

Wright State University

CORE Scholar

---

Raoul Lufbery Newspapers

Raoul Lufbery Collection (MS-502)

---

3-3-1918

## Shooting Down A Boche

Gervais Raoul Lufbery

Follow this and additional works at: [https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/special\\_ms502\\_newspapers](https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/special_ms502_newspapers)



Part of the [Military History Commons](#)

---

### Repository Citation

Lufbery , G. R. (1918). *Shooting Down A Boche*. .

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Raoul Lufbery Collection (MS-502) at CORE Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Raoul Lufbery Newspapers by an authorized administrator of CORE Scholar. For more information, please contact [library-corescholar@wright.edu](mailto:library-corescholar@wright.edu).



# SHOOTING DOWN A BOCHE

*Pan! Pan!! Pan!!! Went the Bullets and the German Machine Turned Turtle. Then—But the New England Hero Who Fired the Shots Tells You in His Experiences in Fighting in the Clouds.*

By Second-Lieutenant **RAOUL LUFBERY**

(The "Ace" Aviator of the Lafayette Escadrille)

**L**IEUTENANT LUFBERY, the daring aviator who hails from Connecticut, has brought down so many German flyers that most people have lost track of them. His sky bravery is simply astonishing. Scores of his sensational exploits as witnessed from good old mother earth by war correspondents and others have been pictured in news despatches. But this is the first account told by the young hero himself of his feelings and actions in getting a German machine and its two occupants. In the next Sunday Post Magazine Lufbery, now in the service of Uncle Sam, will relate his experiences in another air combat even more dramatic than this one.

Paris, Oct. 18, 1917.

It was north of Verdun, in the environs of Douaumont and Vaux, that one morning, with my flying comrade, McConnell, I departed on patrol.

We left the aviation camp at Bar-le-Duc at 11 o'clock. The weather was superb and the atmosphere so clear it was easy for us to distinguish the shell holes and mines, and here and there the fragments of a trench.

By consulting one's map and examining the ground below, one can get an idea of the location of the forts, whose massive walls form geometrical designs in the midst of this chaos.

The villages that were here have ceased to exist; an entanglement of lines, straight, crooked

and broken, is the last vestige of what were once streets.

Absorbed by this vision of a great battlefield I lost sight of my friend, Mac. He, too, doubtless was fascinated by the scene. Finding myself



Second-Lieutenant Lufbery

alone I realized that I must be on my guard in order not to be taken unawares. I cruised around, changing my course from right to left, the better to scan the horizon. My altimeter pointed to three miles six. I reduced the speed of my motor, as I was then at my favorite height.

Suddenly, my attention was caught by a camouflaged machine, about 1,000 yards below me, headed for our lines. I could not distinguish its marks, but its silhouette raised my doubts. It was too big, far too big for a Nieuport, the only French aeroplane at that time that had some resemblance to a boche machine. Now there is the Spad and others, but these did not exist at Verdun.

There was not a minute to lose; it was a great opportunity.

Yet, as a matter of prudence, I looked around me to make sure the machine had no protectors. It would be stupid to fall into a trap, especially now that I knew the enemy's favorite ruse, having several times been a victim of it.

Evidently the occupants of the suspicious-looking machine had not seen me. I must make the most of the occasion. I stopped my motor and piqued towards it. As I drew nearer I saw the Boche's black crosses showing through the camouflage. After a few brisk turns I succeeded in getting out of its range.

I placed myself about 30 yards in the rear of its fuselage, just a little above, so that its fixed plane and helm would serve me as a shield. Finally my adversary saw me, but it was then too late.

Vainly the pilot sought to turn his machine in order to enable his gunner to fire. It was no use. Their lack of vigilance was to cost them their lives. I pressed the trigger of my gun.

Pan! Pan! Pan! In a few seconds 47 bullets were fired. We were now so close together I was forced to dive to my left to avoid a collision.

I righted my machine and looked down for my adversary. He was still there, but now, to my surprise, his machine was white. I removed my glasses, the better to examine it. To my great satisfaction I found it was upside down; I could see its chassis and wheels.

It remained thus as it continued to fall. Black smoke and fire spurted from it. Its descent grew more rapid as the fire became more intense.

Finally, in a mass of flames, it fell into a ravine a few yards only from our trenches.

Pleased and proud of myself, I turned my machine in the direction of my camp. As I flew homeward I thought of the brave poilus beneath me who doubtless had witnessed the aerial combat, encouraging me and applauding the bird that bore the tricolor cockade.

(Copyright by Paget Newspaper Service, New York)

Boston Post Sunday March 3 -