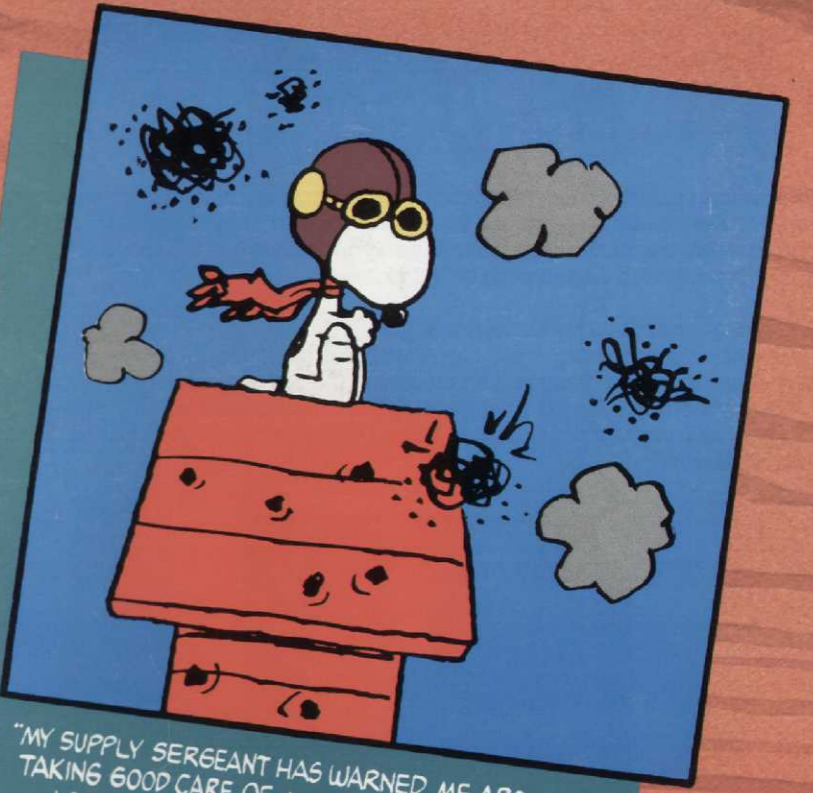




"MY GROUND CREW WAS ON HAND AS I RECEIVED MY ORDERS."



"MY SUPPLY SERGEANT HAS WARNED ME ABOUT TAKING GOOD CARE OF MY SOPWITH CAMEL-- LOOKS LIKE I'M IN TROUBLE TONIGHT."

# SNOOPY CHRONICLES: MY GREATEST DOGFIGHT!

Pont-à-Mousson, France  
April 26, 1917

It's a time of great uncertainty. The daily pressures of war, the sleepless nights, the constant hum of planes. It's enough to crack even the bravest of flying aces. And now our most sinister enemy is lurking in the shadows - the Red Baron!

As if this wretched war wasn't miserable enough, the Red Baron has begun stealing the Allies' treats! Our precious supply of goodies is shrinking at an alarming rate! Popcorn, burgers, and bones - good grief, it's turning the trenches into a madhouse! Not to mention that here in the aerodrome the morale has sunk to an all time low. My ground crew is becoming listless and sullen. I haven't had a root beer in a week!!!

An aerodrome near Amiens  
April 27, 1918

Curse you, Red Baron - I'll get you yet!!!

With orders from the President to search and destroy the Red Baron, I bade farewell to my faithful ground crew. "Never fear," I told them with complete confidence. "Your treasured treats shall never again leave the trenches!"

In the last moment before takeoff a crew member jumped aboard and handed me some root beer and a slice of pizza. "You deserve it, Mon Capitaine," he muttered. How touching!

"Bonne Chance, mes amis!" I finished off the root beer, gunned the engines, and took off in search of the missing goodies.

As the Sopwith Camel climbed quickly into the clear blue sky, I detected the approach of hostile enemy aircraft. My instincts were correct: I could now hear the unmistakable growl of the Red Baron's triplane up ahead. I suspected the glutton had caught wind of my mouth-watering pizza!

"Come and get it, Red Baron - this sweet temptation shall be your last!" I cried as the triplane appeared from behind a cloud. I angled my twin machine guns and aimed for the red Fokker's belly, and flew loop-the-loops above the Sopwith Camel.

As the Baron turned upside down, a hamburger fell from the cockpit. I raced to catch the stolen treat before the Baron could return for a rear attack.

Too late! I'd been hit! Riddled with bullets, I began to lose altitude. The Red Baron was close behind - ready for the finish. I was beginning to feel like a bull's-eye on a dart board. My engine was sputtering and my gauge began to flutter. At least I still had my root beer...

Savoring my last sip, I was filled with yet one last burst of heroic energy. I had to bring the villain down! I zig-zagged my faithful Sopwith Camel out of range and repositioned myself above the Red Baron for the final dogfight.

Glaring below at my overly confident foe, I began my dive attack. My aim was direct and to the point. Too bad I couldn't see it - my scarf blew into my eyes at the last moment. It wasn't until the eighth bullet that I heard the Fokker fall. Red Baron, you've got your just desserts at last! Au revoir... until we meet again.



HERE'S THE WORLD WAR I FLYING ACE STUDYING FRENCH AND DRINKING ROOT BEER WITH HIS COMRADE IN A LOCAL CAFE.



"MY GROUND CREW IS OVERJOYED WHEN I RETURN SAFELY FROM A COURAGEOUS MISSION."



HERE'S THE WORLD WAR I FLYING ACE BACK AT THE AERODROME WITH HIS SOPWITH CAMEL.



"WITH UNDAUNTED COURAGE I TAKE OFF ON ANOTHER DANGEROUS MISSION TO BRING DOWN THE RED BARON."