

FLIGHTS AND LANDINGS

" Sic itur ad astra "

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Vol. 1 No. 13

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1918

Price: 50 Centimes

PASSED BY POST CENSOR

MAJOR RADER LEAVES THIS CENTER

Post Band In Readiness For Organisation

Instruments Furnished By Red Cross; Music is Here

The initial undertaking of the officers of this Post for the establishing of a Post band second to none in the A.E.F. has proved a brilliant success. Two of the paramount questions have been settled for all time to such an extent that the success of the venture is but a matter of time.

The procuring of suitable instruments and the music presented the barrier which must be crossed before we could have a band. The latter was presented to Miss Ray C. Sawyer, "Uncle Sam's Musical Godmother", by cable several weeks ago. It is her self assumed task to supply the members of Uncle Sam's army at home and abroad with the latest of band and orchestra music.

Proof of her interest in our band, remote from New York to the extent of thousands of miles, is displayed and proven even to the most skeptical mind in the fact that the officers in charge of the band affairs receive last week a complete set of the latest band pieces for every distinct instrument used in a military band.

Accompanying the packet of music was a letter from Miss Sawyer expressing her heartfelt wishes for the success of the venture and the pride she had in being able to serve our center in her most humble way.

She is maintaining her office at No. 44 East Twenty-third street, New York City, in connection with the Red Cross. During the many months that she has been working for the members of the members of Uncle Sam's Army she has received letters of praise from the Major Generals to the lowest buck in the service. They have been unable to graze her work and spirit enough.

She is quoted in an exchange as saying: "I have been urged to form a real organization, a committee, to help me handle this work. But why should I do this? I am doing the work finely and am enjoying it so much. Even when the demand becomes greater I shall continue to work alone. The satisfaction gained thru the receiving of mail from grateful lads who are spending their days in the trenches is more than enough reward."

This American girl who has done so much for others is interested in the outcome of this venture on this Post. Now that we have the material with which to work on the post it is up to the Officers and Men to come thru with their support.

INSTRUMENTS SECURED

The instruments have been furnished by the Red Cross thru our Red Cross Officer, Lieut. George. He was given authority to purchase the instruments and with Lieut. Cummings went to Lyon where the best of everything needed was purchased.

The selection of the best proved to be an arduous task but the completion was successful and now we have at our disposal a set of instruments which are necessary for a regular military band.

Again we come to the point of where work on the band must start. Training the personnel of the band is the next step. This will be ably taken care of thru the efforts of Lieut. George who will procure an expert band leader and musical instructor for the arduous task of making a band of musicians a single machine for entertainment.

The prospects of the band are multifold. It will mean more than a mere reputation for this center. It will be military in every particular and Old Glory which flies in the breeze will ascend and descend to the strain of our own premier Military Band. Its functions will be multiple. In each of these functions every member of this Post will have a part and it is decreed for every red-blooded man and we can't get away from it.

Sergeant "Pop" Baird, an experienced band master of many years experience in the army has been chosen as band leader for the Post. Thus far about thirty men have come forward with the proper spirit in this undertaking. They are not all accomplished musicians but are willing to try. That but thirty are willing to help out of a camp of this size is ridiculous. We need double and treble that number. To be successful the band needs to be built of the best material which we have at our disposal. To do this it will be necessary to conduct an elimination that the best can be used for the nucleus while the others will be trained to build up the institution.

Those who have the proper spirit may make application to their respective Commanding Officers, the Assistant Adjutant, or to the office of "Flights and Landings". If you have a spark of musical ability in your system it will be brought to light.

Add Post Band Story.

The services of Mr. Faye have been secured by the committee. He is one of the leading band masters and instructors in musical art and his cooperation means a success we had hardly hoped to expect that this early date.

He not only supervised, to a great extent, the purchase of the instruments but will have direct control of the organization of the band and the instructing of those who are willing to help make this band a huge success in the American E. F.

Mr. Faye has been devoting a great deal of his time to band organization and instructing in the A.E.F., and we feel that with a little cooperation from everyone our band will be second to none.

Leave Area Is Opened In Puy de Dome For Yanks

That the soldiers of the A.E.F. while on leave may have the choice of a variety of locations a new leave area, in the heart of this district, has been made in readiness for the uniform guests.

Heart of the Lafayette district in the old picturesque towns: Mont-Dore and Bourboule, both within easy "week end" distance of this Post.

La Bourboule can accommodate 3,000 soldiers, first class accommodations. As in Aix-les-Bains, the Y.M.C.A. has taken over the two Casinos, one in each town, which are reputed to be of considerable size. The same pervading spirit of Aix-les-Bains and at this resort where thousands of Yanks are expected to spend their vacations within the next month. All preparations have been made by the Y.M.C.A. officials and with the respective Mayors and French officials.

HOW WE SHALL BE EFFECTED

The soldiers of this area will not, however, be compelled to spend their respective seven days in this district resort. This is but another criterion of the Government's continuous efforts to give the enlisted man everything possible that his vacation may be a success.

Any leave areas which may be open at the time a leave is granted are open to the soldier but his selection must be made before departure.

The facilities for a successful week's pleasure are practically the same in one town as the other in this new leave area. Both boast of exquisite facilities of entertainment, beautiful and picturesque mountains, large lakes, and one hundred and thirteen other things. The "Y" secretaries in each place are striving their utmost to outdo the other in friendly rivalry.

It is possible to spend Sundays in this new leave area providing those of this Post receive the necessary passes and permission to visit this designated area. It is, however, a rather ticklish procedure to go visiting without the necessary credentials due to the cognizant fact that Post Orders forbid travel by train excepting by ticket—and tickets are forbidden unless the purchaser has a pass. This just about lets us out.

"Flights and Landings" believes that such week end trips, handled in the same manner as those to Vichy, or without the motor transportation, would add incentive for increased efforts during the six working days.

Until such a time as this system is adopted, if such a thing is possible, the men of this Post are asked to use their heads that a rash twenty minutes fun taken on the spur of the moment will not completely kill a prospective privilege. The resorts are noted for the winter sports facilities. There we can spend many a pleasant cold spell. Look forward and work with our new Commanding Officer and "Flights and Landings" promises that he will back up your cooperation as energetically, if not more so, than you do his.

Hadley Accepts Position

Recognition of success and ability has again been proven to the men of this camp in the call of a "By Command of General Pershing" to the "Stars and Stripes" of Sergeant Harold L. Hadley, until recently Managing Editor of the "Flights and Landings".

When "Flights and Landings" made its appearance on this field, a two page periodical, Hadley was a member of the staff. Since that time he has stuck with it thru thick and thin until now we have a formidable journal representing this center in the Newspaper world of the A. E. F.

The paper became a part of his everyday life and thru the incentive for a wish for a better paper he did some of his best work. Despite the many reverses experienced by "Flights and Landings" in general The Managing Editor was still to be found wailing away at his rusty typewriter.

Efforts to hold Hadley for "Flights and Landings" proved futile in view of the fact that for fifteen days "Stars and Stripes" has been reserving a position for his arrival.

In leaving he said: "It's just as I have always expected. When a fair proposition took on the lustre of a successful venture, in which we may be proud, along comes a transfer. "Flights and Landings" should in time be the most successful as well as the leading journal of its kind in the A. E. F. All that is necessary is the cooperation of the officers and men of the Puy-de-Dome section.

Hadley will be detached from this center. His pay and allowances would startle the layman.

Opportunity has knocked. He was ready. Be ready when it comes to your door.

The Editor.

WE WANT METZ

Paris, September 14 (9 P.M.).

In the vicinity of Saint-Mihiel, our troops kept in contact with the enemy forces, and have been repulsing counter-attacks attempted by him in the direction of Jaulny.

Now, we can appreciate the success obtained during the two preceding days, the spirit and the sharpness of our troops and of the French divisions which fought side by side shown by the fact that the forces attacking both faces of the salient joined within twenty-four hours, getting the desired result.

Besides freeing a hundred and fifty square miles of land, and freeing fifteen thousand prisoners, we captured a big quantity of material, over a hundred guns of every bore, hundreds of machine-guns, trench-mortars have been taken, although the enemy, in his retreat, burned great stocks of goods.

A superficial examination of the battlefield that shows that great quantities of rolling stock, clothes equipment, has been left behind. A new proof of the haste with which the enemy retreated is to be found in the good condition of the bridges he left behind him.

WATCH OUR BULLETIN BOARD

"FLIGHTS AND LANDINGS" is and will continue in the future to receive special cablegram, telegram and radio news every twenty four hours. It will be posted on our bulletin board that everyone may learn the news while it IS NEWS. Anything of unusual interest, whether it happened over there or over here will be told in detail thru the medium of this service, may hours in advance of the newspapers.

"Mysterious Production" To Be Staged By 19th Aero Squadron Talent

The surprise of the theatrical circles locally is but sparring for time until it will be released upon the public by the 19th Aero Squadron. It is titled: "The Mysterious Production" and will be staged under the directing hand of Lieut. James E. Woolley, commanding officer.

What the plot of the play is has not been divulged. We can't say what's what. They won't let us. The surest method of keeping the thing quiet is to not even tell yourself. Such is their motto.

Some weeks ago a committee composed of William Daly, chairman, William Babcock, Stanley Eagle and Richard G. Baker was chosen and put to work on the production by Lieut. Woolley. In making this selection of workers Lieut. Woolley chose men who accept speed for its face value and who will place without the footlights a production worthy of the admittance fee.

Who the members of the cast are is but a matter of conjecture but we shall do a bit of divulging on our own hook, the material at hand being a knowledge more or less of the ability and talent of the 19th Squadron members.

When speaking of the show while wandering "at ease" toward the other evening M.S.E. Atlas Bryant who has taken a deep interest in the show and who is working hard for its success said: "When that curtain goes up it will knock you dead. We've got everything completed on it that we haven't enough volunteers to sweep out the blood when the curtain goes down for the last time. The show won't be five hours long but man-when she is going look out!"

That's all he'd say. It is left for your judgement to figure whether you can spare that five or a pair of Francs for an evening's clean entertainment that is distinctly something entirely new.

The exact date for the setting has not been settled as yet but it is not expected to be later than two weeks from now. The admission will be the same as for those of recent weeks and the play will be staged in the "Y" auditorium. Keep the night open when the date is announced.

SULLIVAN DEPARTS

As we wander thru life but toys in the hands of circumstances we come to face with all classes from the summit of society to the base, and from this mass of humanity there are those who are but met on the highway and passed, and those with whom we become bound by chains.

Such a man was "Sully", listed in travel orders as F. J. Sullivan. Such was his caliber that when his work was brought to a close in our midst each member of this post but grasped his hand and bade him adieu.

Sentimentality in the army is nil. We did not join the colors to sit and pine when each successive disappointment was our lot. We don't expect the best always. We can't. It isn't done. But, we did join the army to learn, and in this course of the school of experience we learn the hardest of all lessons—the knowing of men.

We all knew Sully. We knew him for his smiling eye; his Irish wit; his untiring efforts in our behalf done not in a half way measure. We knew him, all of us, for the man he was among men.

His traits, his main and "system" instilled a new feeling here that can't be wiped out as can the slate.

We say "was" because he is no more with us. He has received his orders he has gone. Sully tried to be a man of the military realm but was rejected. Sometimes we are glad the examiners reject such men for in his present capacity he is serving his country to the utmost of his ability.

For those he has left in this Post we extend our best wishes for a successful future. We know some things while others are just a bit muddled in our brain. For one thing we know Sully was sent to Clermont before his departure to pastures torn with shells. We wonder why he went.

In wishing the remaining secretaries all the success due their calling, and hoping that their work will be rewarded here and when the war is ended we ask them to try to be as much like Sully as circumstances will permit—to serve that we may, as we are now, grateful.

Major Mc Donnell Is New Commanding Officer Relieving Major Rader

Promotion Assured—Is Now Military Aviator—Officers Tender Farewell Banquet

(By Harold L. Hadley)

We have lost a friend—not, not lost only insofar as present is concerned. Major Ira A. Rader, M. A., Commanding Officer of our Post has gone, and in his departure we find a gap that will never be filled.

He was more than a Commanding Officer, the ranking representative of the United States Government stationed here for his very nature raised him far above the lawful rating he held.

In the hearts of every Officer and enlisted man who ever came under the jurisdiction of Major Rader there is a feeling of regret occasioned thru his departure which can in part be stilled in the knowledge that he is going to a position of possibly more responsibility where recognition will not be long in coming.

When Major Rader came to this Post he was greeted literally by a field where progress had not begun in its entirety. He was the man selected to take the reins and build of what raw material he had at his disposal a school for the instruction of men who fight above the clouds.

The task was a mighty one for he had not only the problems ordinarily the lot of the progressive builder but he was compelled to overcome those occasioned by critical circumstances and the elements.

He went to the task with that ever ready smile which radiates friendship wherever he goes. Cooperation was his without the asking. He was a man among men.

The progress of the school and the results of his endeavors are known well by those who have spent many months on the field. Thru the cold months he worked as a guiding hand and under his control success loomed in the distance coming ever closer as each day was ended with the passing of light.

The school became more than a command to him. It was a part of his life, his very being, the apple of his eye.

He is quoted as saying: "The happiest ten months of my life have been spent here, working and enjoying the heartiest cooperation and honest endeavor I ever hope to see."

PROMOTION ASSURED

Some many months ago it was announced that Major Rader was recommended by the Commanding-Officer for the rank of a Lieut.-Colonel, a fitting reward for the work he so admirably achieved here. Time passed and the gold leaves remained.

It seemed incredible that the silver should not shine upon those shoulder straps even as his smile. Time wore on and on the evening of his departure we learn that his promotion is assured and that when he takes his new tasks in hand the old rating by which we knew him so well will be discarded. To us he was "The Major", and as such he will always be. To those with whom he will come in contact with in years to come it will be "Colonel", and perhaps even better.

Sunday evening last the Officers of the Post tendered a farewell-banquet in honor of the Major, at the Hotel Grand, Royat. The program, merry on the surface, was marked with a queer seriousness and merriment together to say good bye to the friend whom they had more than admired—one who was more than a friend.

First Lieutenant George Hill, rapid fire wit gunner first class was toast master for the evening. Thru the medium of his originality prospective speakers ceased to wriggle uncomfortably in their respective chairs, and those who were on the mat spoke with a confidence and ability of born toastmen.

The new Commanding Officer, Major J. C. McDonnell, delivered a short oration worthy of the artist-tongue. In part he said: "In coming to this school I am taking over a command which has the most wonderful spirit, heartiest cooperation and successful undertakings that I have had the pleasure of seeing in the service. During my short stay here I have found that the foundation built by my predecessor, Major Rader, to be the strongest material—the confidence of the personnel in the system and spirit built up notch by notch by Major Rader to be of the highest of quality and I take great pride in being selected as the one to take the helm in the wake of such a remarkable man and friend. In the short time I have been here his friendship has been, and is now, the cherished possession I hope to always hold. I hope to be able to continue the work where Major Rader has left off; to be able to keep the ball from collecting moss and to make his efforts of the past fruitful."

MAJOR RADER'S FAREWELL

The Major spoke, his eyes a bit wistful, his enunciation slow and precise, his expression displaying more than words could describe.

His words were words of praise for all under his command. He expessed the deepest pride in those whom he had placed confidence—and rightly. His words of regret was occasioned only in that he was leaving the home of the happiest portion of his life.

To staff officers with whom he has been working for the welfare of this school he expressed his heartiest appreciation for the cooperation they so willingly gave—and for the confidence they held in his judgement.

He spoke but few words. Words were hardly appropriate. He was leaving for another land, the land of your forefathers and there he has waiting a wife and baby. Sentimentality is a quality we sometimes consider best kept in the dark. We can do so now. It was this brilliant bit of gold at the end of the rainbow to which Major Rader was going and in the knowledge of such a meeting his eyes filled with tears of joy, but despite this pleasure in store, the cooling of the little one, the companionship long deprived of his thoughts and heart were set here and in leaving he said: "Don't feel as though you are losing a friend. You are not. Someday we shall meet again."

LEFT HERE A MILITARY AVIATOR
War Department orders received here just preceding The Major's departure announced him to be among the few Military Aviators in the United States Service. This new rating entitles one silver five pointed star above the shield of the brevet.

As an aviator he was considered among the best in the service. His first duty in the air was as a Lieutenant on the Mexican Border with General Pershing's expedition. His careful manner and confidence brought him higher and higher until machines built to fly, regardless of their make, became as toys in his hands. His accidents were few—the serious ones nil.

MADE "FLIGHTS AND LANDINGS" POSSIBLE
When "Flights and Landings" was conceived The Major became Honorary President, and in such a capacity he aided and backed with that characteristic willingness so much so that "Flights and Landings" will in the near future be a formidable rival for all like publications.

He took an interest in everything—and where he took an interest he worked for the furtherance of a enterprise.

MAJOR McDONNELL SUCCESSOR
The Commanding Officer's chair has been taken over by Major J. M. McDonnell, recently from the United States. Major McDonnell came with an enthusiasm that the work be continued. His plans run parallel with those of The Major and along those lines will run his undertakings.

He is the Honorary President of "Our Paper", and has taken up the work of "Flights and Landings" with a zeal of which we are proud. Everything will be done for the benefit and success of our our journal by Major McDonnell.

Together with Lieutenant Lyle, Business Manager and active director of the paper he has planned for the future of this undertaking on a large scale and thru his enthusiasm many obstacles will be removed, the path made the clearer.

He is here to work for the betterment of the school, its various departments and enterprises. His words are of the highest commendation for all enterprises that will tend to make the school better; the work more productive and you and I better men.

His task will be a light one for such work is to him a life work—a pleasure which can't be denied. We find no gruffness or reserved haughtiness. But, we do find a welcome smile, a helping hand, a willing councillor—a soldier and a man.

To Major McDonnell we extend our heartiest welcome as due Commanding Officer and we feel that in our work he will find that same marked spirit and cooperation as of yore. We feel that he is here to better us that we may better serve and that to the best of our ability we will serve him that his results will better obtained and their together we may serve the one cause for which we donned the uniform.

The officers who gave the farewell banquet in Major Rader's honor were: Major J. C. McDonnell, H. C. Davidson, H. A. Cross; Captains Prosper Cholet and C. A. Norris, and Lieutenants William Charles, J. E. McDevitt, Thomas B. Allen, C. L. Page, C. L. Heyniger, L. H. Ordway, E. Hopkins, James Allen, George R. Miller, Donald Lyle, J. A. Allen, E. R. Whiteledge, F. A. Miller, Richard Jessop, W. A. Bell, R. Benson, H. B. Vanderhof, G. Perkins, W. K. Yarrow, C. H. Pikes, Joseph J. Cody, William M. Blackshare, C. E. Trowbridge, J. Frenzel, T. W. Temple, George B. Cummings, P. B. Garrett, B. Granger, Thomas A. Cooper, R. James E. Tower and McLeod and five Y. M. C. A. entertainers.

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST

This Center has as its distinguished guest of the month Major H.C. Davidson, first Commanding Officer to foster the progress of the 7th Aviation Instruction Center. Major Davidson came to this school when it was in its infancy almost a year ago and was replaced by Major Rader when he was ordered to another Post for administrative duty.

Major Davidson's host of friends and admirers will be pleased to know that he is enjoying the best of health. To Major Davidson we extend salutations in the order of the day and express the hope that his stay with us will be a lengthy one and pleasant.

He looks natural in his old time A.E.F. haunts, and the place seems more home like with his presence. Stick around Major, we like your smile.

THE STAFF

- Major J. C. McDONNELL
Dr. ALLEN MACNEILL
1st Lieut. DONALD-LYLE
Sergeant HERBERT H. GOULD
Sergeant HAROLD L. HADLEY
Private HARRY F. FAURE
Corporal John PECHO
Hon. President.
Hcn. Vice President.
Business Manager.
Editor.
Managing Editor.
Advertising Manager.
Auditor.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display : 5 Francs Per Column Inch.
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A-LETTER-HOME

« That letter home », involves more than the mere fulfillment of a social debt... To your folks it is practically all the pleasure left within the family bounds... Letters at this critical stage of the game of higher value than those from the lads who have just entered training.

Those whom we left behind have but one belief for those in Europe—that each and every one is on the firing line; that the trench is the only abode and that mud is used in the stead of Ostermoors. Continual writing stating true conditions doesn't lighten the burden... In many instances they believe that such letters are written purposely to keep them from worry.

For this reason « Flights and Landings » has kept going despite in the many reverses experienced. When a « Flights and Landings » arrives in the home of one of us stationed here it is in truth a letter from he who is serving... They read every line and take pride in the paper... It goes the family rounds; it is a missive of good tidings.

To make the paper second to none the policies have been changed and a more practical method of procedure adopted. Men of ability have been relieved from responsible positions that the paper might become a success. These men are charged with the good standing of the paper... It is their task to turn out each two weeks a « letter for those back home ». The policy at the present time is to fill the columns with asmuch news as possible that those who receive the paper will profit in the receiving of a our bi-monthly history.

To expedite delivery to the United States the staff of « Flights and Landings » are working on a mailing system to any part of the world... It is their duty to please. We believe that in such a system the paramount question is solved and that those which may arise in the future will be of minor importance.

That the paper will prosper is assured. An advertising policy has been completed and adopted which will mean the financial success to a certain degree.

To be successful in this line of endeavor we need the co-operation to the letter of every man in the uniform of the American army... This paper is to be a journal for the entire Puy-de-Dôme section... We need the backing of every officer and man wearing the « U.S. ». It is a foregone conclusion that firms which sell thousands of francs of goods to the American army men each week, and in some instances nights, who will not advertise in our columns are not the friends of the army men... They do not believe in having the name of their institution in our columns but they expect our patronage...

Not only do they expect our patronage but they further expect us to pay treble prices for a commodity without a whimper.

« Flights and Landings » puts the proposition squarely before you... It is but a simple matter to understand that where they don't advertise they don't want the society of Americans excepting for the coin that can be extracted for the family kitty.

In patronizing firms which advertise in these columns you are doing justice to « Flights and Landings »; the Firm, and to yourself. We don't attempt to maintain a dictating realm of skeptics but we do expect to realize as much as possible justice.

Through these columns, we'll get justice. That's what we're here for... To do the most good where good is wanting... Complaints in any manner or form can be submitted to this office and the best which can be realized will be done.

We are here to serve every Officer and enlisted man in the Puy-de-Dôme section... In return we ask your co-operation in every respect. We will expect you to furnish this paper with news; to increase our circulations—and to patronize those who think enough of the American army and its friendship to advertise in these columns.

A-TALK-WITH-THE "Y"

Thru the medium of the press we take the liberty of beginning a heart—to heart talk with the Y.M.C.A. chiefs and secretaries in this entire section. This is not written thru any malice... It is not meant to be construed as a bit of satire... We hope that it will be taken in the right light that we all may benefit.

The medium of co-operation, when once achieved to the proper degree means in all walks of life success... The Y.M.C.A. institution has done a world of good in private and army life.

With the beginning of the war the institution came forward in a manner deserving the heartiest commendation... Throughout the world it has been a success...

However there isn't an enterprise, business or undertaking regardless of whether it is large or small that can't be improved... The word « can't » is superfluous in the dictionary... Remove it from your vocabulary and the goal will be easier to reach.

During the ten months we have spent in France it has been our fortunate lot to travel... In traveling thru many cities and towns training camps and rest resorts we have been associated with the « Y ». To us it is the harbor along a ragged coast to which we may turn regardless of circumstance.

In other « Y » huts we have found systems installed which mean a complete change in the main of the institution... Soldiers are better served... The little things of life which mean so much at this time were not found wanting.

To enumerate: In three of five huts visited we found the secretaries—ladies from the States—serving hot chocolate, milk, hot and cold tea and coffee with sandwiches, cookies and a bit of fruit... The expense involved is very little... To talk soldier it means but a few centimes... To the « Y » it doesn't mean much more.

We know that the ingredients for such were procured from the Quartermaster... And we have been told by one secretary that he was serving light lunches, chocolate and the like to hundreds each day at a surprising low cost to the soldier and making money!

Just cost for a jam sandwich and a cup of chocolate amounted to a total of 40 centimes.

We found that these huts which served light lunches were more homelike and that the feeling of a « welcome » was magnified to the highest... Everyone was helping each other and despite the fact that the secretaries were called upon to work long hours that they might serve « their boys » their radiant smiles were ever pleasant... When asked if they didn't mind the long hours the answer was the same: « It is work sometimes but it is for the benefit and comfort of our boys. That's why we came to France... »

What has been done by those preceding us can not only be continued by we following but can be improved upon... Winter is coming on and we have a faint hunch that a steaming perculator would be a pleasant sight !!!

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

« FLIGHTS AND LANDINGS » has, within the past two weeks, made many efforts towards procuring cartoon service but unfortunately it was impossible to get the service for this issue. However it is our sincere belief that beginning with the next issue and every one following we can and will supply our many readers with cartoons that are second to none and that are drawn exclusively by soldiers of the Puy-de-Dôme section. The invitation to submit drawings is extended to everyone. We are glad to get them. We need them. Kick in.

CLOSING SCENE OF BISHOP'S BANANA BAKER

The curtain opened on a gloomy part of Daly's Hill, the wind whistled and swished thru the vineyards; the supporting wires and sticks of the vines gave a weird tone to different rushes of the strong breezes. At once could be heard the tread of the party approaching, loosening a stone as they labored up hill. On coming into view, Bullock was in the lead, followed by Bennie and the three supposedly Frenchmen; at the rear came Griff and Pat with their gats out ready for action. Bullock was not the man to stop work for anything, even so bad a thing as this storm, so immediately he set his men to digging ten paces from that remarkable bowlder, which looks so much like a wounded Bear. The going was very hard but thanks to Pat and Griff who saw to it that enough liquids were brought along, the whole party was regaled quite often. In twenty minutes, Bullock who was hovering about the hole, very busy and anxious as the out thrown dirt showed the ditch was getting deeper and deeper; finally emitted a yell of delight and reaching down in the hole he pulled up a very dirty bottle. Examination was at once made and with supreme joy Bullock showed the label to his friends which proved to be... « Mercatoris » and as Bullock said this bottle was no doubt the property of old Vere himself. It was dedicated to the first bottle but there was no need of it because a few feet further down and they came upon a large opening which led to a cave and the wine store house proper. Bullock, Bennie, Pat and Griff climbed eagerly thru the opening but for the moment the three fake Frenchmen did not follow.

« It is time to unmask », said the leader, « and finish our work. You, Charlie, run to the road near the powder house and tell our men to creep softly up the hill and then we will fill this opening and smother our enemies... In a week we can come back and sell these rare wines and return to California as millionaires... »

« Yes sir », salutes Charlie. « The men will be here in three minutes and if you and Ody entertain the rest, we will have them under the ground in a very short time... Charlie exits running.

« Chief », says Ody, « I think it would be best to keep them down that hole while they are already inside, for if we leave them crawl out again it will be just that much more fighting, and besides they might yell and get some of that Ainat bunch around to help them... »

« Well said », Lieutenant », responds Chief Carmack, « We'll begin by undermining the statue of the Wounded Bear so we can roll it, but listen there goes the Siren. Our detail has failed to keep Hanner and his force quiet. Bryant and his men will arrive at any time. We must fight. You Ody, stand over the opening and beat any body back who tries to come out and I'll begin filling in as much as I am able... »

« Ody takes his place, and just in time too, for Pat is already emerging with two bottles under his arm; however Ody with a fat grape vine prop makes a pass at Pat and breaks the neck of Pat's bottles, causing Pat to lose his hold and slip down the hole... »

« Fair enough », yells Pat, « and you pass us down a corkcrew if you happen to have one about your person... »

The next moment the Guncells slip into view and the chief at once gave them his orders. A more ferocious gang of men could not be imagined. There was Godfrey and Gibson the two Pittsburgh Pirates, Chapman and Craner the two Southern Razor Wearers, Crosby, Tyros and Broncecke, who used to be the terror of Montferand. Andrews and Gus the two who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Watson, Puffer, Troutman, Griffith, Pat Mahoney, Taylor and Shoot em from the hip Dey, all desperate characters.

« Searle, Babcock and Hay », said Chief Carmack as soon as he gave his commands, « Front ». « Have evidently made a mess out of the work I had set aside for them. They were to squelch the Detectives so you men could take your position unnoticed, but I have been sound and back out, the alarm has been sounded and in two minutes we must put ourselves against some good fighters, so fill in the opening until the enemy is upon us, then rush to the Wounded Bear and defend the Hill at all costs... »

Several attempts were now made by our friends to gain egress from their prison. Pat made some good shots and succeeded in winking quite a few, but then his arm was a bit unsteady, we can guess that he was a bit out of practice. Time was slipping by, surely Bryant and his men would soon arrive and save the day, for by now the attempts of our heroes were more feeble each time, the dirt and rocks were raining down on them faster than they could scrape them aside and in a minute more the hole was covered entirely. But no time was given for the Guncells to escape now, because a volley and clattering of stones announced that aid was here. The Guncells of course had the advantage of the position, but our brave men entrenched themselves in a small gulley and a pitched battle at once began in all its fury. Here we find the Guncells and true shot gunmen of the Guncells competing against the cool, scientific marksmen of our men, such as Durry, Blair, McFadden, Mix, etc., men who carried a gun on the burning sands of Texas, where the sun glints brightly in opposition to the squinting eyes of those who essay to become a sharpshooter. But the sun nor dust interfered with the keen sight of such men as above in such an arid Country and certainly now they would not be troubled in overcoming even so notorious a gang as the Guncells. Bryant was the spirit of his men. He ran from one end of his line to the other, telling jokes and anecdotes to keep up the moral of his men. Soon the ammunition of the Guncells became scarce then the order was bravely given to charge and an inferno followed. That these Guncells could fight, was a well known fact, but never was such a fight expected as this. Chief Carmack was everywhere at one time it seemed. Pat Mahoney dropped his gun and was satisfied to use his fists. Lieut. O. Walters executed frightful work with their chissed daggers. But finally the superior force of our men overcame the few remaining Guncells and in twenty minutes the stage was cleared. Then a search was made for our heroes but of course no trace of them could be found. Madalon soon came into view and was filled with grief when no Papa or Charlie could be accounted for. Yet as Madalon was moving towards the Wounded Bear she gave a shriek, and the men who came quickly on the scene noticed the loose dirt moving a trifle. One of the shovels was

'REUNION OF 1925' VOTED SUCCESS BY FRENCH CONCENSUS

The « Reunion of 1925 » staged by the 110th Aero Squadron in the Municipal Theatre was a success in several respects. The initial one was just inside the door where pasteboards are exchanged for money of the Republic of France. The standings room only slogan carried even to the third gallerie.

The most important of successes was the manner in which the show was carried thru, with possibly one or two exceptions. The theatrical game has just exactly one thousand and fifty two different points, passing which is a Herculean task. Slip ups are more common than passed balls and homesome sketches rampage thru the Metropolitan theatres in the States.

Lew Fields didn't play the title role, nor was John Drew listed on the program but those who were there made their endeavor to entertain a success. Cow punchers probably will not run wild in 'Frisco bar rooms in 1925 despite the fact that most Easterners and half of Europe believe the West to be a wild west show with each respective sun rise.

Taking the show with the Air Service orchestra all in all the program was a success... To substantiate the above we shall cite an instance in the identical theatre when native actors smiled at the footlights. When the last curtain slowly wended its way to the stage there were approximately about half the persons in the theatre... When the last strain of the finale had died away in the « Reunion of 1925 » the greater portion of the house, well above the initial thousand, began wending their way to the door... It is a poor comparison, and possibly wanting in tact, but facts are facts... »

Expressions as to the merits of the show by both French and Americans in the audience were to the effect that the show was fine excepting perhaps Prof Za Za's lengthy act... The length of the act was the only cause for criticism... The quality of such an act can't be criticised. It was « there », insofar as it was unique, « straight » and entertaining.

For the feature in acting we believe Milton Goldman, playing the « Barfly » to be the winner... His every action was ordinary and natural so much so that we were reminded of the time we met a long lost pal of ours in the Black Cat, New York.

The Bartender was an amateur actor but a professional tender. We might add he savors a bit of theatrical professionalism... As the go-between he was criterion of the good judgement of the Stage Manager who did the choosing of characters. We don't know whether the pep was instilled, stilled or natural but it was good almost to the point of sizzling. M.S. E. Earl Casey Tossed concoctions.

Koons and Parks, just from the range featured in duets, they ever surprised themselves. Thass all... Harry Shaefer was beyond question the feature round up representative... His being a professional at the game wherein cows are burnt on the hip probably accounts for it.

Finkielstein, tripping about, here and then not here features the program with a novelty... We have seen many a minstrel where he would fit in nicely as a soft shoe terpsichorean performer. His antics, grace and rhythm of motion were beyond reproach.

Dobroci and Cook, running the wheel and gambler's blocks won more stage money than we've seen in many weeks past. If just naturally can't be done in the best of circles... After the pay master makes his next visit we'll bet all on one toss, Cook and Dobroci doing the handling.

The cow punchers, Bob Macket, a little aged for so few years after the war, and Bill Creighton were constantly on the job reviving the spirit of Independence Day. Throuout the performance their incessant activity kept King Bore to the rear. Those contributing to the success and brilliancy of the play were Harry Knobshush, camouflaged a la Egyptian premier danseuse. Otis Powers, featuring the « bum » whose lot was cast in the die of « losing that gal »; John Frank representing the clan of John D. Lockertellow and Clarence Fredericks, manager of the Opera company furnishing the vaudeville skits. Of these skits, in passing, we can state that the lustre added was not wanting in quality... The Regular Army Blacks with Milton Goldman, Edwin Keadle and James Harmahan reminded us of our initial guard mount... They were entertaining in their act but could have stood without fear of physical danger about two more warts of pep.

The neck handling objects in the air, here, there and everywhere, is adapted to one Peter Pusher... His theatrical genius, coupled with the ability to please adeptly designated him to be one of the premier performers of the evening's entertainment.

Harold Rowley's camp orchestra furnished the music... He has been championed enough... The work was as good if not better than that preceding.

As we wandered out to find a vacant seat in the thruck we remarked to a passerby by: « Great show, what. » « What is right seze. They're counting still and ought to reach a couple of thousands before midnight... It was Lieut. Lyle, Manager of the company... »

« Absurdly unprepared for war », was Germany's sizing up of our situation just previous to the conflict. Perhaps the statement is true, but we seem to have had so many absurdly good shots in our civilian population that lack of preparation hasn't counted so much, after all.

grabbed and a few spadefuls removed, uncovering a small part of the opening and disclosing the face of Mr. Gauson.

« Come in if you want to », yells Pat, « There's plenty for all. And what's more this hole has to be kept open for ventilation and the next one who insists on closing it will be severely discipline... »

Yet the rest convinced Pat that they were in the cave long enough and managed to entice him out. Bullock was the last to crawl out and on straightening out he appeared dirty from head to foot, for he bore the brunt of the avalanche which he tried to stem that they might not be sealed up in a wine cellar. Madalon rushes to her Papa and then to her Charlie and demands that he give up such a precarious profession. Bullock takes her in his arms and tells all that Pat will take over all the treasure for the firm of Griffin and Gauson and he will see that all will be repaid for their noble work this night. Father Ward is speechless with delight and the men all cheer wildly as Madalon and her Charlie lead the way home.—Curtain.—By George Brilch.

« Touching on Preparation for war », was the subject of a short address given by Lieut. Lyle. He spoke of the importance of being ready at all times and of the lessons learned from the recent events.

The closing of the show was a grand affair, with the audience cheering and clapping enthusiastically. The proceeds of the performance were donated to the Red Cross.

The success of the « Reunion of 1925 » has proven that the talents of the members of the 110th Aero Squadron are not only in the air but on the stage as well.

PET PLANE PROVES MATERIAL IN THE AIR.

Lieut. Piebes Flies Plane Built Here By M. S. E. Jones

MUCH ADMIRATION IS SHOWN BY THE MEN ON THE FLYING FIELD.

« The achievement of success is but incentive for greater aims and more strenuous efforts... »

Such is the motto of the world infused in some who care to search; lying dormant in others content to live the life of a parasite.

M. S. E. Ralph W. Jones is of the former type... He might not be listed in the initial row of a « Who's Who », nor a formidable competitor of Thomas Edison—but he does things... »

About three months ago he began working out his plans for an airplane, of a new type, built by members of this Post with whatever material might, or might not, be at their disposal.

He drew plans and worked... His pattern for working was a standard make of Bombing Plane... However he did not copy. He successfully arranged and entirely new control wire system; juggled mathematics until his shorter fuselage did not effect the center of gravity... To achieve this he decreased the angle of incidence... The automatic alerons of the lower wings were discarded, the wings being of greater spread than those of the plane used more or less as a model... The Dep system of control was installed for the first time since the opening of this school, making the « Pet Plane » the only machine of the air carrying such a control system at this post.

With the passing of months the plane hit the line a successful experiment. But the plane was left alone... Some would not think of flying it—while others were content to smile and wait. The waiting was rewarded in the person of Lieutenant Charles Piebes. He took the plane from the ground so gracefully that even the inventor and workers were surprised for he made it work even as they did not dare to hope.

Around the field and home he came—the pilot who made her maiden flight a success. To this pilot we owe much... He has proven by his skill and confidence in the plane and himself that the efforts of the men who built the plane and conceived it were not failures; that what has been done and found true can be improved upon by those at this field.

That we have at this Post mechanics and plane men second to none in the A. E. F.; that the Pet Plane is a reality and not a bit of canvas and wood built for scenery purposes.

When Lieut. Piebes rounded his last curve and began his descent the entire mechanical department, headed by their chief M. S. E. Casey, gave him three cheering cheers proclaiming him to be the most popular pilot we have today.

Any pilot could do it... The only difference is that Lieut. Piebes did it.

OPPORTUNITIES This plane can be used for more than mere flying purposes. It is, in truth, an experimental plane upon which the ideas and suggestions of the men of this post can be tried out.

From time to time such suggestions are considered worthy of experiment can be tried and the chances are high that right here we have in our camp several mechanics and plane men who are capable of making improvements that would in time be valuable assets to the flying game... Here the opportunity is offered... You might think the matter light... Some thought the construction of such a plane three months ago to be but the steam from an overheated brain... Somehow we are forced to believe that those who thought thusly were radically wrong in their judgment... So some think in regards to improvements.

It is working for improvements, for the government your uniform represents and indirectly for the whole world that your individual self will profit. Fools have said « Look out for yourself and let the rest of the world go to hell ». If you look out for yourself alone in this man's army we are prone to believe that the army has to its credits just one more permanent K. P.—check.

If a man sleeping next to you has an idea and is generous enough to divulge it to you accept it for its face value and aid him in his work. You and he can profit, and possible give the game the something new it has been looking for that the success of heavier than air machines may become ever greater than at the present time. Edison got his money by working I. W. W. representatives would term him a lucky stiff.

The man who planned the Pet Plane got what he has by conscientious work along the lines for which he is best fitted... One of these days we hope to see him rewarded with a commission... Don't be one of those who will consider him a « lucky stiff » who got in while they were giving away commissions. Go out and make something besides a grease masher of yourself! Don't think it can't be done... Some many years back the congress of the United States rejected the airplane submitted to the government by Wright considering such an undertaking as foolish—of the « can't be done » type. That's why the United States didn't hold the supremacy of the Air several years ago... As we heard our top remark every morning in Kelly: « Get that there rag out. »

« A Look Backward In these days of war work it must be hard for a popular girl to realize that there was a time when her one ambition was to be a carnival queen.

English Unofficial Communiqué November 33rd, 3/4 : There has been no fighting in our sector for eight days due to the laxity of the Americans... We were to go over the top with their division this morning but they refused to budge... Their only remark when asked why they refused was: « That they didn't come to France to become adept at the butcher game and being as the Bosche soldiers refused to fight they weren't putting out time on the firing line.

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SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY IS STARTED AT THIS FIELD

That we may become Military men among men a school of musketry has been organized and actual work for the education of members of this Post in the art of perforating bull's eyes. The school was organized under the direction of Lieut. Lyle.

Aero squadron men... That the best results may be obtained for the efforts of running the school the plan adopted is that of small classes to start the ball rolling that in time the small ones can be joined into several larger ones until finally but one class will finish the course.

The instructors selected for the work are men who have had such previous experience as not only to be adept with the rifle but are in the strict sense sharpshooters. The present instruction personnel includes Sergeant Robert Gladstone, Corporal James Mac Farlane and Sergeant 1st class Albert Cook. These men have followed the game not only in the military life but in civilian life... Of the above mentioned men Corporal Mac Farlane has spent nine years in the American service serving in China and the Philippines in various Regular Army Infantry organizations. During this time he has qualified for the rating of sharpshooter.

Sergeant Gladstone has laced leggins each morning for seven years... During these « chiches » he drew pay from the Cavalry Artillery and Coast Artillery... In the Cavalry he qualified as a sharpshooter and with the Artillery was rated as a gunner. Sergeant 1st Class Cook is serving in his first enlistment... During this time he has won the rating as Premier Classe crack shooter. This rating carries an increase each month in case victims can be found who haven't anything particular to do with their money.

At the present time the first class has been formed consisting of twenty prospective expert riflemen. Those requesting a course in this instruction numbered well around the vignit mark. They will be chosen according to the time of request and another class formed in the near future...

Lieut. Lyle will supervise the instruction and pass on the qualifications of the individual for advancement to the next highest class. He himself is one of the students. Not that he can't shoot... He can. But despite our ability in any one pursuit we can always better ourselves.

That's why he started the school!

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ENGLISH SPOKE

DEDICATION. R. L. G. Sox of some men oft remind us We would use chloride of lime, And in parting leave behind us Footsteps that were more sublime. YOU DON'T SAY! Gardner—Do you know what Hawaiian French is? Maloney—No, what is it? Gardner—« Comment allez-vous »

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You have doubtless heard of many things that the war has done to people, and of many things that it's still doing. Some of the things are almost beyond belief, yet we know them to be facts.

There was a report going around camp to the effect that Pvt. Merkle, who is in charge of the West end of the Mess Hall, was seen to smile for an instant the other day. Can we bring ourselves to believe that anything, ANYTHING, could have happened either accidentally or by design that would cause that face to shine with the slightest gleam of humor.

The only results that come from a most thorough investigation of the rumor among possible witnesses are such remarks as, « Well, I ain't doubtin' anyone's word, you understand, but I didn't see him do it... »

FRENCH LINGUISTS REPORT TO

« FLIGHTS AND LANDINGS »

ATHLETICS HAS BRIGHT FUTURE AT THIS CAMP

The 7th Aviation Instruction Center Athletic club with 1st. Lieut. George Hill as manager and Corporal John Scully as promoter has passed the tape in the initial lap and the horses are running stronger every minute.

The initial nightly performance since the rejuvenation of the Athletic club was held Tuesday evening last in the open air arena of the club with a four battle program full of pep from gong to gong.

The curtain raiser was a two round bit of Milt Slinging with Mac Ineray and Holtzman doing the singing. Both men weighed in the vicinity of 150 pounds. The referee, John Scully didn't weigh in. During the battle he rested spending most of his time looking over the crowd. When the echo of the initial gong had sounded Mac Ineray was called forward for the right hand raise.

Scully was a game guy and continued refereeing. He called two lightweight to the center of the ring and doled out information to their attentive ears. As he said later: "I told them there holds no bricks or kicks went in this club. We've got a rep what can't be ruined. (Can't be right.) The new men were Hardness (appropriate) and Clarkson weighing 103 pounds each. The fights had a lot of speed, but when displaying a willingness to mix things. They fought even and out and the crowd brought forth applause to be equally distributed.

Knowing and Lynch then stepped forward center. As these men are hard fighters Scully didn't come close enough to whisper but sent them back to their respective corners... Lynch, who comes from the south where all Lynchs are popular, was the hardest. Scully did get up enough nerve to raise his hand with his own left, holding all the while a firm grasp on "Jimmy". With his free right.

A sparring exhibition, designed for the education of us who know but little of the finer points then took the spot light. Nelson and Halohan, 140 pounds with their collar button in the bureau drawer, stepped about the heaped arena gracefully for two rounds.

The battle was for two rounds, no decision.

The program was not as lengthy as it might have been but it is not the fault of those in charge. Two men slated for the ring went to the hospital on the afternoon of the performance and another was walking his post in a military manner.

These bouts will continue for all time now that a good start has been made. Scully is combating the ne-by-by camps for battlers and we know his efforts will not be in vain. The school for balloonists has some very likely material. This end of the game is being handled by Y.M.C.A. Secretary Slonitz who claims to have two particularly good men—a 140 pounder with the padded kids and a 175-man on the mat. We want to show them up.

We can hope at least.

The artillery camps will furnish plenty of material providing we furnish a bit more than the gloves and the square within which they are to romp. Thus it is.

We realize that the men are working and that boxing isn't restful but it is a different kind of exercise and will rest some muscle and train to a certain extent. On the whole it will better the system. Stay with the 7th. A.I.C., Athletic Club. So says Lieut. Hill and Cpl. Scully.

ENLISTED MEN'S FLYING LIST RAPIDLY INCREASING

Over here sometimes a month seems like a year but if you stop to consider you will readily see that many things happen in one month. The old time worn story about enlisted men flying is still making the rounds but perhaps a little stronger recently than heretofore. It is every man's honest belief that he will never be called to fly and that it will always be the other fellow who is so lucky. We know several fellows who had the same idea but at present three of these fellows are at a certain training center, are all in the same class and were originally from the same squadron.

Sergeant Ist. Cl. Gerald O. Black recently received orders to proceed to a training school and start with the next class. Only a few days previous to this Sergeant Ist. Cl. Kerrigan received like orders, mention of which was made in these columns last issue.

Sergeant 1st class Ronald M. Hazen, for merly of this center but who for the past few months has been on active duty with the 96th Aero Squadron was the happy recipient of orders the same as the two above mentioned.

Just one month ago these men were working with us with little hope of ever being called to that cherished work. To be truthful they had given up hope. Yet today they are there... They are training and we know them well enough to know what it was that afforded them this opportunity. We know what it is that will order others this chance and it doesn't require a mind reader to tell us that it is.

To these three Sergeants the men of this center send their heartiest congratulations and best wishes. Nothing else necessary for we know they will make good. Flights and Landings will consider it a pleasure to print any letters received from any one of these men and we solicit them.

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Looking Back at Chateau de Mirabelle

During the period of the Roman conquest of the Gauls, about 50 years before the birth of Christ, the country surrounding the spot where the Chateau de Mirabelle now stands was on the border of a large swamp, which caused a detour of some extent in an old Roman road running from the present location of Clermont-Ferrand toward the North. During the so called "Dark Ages" the monks in their monasteries were the preservers of the culture of the world. Many progressive undertakings were carried to a successful close under their leadership and tireless exertions. They brought the waste marsh land to usefulness by an elaborate system of drainage which made necessary the digging of numerous "floods" which drain the country today.

We do not have reliable information as to the original purpose of the Chateau, but it is on the point to have been a Medeval Monastery. Neither do we know the exact date of the building of the place; but there are in existence today documents concerning its erection which bear the mark of the fifteenth century.

Up until the close of 16th century the Monks held all the rights of ownership at Mirabelle and the surrounding country which had been developed by their resources.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Mirabelle belonged to the prominent French family of Rollet, Lorris de Mirabelle and D'Avaux. About 1760 the last descendant of the Rollet family became the wife of the governor of Auvergne, Count de Chavrat. It was he who improved and embellished the Chateau and its surroundings. He remodeled the building in the Louis 16th style. He was a good friend of the King and held his sovereignty in very high regard.

At the outbreak of the revolution in 1790 Count Chavrat deigned that Kings and friends of Kings were soon to be made victims, if they were not on their guard. His high position in the eyes of the King and his vast property holdings became the cause of much jealousy and intrigue. Possessing what might happen, Count Chavrat emigrated to Switzerland where, as the records say, "he maintained enough of his wealth and prestige to live an honorable life." His wife was very much attached to her native land and was much beloved by her co-citizens, on account of her social position and her generosity. She did not choose to share the voluntary exile of her husband. So, she remained at her Chateau during the whole length of the storm that shook the nation.

But she had but very little liberty. She was, a best, a prisoner in her own fortress. She was suspected and her every action was closely watched, but there was nothing to be found which could offer an excuse for destroying her. Finally her freedom was established, and many varied were the excuses offered for her imprisonment. She died at the Chateau in 1910.

The property then fell into the hands of her heirs, but the return of Count Chavrat brought the place under his control. He lived but a short while however, and the wife's heirs once more came into possession of the estate.

In rapid succession the property changed hands, passing from the hands of Chief Judges in the General Court in Paris to Representatives to the House of Deputies, and so on down the line to the present owner, Monsieur Vernet. He is justly proud of the pedigree behind the historic Chateau. The leasing of the place by the American authorities for use as a hospital will add another epoch making page to the already interesting volume of the history of Chateau de Mirabelle known to Americans as Camp Hospital No. 44.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The C. O. has just returned from an absence of four or five days. But he left with the full permission of the sergeant and the nurses, so there will be no court-martial proceedings. One of the redeeming features of his return was the appearance of regular O. D. apple pie for dinner. May he go and return often.

Dr. Familion is now at peace with everyone in the A.E.F. His mail has been reaching its destination at something approaching regular intervals. It would hardly be fair to print all the accusations that we hear made against the mail service. We are of the opinion that the service is very good. Ask Demmison.

Speaking of mail. There has been much speculation as to the cause of sergeant Lent's frequent melancholy moods, and increased visits to a secluded bench beneath the trees. We live in hopes that he too will soon have all his worldly troubles settled by the early arrival of the belated correspondence.

With the arrival of convalescents, who have been wounded at the front, there have been many exciting tales told to appreciative audiences. The minds of the men of the personnel at this hospital have been filled with first hand knowledge of deeds of strength and valor. This may account to some extent for "doc" Monroe's habit of waking everyone in the squad room in the middle of the night with his mumbblings and threats of torture to his unseen adversaries. He talks more in his sleep than he does when he is awake, according to those who know him best. But, after all, we believe him to be harmless.

We have known a great many people in our young lives who have devoted themselves to making others happy and content. But we are sure that Miss Kerr of this hospital could compete to good advantage with any of them. Her continual smile and unintermittent cheerfulness is one of the outstanding features of this hospital. Ask anyone who has been under her care. She's doing her bit so very well. Egg noggers? She stands without a rival in her ability to manufacture these necessities of existence. Ask the C.O. He knows.

Miss Davies has coined a new phrase which is well known to everyone connected to this unit. It is, "Mahnrose and I."

We have enough patients and personnel at this hospital to warrant the presence of a few articles with which to pass away the spare hours. We believe that a baseball or two from the "Y" or the Red Cross would not be ill placed at this hospital. Also a few gloves. Or—send down some old ones. We'll doctor them up and put them to a lot of good use. The only pass time we have down here is crap games, and they get a little tiresome sometimes.

We bet that Sergeant Muller will be sore because we don't say a lot of swell things about him. How could we? There has been a rumor circulating around the place that event Mess Sergeants go on restriction occasionally. But the canteen has opened up again, after all.

2nd. Battalion—303—F. A.

The Second Battalion is to be represented in the Press. "Flights and Landings" printed in Clermont, will contain a story of events occurring in Ceyrat in its issues of the 1st. and 15th. of each month. The news will be prepared by Cpl. Keith of Headquarters, who is substituting for Bobby Searies, the Battalion Sgt. Maj. away at school, aided by 1st. Sgt. Holbrook of "D" Battery and 1st. Sgt. La Roque of "C" Battery. The entire staff has newspaper experience—Keith having been a correspondent for a Boston daily; Holbrook for several New Hampshire dailies, and La Roque's articles have appeared in several New England papers. The entire enlisted personnel of the Second Battalion is invited to submit items of interest for use in these columns. The paper can be mailed home and we trust the boys will avail themselves of this privilege as it will doubtless be hailed with pleasure there.

A. S. Peterson, Private 1st. class—the occasion demands the full title—received a cable from Maine last week telling of the advent of Albert Peterson, Jr. weighing seven and one half pounds. Pete is accepting congratulations from the entire Puy-de-Dome section, and has only a few cigars left.

Sgt. Hatch of Bn. Hqrs., who is in charge of the mail for our Bn. promises a huge sack letters in the near future. He received a letter marked No. 14 last week, and the letter received previous to that was marked No. 3. He is going after the other eleven and expects to find some for the other boys at the same time.

The state road running between Ceyrat and Clermont was officially named Avenue Wilson by the Mayor in honor of the Americans now inhabiting the town. The Battalion map, incidentally, as prepared by some New England artists, resembles a village back home: Penobscot street runs into Manchester Ave. at Brooklyn Square and Bath street leads to Rangelly square, Maine papers please copy.

Among the guests entertained by the boys at the Labor Day Fete were the members of a Parisian family, who are spending a few months in Clermont. The attractive daughter had studied English which she used with a charming accent. English, with or without an accent, sounds mighty well to an A. E. F. member, we'll say.

Ceyrat observed Labor Day in a style that met with the approval of the entire American delegation Sunday, September 1st. The townspeople entertained at dinner every soldier billeted in the village, and through the major's energetic efforts an interesting field day program was carried out through the morning and the afternoon. Prizes were awarded the officers and the men in the various contests, the principal prize being a bronze piece of statuary, "En Vedette", representing a French Poilu which went to Capt. Ware of "D" Battery. As the French daily said, in its account of the day's celebration, "The American captain, who showed a marvelous ability with the pistol, won the officer's first prize."

HEARD ON THE VILLAGE GREEN

Lokil Hems From Battery D 303rd. Field Artillery.

Did you see the short poem in Everybody's, written by Lt. Alfred N. Phillips "A Kid" Coughlin, the Fourth Story Man is at present attending school.

And, while on the subject of schools, let us not forget Henry. Pee-Wee says it is good to be true.

Rumor has it that Terrible Order of M. H. is having a rather quiet time of it lately.

Corp. (Chief of Police) Cotter and his Broom-Gang are making the streets look "almost as good" as those of Springfield Mass. Cotter says if he polices long enough he can play "Secret Service" after the War.

Pvt. Cicala says he can roll his pack alright if they will only leave him alone.

Corp. Almon Jones, who runs the Congress Square, claims there is not a flea in his house, well, may be.

Corp. Herman McNeil reports business very good at the Colebrook House and says it is the best season he has had. Bell-Hop Cicala says the tips are very poor.

Does anyone know what prize Arostock George took at the rifle-shoot?

We hear that "Recruit" Davis wants to rename our Broadway and call it Wau-basha. St. Paul papers copy.

We wonder what Frank Veazie is going to do after the War. He can play a flute or run a caterpillar and should be able to land a job somewhere.

We though when we left God's Country, that "Chiefs of Sections will turn in lists, etc." would be a thing of the past, but, we were mistaken.

Mac. says he would hate to winter that Big Shake.

Sergt. Frank Ellis thinks the fishing on the Wash-Brook way below par. He says it can't touch the Parmacheenee.

Wm. F. Connell is back with us and he can drive a tractor up a mountain as easy as though on the Main Road.

Corp. Joseph O'Hara, singer of sweet songs, rendered a few songs at the Y. M. the other night to an appreciative audience.

It takes Pvt. Gullfooy to get the 10th. Sec. up to Reveille on time.

Corp. Paul Guerresehi is back with us and no doubt, Gil is glad to get relieved of the responsibility. We don't blame him, either.

Some of the boys claim that Livy can't learn French language but we know better.

Did you know that Old Battle Oscar is on the Line again and says "sh's a home?"

Pvt. Martin Gillen, who hails from "East side, West side" thinks the Munition Guard is as good as a furlough. There are others, too.

Pvt. Canavan and Plunkett say that is IS the pack that you carry on your back.

Pvt. Joseph Quiron keeps the Battery heads looking well. Call at the Alley Barber Shop, the N. C. O.

We would like to see the man who knew when Old Columbus MacDonnell was to be pair. We hear that Mac is getting worried.

Some of the Boys say it makes a difference in which part of the town you are when Taps blows.

Freed san make it on the run anyway.

Pvt. Charles Quimby has now added a new wheel to his mechanical endeavors. He is inventing some new gas-alarms.

Cook Merle Rediker (from Maine, Home Sweet Home) says we will have some cere-nelli next week. Put the cheese to it, Red.

Isadore claims it is a hard job to run a First Class business in Ceyrat.

Gardner Wright, who gets more mail than any other man in the Battery (more power to him) is going to learn how to paint. We want him to try it on the Ayer station when we get home.

We hear that Sergt. P. C. Briggs takes in the cinema show but he doesn't always know what it is about.

It won't be long before Pvt. Giribone will be making a shine with tractors.

491st SQUADRON.

Warmbrod's good-night sonnet: "A Fourteen hugs on a tired man's chest"; yo ho, and a bottle of larkspur!"

The other day Yimmerman, M. E., A. S., was privately interviewing at the mess table an applicant looking for the job as official ice cream tester. He had quite a line of good references and experience enough to have had any man satisfied that he had mis share of the world's ice cream even if he never got another barrel full. In fact, his ability to judge good ice cream was so apparent that Jimmy said "You won't do; you know much!" Now we wonder what that ice cream is going to make out of.

Asthan says, "Lock what water does to the soles of your shoes. Rots 'em away Can you figger what it does to the lining of your stomach?" S a good question. Who knows?

Jack Landau has left our happy midst for the sombre palms of Paris, where he will inoculate harmless little missives from here and there with doses of censorshipism. We wouldn't mind his censoring our French, Hebrew, Serbian or Japanese, but suppose we should by any chance write in English!

Speaking of Schooner McGough, it's just as well he didn't wait and get in the draft Even as it is we ought to push it back over the bar and tell 'em to put a head on it.

Xavier H. B. claims that somewhere between her and Clermont—he is not just sure of the exact spot—there is a black and blue post. Judging from her color of his left eye, he and the post must have come out about even. He didn't like to talk about it much, but he claims in a quiet way that the post chased him for some hundreds of yards, and of course he got winded before the post did and had to turn and defend himself. He was ingenious enough to immediately dig a hole, in the belief that he could fool the post into staying right there and being perfectly at home. The strategy was successful, but quarrel started because there wasn't room in the hole for both of them. (Algerian papers please copy.)

Lewis is going up for M. S. E. He can drite six things without a manual of arms, and expects to raise noodles on some of them after the war.

Incidentally, George can eat more the mess table than the other 11 or 13 but together, wonder what chance there will be after the War for a human incinerator.

Have you noticed how close Scotty is staying to camp lately? The rest of us can't imagine why the absence of a few second hand teeth should keep a man like Scotty down.

It's a long time between meals in Clermont these days, since there are so many food inspectors on the job, what?

CAFÉ DE PARIS
 Place de Jaude
 CLERMONT-FERRAND
RESTAURANT OF THE HIGHEST CLASS
 L. BERGERON, Prop.

« Boots » Column
 From the 97th Aero Squadron

Berryman's getting to be a good guide. On Sunday, September 8th he went thru all the drills without even being called a big boob.

Klee you better watch your step or you never will be asked to be a guide again.

Lt. Hyniger said, "Now just a few remarks about the guard mount", and he told us all about the mistakes we make. Well he didn't tell about the mistakes the fellows seen, frinstance: Boots giving the new guard « Eyes Left », John Milton walking up with the guide, Pat McCaffery getting around the corner on a column right, Jess Tremp doing an about face. Thass all for the guard mount.

Other things that were conspicuous was the way Milton carries a gun, Bonneti in doing the manual of arms counting five fro mright rightto left shoulder arms, Faure doing the manual of arms half way right, Mulcahey asking someone what size shoes does the Lt., wear and do you remember the Lt. saying about the way a certain Non-consulted.

Well Sgt. Paubst and Corp. Scott you better get wise to your self for everybody was saying it was one of you two who noticed that Red Reed wasn't at drill. He was in the barracks nursing a sore eye that he athered while coming home from Clermont. We hear an awful lot about Algerians being beaten up but if Red looks like that would hate to see the Algerian.

Other happenings of the day were Oleson, « Pimpy Clark » and Morris shaving the one side of Grants moustache off, a la dry shave; Red Elwell and Clark having that French post sard translated; Bouschur playing three eights against Boots full house and after gathering in the money tried to convince everybody that he had had four eights. How dye get that way?

Did you ever hear the story of Amber lifting up the street crossings in Latasauqua, Penn?

Pat McCaffery has a girl back home in Detroit. For proof we have the one Lew Riggie who has had the pleasure of sleeping near Pat for ten months.

Wallace gives the story of a taxi cab driver in New-York in a way that no other man could hope to.

Sutton is going to cook for the officer's mess. Ask any of 'em.

Scott took ten thousand francs to the bank for his Mother-in-law. Some stevedore.

Chick Moran wishes to announce that he wants to be a Sergeant and Lew Riggie will not tell where he gets all the material for the letters he writes.

The following questions will be answered in the next issue: by didn't Gruver take the three day furlough that Solomon had? What happened to our friend Hyme's face? Is it right that all cooks when not on duty should drill? This will be answered by Justice. What does Tangredi call McKean? Who brought home the ever ready? Ask Page. Why Richards doesn't like to check up in room 3 C.? Answer is that he always runs his face into Shine's feet. What Peters is thinking of when he gets mad.

Things that can be seen every day in the week: Phelps, Justice and Mulcahey over a tub in the wash house; Weigle being pulled out of bed; Drake getting seven letters at mail call; Preece and Selly going out together; Harris and Grant getting electricity from the N. pole; Carnahan and Looney raising h—; Searfass parley vooing the franchise; Oberly loosing that bread basket; Tom Nancy refusing a pass to town; Golden telling about his caffia-fish; Beach wondering why he wasn't made a Sergt. Ist. Cl; McComb getting up in his sleep; Larson brooding over his corconb; Yackles making coat hangers; Borman getting official business from Washington; Champlin making faces to improve his beauty; W. Beyer and W. Smith talking about the new beard they got; W. Nichols doing extra fatigue; Corporal Picken getting authoritative; Schenk and Bouschur playing poker; Holohan hiding behind the mosquito netting.

Things you don't see every day: Milse Riggin in bed at four thirty A. M. Michaels saying he don't like the women; Bob Ford in the barracks between ten and ten fifteen P.M.; Gamm going to bed in heavy marching order like he did before; Leff oe saying that he loved the slender ladies; Purity Oarkinson setting in a Jafe without seven women around; the South African parrot getting any Jewish papers; A. P. Smith walking around in a shap-like a question mark; Tremp Tremp and Beach being followed by the M.P.'s while looking for an Inn and every time they went in they were pushed out; Leathley saying he is getting a square heal; Happy Lorman trying to impress upon your mind that he doesn't feel tired or hungry.

Ho Hum!

Speaking of Blushing brides, We saw one Yesterday. She had just Stepped on A roller skate Which a little Boy had left Out in front Of a store On Cherry street And turned a Back flip-flap. And that's why She was blushing.

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 We «bucks» are not the only ones having «ups and downs» Elbert, take the pilots for instance, they go up in the air in a minute but they soon cool off, so «cam» thyself Elbert.
 «Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder» writes one said fish to one said widow back in N. C.
 When is a soldier a soldier? Ask Gates he knows.
 Sgt. Garron is of the opinion that home runs should not be allowed in a ball game unless there is a fence around the field. «Alibi Ike» got on the wrong car Saturday night. After riding half an hour he realized his mistake and was forced to spend the night in Clermont. Where does she live «Bish»?
 In again out again rah! rah! rah! **QUARANTINE.**

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