

Chapter 1

Downed

I slowly woke up. My Camel was not only still in the air, but it was flying itself! I grabbed the control stick and shook it, but nothing happened. Then, without warning, the Camel whipped into a spin “NO, NO NO!” I screamed. Then, she plunged to earth, for all the world to see.

Several hours earlier

My Sopwith Camel bounced and shook, ready to take to the air. “Chocks away!” I yelled over the roar of the engine. My mechanic, George Williams, removed the wheel stops. My Camel raced down the landing strip and lifted into the air. My squadron soon followed and in a few minutes, we were all flying high at 6,000 feet. We saw and went through some storm clouds. Some holes let late morning sunlight peek in. I hesitated. If lightning struck us, we could be burnt.

I decided to proceed. Raindrops fell on us and our airplanes. Suddenly a red Fokker triplane dove out of a cloud. Then a white one, a striped one, and many more. Jagdgeschwader 1, the flying circus. I gasped. Led by Germany's top flying ace —the Red Baron himself— the flying circus was full of deadly flying aces that could have shot us down from a mile away.

The sky erupted in a ball of swirling airplanes. Triplanes and Camels fell from the sky in the deadly dance of death. I was circling the great fight, looking to see who I could help when a yellow and white Pfalz D.III fired at me. He riddled my tail full of holes. I dived downwards and pulled up onto the Pfalz's tail. The Pfalz pilot saw me and turned sharp to the right. I shot his engine and it caught fire. He twirled to the ground with a fantastic ribbon of smoke right behind it. Then a triplane dived right in front of me. He must have overshot his mark and wound up squarely in front of me. I pushed the triggers and bullets pumped out of my two Vickers guns. The triplane fell in a spin, the pilot dead. I pulled up and around and saw one of our squadron's new pilots, Bill Woodall, under attack by a white triplane. I turned to help but his plane caught fire. I could see him trying to get out. “Why don't they give us parachutes?” I whispered to myself. Our superiors thought we would bail out of our planes if we got scared, which I never understood. He flailed and tried to get out of the cockpit. He tried to jump and unbuckled his strap in the process. His Camel exploded in a fantastic fireball. I felt a sense of regret as I saw the remains of his burning plane fall to the ground. I should have acted quicker. I should have paid attention.

Then I looked behind me and nearly jumped out of my seat. A red triplane was behind me.

Chapter 2

Curse you, Red Baron!

I cursed as bullets hit my plane. I slammed my stick forward in order to lose the Fokker from my tail. I cut my engine with the blip I did all I could, pushing my plane to the limit, spinning, stalling, slipping, maneuvering and, to my surprise, I got behind the Red Baron, expecting to shoot him down and be awarded the Victoria Cross, becoming world-famous, and being removed from the war, regarded as too important to lose. I pushed the triggers. But nothing but a clicking noise came. I pushed again. The click. My guns were jammed.

Then I saw the triplane pull up. He got behind me, and I knew I was in trouble. I could not fire. I could not move. I was stuck. A whirl of bullets flew by my ears. My engine went out, and black smoke and sparks billowed out of my stricken aircraft. I was stuck. I started to breathe in the smoke.

I woke up on solid earth, almost two hours after the Camel had spun to the ground. My left arm ached. I tried to stand up but my legs were stuck. I examined them. The control stick was lodged in my right leg.

"Oh," I said, surprised. "Well, this is gonna hurt," I thought. "1..2..3!" I yelled as I yanked the control stick out of my leg. I cursed. "Ahh," I groaned. I tore the streamer from my wrecked aircraft and I tied it around the bloody hole in my leg. Then I limped out of the cockpit. I decided I should see if my Camel was still flyable. The fuselage was in fairly good condition, besides bullet holes and a handful of pieces of fabric ripped off, but the engine was not going to get me far. It was still smoking. The axle was cracked and a wheel was shattered. One of the wings was more than forty yards away.

"Well my plane is dead but I'm not," I mumbled. I started walking west, to the front, and allied lines. Home.

Chapter 3

In the light of the moon

As I started my journey, I heard the faint boom of artillery cannons in the distance. My leg throbbed badly, and I wondered if it was going to need to be amputated. I saw a crashed wreck. "Did I go in a circle?" I thought. I ran to the downed camel and recognized it. It was Bill Woodall's camel, or what was left of the scorched plane. In what remained of the cockpit, I found a charred picture of his wife. I couldn't bear to look. I saw smoke in the distance. "What?" I asked myself. I ran and saw a downed triplane in an abandoned German village.

I ran to the tumbled town and found food and water. The town was called Tag der Sonne. I walked through the abandoned streets. A church steeple loomed high over the houses. In the center of the town was a lake. In the middle of it was a Felixstowe F.2A. The giant British flying boat cast a shadow on the beautiful lake at sunset. I looked at my watch. 7:56 pm. That would give me enough time to eat, pack food and water for the journey back, and to sleep for twelve hours.

I ate some bread and drank two glasses of water. I found an old bag. I stuffed eight loaves of bread and twelve canteens of water in the old pack. Then I inspected the village's houses. I found one with a bed, but no roof. I plopped onto the bed and put my bag on the floor. I rolled onto the bed and looked up at the beautiful moon and stars. I wondered about my family. I wondered why this had happened.

Overhead, I saw huge shadows. They blocked the moonlight. I went outside and looked up. A light flickered from above and then I saw it. On the side of the giant thing, was the letters and numbers LZ-109, the newest airship to the German zeppelin fleet, wasfleet, was escorted by some . "London. They are headed to London." I thought. But the airship was flying too low to be going to London.

I followed the zeppelin and fighters. In the distance, searchlights flickered on, and large white circles appeared on the belly of the zeppelin. There was a zeppelin base and landing strip for fighters. I got down low in the grass as a guard approached. I grabbed the guard's leg and pulled him down. I covered his mouth with my shirt and he passed out. I felt his pulse to see if had been tied to the mooring mast and was being loaded with bombs. I grabbed an unlit lantern, rope, some matches and stole a parachute from one of the. I walked onto the Zeppelin and heard the command from the captain. He was still alive. He was living. I took his uniform and hat and hurried into the base.

"Schiff Hoff!" He yelled.

The airship lifted into the sky with the grace only a cloud could muster. I looked out a window and saw the fly around the mighty Zeppelin. I took a seat on a bench next to a machine gunner. After a few minutes, I got up and went into a separate room, pulled the lantern and matches out of my coat, I opened the lantern and slid a match on my pant leg, and lit the lantern. The lantern flickered with life and it burned bright and beautiful.

I hung out of a window and took my aim. I threw the lantern up onto the balloon. The lantern shattered then the fabric caught fire. I rushed through the door. The control cabin shook as the hydrogen caught fire and exploded. The crew screamed and panicked. A few men rushed over to me just as I jumped onto a nearby wing. The pilot lost control of his aircraft and fell out of the cockpit but managed to latch onto the wing. I climbed from the wing into the cockpit and did an odd maneuver. The man held on with all his might but lost his grip and fell to his death.

Then my face felt hot, and a bright orange glow lit up the night sky. I looked over at the zeppelin as it was engulfed in a blinding yellow, orange, and red inferno. The zeppelin had caught fire and the mighty airship was plunging to earth. I turned the Junkers around and flew towards the zeppelin base before any of the German pilots found out.

As I was headed back to find the base, I heard machine guns. I stared all around, thinking the German pilots were trying to bring me down. I looked behind me and instead of seeing, I saw a squadron of Sopwith Dolphins from a British squadron coming up behind me."Dolphins! I'm being attacked by my friends!" I thought. I pulled up and dived down. They stayed on my tail. I flew into a cloud and lost the Dolphins. I started to head back to the base. Once I found it, I could find the town. The base's spotlights shone brightly in the dark night sky. I flew into another cloud so the anti-aircraft guns couldn't see me. After the base was far enough away, I dove out the cloud.

Before I could react, a flock of birds flew around me, and one flew straight into the propeller. The blades snapped off and I ducked just in time as a piece flew inches over my head. The plane twirled like a ragdoll in a tornado. I just barely got to the ground in one piece. It bounced five times, each with a sickening thud. When it came to a stop, I hopped out of the airplane and looked to see if anyone had followed me. I saw no pilots, but the zeppelin's light could be seen for huge distances. I watched it for a few minutes. It's glow was huge, even though I had to be miles away. It reminded me of home in Illinois, and the campfires my Mother, Amelia, Father, Franklin, two brothers Franklin jr, and Luke, and sister Melissa would have every night. I missed them. I tried not to think that I would never see them again. I stepped into the house and went to sleep.

I awoke to the sound of engines. Some Albatros D.Vas patrolled above. "Wonder where the Hun are off to this morning," I thought. I looked at my watch. It was 5:50 am. Over fifteen hours since I awoke from being shot down. That was long enough for my squadron to search, give up and a telegram to be sent over to America. My squadron must have been worried out of their minds. I strolled out of the house and breathed in the fresh morning air. For a fleeting moment, I forgot there was a war on. I walked to the lake and swam out to the Felixstowe. I latched onto the hull and pulled myself into the cockpit. I slumped into the seat and took a long, deep breath.

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Into the depths

A bomb was headed straight towards me. In fact, many were. I saw some allied Handley-Page O/400 bombers and S.E.5a fighters in the cloudy, gray sky. I was about to be killed by something I had once protected. I ran as fast as my already weak legs could carry me, arms swaying and blood pumping. After a couple of minutes of running, I found an abandoned German bomb shelter. I turned the handle, rushed inside, and slammed the door. "Phew!" I panted. The bunker smelled like moist concrete, mud, mold, sweat, and maybe rat droppings. I went down the twisty and rusty stairs. The calming sound of water dripped from the ceiling, slashing to the concrete below, all while the earth shook from the bombs. After the old set of stairs ended, a long hallway was at the end of the staircase with a door labeled "Kartenraum". I took some German lessons as a child, and I thought it meant "map room," but I wasn't sure. I tried to open the door but it wouldn't budge. I kept struggling with the old oak opening and finally got it open with a loud squeak. Hanging on the wall was an old lantern. I grabbed a match and lit it. The room filled with life and hanging on the wall was a map. It said I was in between the German-French border and Berlin. I snatched the map off the wall and left the room and went to the next door labeled "Lieferungen". Which I thought meant "supplies". When I opened the door, at least a foot of muddy water and some rotted wood gushed out and knocked me down to the cold, moist floor. Inside, I found the cause of the mini typhoon. A burst pipe. I took a dirty rag and tied it around the leak and the water held off. "For now, it'll work," I thought. I knew I had limited time to find anything. I opened every cupboard and drawer. I searched every nook and cranny. Suddenly I heard hissing and screeching. Something came flying across the room and pinged on the floor. It was a rivet. I looked at the pipe, and it was ready to burst. Huge bulges were disfiguring and warping the steel. "Welp, time to go!" I yelled. I bolted out of the room just as the pipe burst, letting a mini tsunami of water out.

As I was climbing up the stairs, I heard a creaking and groaning underneath me. I looked down, I saw the water taking down the wooden support beams of the staircase. "Oh, No!" I said. I darted up the stairs as fast as I could. I was almost to the top when I tripped. The bottom supports twisted and groaned as they collapsed into the water below. It was a horrible sound. My leg was dripping blood from being cut on the stairs. I got up, stumbled up a few stairs, and opened the door. The bombs had stopped. "whew," I sighed. But just then a giant groan came from the supports. And then something snapped below me.

Chapter 6

Triplane Turmoil

"OH NO!" I screamed. My feet felt weightless, and I closed my eyes and braced myself for the long fall and wet landing. But I didn't fall. "What?" I questioned. Then I opened my eyes. I still had a hold on the door, but my feet were dangling in midair. My heart skipped a beat. "How did I...? I asked myself. "Nevermind". I swung myself up and through the door. I shut the latch and stepped outside.

"Whew!" I breathed a sigh of relief. "That was close" I started walking west, the map told me to do so. "I should be there by Saturday," I thought. I was too busy looking at the map that I tripped over something and got a faceful of mud. "Bluh!" I spat. I looked back and saw it. I gasped. "No. it can't be." I had stumbled upon a Sopwith triplane, The first plane I had flown in combat.

1 year earlier

My flight instructor wound the Gnome rotary engine in my Sopwith triplane. "CONTACT!" he shouted, then my bird roared to life. It shook and bounced. My flight instructor gave me the go-ahead. "CHOCKS AWAY!" I yelled. Men removed the wooden slabs holding my warbird in its place. As I raced down the landing strip, my plane lifted into the clean, clear blue sky. As I circled the landing strip, I felt great pride in my accomplishment. I had made it from America, across the Atlantic, and into Britain and had begun training to fly. I was so caught up in the memories and imagining how many planes I would shoot down, I had taken my hands off the controls and was barreling towards some trees "AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" I screamed. I pulled up so hard I snapped a cable and almost ripped my control stick out, and put a hole in the rudder pedals while I was turning away. "This would probably be a good time to land," I told myself. I lined up for what was sure to be a rough landing, but to my surprise, actually landed my tripe in one piece. Suddenly my triplane slid sideways then came to a stop. My flight instructor rushed over. "What in the blank was that?" he yelled. "Sir, I-I'm sorry. Really, I don't know what happened". I had failed my first flight exam. However, instead of becoming an observer on reconnaissance flights, my instructor gave me a second chance. He had a feeling one day, I would become something great.

I went over to look at the engine to look for damage. None. I pulled the landing gear out of the muddy ground and started the engine. it roared to life. I navigated it around shell holes and it got into the air. I thought of something after a minute. I pulled left and looked back. I recognized the

serial number. This was my old triplane. "Well, hello old girl," I said as I patted the outside of the cockpit. "It's been a while, but I'm back." Then artillery shells burst below me. The tripe shook and the engine started sputtering. "No, stay up" I whispered to the triplane. Then, as if it heard me, the engine coughed it out. I looked down, and instead of seeing a trench, or a bridge, I saw Brandenburg Gate down below. "W-who? What?" I shouted. "I'm in Berlin?" I went into a cloud to hide from the anti-aircraft guns. Then I saw a red dot not far away. I knew quickly who it was. I immediately pulled up out of the cloud. The guns of the red Fokker triplane blazed. I pulled up as hard as I could, and the Baron followed. My engine stalled and I fell back down. The Baron came down next to me and waved to say hello. I waved back. "Hallo, herr!" he yelled over the roar of the engines. "Hallo, Baron! Ich war im Sopwith-Kamel, das du vor zwei Tagen abgeschossen hast!" I yelled back. "Welcher?" He laughed. We pulled up, just missing the dome of Charlottenburg Palace. Oddly, I didn't feel compelled to get behind him and shoot him full of holes. I looked over just as he pulled up. "What is he doing?" I thought. I watched him, but something in front of me caught my attention. I looked forward. I did so just in time because Brandenburg gate was very close. I turned sideways and just barely cleared the gigantic stone pillars. I looked back as I pulled up into the sky. He was on my tail.

Chapter 9

The dogfight of aces

We began the circling of almost every dogfight. From the ground below, it might have seemed that two birds were courting one another. But up there it was a game of death. He who got the enemy at his back first was lost. One pass, then another. It was all the same to me. Our planes shuddered as we passed, each time at a hair's breadth. I twisted, turned, and maneuvered my bird any way I could to get behind my red assailant, all the while we shot like madmen at each other any chance we could get. I couldn't believe, for a second time, I was dogfighting with death. Finally, after five minutes, I got him in my sights. I slammed my finger onto the trigger and fired away. Clips of fabric flew off behind the triplane from the fuselage. He flipped his triplane into a maneuver and got out of my sight. I looked at the instruments. There was almost no fuel left. "That's what the hissing noise was" I thought. The engine stalled. The triplane wavered in midair. I waved my fist at the red triplane as it flew by me, but all he did was merrily wave and pull away. It was me and me alone.

Chapter 10

Jail time

I guided the plane back down to the ground. It hit a shell hole, flipped, and went over on its nose. Then it pancaked onto its back. I sat upside down for about a minute then dropped to the ground. "Hey Verräter, Hör auf" said a voice "What?" I asked. I turned and standing directly in front of me was a German guard. He was about my height and was my age. He went on barking in German for about five minutes, something about how I would be killed for falling into Germany. He then told me his name. His name was Heike Heinz. I explained my story to him. "Ah ja. Der rote Baron." Heike chuckled. "Ich bin überrascht, dass du noch lebst. Seit er sich eine Kopfwunde zugezogen hat, ist er in der Luft sehr aggressiv geworden" he said. "Es tut mir leid, Sie haben so viel durchgemacht, aber es ist gegen das Protokoll, jemanden aus der Reihe

zu lassen. Ich fürchte, du musst mit mir kommen” He reported. “Warten Sie, ich muss mit Ihnen kommen?” I questioned. He nodded his head sadly.

Heike led me to a German prisoner camp. The camp looked like it had been built many years ago. It was in horrible condition. Its concrete was cracking, its metal was rusted and twisted. And to top it off, it smelled like mold. After I had been found a cell, I was shoved in. Then I overheard the guards and Heike talking about putting another prisoner in my cell. “Er hatte seit drei Tagen keinen menschlichen Kontakt mehr. Gib ihm wenigstens jemanden zum Reden” Heike whined. The other guards argued for a moment, then decided to give me a cellmate. Then the cell door opened. In walked not a soldier, not a pilot, and not a spy. A beautiful nurse named Nora Mckallester. Her beautiful long blonde hair blew in the soft breeze from the window. Her bright blue eyes shone in the light of dusk. She strolled by me to get to her bunk. And for one brief second, our eyes locked. It felt like I was in heaven.

Chapter 11

Meeting Manfred

She sat down on her bunk and we struck up a conversation. She was from Illinois. Her parents had been killed six years ago on the Titanic coming back from a birthday trip for her in England. She had come to Europe two years ago to work as a nurse. She had been captured behind enemy lines the day prior tending to a wounded French spy. “I’m sorry about your parents. Were you on the ship?” she sighed “Oh, maybe”. Then I told all about what had happened and why I had an aircraft scarf tied around my leg and why I had mud in my ears. “Wow,” Nora remarked. “I may be able to patch up that hole in your leg”. “Ah, it’s fine,” I said. “I’ve made it days. I can make it more.”

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Gone with the wind

Nora yawned. “I’m tired,” she complained. “I guess I am too,” I admitted. “Good night”. “Good night,” she repeated. As I laid my head down, I felt something lumpy in the pillow. “What in the...” I said. “What’s wrong?” Nora asked, sitting up. I shook out of the pillow. It fell to the floor and made a terrible racket. A metal file, with a note, written in English. “Use this to escape and hide it where you found it.” the note directed. I handed the note to Nora and looked around the cell. At the back was a window big enough we could escape from. I used the file to cut the bars off the window. I looked down below, and there was a wooden ladder. “Crawl through the window,” I told Nora. I put the file and note back into the pillowcase. “Charley. Du gehst?” Heike asked, startling me. I spun around. “Yes Heike, we are leaving, Take good care,” I replied. The brave man nodded. “Ja, geh” he urged. I turned and looked out the window. Nora was at the bottom waiting for me. I swung out onto the ladder.

As I reached the bottom of the ladder and hopped down, I whispered thank you to Heike, even though he couldn’t hear me, or even see me. I looked at my watch. 10:00. I pulled the map out of the bag. “See?” I pointed to the map. “We are about fifty miles away from an abandoned

French trench,” I told Nora. “Wait...” she paused. “That will take us seventeen hours!” she yelled. “SHH...keep your voice down, some other guards might hear us. Don’t worry, we can make it” I said. Hopefully, I was right.

Chapter 14

Fire in the Felixstowe

“What is that doing out there?” Nora asked. “I have no idea,” I responded. “The pilots probably had to make a forced landing.” In the middle of a lake, there was a beautiful Felixstowe flying boat. It bobbed up and down in the water, its canopy glistening in the early morning light. “Let’s try her out,” I said as I grinned. “Have you lost your brain?” Nora asked “Not yet, but if we don’t get home soon I might.” I said. She gave in with a sigh “Fine, what do you need me to do?” I thought for a moment. “Well, you could swing the props,” I said. “Can you show me how?” She asked. “Sure.”

After we had swam out to the boat, and taught Nora how to swing the propellers, I hopped into the cockpit “Ok, start swinging them!” I shouted. Nora swung the propellers easily, something I had not expected, and she hopped into the cockpit with me. “Here we go!” I said. I pushed the throttles forward, and the engines picked up. This was my first time flying a plane of the Felixstowe’s size, but the controls felt surprisingly light. I felt out the necessary stick and rudder to fly it quickly, and we lifted up just missing the shore of the lake. “And we’re off!” I said as we climbed. “Wow...” Nora exclaimed “I’ve never been this high in the air before. I’ve never even flown,” she said as she peered out the window. “Well, here’s your first time. What do you think of it?” I asked her. “It’s... pretty.” She said, “I feel like a bird.” “Welcome to flying,” I replied. Suddenly, a faint clattering filled the air. We looked at each other, confused. I hopped out of my seat, still holding on to the controls, and looked back at the engines. The left engine was making the racket. Small puffs of black smoke came out every few seconds. I settled back into my seat. “What is it? What’s wrong?” Nora asked. “I’m not too sure. The left engine is having troubles,” I explained to Nora “We will probably be able to make it across the lines.” “That’s great!” Nora exclaimed. We flew on with the sputtering engine. As we climbed, the air started to get colder. “I’m freezing.” Nora shivered. “Oh, if your cold, here.” I took off my thick sheepskin coat and gave it to her. “Thank you, much better.” Nora sighed. “It gets chilly up here,” I remarked. “I almost wish there was a fire to warm us up.” Nora said. Suddenly, the clattering became louder. I looked out the cockpit like before, and the engine was puffing heavier smoke. “That engine worries me”. We heard a new noise. “What is that?” Nora asked. I looked back at the engine. A small flame was coming out, and it was growing fast. I hopped back into the cockpit. And looking for a lake. There was one the perfect distance away. “What’s going on?” Nora screamed. “Fire. Now, hold on!” I shouted as I plunged down into a sideslip. It was said sideslips could help but out fires, but I had never been so unlucky as to be able to test it to never test it. I rolled the wheel on the control column to the right and pushed the rudder bar to the left. The altimeter continued to inch lower and lower

Chapter 15

Home again, gone again

The muddy ground squished under our feet as we ran away from three chasing guards. They had almost caught up to us. I had been right. Nora shouting had attracted the attention of three guards. They had followed with such silence for thirteen miles, but one of them sneezed and it gave them away. Nora had kept by my side for the whole ordeal. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, Nora disappeared in a flash. "CHARLEY!" she screamed. I snapped my head around just in time to see the guards picking her off the ground and escorting Nora back to the prison camp. I ran and hid behind a bullet-ridden SPAD from the raid. I squatted down to check if the pilot was alive. The man was limp and pale. "Sir, sir. Are you alive?" I asked the man. He moaned and weakly pointed to his stomach. Blood was stained and leaking all over his coat. He had been fatally hit. "Sir, you are going t-" I couldn't finish the sentence before he stopped breathing. I pulled the map out of my bag and looked for the river Somme. To my surprise, it was only two and a half miles away. We had unknowingly run to the river. The guards and Nora were now out of sight. I sighed and thought that the most beautiful girl I ever knew would probably be executed by morning. I ran to the river and looked back and forth as a barge was floating down the river. I swam out to the middle and grabbed onto the boat and hobbled myself in. I snuck into the bridge and took control of the ship. Every summer when I was younger, my family and I went sailing on Lake Michigan on our yearly vacations. My Father let me sail the ship every once in a while. I grabbed the wheel of the barge and started to steer it to allied lines. Just then the captain came into the bridge. "Vem är du och Vad gör du?" he said. "Char- I-I mean-Auggg!" I had spoken so much to Nora I was still using my native language. I shuddered, thinking of the horrid consequences. "Männer, wir haben einen Feind an Bord. Komm sofort auf die Brücke!" the captain yelled, I assumed to his men. Ten sailors charged up to the bridge to take me as I took off running. I evaded the men and hopped into a lifeboat. After the sailors went to look for me elsewhere, I looked in the crates the barge was carrying. What met my eyes was shiny metal. It was artillery and anti-aircraft shells. Quickly, I formed a plan. I grabbed one and carried it onto a lifeboat. When I was far enough away, I mustered all of my strength and threw the shell at the barge. "BOOOOOOOM" an explosion went off. When I turned my head, the barge was already sinking and was burning. I paddled away as fast as I could, laughing the whole time. Soon, I fell to the spell of sleep.

I awoke in a haystack in a barn. Our barn. I got up and walked outside. I saw my house. I was home. I ran inside. I heard my father's voice "Kids! We got a telegram from Charley!" he yelled. My eight-year-old brother Luke slid down the banister of the stairs followed by my ten-year-old brother Franklin Jr, and my fifteen-year-old sister Mellisa. They and my mom, Ameilia, sat down at the kitchen table and opened the letter. My father, Franklin, cleared his throat. "Dear Hill family" my father started "We regret to inform you..." His voice saddened. "Your son, Captain Charles Hill, fell in com..." He paused and folded the letter slowly. A tear dropped from his eye. Never in my life had I seen my father cry. My mother burst out into tears, along with my sister. My brothers stared at each other in disbelief.

I awoke in a cold sweat, breathing heavily. I looked at my watch. 5:56, a perfect time to set out again. I was about six miles behind the lines, and. I charged up to the lines and jumped over the German trench. Puffs of dirt flew up in front of me. The allied soldiers were shooting at me! I had not considered them thinking I was the enemy. I was halfway across No-man's land, so there

was no turning back. A piece of barbed wire caught my pants. I almost fell, but I kept my balance. I jumped into the allied trench and landed with a thump. "Good morning boys" I said. "Keep up the good work"

"And who might you be?" A soldier asked me. "Charley Hill, Commanding officer of 209 squadron" I said as I pulled out my identification papers. "I was shot down, but I survived. "Welcome back!" He said. "Thanks" I responded. I hopped over the west side of the trench. I was finally back in my own lines! So close to home! I burst through the door and all the noise stopped. Everyone stared at me as if I were a ghost. "Charles!" my mechanic George said. "Your back! We thought you died!" A chatter of agreement spread like wildfire through the room. "That doesn't matter right now," I said before quickly explaining what had happened. "Men, get your planes ready, all of you. We're going up"

Chapter 16

We meet again

I hopped into the cockpit of a spare Camel after the engine had been started, and wasted no time getting into the air. My squadron soon followed. After climbing for about minutes, we had reached 5,000 feet. We flew into the clouds and then out. We soon saw two Albatros C.VIIs. Oliver Leboutiller, another flight leader, shot down one, and so did another pilot. Leboutiller's kill went down in flames. Death by fire was the scariest thing for an airman. The flames could devour your bird in seconds. Through faulty gas lines, enemy fighters, or whatever the cause may be, it would be deadly. Scary. Then, on the horizon, two Allied twin-seaters were being attacked by Albatros D.Vs and Fokker Triplanes. I waggled my wings. The signal to attack. I went inverted and plunged down into the melee, engine at full power. This would be the fight that changed everything.

Chapter 17

Kaputt

We clashed with the Flying Circus. I saw one pilot shoot down a green-tailed Albatros. I couldn't help but smile. I had already scored twenty, and it gave me great pleasure to see other pilots rack up their tallies. Then, I checked behind me and saw a triplane. The pilot was trying to clear a jam. His guns had frozen. The perfect time to score a kill. I pulled back and maneuvered behind him. "Here's to number twenty-one!" I thought. My fingers pushed the triggers and sent streams of hot bullets to the top wing of the triplane. It flew off the plane and below me. But the triplane was still flying. I kept the pressure on the triggers and kept firing. Soon the aircraft started smoking and went down. After noting where the triplane crashed, I checked around to see if I could help anybody. Out of the corner of my eye, something caught my attention.

A red Triplane was following a Camel down to the River Somme. I immediately spun my Camel around and put the bird into a dive. With the bracing wires shrieking on my wing, I was diving to save that Camel, all while the Baron kept pounding that poor plane with silver German lead. I soon got onto the red triplane's tail. I put my thumbs over the triggers, waiting for just the right moment to squeeze them and send bullets into the triplane. I knew what I had to do. But I didn't know if I could. He seemed invincible. What if that was true? He had shot me down once, could he a second?

I closed my eyes, pressed the triggers, and hoped for the best. The Vickers guns on my Camel shot away at the Baron's triplane. I opened my eyes after I had fired a long burst. The triplane went into a climbing turn and headed towards a field. I waved to the pilot in the other Camel. He waved back in thanks. I followed close behind the Baron's Triplane. I wondered if I had hit him. Something was off about him. Then, Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw her hair. Beautiful blonde hair. A flowing white dress. It was Nora. I waved at her to head towards the field. She responded with a simple thumbs up. I was already bouncing on the ground when the triplane was still gliding down. Then, the triplane hit the ground. Its undercarriage broke off and the bottom left wing cracked. I swung out of the cockpit and ran up to the Baron's triplane. "Kaputt" He uttered. Then, he died.

"My God, it's Richtofen!" my friend Francis Mellersh, who had been downed during the great fight, exclaimed. "Look at these papers, and the pocket watch!" he yelled "Francis, I already knew it was Richtofen, calm down," I told my comrade. Suddenly a Camel flew low over the triplane as the pilot waved. "It's Boots!" Francis exclaimed. It was Oliver LeBoultiller, our squadron mate whose nickname was Boots. After LeBoultiller had flown over, Nora reached us. "Nora, what happened to you?" I asked her. "Nothing, really. I escaped from the guards not very long after they got me. I've been walking since two this morning!" She exclaimed. We explained who we were to the machine gunners and told them what had happened. "Gad, Well at least you're ok." One of them said, "We should get you to a hospital," one of them suggested. "Ah, I'm fine," I replied. "So, Francis, how are you getting back?" I asked my squadron mate. "Well, I think I'll hitch a ride back to base, it surely isn't far. You?" He asked. "Well," I sighed, "I think I'll bring the Camel home," I said as I patted the engine cowling of my steed. "If you are, I'm coming with you," Nora said. "Well, okay. Francis, may you start the engine?" I asked. "Nora and I are heading home."

The war ended eight months later. After many dogfights, I was the top allied ace of the war with seventy-seven kills. Nora and I started across the ocean together. In February, I was placed on the unemployed list and sent home. Nora came home with me, and I saw my family for the first time in almost. saw my family. We told them our story of courage and luck. "You probably hated the Red Baron, didn't you Charley?" Luke asked me at my wedding with Nora. "Luke, I respected him, as did so many other airmen. He was injured and stressed, yet kept flying. He watched his friends die around him. He set more than an example; He set the goal. He wrote history, and let his name live on: The Red Baron!"

THE END

Historical facts and pictures

Planes and aircraft



The Sopwith Camel got its name from the metal fairing over the gun breaches to prevent the guns from freezing at altitude, leading pilots to dub it the Camel, but this name was not used officially. The company designation was the Sopwith F.1. It was difficult to fly in the hands of a novice pilot, due to the gyroscopic effect of the rotary engine pulling hard to the right. In fact, the Camel was such a harsh and unforgiving plane to handle, that over half of them were lost in accidents. But pilots say how much they loved the camel in many quotes such as “Once you fly a Camel, you’ll fly it forever” or “It offers you the choice between a wooden cross, the Red Cross, or a Victoria Cross.” Stemmed from the delightful Sopwith Pup, it was an aircraft of choice for Britain and her allies. They were even used by five American squadrons. The Camel shot down more planes than any other in WW1, over 1,294. The Camels’ success did not go without loss, as over 413 were lost in combat and around 300 in non-combat accidents. However, In mid-1918, the Camel was starting to become somewhat obsolete as a fighter on

the western front in the face of new German fighters such as the fearsome Fokker D.VII. Therefore, it was also given the role of ground attack. For this role, it was given four, 25-pound Cooper bombs. Also because it was becoming somewhat obsolete, a new design stemmed from the camel, the Sopwith Snipe, which became the premier British fighter after the war. Being such a versatile aircraft, the Camel had many variants, and they are as follows:

F.1, the main variant of the Camel
2F.1, the naval variant
Sopwith 'Comic', a night fighter with two overwing Lewis guns
A two-seat trainer with no weapons
TF.1, a specially designed ground attack aircraft and trench fighter
F.1/1, an experimental version with thinner wings

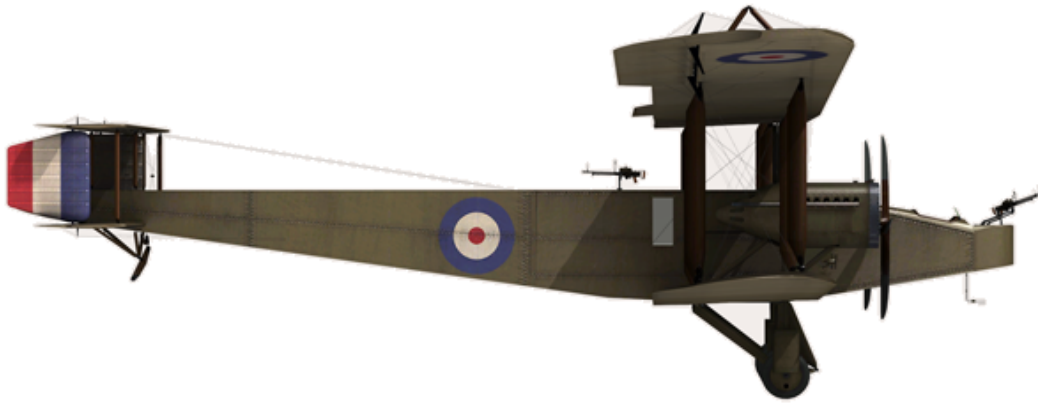
(Note: The latter two variants were not put in front-line use)

5,470 aircraft were made, making it the most mass-produced British fighter aircraft of the war.



The Fokker DR1 Triplane

was the most well-known mount of the Red Baron, even though he only scored his last 19 victories in the aircraft, and it is one, if not the, most recognizable aircraft of WW1 because of that. The Fokker triplane was based on the Sopwith triplane but was not a direct copy. The only thing they shared was the basic triplane configuration. Contrary to popular belief, the triplane was not the best fighter of the war. It was much too slow and draggy and was very hard to land. The wings were too thick to see around, and once landed it became unsteerable and was prone to ground looping. Therefore, the triplane was given two wooden poles on both bottom wings that were used to stop damage to the wings if ground looping was to occur. Also, do not forget this was the aircraft the best ace of the war was killed in. It was replaced by the fantastic Fokker D.VII in production and front-line use. By late May, jastas that had flown the triplane were re-equipping with better aircraft. By October, only 48-kill ace Josef Jacobs was still flying it. No more than 320 were produced. Of those 320, 266 were shot down. 94 were downed by SE5a pilots, 87 by Camel pilots, 67 by crews of Bristol F2Bs, 14 to Sopwith Dolphin pilots, 3 to crews of Airco DH4s, and 1 to a Nieuport 27 of No. 29 squadron, piloted by Canadian Earl Meeks.

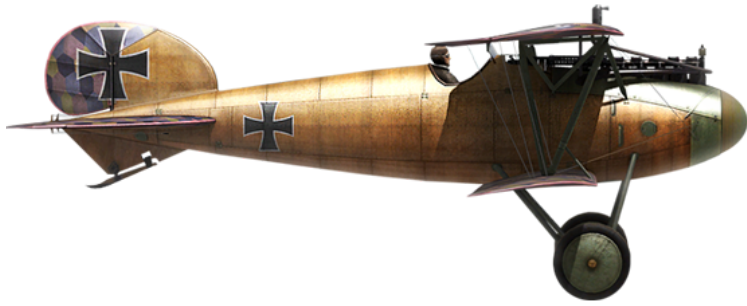


The Handley

Page O/400 was one of the largest (and certainly most memorable) allied bombers of the war, just behind the size of the Russian Sikorsky S.22 "Ilya Mouruments". The O/400 was next in line after the O/100. They looked so similar that if both had the same engine, it would be near impossible to tell them apart from a glance, a conundrum with many planes and variants of that era. 678 were made.



The Sopwith Triplane was one of the most loved fighters of the war and was what the Fokker DR1, Pfalz DR1, and a plethora of other German triplane designs were based on. The Sopwith displayed wonderful flying characteristics from the start. Sopwith's chief test pilot, Harry Hawker, looped the prototype three times in a row, and only three minutes after takeoff. Pilots said that "It could turn on a dime with nine-cents change". In fact, the first triplane to see front-line service, *N500*, was used for the first time only fifteen minutes after its arrival to 'A' squadron, No. 1 Naval Wing, and intercepted a flight of German aircraft. It was designed next in line to the beloved Sopwith Pup, but it shared the pup's shortcoming of having only a single machine gun. However, six examples built by Clayton & Shuttleworth, such as one of 62 victory ace Raymond Collishaw's Triplanes 'Black Maria' had two guns. Only 147 were built.



The Albatros D.V was one of the most famous planes of the war. Although it offered next to no noticeable performance differences compared to its predecessor, the Albatros D.III, or the competing Pfalz D.III, the pilots used it to the fullest. It was easy to fly, The D.V was advertised as a lightened and all-around better version of the Albatros D.III, but it really wasn't what the Germans were looking for. Even the Red Baron said about D.V: "It is so obsolete and so ridiculously inferior to the English that one can't do anything with this aircraft." Yet, he still flew it until the Fokker Triplane came along. Regardless, by March 1918, the D.V made up the bulk of the German air force's inventory and equipped over 30 jastas at its peak usage. Around 2,600 were built.



The Royal Aircraft Factory SE5a was without a doubt, one of the best fighters of the war. Nicknamed 'Ace Maker', the SE5a was fast, easy to fly, and resistant to battle damage. Equipping over 30 British squadrons alone, it was obviously a huge success. It can even be said it was the Supermarine Spitfire of WW1. Also, just like the Camel, it could be used for ground attack, but since the cockpit of the SE was set further back than the Camel's, it was used less commonly for that role. Many of the Allies top scorers flew the SE, like James McCudden or Edward 'Mick' Mannock, but both were killed while flying it. McCudden's SE had an engine malfunction on the 9 of July, 1918 and crashed. He died two hours later. Mannock, who was known to have a fear of perishing in flames, had just let an inexperienced British pilot score his first kill. Mannock dove to view the wreckage, but ground fire caught his plane on fire. The plane crashed into German territory. His body is still considered missing, but new research places him in Plot III, Row F, Grave 12 in the Laventie Commonwealth Grave Commission War Cemetery. Just over 5,200 were built.



The Felixstowe F.2A flying boat was used by the allies to hunt and bomb German U-boats, Zeppelins, and enemy fighters. It was also used for reconnaissance over the North Sea, the English channel, and Germany itself. 175 were constructed.



The Sopwith Dolphin was a rare gem in Sopwith designs. Instead of being powered by a rotary engine like most Sopwiths, it was powered by a Hispano-Suiza 8B inline engine. It can be thought of as a combination of the Sopwith Camel's maneuverability and versatility, and the SE5a's climb and performance at high altitude. This would make you think the Dolphin would be widely used. However, it only fully equipped eight British squadrons, because the pilots thought in the case of a nose-over in the Dolphin (which did happen often), the staggered upper wing could be fatal towards the pilot, trapping them underneath or even crushing them to death. Regardless, the Dolphin became the first British fighter to feature up to six guns. It was a pilot's decision to keep the standard twin .303 forward-firing Vickers guns or have one or two Lewis guns either mounted in a 45° angle above the pilot's head, or resting on the lower wings. 2,072 were built.

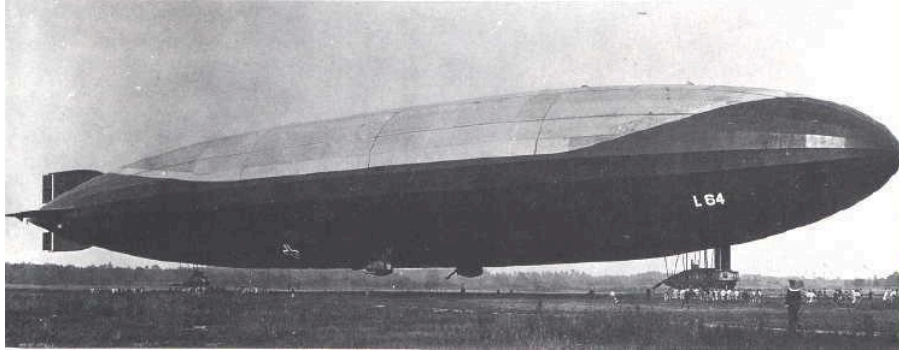


The Pfalz D.III was the first fighter that Pfalz Flugzeugwerke designed completely by themselves. The structure was similar to that

of the Roland C.II reconnaissance plane that Pfalz had built under license early in the war. It used two layers of thin strips of wood. The fuselage was built in two halves, so after the two sides were completed, they would glue them together, covered in canvas, then would be doped. This process was called Wickelrump (Wrapped body), and it was able to create a strong yet light airframe. It also followed the sesquiplane (1½ wings) configuration of the Albatros, but the bottom wing was stronger than the Albatros', because it had two spars to the Albatros' one. But, unfortunately, the Pfalz was just mediocre. It came into service in August 1917, a time when the Sopwith Camel and SE5a were starting to dominate the air. Albatros had gotten a head start in designing aircraft, and Pfalz had next to none. It was sluggish, underpowered, and was heavy on the controls compared to the Albatros. 1,010 D.IIIs were built in total, with just over 100 remaining in service until the Armistice.



The SPAD XIII was the continued development of the SPAD VII. The SPAD VII proved to be a very successful aircraft, but had the shortcoming of having only a single machine gun. Originally, they tried to switch the gun out for a single Hispano cannon and a single Vickers gun. This had mixed results. The cannon only carried twelve shots and made the aircraft weigh much more, but could rip apart enemy aircraft. This went into production as the SPAD XII, but only thirteen were produced. So, they decided to focus solely on using machine guns. The resulting plane, the SPAD XIII, had a 220 HP Hispano-Suiza engine and two Vickers machine guns. It looked similar to both the SPAD VII and XII, had space for two bombs, and had top speed of 137 MPH. Originally, the plane could not be produced in large enough numbers because of a shortage of engines. However, production eventually got underway in very late 1917. After the French had proved it could hold its own, the Brits ordered a handful, as did the Italians (although they preferred the Hanriot HD.1s). Even America, which was desperate to replace their aging and inferior Nieuport 28s ordered them. Quite a few other countries got their hands on them after the war. Just under 8,500 were built, an absolutely massive amount for back then. In fact, there was an order for another 10,000 more that would have been built had the war not ended.



L 64, otherwise known as LZ-109 did not burn as the story tells you, but performed respectfully during the last nine months of WW1, and was handed over to the British after the conflict as war reparations.

People



Rittmeister Baron Manfred Albrecht Freiherr von Richthofen, known as the Red Baron, Der rote Kampfflieger, Le petite rouge, and many other names, was a fighter pilot for Germany during World War I. He is considered the ace-of-aces of WW1, with 80 confirmed victories. Richthofen's actual victory count was as follows: 80 confirmed victories, 7-10 shared victories, and 28 unconfirmed victories. One of those eighty victories was Major Lanoe Hawker, of whom he shot down on the 23 of November 1916. Hawker had 9 victories and was, as of the time of his death, the top British ace, however, the top British ace of WW1, Billy Bishop, had 60 more victories than Hawker. Richthofen commanded the infamous flying circus, named so because of the bright paint schemes on the aircraft, and the squadron being packed up and moved by train to wherever the fighting was heaviest, similar to that of a traveling circus. Contrary to popular belief, he did not just fly the Fokker triplane. The prototype of the triplane was first introduced in late 1917.

Beforehand, he flew the Albatros D.II, D.III, and D.V fighters (for a short time he flew the Albatros D.II and the Halberstadt D.II because of a wing crack on his Albatros D.III).

On June 7, 1917, he received a blow to his head while attacking a formation of FE.2Bs of No. 20 squadron, RFC. The blow rendered him blind and paralyzed for a few minutes, but he managed to land the Albatros safely in German territory. He spent until late August recovering on convalescent leave, went back to service, but went on leave again from September 3, 1917- November 23, 1917. He was highly respected by fellow Germans and was so, even by his enemies. He was killed in France on April 21, 1918, while in a dogfight with German jastas 11 and 5, and the British 209 Squadron. He was buried with full military honors by the Allies. Richtofen was, and still is, a pop culture icon. He had four squadrons in WW2 named after him, had many books written about him, although he is probably most famous today for his duels with Snoopy in Charles Schulz's comic strip "Peanuts", although he is never seen in the strips, only talked about.



Captain Roy Brown, D.S.C, was the man who the RAF gave official credit for killing the Red Baron in real life, not the story. Although it seems Richtofen was killed by a machine gunner, Brown always disapproved when anyone said they were the ones who got the Baron, even though he never claimed Richtofen. Brown scored nine victories and was an ace. He died in 1944 from a heart attack.



Wilfrid "Wop" May was the pilot who Richtofen was chasing. He didn't even know it was Richtofen who was chasing him until reports of a red tripe landing, along where he was being chased. "If I knew it was Richtofen, I would have probably passed out on the spot". He said years later. May had only been flying in combat for one day at the time and had already scored a victory. He came back to base after the engagement on April 21 with a bullet through his wrist, and over fifty holes scattered throughout his plane, the bullet in his wrist did not stop him from hardily thanking his old school friend, Roy Brown, for saving him. May was to score twelve victories in the coming months. He died in 1952 due to a stroke while on a hike with his family.



Francis Mellersh (the man who shouts "My God it's Richtofen!") was an RAF air vice-marshal who was involved in the dogfight on April 21, 1918. He was forced down by two Fokker triplanes during the engagement, but came out unscathed and landed in allied lines. Mellersh was a five victory ace. Then, in WW2 he again became famous for a photograph was taken of him having a haircut on the runway near his Supermarine Spitfire MK.V. He died in 1955 in a helicopter crash when a blade crushed his skull.

Pictures, Paintings and stories



209 squadron (originally No. 9 Naval) was a RAF squadron used in both world-wars. Originally equipped with Nieuport 17s, Sopwith Pups and Triplanes, it was one of the first units to receive Sopwith Camels. After a rest period in England, it came back to the western front. For the rest of the war, it served in ground attack and fighting roles, like many other Camel squadrons. After the war, the squadron was disbanded, but reformed during WWII as a flying boat squadron. After WWII, the squadron served in Korea, Kuala Lumpur, and Hong Kong. The squadron was finally disbanded on New Years Eve, 1968.



A Camel and its pilot live to fight another day as a flaming Albatros plummets to earth. Dogfights between Camels and Albatroses were common throughout the war.



In this stunning painting, Three Sopwith Camels of No. 44 squadron attack a Gotha G.IV of Kaghol 3. German bombers, two-seaters, and fighters were on the cutting edge of technology and could be lethal opponents to even the best of aces.



This DR1 belonged to Fredrich Kempf of Jasta 2. On the top and middle wings, he wrote: "Kempf. Kennscht mi noch?" This roughly translates into English as: Kempf. Remember me? He most likely did this so it would give his enemies an impression that he was an experienced ace and would lure them into combat. Kempf scored four victories and survived the war. He was killed in a motorcycle accident on the way to an airfield in 1919.



A painting of the last landing of the Red Baron. Note the man peering into the cockpit. In the background is the Sainte-Colette brickworks.



Manfred von Richtofen standing next to one of his 80 kills. In fact, his room was decorated with serial numbers of downed enemies, and silver cups which he ordered after every kill, but stopped after his 60th because of a shortage of silver. He even made a chandelier out of a rotary engine from a downed aircraft.



Richtofen's room, as mentioned above, was decorated with serial numbers and souvenirs. Oddly, Richtofen said he slept well with all the decorations and belongings of men he had killed and planes he had downed.



In this painting, two Handley Page O/400 bombers on a raid are attacked by an Albatros D.Va. British bombers often bombed German cities, factories, sheds, and airfields for propaganda and morale purposes, as well as bombing's actual purpose: destruction.



A statue of Roy Brown was unveiled in Carlton Place, Ontario, Canada on the 28 of November 2020. Brown was the “most beloved son of the town”. The statue faces towards the Roy Brown museum and is located not far away from a mural (see below) of his famous flight with Germany’s Red Battle Flier.



The mural in Carlton Place, Ontario, Canada of Roy Brown's dogfight with Der Rote Kampflieger. The mural was painted by Shaun Mclinnis and finished on October 4, 2012.



Both von Richthofen brothers (Manfred, right. Lothar, left) wearing their Pour le merites, nicknamed the Blue Max. Manfred is holding his walking stick, of which after his death went into possession of Hermann Göring, a pilot of the flying circus who became commander of JG1 after Richthofen's death, and became Adolf Hitler's right-hand man in WW2.



Manfred wishes his faithful dog, Moritz, goodbye just before a sortie. Moritz, a Danish great dane, of whom Manfred had bought from a farmer near Flanders, Belgium for five marks (about \$3.00 USD). His friend, first lieutenant Georg Zeumer, bought Moritz's brother, whom he named Max. As Richtofen says in chapter 11 of his autobiography, 'The Red Battle Flier', "The most beautiful being in all of creation is the genuine Danish hound, my little lap-dog, my Moritz. [...] I could select one from the litter, so I chose the prettiest. Zeumer took another puppy and called it Max. Max came to a sudden end. He was run over by a motor car." Manfred would often bring Moritz on outings, and it was not uncommon to see the two share a drink. Manfred also wrote "Moritz has a very sensible view of the world war, and of our enemies. In 1916, he saw Russian natives for the first time. The train had stopped and Moritz was being taken for a walk. He chased the Russian crowd away with loud barking. He has no great opinion of Frenchmen either, although he is, after all, a Belgian". Manfred von Richtofen was, what some would call, a born hunter, yet he did not let Moritz hunt, saying "He has a great passion for the chase. My mechanics are highly satisfied with his sporting inclinations for he has caught them many a nice hare. I do not much approve of his hunting proclivities. Consequently, he gets a whacking if I catch him at". Some of Richtofen's most important air victories were scored with his "co-pilot" Moritz by his side. Richtofen's mechanics were always less than pleased to clean the aircraft of Moritz' droppings after he accompanied Richtofen on flights, and Richtofen said "Only the mechanics were dissatisfied when they had to clean my red machine. Afterwards Moritz was very merry". After Richtofen's death, Moritz remained as the JG1 mascot. After the war, he was taken to a farm owned by Richtofen's pupil and squadronmate, Alfred Gerstenberg. Moritz lived there until he passed away from old age in 1931 at the age of 16.



Manfred von Richtofen was an extremely famous ace. Known all over the world, his red Albatros and Fokker fighters became a part of history. However, many people do not know his brother, Lothar. Lothar, an ace with forty victories could not have been more different from his brother. Lothar, contrary to some, did not shoot down British ace, Albert Ball, though he was a main cause. Manfred did shoot down Lanoe Hawker. We may never know if Manfred had a girlfriend, but Lothar certainly did, he had quite many. Manfred was short, somewhat of an introvert, and calculated before he, quite literally, dove into a fight. Lothar, however, was tall, an extrovert, and would charge right into battle and shoot at anything that moved. Thus, he was shot down many times; such as in this example, in Fokker DR1 454/17. It had an upper wing failure whilst attacking a formation of Sopwith Camels of 73 Squadron, and Bristol "Brisfit" F.2Bs of 62 Squadron. Triplanes were notorious for falling to wing failures early on. The top wing generated more lift than the bottom two, and was prone to simply disintegrating or falling off in flight because of added stresses. Bad weather conditions could have rotted the wood, and even bad workmanship could bring a Triplane down. Lothar was able to gently nurse the injured aircraft down, but the undercarriage clipped a telegraph wire and sent the plane into an abrupt pancake landing. Lothar's face was smashed into the gun butts and he received a minor brain injury. Lothar spent more time in hospitals than on the front throughout the war. He was still on leave when he received notification of his brother's death. Unlike his brother, he survived the war. However, he was unfortunately killed in a flying accident in 1922, when the passenger plane he was flying, an LVG C.VI, stalled and fell. The two passengers survived.



Seven replica triplanes from JG1. The pilots (closest to furthest) represented are: Manfred von Richthofen, Werner Steinhauser, an unknown pilot, Lothar von Richthofen, Eberhardt Mohnicke, Hans Weiss and Richard Wenzel.



This picture is the last taken of Manfred von Richthofen alive. Supposedly taken on the morning of the 21 of April, this picture is one that has reinforced the superstition of German pilots that it is bad luck to have a picture taken before a flight. In the photograph, Manfred is petting Moritz, while talking to Erich Loewenhardt, the third-top German ace with 52 kills and commander of jasta 10. He is also standing not far away from a freshly arrived replacement Fokker triplane.

Charley's story

Charles Frederick Hill was born to Caroline and Franklin Hill on February 15, 1896, the oldest of five children. Living on a farm, Charley took up responsibilities at a young age, something that would suit him well for his days as squadron commander in the war. Soon after his ninth birthday, his sister, Melisa, was born. Charley and Melisa got along well throughout

their youths and hardly ever fought. In December of 1903, Charley heard of two brothers, the Wrights, who had built a flying machine and flew it in North Carolina. From then on, Charley wanted to fly in a contraption like that. In 1908 Charley's brother Luke was born. The next year, Charley heard of a Frenchman named Louis Bleriot who had flown across the English Channel in a plane of his own making. Charley was very interested. He knew for certain flying would be his career. Then, in 1914, a war began in Europe. Three years later, Charley went into service in the war, flying Sopwith Triplanes and Pups in No. 9 Naval Squadron on March 21, 1917.

Charley's first victories came on the 7 of April, 1917 in the form of two Albatros D.III's. one and a half weeks later, he was an ace. Charley survived Bloody April, then four months later, after scoring eight kills, he switched to a new Sopwith design, the Camel. He would later have massive success on the Camel, becoming the plane's top-scoring pilot by war's end, with 69 of his 77 kills scored while flying three different Camels. On April 1, 1918, No. 9 Naval changed to 209 Squadron along with the RFC and RNAS's amalgamation into the RAF. Charley was put in command of 209 and 'B' flight. He was shot down by Manfred von Richtofen on April 13, 1918. Injured, Charley persevered and made it back to his base after crashing several aircraft in attempts to make it home, all failing. However, he did destroy a Zeppelin on what would have been its first reconnoitering mission. In a German prison camp, he met his future wife, Nora Mackallester. Soon afterward, the POW camp was attacked by a formation of SPAD VII's, however, Charley and Nora managed to escape the camp unscathed. Sometime later, Nora was recaptured by German guards and Charley was alone again. He soon found and destroyed a German barge. He found his base the next day and took off with every able man in his squadron to save Nora and the rest of the POWs in the German camp. However, they were intercepted by JG1 and fought ferociously. Charley, sometime in the engagement, shot down Richtofen and saved the life of Wilfrid May, whom the Baron was chasing. As it turned out, Nora had escaped the clutches of the German guards and had run to allied lines to try and find Charley. She encountered him in the field in which Richtofen had crashed, and hitched a ride home in his Camel. Charley went on to become the second-top ace of the war with 77 kills. Charley and Nora went home, and just 12 days after the fighting ended, Charley and Nora married on November 23, 1918. In 1925 they had a set of twins who they named George and Miah. That same year Charley opened the Hill Aircraft Show And Museum. It was a collection of aircraft from the war, a museum of flight, and an airshow all-in-one. The business was extremely successful and made Charley very pleased ,people were interested in the flying machines. Charley's family and business were relatively unaffected during the Great Depression. In 1937, Charley's friend, Heike Heinz, the guard who captured Charley in the war, asked if Charley would care for his two children, Karl and Sophie, for a few months while Heike and his wife, Klara, tried to find a way to escape the clutches of Nazi German. Charley agreed, and he, Nora, George, and Miah traveled to Lakehurst, New Jersey to wait for Karl and Sophie to arrive on the airship Hindenburg. However, the Hindenburg caught fire and crashed, but the two made it out alive. Indeed, Heike and Klara did escape and live near the Hills for the rest of their lives. In 1942, Charley flew a P-47 Thunderbolt into combat in WWII, but later switched to the P-51 Mustang. When that war ended, he had added another 207 aircraft onto his tally, making him the third-best fighter pilot of all time with 284 confirmed kills combined from both wars. Charley went home and continued his Business until 1998 when he handed control to his

great-grandson, Andrew Hill. Charley Hill, who had lived a thrilling life of 113 years, peacefully passed away due to Pulmonary Stenosis on August 6, 2009, with his loving wife Nora dying only two hours after him.

Charley's kills

Charley is a fictional character, therefore requiring a lot of inventiveness when it comes to personality, history, and other aspects. Charley is American but served in the British Royal Flying Corps and Royal Air Force, not because he had migrated, but because there are cases of Americans, almost in fact, who served in the RFC and RAF. Each kill has the victory number and type of plane downed. Charley downed a confirmed seventy-two planes in WW1, which would make him the best-allied ace of the war, the third top ace in the entire war, and the best American ace in history. Scoring five victories meant you would become an ace. 'Ace kill' means that it was the kill that made an ace. Keep in mind these are confirmed kills and do not mention unconfirmed victories. He also had shot down seven observation balloons, had destroyed twenty-five vehicles, and one building.

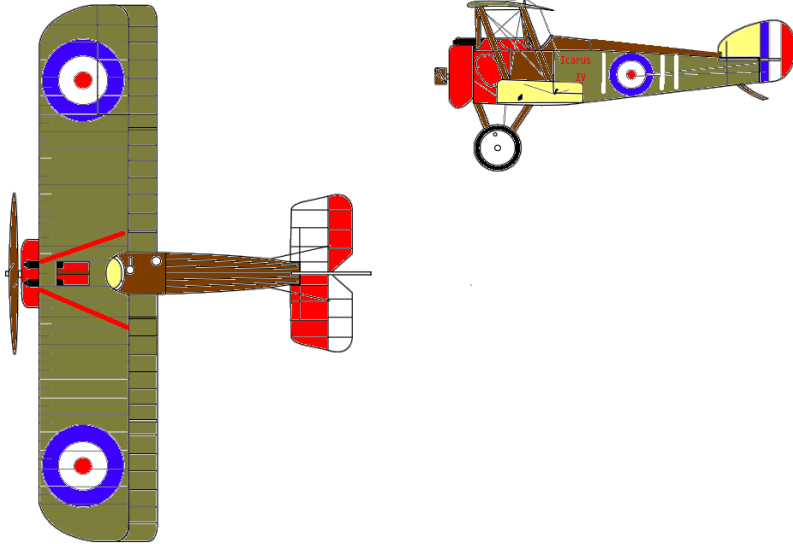
Victory No.	Type of aircraft shot down	Notes of the kill
1	Albatros D.III	<i>Kills 1-2 scored on the same day</i>
2	Albatros D.III	
3	DFW C.V	<i>First kill in Sopwith Pup</i>
4	Roland C.IIa	
5	DFW C.V	<i>Ace kill. This kill was scored in the Triplane</i>
6	Albatros D.III	<i>Back to the Pup</i>
7	DFW C.V	
8	Albatros D.III	
9	DFW C.V	<i>Last kill in the Triplane</i>
10	Albatros D.V	<i>First kill in Sopwith Camel</i>
11	Albatros D.III	
12	DFW C.V	
13	Albatros C.VII	
14	Albatros D.V	
15	Hannover CL.III	<i>First kill of 1918</i>

1	Albatros D.III	<i>Kills 1-2 scored on the same day</i>
16	Pfalz D.III	
17	Fokker DR1	<i>First kill as commander of No. 209 Squadron</i>
18	Albatros D.Va	
19	Pfalz D.III	<i>Kills 19-20 scored on the same day</i>
20	Fokker DR1	
21	Fokker DR1	<i>Kills 21- 22 were scored on the same day</i>
22	Fokker DR1	<i>The Red Baron</i>
23	Gotha G.V	
24	Albatros D.Va	<i>Kills 26 - 29 were the first ones Charley scored with Nora II, the Camel he would fly for the rest of the war. It was also Charley's first day where he scored more than two kills in a day.</i>
25	Albatros D.Va	
26	Albatros D.Va	
27	Albatros D.Va	
38	Fokker DR1	
29	Albatros C.VII	<i>Kills 31-32 scored on the same day</i>
30	Albatros C.VII	
31	Fokker D.VII	<i>Kills 34-35 were scored on the same day.</i>
32	Fokker D.VII	
33	DFW C.V	
34	Rumpler C.IV	
35	Albatros D.Va	

1	Albatros D.III	<i>Kills 1-2 scored on the same day</i>
39	Fokker D.VII	<i>Kills 39-41 were all scored on the same day</i>
40	Fokker DR1	
41	Albatros D.Va	
42	Hannover CL.III	
43	Albatros C.VII	
45	Albatros D.Va	<i>Kills 45-52 were all scored in one day</i>
46	Pfalz D.IIIa	
47	Pfalz D.IIIa	
48	Pfalz D.IIIa	
49	Pfalz D.IIIa	
50	Albatros D.Va	
51	Fokker D.VII	<i>Kills 51-52 were scored on the same day</i>
52	Fokker D.VII	
53	DFW C.V	<i>Kills 53-55 were scored on the same day</i>
55	Rumpler C.VI	
56	Rumpler C.VI	
57	DFW C.V	<i>Kills 58-59 were both scored on the same day.</i>
58	DFW C.V	
59	Rumpler C.VI	
60	Halberstadt CL.II	<i>Kills 61-62 were scored in the same day</i>
61	Halberstadt CL.II	
62	Fokker D.VII	<i>Kills 63-64 were scored on the same day.</i>

1	Albatros D.III	<i>Kills 1-2 scored on the same day</i>
63	Fokker D.VII	
64	Fokker D.VII	<i>Kills 68-71 were all scored in one day</i>
65	Fokker D.VII	
66	Fokker D.VII	
67	Fokker E.V	<i>Charley had to make a forced landing due to this kill. After firing 30 shots into the plane, it exploded. Charley, who was only 15 feet away, had no time to react. The rudder of the E.V flew off and hit the propeller of his Camel, breaking it. He was able to successfully land and got a ride back home. The E.V was later designated the D.VIII</i>
68	LVG C.IV	
69	LVG C.V	
70	Fokker D.VIII	<i>Kills 76-77 were scored on the same day.</i>
71	Fokker D.VIII	

Charley's planes



In honor of the famous Greek mythological character, Charley named his first Camel Icarus IV. This was the Camel he was shot down in by Richthofen. S/N B7181.



Charley's third Camel, Nora II, was the second one he flew after coming back from being shot down. It was obviously named after his soon-to-be wife, Nora McKallester. S/N B1596.

A coincidence?

On the morning of the 21 of April (read about below) just thirty minutes before JG1 was scheduled to take off, Manfred von Richthofen's mechanic came up to him and asked him to autograph a picture for his son back home in Germany. He obliged but asked the mechanic a strange question. "What, are you afraid that I'm not coming back?". This story may just be that: a story. But, if it is true, did the mechanic, whomever he may have been, know something? Or was this a coincidence?

What REALLY happened on April 21, 1918?

On the morning of the 21 of April, A and B flights of 209 squadron, RAF were patrolling over the Somme valley in Sopwith Camels. The two most important people in this group to this story are Roy Brown and Wilfred "Wop" May. Jasta 11's Fokker triplanes and Jasta 5's Albatroses took off to intercept 209 squadron. The two most important people in this group to this story are Manfred von Richthofen and Wolfram von Richthofen, his cousin. At about 10:35 A.M, Brown spotted a formation of German aircraft. These were two Albatros C-type reconnaissance aircraft. The squadron shot them down after a short struggle. The British flew on. The Germans had been attacking two RE.8 reconnaissance aircraft piloted by Australians. Noticing the impending British flights, and breaking off the tails of the RE.8s, Jastas 11 and 5, just like in Chapter 1, fought ferociously with 209 squadron. May was told to stay out of the fight as was Wolfram, each novice pilots. May had two days of flying combat and Wolfram none. However, while circling the fight Wilfred saw Wolfram and started attacking. However, May's gun's jammed due to freezing and rapid, relentless firing. Manfred saw his relative in danger and started attacking his cousin's assailant. May was a poor flier, this was only his second combat mission. He dived to the River Somme with Manfred von Richthofen hot on his tail, just barely missing the church steeple of a small french town called Vaux-sur-Somme. In a quote made by May years later, he said: "the only thing that saved me was my poor flying, and I don't suppose Richtofen knew what I was doing either". May took Richtofen on a hedge-hopping excursion over the River Somme. Richtofen was being fired on from machine guns of ground units on the banks of the river. Brown saw the chase almost 5,000 feet below and dived to help. Brown dove at speeds of 188 mph, extremely fast for a WW1 aircraft. The Baron was firing at May, most likely suffering from target fixation. Roy Brown had to pull up at three hundred feet to avoid impact with the water. He had no time to aim, so he squeezed the triggers and fired. The triplane went into a sharp climbing turn, just as Cedric Popkin of the Australian 33rd battery, 5th field artillery brigade, fired a burst at the scarlet triplane. Just after 10:59 AM, the red bird disappeared over a line of trees. The triplane, still under Richtofen's control, landed in a field 1,200 feet or so away from the Sainte-Colette brickworks. The Australian gunners and soldiers rushed over as the triplane skidded to a stop. The Baron uttered one word. Kaputt. Then he died. Within hours the triplane was stripped down to mere wooden spars and steel tubing by souvenir hunters, who thought it would bring them great luck in the air to have a piece of the ace's plane. Word broke to the Germans. They cried not only for the loss of a hero but also for a propaganda symbol. Two days later, the allies gave Richthofen a funeral with full military

honors. In Richtofen's first biography *The Red Knight of Germany* (1927), Floyd Gibbons put the struggle into writing, saying: "Frau Richtofen, with her hands folded in the lap of her severely plain black dress, sat through the reading of letters of condolence without a word. Her grief was inward and concealed. She knew the Spartan stuff that Germany expected of the mothers of its fighting men.

Her gaze out the window of the wet branches of the firs and pines in the front grounds of the house. Manfred had played under them when he was young. Yes, it happened, they said on April 21st. Why, that was only twelve days away before his next birthday. On May 2nd, he would be - would have been- 26." Frau Richtofen and Albrecht von Richtofen, the Baron's mother and father, received many letters of condolence, some from regular citizens, another from the Kaiser. Lothar was still on convalescent leave from the crash in DR1 454/17 (mentioned on page 256). All members of the family were sent messages of condolence, and all were sad. Many people who were close to Richtofen were not all that surprised to receive notification of his death. Since receiving a head wound, he had become depressed, isolated, and aggressive in the air. He was the only original member of Jasta 2 (see on page 278) left alive, and he had watched and heard of many of his friends and squadronmate's deaths and was under stress because the German air force did not have many experienced pilots and good enough planes able to match the new British and French designs, like the SE5a, Sopwith Camel and the SPADs. He even said while on leave to recover from the head wound, "The people at home have produced no new planes for over a year, only these lousy Albatroses. The new Sopwiths play with them." Since he was the top ace of the war, he had huge impacts on pilots' opinions, some good, others not. In the case of the Fokker triplane, Richtofen liked the aircraft greatly, in fact, he preferred it over his (until then) primary steed, the Albatros. However, without Richtofen the DR1 might not have had the trust of pilots in the luftstafkraft. The DR1 might not have even been produced and put into use. Since Richtofen was so positive the triplane would solve the problems of the German air force, pilots went along with him, really for no reason other than trust. Regardless, After Richtofen's funeral, the Germans realized that the allies weren't the horrendous killers they pictured them to be. They were gentlemen. However, this is not the end. As early as two hours after Richtofen's death, many machine gunners who were in the area claimed to bring down the red tripe. But throughout the years, experts have nailed it down to three, and they are as follows: Robert Bouey, Cecil "Cedric" Popkin, and W.J "Snowy" Evans. In the story, the river Somme is straight for convenience's sake. However, in real life, the river Somme is a winding river with many a riverside town. Manfred and Wilfred actually went over ridges and just barely missed the church steeple of a small French village, Vaux-sur-Somme.

Translations

Chapter 3

Tag Der Sonne: Day Of The Sun

Schiff hoff: up ship

Chapter 5

Hallo, Herr: Hello sir

Hallo, Baron! Ich war im Sopwith-Kamel, das du vor zwei Tagen abgeschossen hast:

Hello, Baron! I was in the Sopwith camel that you shot down two days ago

Welcher: Witch one

Chapter 6

Hey Verräter, Hör auf: Hey traitor, stop

Ah ja. Der rote Baron. Ich bin überrascht, dass du noch lebst. Seit er sich eine Kopfwunde zugezogen hat, ist er in der Luft sehr aggressiv geworden: Ah yes. The Red Baron, I'm surprised you're still alive. Since he sustained a head wound, he has become very aggressive in the air

Warten Sie, ich muss mit Ihnen kommen?: Wait, I have to come with you?

Er hatte seit drei Tagen keinen menschlichen Kontakt mehr. Gib ihm wenigstens jemanden zum

Reden: He hasn't had human contact for three days. At least give him someone to talk to

Ja, geh: yes, go

The Dicta Boelcke

Oswald Boelcke, Manfred von Richthofens mentor, created a list of rules that, in a way, are still used for aerial combat today. Here is the *Dicta Boelcke*:

1. Try to secure advantages before attacking. If possible, keep the sun behind you so he will have to look into the sun to see you.
2. Always carry through an attack when you have started it.
3. Fire only at close range, and only when your opponent is properly in your sights.
4. Always keep your eye on your opponent, and never let yourself be deceived by ruses.
5. In any form of attack it is essential to assail your enemy from behind.
6. If your opponent dives on you, do not try to evade his onslaught, but fly to meet it.
7. When over the enemy's lines never forget your line of retreat.

8. For the jasta: Attack on principle in groups of four or six. When the fight breaks up into single combats, take care that several do not go for the same opponent.

Boelcke led Jasta 2 to success, but just a month after finishing the dicta, he was killed in a mid-air collision with fellow German pilot, Erwin Böhme.

A brief history of the first war in the air

In 1914, following the assassination of Austria-Hungary's heir to the throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Germany, with the help of its ally, Austria-Hungary, invaded Serbia, Belgium, and parts of northeastern France, and a few other countries. Soon, the Triple Entente and its allies joined the fight. The airplane was only 11 years old when the war started, and military leaders were unsure of how to use them. However, the 'crates' soon found a job on the front, reconnaissance. Funnily enough, when enemy planes flew by each other at the start of the war, the pilots and observers would wave to each other. Less than eight months later, however, they would be throwing bricks, rocks, buckets, and shooting at each other with handguns. In 1915, single-seat fighters such as the Fokker eindecker had a newly invented synchronization gear. This allowed the aircraft, therefore the gun, to be aimed at an enemy. This caused a period in the war known as the Fokker scourge. The Fokker Scourge occurred from July 1915 to early 1916, the Germans, with Fokker eindeckers, gained large advantages over the Royal Flying Corps (RFC), Royal naval air service (RNAS), and the French Aéronautique Militaire, with less than three-dozen eindeckers. This period of German air superiority came to an end with new Allied fighters such as the French Nieuport 11 '*Bebe*' and British Airco DH.2 fighters, which were capable of better speeds, higher altitude, better maneuverability, and had better armament. With that, the Fokker Scourge had ended. For another year, nothing big or overly exciting happened. Then, in 1917 the British offensive at Arras. More commonly known as Bloody April. Bloody April was the British air support operation during the Battle of Arras in April 1917, during which heavy casualties were suffered by the allied air forces at the hands of the German luftstafkraft, resulting in a four to one kill ratio.

Over 285 British planes were shot out of the skies. The Germans, however, had losses too, with over 80 planes downed. Obviously, in the air, it was a success for the Germans, and on the ground, they successfully repelled the British invasion, although Britain did manage to make quite a large bulge in the "Hindenburg Line" (not named after the German airship, but after the great German WW1 general and later German president, Paul von Hindenburg). But, just like the Fokker Scourge, Bloody April came and went. No other major battles occurred in the air other than Black September. With three times the losses of Bloody April, Black September sounds horrid. But with the number of allied aircraft being produced, they far exceeded the number and strength of German planes. Even though at this time the Germans possessed most likely the best fighter of WW1, the legendary Fokker D.VII, they still could not stop the manufacturing prowess of the allies. And this late in the war, the Germans had lost nearly all of their most experienced aces, such as Manfred von Richtofen or Werner Voss, among others who were in bad medical condition or who were captured and made prisoners of war. All the while the British and French designed new aircraft, like the Sopwith snipe, a design stemming from the camel, and the intended replacement for it. Or the Airco DH.10, a fine, sleek bomber that had time for one mission on the day before the armistice. The Germans simply could not

compete with the allies, which up to a few weeks after Bloody April, they ruled over like kings in the air. It was a fate which the Germans also suffered in WWII.

List of victories achieved by the Red Baron

The majority of Richtofen's kills were reconnaissance planes. Planes such as the FE.2b, or BE.2c and others were reconnoitering machines. Only half of his victories were fighters. The way victory counts worked in WW1, you had to find the wreckage of the aircraft, or have someone else confirm it. Richtofen's actual victory count was as follows: 80 confirmed victories, 7-14 shared victories (meaning that someone else claimed the same victory), and 28 unconfirmed victories, meaning that if all the victories are Richtofen's, that means that he would have at least 125-130 victories, more than the top allied ace, French ace René Fonck had 75 confirmed victories. Fonck said he shot down 142 airplanes, however, his claims cannot be confirmed nor denied.

No.	Date	Type of plane shot down	Place	Notes and serial numbers of the kill
1	Sept. 17, 1916	FE.2b	Cambrai	<i>Richtofen flew an Albatros D.II in Jasta 2 for the first five months of his fighting career. (S/N 7018)</i>
2	Sept. 23, 1916	Martinsyde Elephant	Somme River	<i>(S/N 7481)</i>
3	Sept. 30, 1916	FE.2b	Fremicourt	<i>(S/N 6973)</i>
4	Oct. 7, 1916	BE.12	Equancourt	<i>(S/N 6618)</i>
5	Oct. 10, 1916	BE.12	Ypres	<i>(S/N 4292)</i>
6	Oct. 16, 1916	BE.12	near Ypres	<i>(S/N 6580)</i>
7	Nov. 3, 1916	BE.2c	Loupart forest	<i>(S/N 6629)</i>
8	Nov. 9, 1916	FE.2b	Beugny	<i>(S/N 7010)</i>
9	Nov. 20, 1916	BE.12	Gueudecourt	<i>(S/N 2506)</i>
10	Nov. 20, 1916	FE.2b	Gueudecourt	<i>(S/N 2767)</i>

11	Nov. 23, 1916	Airco DH.2	Bapaume	<i>Maj. Lanoe Hawker (S/N 4848)</i>
12	Dec. 11, 1916	Airco DH.2	Mercatel	<i>(S/N 5964)</i>
13	Dec. 20, 1916	Airco DH.2	Moncy-le-Preux	<i>(S/N 5986)</i>
14	Dec. 20, 1916	FE.2b	Moreuil	<i>(S/N A5446)</i>
15	Dec. 27, 1916	Airco DH.2 or FE.2b	Ficheux	<i>Possibly great British ace James McCudden in the DH.2, who survived the encounter and achieved 57 kills. If not McCudden, it was probably Capt. Quested and Lt. Dicksee in the FE.2b. (S/N 5986 or)</i>
16	Jan. 4, 1917	Sopwith Pup	Metz-en-Couture	<i>(S/N N5193)</i>
17	Jan. 23, 1917	FE.8	Lens	<i>First kill with Jasta 11 and with the Albatros D.III. (S/N 6388)</i>
18	Jan. 24, 1917	FE.2b	Vitry	<i>Richthofen's new Albatros D.III suffered a wing crack on this day. After this, he flew with the Albatros D.II and Halberstadt D.II for some time. (S/N 6997)</i>
19	Feb. 1, 1917	BE.2e	Thelus	<i>He used an Albatros D.II from kills 19 - 24.</i>

				(S/N 6742)
20	Feb. 14, 1917	BE.2d	Loos	(S/N 6231)
21	Feb. 14, 1917	BE.2c	Mazingarbe	(S/N 2543)
22	Mar. 3, 1917	BE.2d	Asheville	(S/N 5785)
23	Mar. 4, 1917	Sopwith 1 1/2 Strutter	Loos	(S/N A1108)
24	Mar. 4, 1917	BE.2e	Souchez	(S/N A2785)
25	Mar. 9, 1917	Airco DH.2	Bailleul	<i>Scored with an Albatros D.III.</i> (S/N A5271)
26	Mar. 11, 1917	BE.2d	Vimy	<i>He used a Halberstadt D.II from kills 26 - 31.</i> (S/N 6232)
27	Mar. 17, 1917	FE.2b	Oppy	(S/N A5439)
28	Mar. 17, 1917	BE.2c	Vimy	(S/N 2814)
29	Mar. 21, 1917	BE.2e	La Neuville	(S/N A3154)
30	Mar. 24, 1917	SPAD VII	Givenchy	(S/N A6706)
31	Mar. 25, 1917	Nieuport 17	Tilloy	(S/N A6689)
32	April 2, 1917	BE.2d	Farbus	<i>Back with the D.III for good.</i> (S/N 5841)
33	April 2, 1917	Sopwith 1 1/2 Strutter	Givenchy	(S/N A2401)
34	April 3, 1917	FE.2d	Lens	(S/N A6382)

35	April 5, 1917	Bristol F.2a	Lembras	<i>This was the disastrous debut of the Bristol Fighter when four out of six were shot down, and a fifth was severely damaged. It went on to become one of the most successful planes of the war when proper tactics were developed for it. (S/N A3340)</i>
36	April 5, 1917	Bristol F.2a	Quincy	(S/N A3343)
37	April 7, 1917	Nieuport 17	Mercatel	(S/N A6645)
38	April 8, 1917	Sopwith 1 1/2 Strutter	Farbus	(S/N A2406)
39	April 8, 1917	BE.2g	Vimy	(S/N A2815)
40	April 11, 1917	BE.2d	Willerval	(S/N 2501)
41	April 13, 1917	RE.8	Vitry	(S/N A3190)
42	April 13, 1917	FE.2b	Monchy	(S/N A831)
43	April 13, 1917	FE.2b	Henin	(S/N 4997)
44	April 14, 1917	Nieuport 17	Bois Bernard	(S/N A6796)
45	April 16, 1917	BE.2e	Bailleul	(S/N 3156)
46	April 22, 1917	FE.2b	Lagnicourt	(S/N 7020)
47	April 23, 1917	BE.2f	Mericult	(S/N A3168)
48	April 28, 1917	BE.2e	Pelves	(S/N 7221)
49	April 29, 1917	SPAD VII	Lecluse	(S/N B1573)
50	April 29, 1917	FE.2b	Inchy	(S/N 4898)

51	April 29, 1917	BE.2e	Roeux	(S/N 2738)
52	April 29, 1917	Sopwith Triplane	Billy-Montigny	(S/N N5463)
53	June 18, 1917	RE.8	Strugwe	<i>First kill with JG1, made up of Jastas 4, 6 10, and 11.</i> (S/N A4290)
54	June 23, 1917	SPAD VII	Ypres	<i>First kill with the Albatros D.V.</i> (S/N B1530)
55	June 24, 1917	Airco DH.4	Kilberg Melen	(S/N A7473)
56	June 25, 1917	RE.8	Le Bizet	(S/N A3847)
57	July 2, 1917	RE.8	Delmont	<i>Richtofen received a blow to the head four days later while attacking a formation of FE.2bs. He did not score again until August.</i> (S/N A3538)
58	Aug. 16, 1917	Nieuport 23	Houthulster Wald	(S/N A6611)
59	Aug. 26, 1917	SPAD VII	Poelcapelle	(S/N B3492)
60	Aug. 28, 1917	RE.8	Fremicourt	<i>First kill with the Fokker F.1, the prototype of the DR1.</i> (S/N B782)
61	Sept. 3, 1917	Sopwith Pup	Bousbecque	(S/N B1795)
62	Nov. 23, 1917	Airco DH.5	Bourlon Wood	<i>Kills 62 - 63 scored with an Albatros D.Va.</i> (S/N A9299)
63	Nov. 30, 1917	SE5a	Moeuvres	(S/N B644)

64	Mar. 12, 1918	Bristol F.2b	Nauroy	<i>First kill with the Fokker DR1. (S/N B1251)</i>
65	Mar. 13, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Gonnelieu	<i>(S/N B2523)</i>
66	Mar. 18, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Andigny	<i>(S/N B5243)</i>
67	Mar. 24, 1918	SE5a	Combles	<i>This kill is disputed. It could either be John P McCone, or Donald Tucker, both of 41 Sqaudron. (S/N C1054 or C6399)</i>
68	Mar. 25, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Contalmaison	<i>(S/N C1562)</i>
69	Mar. 26, 1918	SE5a	Contalmaison	<i>This kill is disputed, and multiple other pilots have been cited, but Lt. Allan McNab Denovan, who is listed here, is the most likely. (S/N B511)</i>
70	Mar. 26, 1918	RE.8	Albert	<i>(S/N B742)</i>
71	Mar. 27, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Aveluy	<i>(S/N C6733)</i>
72	Mar. 27, 1918	Armstrong Whitworth FK.8	Foucaucourt	<i>Some have suggested this was, in fact, a DH.4 of No.5 squadron, RNAS, but was most likely an FK.8 (S/N B288)</i>
73	Mar. 27, 1918	Sopwith Dolphin	Chassignolles	<i>(S/N C4016)</i>

74	Mar. 28, 1918	Armstrong Whitworth FK.8	Mericourt	(S/N C4888)
75	April 2, 1918	RE.8	Moreuil	(S/N A3868)
76	April 6, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Villers-Bretonneux	(S/N D6491)
77	April 7, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Hangard	(S/N D6550)
78	April 7, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Villers-Bretonneux	<i>This kill is disputed as it is thought it could have been a different pilot from the same squadron, No.73, who was also shot down. (S/N D6554)</i>
79	April 20, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Bois-de-Hamel	(S/N D6439)
80	April 20, 1918	Sopwith Camel	Villers-Bretonneux	(S/N B7393)

“Fight on and fly on to the last drop of blood, to the last drop of fuel, to the last beat of the heart”
~ Manfred von Richthofen



