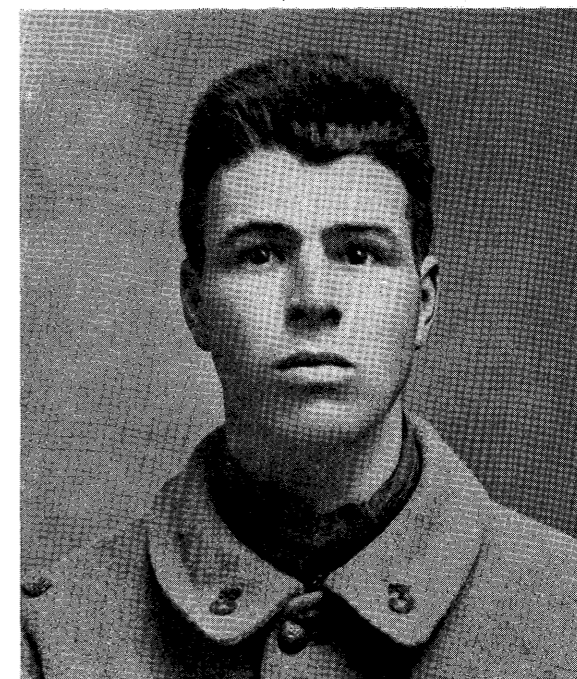


his methods, with a high courage, a strong sense of honor and justice, and a great love of liberty. When the ruthless invasion of Belgium occurred, it was more than he could stand. When the country in which he lived, which was his second home, and which had received him in friendship and good will, went to war, he could not keep out. He felt an obligation and a duty and that he must be doing something to help, and, although forty-three years of age, he immediately offered his services. Allen Loney was one who always "played the game." There is also little doubt that he was one of the first to realize that it was "Our War."



VICTOR EMMANUEL CHAPMAN

1903-1907

VICTOR EMMANUEL CHAPMAN was born in New York City on April 17th, 1890. His father's family came from New England, while his mother was half Italian and half American, thus producing an unusual blend of qualities, a capacity of brooding sorrow, quickened by the early death of his mother, a strong religious sense, a love for danger so positive that much of the best in him lay dormant until the provocation of peril stirred him into activity, a corresponding love for natural scenery and for animals, a devotion to friends, especially when they needed him.

There was also much that was ungainly and slowly maturing in both the boy and man. He had little aptitude for

sports and books, but had a great passion for color and scenery.

Victor entered St. Paul's in September, 1903, and left in 1907 to finish his schooling in Germany. In September, 1909, he entered Harvard and graduated in June, 1913. Both at school and college Victor made warm friends, but spent much of his time tramping alone, or with a friend, through the New Hampshire woods, or driving about Cambridge in his automobile. He was subject to occasional bursts of ungovernable temper, but his good, sweet nature just as quickly reasserted itself. While in school he played on the Old Hundred football team and ran on the Old Hundred track team.

On graduating from college, in 1913, he went at once to Paris to take up architecture at the Beaux-Arts. The war had hardly lasted a month when he volunteered for service in the Foreign Legion and was accepted. For nearly a year he remained in the Legion, as aide-chargeur to a mitrail in a quiet sector, displaying great cheerfulness, courage and friendship for his comrades.

In August, 1915, much to his delight, he secured his transfer to the Lafayette Escadrille, consisting of American aviators with the French army. After months of training, first as mitrailleur, then pilot, he was ready to go to the front in May, 1916, when he soon established for himself a reputation for daring and courage in attacking German aeroplanes whenever and wherever he saw them.

On Saturday morning, June 24th, 1916, Sergeant Victor Chapman heard that his fellow-aviator, Sergeant Balsley, lying wounded in a hospital, wanted some oranges. Victor, with a basket in his aeroplane, set out at once, but as he flew toward the hospital he saw four German planes in conflict with three from his own squadron. Dashing at once into the fight he brought down three German planes, but was

himself shot down by the fourth plane, falling within the German lines. One of the three comrades, Norman Prince, in a letter to his family a few days later, said, in part, "A glorious death, *face à l'ennemi*, for a great cause, and to save a friend."