

"Sic itur ad astra"

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Price: 25 Centimes

Memorial Day Program Attracts Immense Crowd

Contestants break about even in Field Meet; Aviation Sphere Tossers Cop close game from Artillery; Concert and Dance Bring to End a Perfect Day

If this post were a famous summer resort or watering place, it might be said that a successful and glorious summer season was ushered in on Memorial Day. We could say that thousands of visitors enjoyed an extended program of sports and athletics during the day, and an entertainment, refreshments and music with dancing in the evening. We could squander enthusiastic rhapsodies on the gorgeous attire of the ladies present and comment on the sporty cut of the men's clothes, naming the celebrities which honored the place with their presence.

IMMENSE CROWD FROM AFAR

The event here must have been well advertised, judging from the quality and quantity of the visitors. Truckloads after truckloads of nurses arrived just after noon. Just how many of these blue uniformed "glimpsers of home" there were, we do not know. They seemed to be enough to go around but they were not permitted to go around very far. We might judge roughly as to their number but who can judge a real live American nurse roughly? Anyway, there were so many that to call this a mass army would be to say only part of it.

And artillery! There were "saucy" of the red-corded hats to be seen in the crowd that filled the camp street and overflowed into the flying field and athletic ground. They attacked the M. C. A. canteen and captured all the soda, biscuits and cigarettes in the place. But they didn't buy much soap or tooth paste. Someone must have put their wise to the fact that our grumpy would suffer by a depleted stock of these edibles.

There were many officers, also. In fact we saw more silver and gold bars, leaf stars and eagles on shoulder straps than we had ever before. A few French officers with the gold and silver braid around their caps, anywhere nurses and soldiers. There were, too, a few blue jackets and naval officers to add to the contrast, and a detachment of French cavalry. A large number of French civilians, men and women, boys and girls, and some French soldiers in their gray blue completed the personnel.

In the morning the officers of the post gathered themselves into nine good ones and clashed with an Artillery team in baseball. The bleachers were as usual in evidence and not any more military than a good ball game should be. One of the officers was spiked on first base and, as he wiggled some of the pain out of his hot foot, a timid voice from the crowd advised him to be game, "cause the doctor would only point it with iodine and give him a couple of C's and mark him a duty anyway. The Doctor was unprincipled the game and it did seem as though he called balls and strikes with the same judgement he uses on sick calls. We may be obliged to alter or add to the rules of baseball hereafter, for on one occasion, as a batter was about to swing on the ball, someone yelled "Attention". Three times it happened and he walked away.

FIELD MEET IN AFTERNOON

In the afternoon all made for the athletic field. A dozen or so French soldiers took part in the contests. The 100 yd. dash opened the festivities, and the rest was dashed off a conspicuous absence of common field day delays. The pie eating contest was particularly snappy, even in the response for volunteers. Ten pies were, for a moment, and in a remarkably short time they were not. The pies were soft and the winner looked ad though he had more outside than in. The judge for the contest announced that before a contestant should be considered finished he must whistle with his face. A most unique way of whistling. A few minutes later the judge was kept busy dodging whistles. The winner was awarded an extra large pie, made of the same material, regulation apple sauce. When last heard from, he was doing well. Still, such an affair should not really be called a contest, for even the loser gets pie. He really has a long time in which to enjoy it too, for the next morning George May was seen licking some of it off his face, and was heard to remark that if it were not for his bashfulness, he would not have gotten his face back in good condition were what obstructed the wheels of tomorrows, think we. Japanese wrestling afforded a lot of amusement. The Costume Race was funny. The winners were required to dash for a bag and don any articles of clothing they found in it. There were dresses and wrappers and kimonos and bloomers and sweaters and jackets, all female, some of them so small to go into, and others that had to be held on while the runners dashed back. We do not know where the costumes came from, but some of the boys claim they recognized a piece now an then. Can it be possible?

All the afternoon the two Artillery bands were giving us some great music, and the whole thing was quite like home. A few of the boys perched in trees were chewing popcorn, peanuts, a-a-a-and yelling

gum" and we would look around to see if our girl was with us.

GUARDS PLAY BIG PART

When the ground was cleared for the afternoon ball game, the special cops had to order the line back only once, and it moved. They were regular post guards, and well, six months is a long time. Just after the game started, one of the French aviators at the field flew overhead to watch the game, and apparently wished to be sure of several close plays, for he came down to within a few feet of the crowd and then suddenly shot upward as they began to wonder whether he was going to slide for the plate himself. It was a wonderful and clever performance.

Many photographs were taken by the French people and they all evidenced deep interest in the game. They surely were at sea in the baseball game, but as far as we can learn, no one attempted to explain it to them. The results and scores and winners of the prizes will be found in another column.

The afternoon field meet was such that it would have done justice to that of intercollegiate classification. The members of the French Cavalry, Artillery, Medical Units and the Aviation constituted the various teams and entrants. The contests were neck and neck for the most part, marked with particularly "funny" instances that kept the crowd of several hundred hugging its sides from just plain laffeur.

The three legged race was the goat getter of the afternoon's performance. Field and Rainville, 55th. Artillery, copped the initial prize in this contest marking the allotted fifty yards in ten seconds flat. Paupst and Focht, Aviation, came second with Wanko and Merritt of the 56th. Artillery close on their heels for third.

The obstacle race, with rubber tires, barrels and hurdles as obstacles proved to be another winner, as was the Wheelbarrow contest was won by the Frenchmen Reset and Dlondeau who covered the distance of fifty yards and return in the remarkable time of 28 and two fifths seconds. Their ability and versatility in acrobatics proved too good for their American contestants. Focht and Walters came second with Daly and Knabenshue third. Second and third places were taken by the Aviation.

The 100 yard race, a legitimate athletic event, went to Mc Allister of the 491st. Aero Squadron who covered the distance in 11 seconds despite the poor running conditions. Clark off the 55th. and Reidville 55th. came in second and third respectively.

Pie Eaters (Active)

Just when everyone was getting hungry Cook Norris and a few of his trustees came upon the center of the field with several home made pies. Everyone in the audience tried to enter the Pie Eating contest but were held back by Dr. Marshall's stern reproach. The men dove into the pieces of pie with a will, hands tied, and succeeded in cleaning their respective plates on their more or less respectable faces.

Farrer of the 56th. proved to be the hungriest of the lot and won with Pete Daly, Aviation second. It is said that Daly ate more than Farrer but we can't go on hearsay for both had more than two thirds between their eyes and shoulder blades.

Japanese eye wrestling, with hands tied behind the back, gave a novelty thrill that has long been denied us. The men were placed back to back in a circles some fifteen feet in diameter and were to push one another out, by hook or crook, the last one in the ring winning. After several contests for elimination Merritt, 56th. Artillery won over Tudge, 55th. Artillery. Both men showed excellent ability at the game.

(Dr. Cook OUTDONE)

Dr Cook has nothing on the American and Frenchmen for pole racing. We had one or four own. The men straddles a long pole, between twelve and fifteen men to the pole and ran fifty yards. The Aviation came first in 18 seconds with Base Hospitals

A TRIBUTE

On the afternoon of May 25th. two more American comrades sacrificed their lives to their country's cause. Generously they gave the supreme proof of the soldier's and the hero's unstinted measure of devotion. Quietly, as was their custom, they took up the burden of their daily task. Silently they left us gliding aloft on the wings of their powerful plane. A moment later she faltered in her onward flight, poised momentarily, hesitated like a wounded bird, then plunged earthward bearing to their death two comrades, two friends.

So briefly reads the record of another tragedy of the air. But to us who know Lieut. William S. Stearns and M. S. E. George M. Martin, who met them daily face to face, who saw them often in the regular performance of their duty, there is unfolded in their death a chapter of heroism, a devotion to ideals that taxes poor finite language to describe. For the moment our limited perception grasps only the sense of the loss we have suffered, we think only of the tragic end of two pals.

But there is another aspect of which we must not lose sight. The splendid daily example of two soldiers, of two young men possessed of the highest ideals, their tireless efforts to advance the post and incidentally the cause of America, must long remain as a shining example to us who are left behind, an incentive to carry on the work and achieve the end so that "they might not have died in vain".

Tenderly we place to their memory this last tribute from their sodier comrades. Revently we offer to them our humble mete of admiration knowing full well that anything we could write anything we could say would be altogether inadequate to do justice to their noble lives and certainly limited to add one fragment of glory to their death.

To their mothers and to their dear ones at home we extend our heartfelt sympathy and trust that the all merciful God will soften for them the poignant dart of their immense grief.

W. P. B.

SOCIETY COLUMN (By GRETCHEN)

This week we have a bit of scandal. It's real and legitimate, some of the stuff that Freddie Knickerbocker of New York would stutter over before passing.

It seems that one day last week at the Hotel de la (here use your imagination) two certain individuals were stopping waiting until the sun would make its daily debut. Everything was quite, as such evenings go, when out of a calm hall way comes the exclamation: "For the love of Pete M.... she's got my boots."

Wonderingly we looked around to see what was what. It seems that inadvertently some Mademoiselle had donned a certain uniform with something that was trademarked by Sam Brown and was going for a bit of promenade. She would have, and everything would have been a success but the exclaiming one, garbed a la pajama overtook her before she reached the street. He breathed easier. We don't blame him a bit.

O'Rourke will have his coming out party next week. We know of several who won't celebrate likewise for some period of time.

We have noticed some prominent parties wandering to town with tennis rackets. We never did indulge in this hardy pastime but being as it is a medium of killing two birds with one stone we think perhaps we could be forces into smacking a few across the net.

Two male members of the 19th. Aero Squadron went out on a Yachting party last week. Unfortunately the party wound up rather unpleasantly. One of the fellows got real careless and dropped something breakable on a stone. The stone is still leaking.

Thomas F. O'Rourke, 19th. Aero Squadron, has just been commissioned Lance Lieutenant in the Boy Scouts of America. Yesterday he received the necessary announcement with the customary oath. He says he'll take the oath. He'd take anything he could carry, but when it comes to raising the right hand he balks at pledges.

Herbert Gould has now accepted over seventeen girls. We know because he asked us for twelve envelopes this evening. We are thankful that there isn't any law compelling us to answer the many millions of questions that will be his lot when the boat hits old New York harbor.

Sergeant Major Murray went out on an excursion last Sunday, or some time. His partner went and gummied everything up by falling unconscious. Sergeant Gillette brought said partner around to the universe with the aid of several right hand swings, and a few jabs.

Bains is having many a trip to town lately. We think he will be making the engagement announcement soon. As he so aptly puts it: "Business is fine these days."

SEEN ON A RAMBLE THROUGH TOWN

Every one in town seems to get quite a kick out of our sailor pals. In fact, last Sunday nearly every Frenchman, woman or girl we passed had some comment to offer on the "jolls marins americains" which caused our blue clad friend to voice the hearty wish that he was clad in the olive drab of the army so he would be less conspicuous. That may be all right in his eyes, but we must confess that the olive drab didn't appeal to us at all. If we were only clad in that navy blue suit with the cute "chapeau blanc". Oh, boy! And we're not much of a ladies man either.

The "gentils Americains" of the Aviation Corps managed to stay in the line-light to the exclusion of the Artillerymen when the latter arrived but we'll have to go some to keep pace with the bluejackets.

To lamp O'Rourke, Gallagher and Manning you wouldn't think they were worth a million, would you? Look closer and your eyes will be opened.

MUNCHAUSEN OUTDONE

Speaker Ashton dropped in the other night and after asking Sullivan for the "makins", proceeded to tell us about the fellow who, being despondent about hanging as the easiest way out and promptly proceeded to attach himself to the gas jet by means of a rope. The gas jet would not stand the strain and collapsed, precipitating him to the floor. The fall rendered him unconscious and the gas, pouring from the broken pipe asphyxiated him. The ambulance arrived and upon finding that he was still of the living, rushed him to the nearest hospital. The straps supporting the stretcher in the car broke and he was swung violently against the side of the ambulance, crushing his ear. Erysipelas set in and the poor fellow was at the point of death for several weeks. When well on the road to recovery his mania again seized him and he attempted death again by the carbolic acid route. While in his dying throes, he sneezed and his luxuriant crop of whiskers was entirely shorn off by the fiery blast. Bereft of his facial adornment, no one could identify him and was finally disposed of through a medical college.

That was a pretty good line at that, so we bethought ourselves of the young soldier of our acquaintance who went down to the nearby flourishing city and entered one of the leading pleasure resorts there. Something in the treatment he received peeved him and he demanded the price of admission be refunded to him. The proprietor was very obliging in the matter and handed him the money, which consisted of two silver francs and two big ten centime pieces. As he turned to go, he dropped one of the francs and the two pennies.

A little white mongrel, the property of the proprietor, promptly swallowed them. This was adding insult to injury and was more than our friend could bear, so he administered a stinging rebuke to the dog, by the violent application of a trench shoe to the portion of the cur's anatomy where the most benefit would be accrued.

The dog gave a scared yelp, coughed a few times and heaved up twenty three francs and fifty centimes. Right there the boy got on idea and hid himself to a well known emporium for the prevention of hunger strikes. He purchased a meal ticket good for thirty feeds. As he started into the table the meal ticket fluttered from his hand to the floor. A French soldier had just come in, wearing the regulation French army shoes. He stepped on the ticket and the protruding hob-nails punched ten meals out.

THE LITTLE MAN WHO SMILES

Tribute paid to the departed is always fitting and appropriate for certainly a man's virtues will outlive him. But, would it not be proper to say a word of praise for one who is among us daily, and who has won the profound respect and admiration of all?

We know nothing of Lieut. Brainard past environment or advantages; we have only seen him a few hours daily in the past few months on the field. We have received his orders; we have followed his direction implicitly; we have sought to please him, not because he is hard to please but because his smile is reward ample for trouble.

Some one has defined character as "what a man is in the dark". We have not seen our Lieutenant in the dark but we do, and since personality is so closely allied to character we can not judge but aright. We have watched him cool and composed under the most trying; we have admired his extraordinary skill in handling his plane and his individuality bears the stamp of genuineness so that we agree absolutely with the person who said: "The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

Ascertain Private in the 19th., before he enlisted, asked the examiner if it were true if the army furnished clothing, food room, and medical attention free and later paid a flat sum of thirty dollars per month. When he was informed in the affirmative the Buck replies, "Why didn't the war start sooner."

THE FABLE OF THE MISSING SIMOLEONS

Once upon a time there was a keen young Johnnie who had contracted the bug of Patriotism. He had it bad and it's had him in bad ever since. That is to say, he was stung, bitten or inoculated in the most approved manner by the said bug. He hid himself to the nearest Bunk Factory, stood up before a guy with three stripes on his arm and the boozie habit and swore to love, honor and obey until such time as the Big Scrap should head in to the end of the division.

He has been thinking it over since and has come to the conclusion that he was badly stung indeed, has been inoculated too much for even a Patriotic jupe and is being stung yet at frequent intervals.

As the Small Town after dinner Fog Artists say: "What we mean by that is this. This guy was'n't from a Hick Burg, no, you've got me wrong, Al, Big-Time stuff was his stall and he had a line all his own, a graft that had everything stopped by the German invasion.

Also, thisral's paternal relative was the original Heavy Dough Boy. He was so weighty with kale that he sunk it in everything in sight. When he flashed his roll in public, the common people used to think he was the paymaster of the National Army. He rode around in an animated palace that was fitted up with everything but a slab of mahogany and a brass rail and his house was a cross between Cleopatra's boudoir and the Pearly Gates. He looked like 70 million yen when he unbent far enough to mingle with the low brows and they'd poke each other in the short ribs and murmur, "If he'd lay off lending money to the U. S., France, England, Russia, Italy, Germany and the rest of the bunch in the ring over there, the big push would stop quicker than the Russian drive on Berlin."

But at the same time, this bird was what is known as a Hard Boiled Egg. In other words, he wouldn't give two bits to see the Statue of Liberty whistle the Star Spangled Banner. He was so tight that every time he batted an eye his pet corn burst. He was as free from Charity as the trenches are from cooties and with the rest of the Wizards of the long green he was about as popular as an Irish Stew at a big wedding. Whenever it came his turn to buy the drinks he'd think of the nice, big, hier he'd have at his funeral and go out to phone.

Well, this birds Pride and Joy finally escaped the perils of English chuck and the War Zone and landed in the place the Kaiser had all figured out as the ideal spot for his Christmas dinner in 1914. Right away he starts in to exercise his here gift of his. It consisted in being able to hand those little white cubes with the black dots on 'em a line that would make Caesar ashamed of himself and Caesar take back anything he ever said about the dice being cast.

Whenever he started shooting, strong men wept and everybody faded... away. He was the inspiration for the poem, "Then I'll come back again."

But one night this gay young blade slipped up. Try as he would, the magic words came not and the craps rolled out thicker than A. E. F. veterans at a home cooked feed.

The mob wised up pronto and lit into him like a bunch of bar flies when the candidate for sheriff steps in and says "They're on me". The kid was a game chicken and stayed with it until a one spot felt like a circus tent in his pocket. He got weakened and took the count. He got 1 as far as six and then did some tall arithmetic.

He figured if he camouflaged those American iron men into the currency of the la belle France, he'd have just about the price of a quart of carbolic acid, four francs or a cable home and chose the cable.

He hops into a juce joint, waited three hours while a lot of dope about there being nothing further to report was gumming up the big rope and handed a sheet to the op. "It was the crowning cry of a heart's despair" and he demanded seeds of Jack instant.

Then came about three weeks of watchful waiting. He got so frequent around the telegraph office people used to take him for the porter and he asked so many questions about "his message" the first few days that they carried two brass pounders to the idea cage repair shop and another one to the cemetery.

Finally the answer came. The kid grabs it, shouts "Where's the mint", and starts out on a high lope. When he got to the Dough Factory he rushes in, grabs the teller and says "Pay me". The lad behind the bars shoots him the double O, and says, "Not on the strength of that, buddle", and shoves the message back.

The dicer gets his mitts on it and lumps it for the first time. It read: "Just bought 10 pounds sugar. Can't afford to send you the thousand."

Angel Child gulps, blinks, gets on his pins again and starts for the door: "Where yuh goin'", yells the cashier. "Back to the cable lay-out and get my francs back spels the boy. 'This cable's a fake. They can kid me. That aint the old man's handwriting."

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Owing to the fact that the Artillery have kept Dr. Mac Neil and myself busier than usual for the past six weeks the Kitchen just say the word and the witchen is there. The stove is there. The dishes are there. If any one of you or any bunch of you want to make fudge or anything else any morning, afternoon or evening tell me a few minutes before hand and go ahead. If at any time there is a fellow sick in the barracks and you want to cook up something for him, or want me to, in my kitchen, it will be O. K. with me.

G. R. M. A.

Sgt. Patrick auson (yes he's Irish) knows well in his heart that the war will soon find its termination. He's going into the heavy artillery. Ain't that going to be hell on them Boches up there where they toss Betises about...

TO OUR LIEUT. COLONEL CONGRATULATIONS

Everybody in camp feels a keen delight in the new and well earned honors of our Commanding Officer. Through the columns of the camp paper every officer and soldier presents to Lieut. Colonel Rader their warm and heartfelt expression of congratulation and their deep satisfaction over the promotion he has richly deserved. "Flights and Landings" takes special pleasure in presenting to its distinguished president, its ardent supporter and most loyal promoter the tenderest felicitations of his hour.

It is appropriate now that higher authority has placed its official sanction on the labors of our Commanding Officer to call attention to his remarkable achievements in the face of many difficulties at this school. Under his skillful guidance we have watched the school grow from a tiny organization of a few scattered units to a center of recognized activity and output. We recall his ceaseless efforts, his untiring energy, the long and weary hours he has sat at his desk never losing sight of the goal-the accomplishment of the duty assigned him. To describe in detail how he surmounted fresh difficulties, how he put new life, new hope, fresh energy, renewed "pep" into the souls of members of his official family who were tempted to grow discouraged, who dreamt of a throwing up the sponge in the face of trials were a long story that is best written in the light of the results he has obtained.

All these facts make us glad of the honor bestowed on our Commanding Officer. But if a canvas were made of the camp there is no doubt the percentage of those who rejoice would give different and more glorious reasons for their joy. Most of them would mention the smiling face, the sympathetic word of encouragement the paternal word of advice that was ever waiting for those who sought the "Major's" counsel. It is the human side of his nature, the careful consideration of every individual case, and the studied effort to be ever just and fair that makes the men of this command proud to have the opportunity to present to Col. Rader affectionate congratulations and renewed assurances of continued undying fealty and devotion.

Furthermore it is the sentiment of every individual in camp, deeply and universally felt and expressed in the one voice of the camp journal that soon, very soon we shall be again afforded the opportunity to extend to the "Colonel" fresh felicitations on the occasion of never and greater honors.

THE ORIGINAL HALL ROOM BOYS

For the interest of all members of the camp we are going to introduce the Original and Only Genuine Hall Room Boys. They have been discovered in the 491st Construction Squadron. For those anxious to know, we will disclose their names. They are Messieurs les capotals Grant and Fletcher. Their work at the camp is of a special kind. They are assigned to the volunteer, beg pardon, we mean drafting department, where, it is known they have shown their ability with a broom and as affacting clerks in opening and shutting the window.

Percy (Grant) the handsome boy, is from Springfield, Mass., where, previous to his enlistment he was a prominent land owner, politician and Beau Brummel.

Ferdie (Fletcher) hails from Allentown, Pa., where he held several very responsible positions with the I. C. S. and the D. L. and W. He also is a member of the M.C.B. and the S.O.L's.

Percy, for a long time had a nice, steady girl by the name of Morgurite, and whom he used to visit three times a week and again on Sundays. For some unknown reason they had a quarrel which resulted in a falling out. Ferdie offered his services as a peacemaker and go-between and tried his utmost to reconcile them. After several attempts, Ferdie gave up hope of bringing them together again.

Having thus failed and feeling sorry for the poor girl, he conceived the idea that he would like to be Percy's successor. He obtained Percy's permission and also a letter of recommendation.

On Sunday he proceed to town, dressed to kill, with his recommendation, and met her at the usual meeting place, a station de tram. Giving her the recommendation, he asked her for a "belle promenade".

While on this promenade he made known to her his desires in that perfect French which he has acquired since coming over here. But, after lengthy explanation of his mission, she informed him she was heartbroken, that her heart was bleeding for M'sieur Grant and that she could never love another "Americaine". She refused to accept Ferdie's offer of becoming her fiance. Poor, poor Ferdie! He returned to camp in utter disappointment and hasn't finished raving about her yet.

OUT OF THE TALL GRASS

He wants to hear from us at home
And find out how things stand,
He'd rather hear from folks he knows
Than hear a minstrel band.
He wants to hear about old Shep
And how old Brundie's broken out
So much it is a habit.
He wants to know about his sis
And how his brothers are,
He wants to know about some Miss
When he's so far away.
He wants to know about the house
About the barn and well,
And how the old cat caught a mouse
He wants to say "Dew Tell".
He wants to hear of heartaches,
He wants to hear of joy!
Sit down and write a letter
Full of news to the boy.
Contributed by one of the "Mystic 12".

The 19th. lads are sure great for practicing. Not long ago one of the members had occasion to be in charge of a couple of prisoners. He kept coming from shoulder arms to port, and from port to present, and vice versa. Captain Thomas, king of sports of the Sam Brown, saw him and so appreciated his activity with the gat that he bawled him out from here to Singapore. Govern yourselves accordingly lads!

THE STAFF

- Major IRA A. RADER, Hon. President. Captain GEORGE C. THOMAS, Vice President. Dr. ALTON MACNEILL, Vice President. Captain GORDON REEL, Gen. Manager and Director. Lieutenant Wm. P. BREEN, Editor. Sergeant HERBERT H. GOULD, Asst. Editor. Pvt. HAROLD HADLEY, Editor. Pvt. ARTHUR MANNING, Business Manager. Sergeant CLAIRE DUNBAR, Sec. and Treas.

COOPERATION VERSUS CRITICISM

For some time past "Flights and Landings" has been the victim of its self-knocks "Friends". Patiently it has stood for knocks from all sources, knocked from those who know, and knocks from those whom dont. It has kept steadily on its onward march always bearing in mind its early promise "to unite all in the bonds of good fellowship, brighten our dull moments, lay the foundations for life long friendships and make our stay here one of the pleasant memories of life" and it is very reluctantly that it feels forced to turn at last as did the worm of old.

Our little camp journal has always sought cooperation, it is not afraid of criticism. None realize better than the official staff how much need there is for improvement. For those who suggest any idea, even the slightest to achieve such improvement we have ever ready on our lips a word of appreciation, a smile of approval. But we have now particularly in mind another class who have assumed the permanent role of "honorary critics" who persistently turn up at each new issue with a hundred trivial complaints, and never come across with one word of help, never offer one useful suggestion. As a matter of record they have never contributed a single line to the columns of the paper. If such persons cannot help they could at least honor us with their silence.

Criticism is helpful and we seek it, good honest, open healthy criticism. There is a species of criticism that remedies the evil by exposing it in a manly way, and there is a criticism that only opens wounds the wider and tends solely to destroy. The former class resembles the surgeon that cuts and hurts but heals by so doing, the latter class resembles nothing hot so much as the death-dealing submarine that sneaks up unawares, takes a pot shot in the dark at its unsuspecting victim and the sinks out of sight leaving destruction in its wake. Flights and Landings appeals to its real friends. Their suggestions for improvement are solicited and urged. Those who have the best interests of our paper a heart will meet the editor and his staff half way. Dont forget the fact that he and his staff are devoting much time for the pleasure and entertainment of every supporter of the paper. Dont forget either that they place no limits on their efforts to make the paper appeal to every individual in camp. As a matter of fact to date they have furnished 90 per cent of the news items and single handed have kept the paper going. Thinking of this you might realize how they feel when unwarranted knocks and kicks reach their ears.

The thing to do now is for the individuals in camp to come across and help us not so much to keep the paper going as to improve it. Give us your ideas, send in more copy, drop in to see the editor and his staff and tell him just where the paper meets with your approval and where you think it could be improved. You will find them a pretty genial crowd, and for your information we will add you will find that many of them have weathered roughest storms in the realm of real journalism. They will appreciate your visit and furthermore they will try to carry out an and every proposal feasible for the advance of the paper.

Let us all once more raise the slogan of our first issue "the best A. E. F. paper. Never lose sight of that. There is only one way of achieving that result. Cooperation and that alone spells the road to our goal. Let us have it and we will do our share.

THE EDITOR.

IN MEMORIAM

Lt Mc GREERY

We of the 19th. Aero Squadron have lost that which is most prized of worldly things a friend. A trick of fate has rebbled us at one of our planes at Army Camps, and the Flag of a staunch supporter, a hero, a fearless worker for the cause.

He died as he had lived these past few years, striving to wipe from this world of turmoil the blot cast upon it by an ambitious fiend.

While in this country, Lieut. Frank P. McCreery, thru his remarkable skill, fearless abandon, and conscientious blear made records that will long stand in American flying annals. While a member of an aviation center in France he completed a designated course of several classifications in three successive days, the record for this country. Fro front. While in combat practice work resulted in his ultimate transfer to them this he was sent to active duty which with several of his own squadron machinés, at a height of 7,000 feet, a machine swerved in its course and dove into the elevators and rudder of Lt. McCreery's plane. He fell, and in this fall we lost the best commander, the best friend and advisor and counselor known to the 10th. Aero Squadron.

His work is left undone, but his friendship and a memory coloured with great achievements, kindness, skill and fearlessness will never die.

Our emotions, however dormant they may seem, usually are but a little below the surface and need only a gerat mental or physical disturbance to bring them into evidence.

The War has been one of the greatest factors in disclosing this and has compelled many of us to run the gamut of our earthly passions and feelings.

We have been called upon lately twice in a short space of time, to endure sorrow, the dull throbbing ache that humanizes and brings us all closer together; and as if the Fates mocked our lamentations, they suddenly presented another side of this epochal struggle, and, as was mighty Caesar's wont, commanded us to unite our voices and hearts in pleasure and sincerest appreciation.

By the time this has appeared our readers will already have anticipated us in expressing the same sentiments.

Major Ira A. Rader, our matchless commander has gained another rung upon the ladder of victory and honor.

Lieutenant Colonel Rader is his new title, and, while his fellow officers will have the opportunity of complimenting him personally, we, the enlisted men of his command wish to take advantage of this method to tender our heartiest congratulations and appreciation of his promotion.

In the words of the Immortal Emancipator it is altogether fitting and proper that we do this, for Colonel Rader has been through all, the friend and adviser of the enlisted personnel. To him we came with our troubles and grievances and departed always with a deep feeling of gratefulness and of justice received.

We are tremendously pleased at his success and all join in the fervent hope that his victorious honors will not cease at this, but however high the military degree conferred upon him in the future, it can never approximate the rank he holds in the hearts of the men of his command.

YIP! YOW! YIP! When it comes to spinning the rope one has to come around with the humps to Shafer. Memorial day's exhibition of fancy roping, spinning, and exhibition work in general was far above par.

He stepped a few with the short rope, taking it from the body spin to the ankles of his exhibition partner with a deftness known only to experts of the hempen string.

His exhibition, with the 60 foot rope, spinning it to its extreme and was a feat of marvelous skill and remarkable skill. Needless to state th eseveral thousands of French and American spectators played him up like a matinee idol.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

He left us, smilingly, in the same manner as he joined us when American's part in the war as in its embryo state down in Texas. His destination was a hospital when the fight for his eyesight was to begin. He had suffered an accident here, and as a result he is today sightless in one eye, his sacrifice to the gods of war.

C.W. Dodds recovered the sight of the other eye, however, and is still in the service, in a motor truck organization to which he was sent when evacuated from the hospital. He is adjudged no longer physically fit for service with us, but he is here still giving what is left and this is a great deal, his willingness, enthusiasm and workmanship more than eclipsing his unfortunate accident which took him from us.

Tom Burke, the pouth of effervescent humor, the eye that twinkled, and what goes with such an eye will be no longer entered on our pay roll. He is transferred, and with such a transfer we lose another prized friend, even as in the case of E. Bel, our Italian Prince.

IN NEW YORK IN FRANCE

While strolling down Fifth Ave., any balm afternoon anyone is liable to find himself locked up for stalling the populace, commaly known as blocking the traffic. If you ever get caught stopping the traffic in this country the Chinese Legation of Remarkable Gemu will decorate your sunken chest with a few dozen medals. There isn't any traffic here. Any one who can find some is welcome to all the medals in the armies of Armenia--and that's daying something.

FIELD MEET HUGHE SUCCESS

Continued from page 1, col. 2.

3 and 20, second and thirds respectively. Running to the front proved too bore some so we had a fifty yard backward race that proved rather up setting for many of the runner. After stumbling over three or four acres of ground Cote of the 55th. Artillery backed under the line first with Herron Base Thirty second and Perro yof the 53rd. Artillery third.

Lieut. Thibeau, with Lieut. Garrett as observer gave the visitors a thrill that they are likely to remember. His mastery of his machine was uncanny. All the tricks known to the "high" part were tried and successfully perpetrated insofar as a heavy plane is concerned. As Lt. Garrett remarked when they landed: "I got quite a kick out of that."

(ARTILLERY LOSES BALL GAME)

With the termination of the field program came the real event of the athletic program. The Artillery organization of pill stemmers did some stemming with the Aviation lads of this Center. Incidentally it was stem all the wry thru. In a wry one was brought literally back home, for the enthusiasm of criticisms, for an against the umpires, aswas all that could be expected from the American throat. Throuth the contest the ultimate conclusion was dubious. For two innings both teams failed to bring a man across the plate, the many threatened to do so only to die on the bases when the final out was registered.

The Aviation men opened negotiations by scoring three in the third inning, followed by five in the fifth and two in the sixth. The big gun men stempered across the platefor one in the fourth, five in the fifth and one in the seventh. Here the game was called that we might beg the Mess Sergeant for further lubricant.

In the third inning Derosiers was safe on first thru Rainville's error at second. He was sacrificed to second by Walters and went to third on Clakson's double Jaescke stole third and came home on Lenhe's sacrifice.

The Artillery brought their first man home in the fourth. Bridgeford singled and took second on McDaniel's single. Allison doubled, Bridgeford scoring. Rainville was safe on a close play at first, filling the bases. Derosiers gave the next hearty three healthy swings, and Walters made a clean stab of Dunbar's liner, throwing him out at first thereby possibly saving the game.

HIS UMP'S BECOMES MUTE

In the fifth the Artillery came back with vengeance, scoring five men. Van Lenhe walked and stole second. He scored when White singled. White went to second on Bridgeford's single and both scored on Allison's triple. Rainville singled, Logan sent the ball on a vacation for three bases and Allison and Rainville the same home. The Aviation lads then tightened and the scoring was stopped.

During this inning the time worn argument of umpiring came in for its share of the contest. Logan's triple was far off the foul line, but two men had scored before a decision was made by either of the umpires. The line umpire, upon whom rested the responsibility of the decision, remained quiet, and the Husky Artillery Private spoke up with a fair ball. Despite protestations the line umpire didnot make a decision but playfully turned over a piece of hardened mud with a With the former decision as an incentive for blood the Aviation whirlwinds came back for another blow at the ball. Five runs were tallied. Walters went to first on a pass, stole second and to third on Rainville's error. He scored when Clarkson singled. Clarkson went to third on Jasschke's double and scored on Lenhe's sacrifice. Jaescke scored on O'Brien's triple. Hennessy wiped the slate clean with single out in the wilderness scoring O'Brien, and came home himself when Bowings knocked the pellet thru first and second.

The next inning added two more to the Aviation compilation. Walters singled to left field but was out, Dunbar to Rainville, when Clarkson bunted, Clarkson was safe at first. Jaescke slugged the pill for a home run. The center and left fielders are still looking f or the ball. Here the game ended.

The playing on both sides that of marked ability. Derosiers did his usual good work in the box, always began to look bad for him. Walters, Bowings, Jaescke and Lenhe presented a formidable infield, while Hennessy, Clarkson and O'Brien got everything that was offered in the outfield. Bedell behind the bat displayed his usual pep, allowing but few men to reach second by virtue of pur Walters, and Hennessy did some very good stick work, as did the remaining men of the team.

De roisier struck out six men and walked two.

Big Boy Allison at first for the Artillery played a fast game and did some good work with the stick. Dunbar was pitching fine ball until the Airmen found him and then he was no invincible (French). O'Donahue, Van Lenthen, White, and Rainville showed narked ability in the infield.

It all ended with most of the many hundreds of spectators hungry, but satosfield with an excellent day's sport.

FROM THE 19th. A. S.

As O. D. Walters says: "I'll amount to something yet if this war lasts long enough. Our jane will be an old maid also."

In George Schreiber we have what one might truthfully call an able man for this service. In a recent M. S. E. examination he passed with a higher percentage than any of those who passed the identical examination before him. These are the words of Lieut. McLeod. Congratulations! George. When you are recognized we'll congratulate you again.

Thither Knoenshue would have been a Lieutenant only the chiefs guys running that department have decided that everything is full and no more applications will be accepted. Tuff!

When our PaWn Shop Expert Bains purchased a pair of suits of rejuvenated Beevedes from Harold Smithies the latter singled a smile as he crumpled a crisp twenty franc note in the palm of his itching hand. But Smithies was to live to get quite a kick out of Bains' later exertions. He took the purchased suits to a seamstress and ordered Beaucoup number of them made up. We think there better be room for two business enterprizes of such lingerie or some First Class Sergeant will have to recede.

Kip O'Rourke wishes to announce that he has just received notification of his being commissioned Capt. in the Royal Home Defense Boy Scouts Movement. He also wishes to state that he will hold an informal reception and dance in the near future. (For officers of the above organization only.)

As one of the new lads in the squadron remarked: "They better put me down on that there field where I can get something. I been in this here army acouple of months and I never got it hung onto me yet. My dad knows a guy who had a friend in Congress once."

Such is life! It is now Sergeant Major Middleton, and Sergeant Hays. Some time ago it was Sergeant major Hays, and etc. The change was brought about by a little bit of ink and a new pen.

Trisler is now a Cook. That is he is a cook on paper, such paper as pay rolls, muster rolls and, etc. However this is, we believe the extent of his cognomen. All we are thankful for is that he isn't a chef.

What we wish is that Shannon Long would leave cur razor and towel alone. We might need it ourself sometime!

Gordon the barber shaves them, and Bains give 'em a cleanin'.

What a combine Brosey and Bains would make.

Lieut. Sellers just dropped us a line and stated that he was in the front line trenches with a few more friends. He also said the yhave plenty of water upthere-about three feet of it. The coolies are now spending their time in gala water festivals.

As Haskinsand Dolan are constantly remarking: "I wonder how much more money they need for the Old Soldier's Home."

Wisniewski has a new suit. Also he has more than three packages of cigarets. All of which goes to show you never can tell.

Why does white wine make a rep map. Durry is a living example but the solution of this paramount question of physics is as yet unsolved.

Chamberlin thought of a very appropriate remark while at dinner recently. While munching a bean he casually dropped this soliloquy: "What it worse than biting into an apple and finding a worm? Biting into a bean and finding half a worm, cam from our brilliant Murry."

FROM THE 491st.

The unachievable had been attained, the millennium reached! Grounder and Shorty are really off the stuff, have been for some time and show sincere indications of remaining so for some time to come.

Not only that but they have taken to promoting their good health by joining "Squatters Row". Wee, they are going to pitch their pup tent along with the rest of our hardened campaigners and live the wild, free life of an amateur camper, hampered only by reivelle, call to quarters and Army regulation.

Owing to the increase in rents in their present lodgings, Corporals Fletcher and Grant, & the Hall Room Boys, have announced their intention of relocating in "Squatters Row."

Luke Corrigan, formerly of the Royal Irish Rifles, claims that the drilling in the U. S. Army is too much for him. A man has to walk too far with such a load, he claims.

Corp. Erickson wants it distinctly understood that the next time he goes on one of these here trips the Quartermaster will have to take into consideration the possibility of other members being added to the expedition. "Yes Sir, I dont mind soldiering but I will not submit to being starved."

Don! Loftus was seen out on the field the other night closely inspecting the haystacks. He possibly is figuring on starting an opposition to "Squatters Row" which will have the advantage of being near the Railroad.

"Chief", is quite lonesome now that the frogs which populated "The Row" in the rainy season have departed. He was just getting to the point where he could recognize the different individuals by their calls and he had high hopes of using the frogs as material for a Post Orchestra this summer.

The next time we buy a bottle to drink we will insist on knowing what it is. If we get any more like the last we wont be able to stand the pace. Hey Harry?

We could read his Paris letters all through once, but now some of the parts are crossed out. Gettinf serious Mac?

"I got the stuff from Jerry L. for the Chief. He gave it to the other Jerry then I had to get it and use it myself and it isnt all gone yet."

SIGNS OF PEACE

When Kip O'Rourke joined the Army his father said to the listening humanity: "The war--ill be over in two weeks. That kid of mine never held a job longer than two weeks in his life."

THE BRINY DEEP

(By STARBOARD)

When it comes to combinations these sailor lads win the green duky. They bring with them the good old blue, and what is a great deal better a smile that won't come off. These lads have been there for some time, and occasionally as you lamp a pair of service stripes you can realize that they were here before our Expeditionary Forces were feeding the fishes.

We find in them the quality that has made the American reputation what it is, and what they want is theirs for the asking. We wish you all continued success while slighting Mother Earth at this field, for yourself and for the service.

In the meantime while you are not flying or eating you might knock off a few lines for this little sheet.

Thanks.

KULTUR

Cryin' out fer water he was, A bloomin' wounded Hun-- He'd been left there'n a shell-hole His comrades all had run. He cried out first in English And then he spoke his tongue. 'Twas on a prickly barb'd wire Right out there he hung. Through all one night he hung there, 'Twas a wonder he hadn't died. He must have studied English. "Please bring me a drink", he cried. Next morn' young Charley Crawford, A kid just out a while, That youngster grabbed a canteen And climbed upon the pile. We tried damn'd hard to hold him, But "No" he cried to us, "The beggar's damn'd near dyin' I'm goin' ter help the cuss. He dashed out through the ditches, That slim, fair boy so young, Goin' to help his enemy, To give aid to a Hun!

The rest is easy guessed at, It's us that "members the rest. The brute raised up a pistol And shot him through the breast. And then they have of "Kultur", And this intellectual race-- We'll kill many a Kultured German Fore we settle up our case. (Based on a true incident.)

Oh! the pity, the sorrow, the shame, The wrecks that War makes of men; This shatt'ring, shudd'ring, murd'ring game That monarchs and kings play again. They lay in the open, or under the sod, Those still things, once mothers' sons. They've gone, they're facing their God; And empty and still are their guns. They never had questioned, asked "Why?" As bravely they leapt to the charge. Each wanted to do well or die-- And now lying stiff on the marge Of a trench, or deep in a shell hole, so wet,

In the mud they're returned to the clay That they're made from. And yet-- Was it vainly they gave Life away? It's a question no mortal may ask. When duty calls each man will go. And bravely performing his task-- Go home to his Maker, and know.

FLYING BLUEJACKETS

Many a soldier at this camp tubbed his eyes and wondered if he was dreaming, vowing to lay off the cognac and vin blanc forever, the other day when a crew of Navp bluejackets turned up in camp. When asked what they were doing so far from the sea, and where their ship was, they promptly answered, "We came in on a submarine and she's tied up over back of the mountain."

The mystery was solved when it was discovered that the "sailors" were observers in the Naval Fling Corps, and had come here for instruction. The pilots, all naval officers, who arrived at about the same time, were mistaken for generals by the French population hereabouts, and in the camp were pointed out as English, Italian, French and in fact nearly every Allied nationality.

The Naval men all seem well at home on dry land, and it is not unusual for all are dry-land sailors, and have seen no sea-service save the transport trip over. It is perfectly obvious that none are pining for the salty breezes of the briny deep.

Several of the bops are veterans as far as service over here is concerned, being members of the First Aeronautic Detachment, which landed in France a year ago, the first American force to reach here.

491 ST AGAIN

Something has happened! Not that things are not happening daily, especially up there where they claim there is a wer but this affects us all. It's vital, personal, and has the whole camp wondering as to the motive. Several shrewd guesses have been made as to the method for the madness, but so far all of our amateur sleuth hounds are baffled.

It wasn't so long ago we used to hear, especially after Taps, "For the love of Mike, close that window." "Well if you want so much air, open one on your own side." "Hey, I got a helluva cold, don't open that one", and like comments coming from every side of the barracks.

But this morning, as the sweet notes of the bugle bade us "rise ans shine" we noticed a vacant bunk. Now a vacant bunk in the Army is like a vacant chair at home, it may mean most anything. Horrible conjectures flashed through our minds. Sickness, interment in the hospital, sudden death, guard duty, K. P. and A. W. O. L. Any one of those would account for the absence of our pal.

And as we rushed madly out at the first notes of the Assembly "a strange sight met our eyes. In the shade of a sheltering hangar was a queer shape. It was unfamiliar. And as we gazed we saw another one close to the first. We were awe stricken. Was it another evidence of Boschie cunning. Some one at last brake the awful silence. "Gee, the hanger had twins". But someone else murmured the words that partially solved the mystery. "Pup tents" Suddenly the flap of the tent opened and our missing comrade emerged and rushed madly for his place in the line.

From all reports, "Squatters Row" is due to become a recreation resort and rest center that will rival Aux le Bains in the near future. But still remains the miatery, Pormoi? Ask we.

Edward H. can go out, have a good time, and when you ask about it, all you get is a smile.

There was a young man named Hazen. Who a cute little moustache is raisin'. It lends dignity. He's proud as can be. When at himself in a mirror he's gazin'.

Young tells all the boys about what swell janes he has in Salt Lake City. He sure does not make much of a hit with the women over here according to what I saw him with.

ITEMS FROM THE 97th.

The Lieut. said his motor was missing cant understand why, with so much clo-but Oleson found it under the hood. We thing in the supplu room, Boots Manabb and Geo. Wallace ran around the other night fiith no clothes on. Oook! Boots, look under the bed.

If Shorly Preece shows up well-would Dan Shine!

The boys often wonder why Bob Ford is so interested in the stock market at 10 o'clock P. M. Let us in on it, will you, Bob?

At last we have a real circus man in our squadron, Carl Klee has a swell collection of wild animals that he is training, he can make his pet lion do all kinds of tricks. Carl has other animals that he p-ays with in the evenings.

Let us take our hats off to our motor repairmen, Harris and Baird, they have a motor they think will run without pistons.

We cant forget our sorrows over Harry Solomons illness. Neither can he or anyone else who is kept awake by the pests.

We should worry about going to the front to get excitement with the great bed bug offensive going on in Barracks 3B.

Circumstantial evidence is all the doctor could get on Tremp, Sorman and Busress, but since birds of a feather flock together we will adjourn until we catch them with the goods on.

That brotherly love stunt is so prominent between two of our friends, one of the men is a bomber and the other is an old gent who believes in peace as long as peace can be had, which we will have. The popular opinion is that more bombs will be dropped by the dove of peace than by the bomber.

Just a word to the squadron aspirants of the baschal championship of the post. Tex Rickard never had anything on Sgt. Major Parkes of the 116th. Did you read the opei challenge he issued to the 97th. Leslie evidently has forgotten the score of the last game, also O'Brien's record of 13 out of a possible 18. However, since the arrival of the new material of the 1165th may be able to make a good practice team for our second string, so we accept.

Babe Smith, in bed, "If Sgt. Hazen don't call me pretty soon I'll be late for rell call."

Riggle, "Who's going over to the "Y"? McLeod, "Nobody".

Riggle, "Oh, are you going over too?"

McKlee, "Do you take a bath in cold weather?"

Trussel, "Sure, don't you?"

Mac, "No, I take it in water?"

Sgt. Pabst, "What, have you forgotten your tools again? What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without a rifle?"

Pat Rollins, "I'd think he was an officer."

Sgt. Hazen, "There's something been trembling on my lips for months and months."

Riggle, "Yes, I see it, why don't you shave it off?"

F. Trussel, "My girl has the prettiest lips I ever saw."

Babe Smith, "I'll put mine against them."

Copl. Allen, "What did you think of my singing?"

Copl. Kuntz, "Gracious! you should be with Campanini."

Copl. Allen, "Thanks. But hold on, Campanini is dead."

Copl. Kuntz, "Well, I know it."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Nothing per line, less per insertion.

Gardener, assistant, wanted on gentleman's place who can milk and speak Scandinavian. Apply Lt. Garrett.

Boy or young man for Pawn Shop. Apply Sam Bains.

Paint Grinder. Man who is afraid of work. Only those without references apply. Strictly confidential. Apply Lt. Roberts.

Man with some experience around a saloon. Must sweep out and throw out anything. Apply Center Camp.

PERSONALS

Notice is hereby given that all debts contracted by me are hereby annulled. This effective this date. Forest R. Brown.

The firm of Dolan, Daly and Durry have declared bankruptcy. All debts will be paid on a three per cent basis.

On Sunday night a man was seen kissing my wife. This must stop. Things can go to far. If it doesn't I will take violent measures. Sgt. Knabenshue.

Will young lady who winked at me just before dusk send pink rose as soon as possible. Sgt. Patrick Gauson, 7 A. D. C.

REAL ESTATE

A few good rooms left. Best for single men. Well protected by private guard. Running water, no elevator, near railroad station. Very respectable room matss who will stay there quite a--hile. Apply Sgt. Guard, Guard House.

BUSINESS CHANCES

Will trade a first class chance of being president for a good pair of loaded dice. Call with goods. Rastus Jackson, Color Sergeant.

I have good 1900 discharge paper that I will dispose of for a new 1918 model. Can pay 100,000,000 francs to boot.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost: Plain open face. Finder please return to James P. P. Chubb.

Found: That no one can transfer to Artillery. Loser apply to Pat Gauson.

Lost: The privilege of 14 passes. Finder can retain same for they are lost forever. Corporal Cory.

Lost: One khaki blouse. Finder please return and stop incessant flow. The owner is Fowler.

For Rent

A few choice spaces still open in "Squatters Row" Electric lights, running water, fronted by a beautiful canal, Bessoneau Heights in rear, in close proximity to the leading theatre and business center of the camp; two good restaurants close at hand night watchman, call service in A. M., wonderful rest center.

For reservations, Apply to, Back to Nautre Society. Office on promises.

Printed by "Imprimerie Moderne".

A. DUMONT, Directeur.