle. Another sergeant finally jumped aboard and cut the motor.

Official report that Lt. Frank Luke is dead. Forced down behind German lines he jumped out of his plane with drawn automatic pistol against a German machine gun crew who riddled him with bullets. Lt. Luke's body was wheeled around in a wheelbarrow around the German local lines and village to show the great American ace is dead.

(This was the squadron talk of the time, but is inaccurate. See AAHS Journal, Fall 1972, Vol. 17, No. 3, for article by Royal Frey who interviewed local French people who saw Frank Luke land his plane, severely wounded. According to them, Luke crawled and stumbled to a nearby stream. When local German troops approached his airplane, Luke raised himself on one elbow and fired at them with his .45. Before the German troops could locate the source of the fire, Luke fell dead. His body was taken to the cemetery at Murvaux by French villagers with a horse cart, and he was given a proper Christian burial by a German officer who conducted the service from the German Army manual. Ed.)

Oct. 18, 1918—Pvt. Bolkie of ship crew No. 6 gets injured by being cut with a propeller while swinging prop to start motor. Motor starts and suction of the prop pulls Bolkie into propeller getting the flesh cut to the bone on his thigh.

Sgt. Biggs and myself of ship No. 2 have our caps shot off



Two 27th Aero Squadron Spads meet head-on at the Rembercourt Field, October 25, 1918.

our heads while checking the timing of the motor. When turning the prop to timing position one of the armorers was working on guns and had gun trigger open. So they fired when we turned the prop.

Oct. 21, 1918—Lt. Col. Hartney crashed with the 94th captured German Fokker plane.

Oct. 25, 1918—"B" Flight 27th Squadron returns to field from Verdun outpost field.

Oct. 27, 1918—Lt. Ewing of the 185th Squadron night flyers crashes southeast of the field—both he and his ship are burned up. We could not get near the ship to get him out so we had to stand there and hear him scream until death overtook him.

Oct. 29, 1918—Payday today for the 27th. Whoopee! Pvt. Austin is shot through the foot while standing on ship motor at work. An armorer was working on guns at the time.

Nov. 1, 1918—Lt. White dies from burns in burning ship No. 25. Pvt. "Dirty" Davis gets beat up by persons unknown. "Dirty" Davis deserves it.

The band of the 13th Battery, 35th Division Artillery, gives a musical concert to the First Pursuit Group.

Lt. Cooper gives each of ship crew No. 2 a carton of cigarettes. It is raining, cold and muddy most of the time now.

Nov. 2, 1918—I was again promoted to corporal.

Nov. 5, 1918—A 185th Squadron ship crashes. The 185th is now the repair squadron for the First Pursuit Group.

Nov. 10, 1918—The 27th patrols and strafes the German lines. They are falling back. Heavy bombarding all along the front.

Capt. Hunt visits the enlisted men's quarters at 10:00 P.M. and tells us an armistice will be signed at 11:00 A.M. and that all hostilities and shooting will stop.

The 185th Squadron band led by Capt. Rickenbacker starts a shirrtail parade at 11:00 P.M. Other group squadrons join the celebration and shoot off the plane's guns and shoot flares in the sky. We march around in the mud shouting and singing. We don't get much sleep this night.

Nov. 13, 1918—The 27th sends a security patrol over the German lines.

Nov. 14, 1918—The 27th stands muster and drills. We go on regular military regulations. We are soldiers again.

Nov. 15, 1918—All First Pursuit Group personnel are ordered to turn in all war souvenirs. I am busy painting the squadron insignia for officers on their luggage, trunks, etc. I get relieved of regular duty and placed on special duty.

Nov. 16, 1918—The 94th and 27th Squadrons receive orders to prepare to go to Germany on Occupation Duty.

Nov. 17, 1918—The 27th Squadron is permitted to vote as to whether they will go on Occupation Duty. The 27th votes to go home and any member wishing to transfer to the 94th is permitted to do so.

Nov. 18, 1918—The 27th receives a group of new aviators to fly over the lines so as to get credit for flying in action. We don't like the idea of new pilots to get action flying credit and

we see to it, backed by our regular pilots, that not many planes take the air. Ships are sent off in crosswinds, sent off over muddy runways, over loose stony runways, etc. We have splintered props, damaged undercarriages, motor failures, etc. So only a few of the new pilots get in the air.

Nov. 27, 1918—I paint the 27th insignia on a broken prop for Lt. Clapp, and on a trunk for Capt. Grant.

Nov. 29, 1918—All unserviceable ships are sent to Colombey les Belles. Some of our officers that were taken prisoner are sent back to our First Pursuit Group Headquarters.

All American troops are issued postcards, called "Gen. Pershing Cards," to fill out and send to our folks that we are all well and o.k. Some of the men protest the sending of these cards and are placed under arrest and put in the guard house. I am one of them.

Dec. 2, 1918—We are receiving a lot of German planes. Nearly all our officers and pilots have been sent home by now.

Dec. 6, 1918—First Pursuit Group officially relieved from duty.

Dec. 8, 1918—The 27th sends all ships off to Issoudun and Colombey les Belles.

Dec. 10, 1918—The 27th leaves Rembercourt Field for Colombey les Belles.

Dec. 16, 1918—The 27th is assigned to Fatigue Duty erecting hangars to store salvage, supplies, etc.

Dec. 20, 1918—Today I am thrown in the clink for AWOL from a work detail.

Dec. 25, 1918—Christmas Day and still in clink. We prisoners, 10 of us, are visited by the YMCA canteen girls. They bring us chocolate bars, cigarettes, cookies, etc. We do eat Christmas dinner with the squadron, but we eat with a guard over us.

Dec. 26, 1918—Lt. Col. Hartney arrives and sees us prisoners drilling under guard. He inquires about the charges and later in the day we are released from the guard house.

Dec. 27, 1918—The 27th is again on fatigue detail. Lt. Col. Hartney investigates why the 27th is being held here at Colombey les Belles as a work outfit. We were to have been home in the States by this time. We soon get better conditions. It seems Capt. Grant is too easy, ordered around by the camp officers.

Jan. 1, 1919—New Year's Day and 27th on fatigue. Raining, cold and damn miserable. We watch the burning of planes, good and usable. Demolition of mortars, trucks and other equipment and we the enlisted men are not allowed to take home a single article or scrap for a souvenir.

Jan. 2, 1919—Capt. Grant gives a lecture on the Articles of War. We must be soldiers, especially the saluting regulations.

Jan. 3, 1919—We are having an epidemic of finding dead soldiers around the camp area. A member of the 95th was found dead near the rifle range today.

Jan. 6, 1919—Three other men found dead today. Payday for the 27th.

Jan. 10, 1919—Another man found dead today. Most of the men found dead are beaten to death or stabbed. Most of them are corporals or sergeants.

Jan. 19, 1919—General inspection of camp and squadrons. Lt. Col. Hartney arrives and reprimands our Capt. Grant for not standing up for the 27th.

Jan. 31, 1919—Hooray! The 27th Advance Party leaves today for Brest.

Feb. 2, 1919—The 27th Squadron leaves Colombey les Belles 7:00 A.M. We march five miles to railway tracks. We go into bivouac until our train arrives. It is raining and cold. We build fires and huddle around them and eat hard tack. When our 40 and 8 cars arrive we entrain at 5:00 P.M. and leave at 8:00 P.M.

Feb. 5, 1919—Our train arrives at railroad station below Brest and we spend a month in camp doing fatigue details until Lt. Col. Hartney arrives again and takes charge.

Mar. 4, 1919—Payday and spit and polish and given instructions as to regulations of embarkation for home.

We can carry any articles, souvenirs, etc., on our backs and left arm. Right arm and hand must be free to guide one's self up the gangplank and to ship's quarters. No whiskey, wine or alcohol drinks allowed on person or in pack. Foreign merchandise to the amount of \$100.00 allowed such as jewelry, silks and such.

Mar. 8, 1919—We embark upon the *U.S.S. Charleston*, a destroyer, for passage home. □

NOTES

1. The *S.S. Tuscania* was sunk at 9:40 p.m. on 5 Feb. 1918 by German U-Boat 77 with the loss of 200 lives, most of whom were members of the 32nd Division.
2. In his book, *Up And At 'Em*, Hartney states that he was married 11 Nov. 1914.
3. The 28th, 139th and 148th were also aboard the *S.S. Olympic*.
4. Williams was a good artist and painted the squadron insignia on many of the airplanes, and on trunks, propellers, etc.
5. Lt. Rosenblum, M.D., Medical Corps, was physician with the 147th and possibly for the First Pursuit Group.
6. Contraceptives.
7. Actually the 95th.
8. According to the Gorrell history of the 27th, Dawson, MacArthur and Hill scored victories on the 19th. Vasconcells brought down planes on July 16th and August 1st.
9. D.H.4s.
10. According to the Gorrell history, Lt. Dawson joined the squadron on July 16, 1918.
11. Lt. Beauchamp was lost Aug. 1, 1918.
12. In one of his letters, Williams writes that they hated to lose their Campaign Hats because of the protection it gave from sun and rain. He called the Overseas Cap the "Rain in the Face Cap."

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE 27th AERO SQUADRON

1. *Over the Front*, this issue. "Jerry Cox Vasconcells, Colorado's Only A.E.F. Ace."
2. Gorrell Report, National Archives, *History of the 27th Aero Squadron*.
3. *Cross & Cockade*, Summer 1960, Vol. 1 No. 2. "A Brief History of the 27th Aero Squadron."
4. *Cross & Cockade*, Autumn 1960, Vol. 3 No. 3. "The 27th's Black Day."
5. *Cross & Cockade*, Autumn 1963, Vol. 4, No. 3. "A New Hampshire Pursuit Pilot. F.I. Ordway of the 27th."
6. *Up And At 'Em*, Hartney. Stackpole & Sons, 1940.
7. *AAHS Journal*, Vol. 17 No. 3, Fall 1972. Article by Royal Frey on locations of U.S. aerodromes and other sites.

MOVING?

If you're planning to move please send us your change of address as soon as possible. We cannot get your JOURNAL to you if we don't know where you live. To ensure uninterrupted service please let us know at least six weeks in advance. And to be sure it is *your* address we change, please include your current mailing label.

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