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Brisbane's Editorial On Lufbery.

The Record is indebted to Rayson E. Roche, a student in Washington, D. C., for the following clipping from the Washington Times, it being an editorial from the pen of the paper's new owner, Arthur Brisbane, one of the leading journalists in this country. Evidently it is based on the story published in the Chicago Tribune and later made the basis for an editorial in that paper, but, as Mr. Roche suggests, while the article distorts the facts more or less in parts, the spirit that prompted Brisbane is splendid, and visible in every paragraph.

Mr. Roche writes: "The success and achievements of Lufbery were followed with much interest in Washington, especially by the many Connecticut people who are now located there, and his death came as a distinct shock to both civilian and official Washington." The editorial:

This is the story of a rolling stone that gathered glory—Lufbery, champion American aviator.

The world first saw him, a bare-foot boy, on a poor Connecticut farm.

This boy spent his life running away—from everything but danger.

He ran from the task of peddling radishes and onions.

He ran at seventeen from the job of driving his father's truck.

He rolled all over the earth, visiting Germany, France, Algiers, South America, Japan, China, India.

On and on he rolled. He was looking for something, and he found it.

On Monday this week, at the end of a flight in the air, he rolled, a mass of flame, from the clouds to the earth and died, champion air fighter of his country.

Leaping from his burning machine, five thousand feet up in the air, his body and clothing on fire, Lufbery came to earth like one of the flaming meteors that children call "shooting stars."

His career was like one of those meteors, masses of stone that fly through space in the cold ether, then striking the thicker atmosphere of this planet, blaze and burn from the friction as they dash through to the earth.

Lufbery wandered, at first an aimless rolling stone. His career brought him against the power and the resistance of war. He fought, was burned, and is dead, a glorious career.

The flying machine maker will notice that a simple device might have saved the life of this fighter.

He was shot through the hand by the enemy, and could have controlled his machine and landed safely had not another bullet set fire to his gas tank. The torturing flames compelled him to leap to certain death.

A simple device might have enabled him to detach the gasoline tank, allowing the tank to fall to the earth, away from the machine, while he landed in safety.

Many flying men die in flames. Would it not be worth while to arrange a detachable gas tank, so that the turning of a lever might drop the deadly fuel and save the flyer?

Particularly important and interesting to our war department and to the president, is the kind of German fighting machine that destroyed Lufbery.

It is described as a "giant plane," moving slowly, something quite new.

The wing spread sixty feet. One man ran the machine, two gunners were in charge of machine guns.

The three were dressed in armor and enclosed in little cages of armor plate; the engine and other vital parts of the machine were similarly protected.

One after another American flyers went up in light, unarmored ordinary machines, against this heavy armored flying giant—it was as safe against them as a big crow against a small attacking king-bird.

This seems to be another of the new things that the Germans have been able to bring into this war of gas, poison and flame-throwers."

Against this armored flying tank, one American sent three hundred bullets, without result, and against it, Lufbery, the best American flyer, went to death.

What a great last moment in life, when that brave young man, five thousand feet up in the air, unfastened the straps that held his body to the seat, and sprang out to freedom and quick death.

What a picture for an artist with imagination, what a change from

the little barefooted boy, on the Connecticut farm, carefully examining the stone bruise on his heel, to the champion of all American air fighters, bidding good-by to his country and to life high in the air, and shooting to death in fire and glory.