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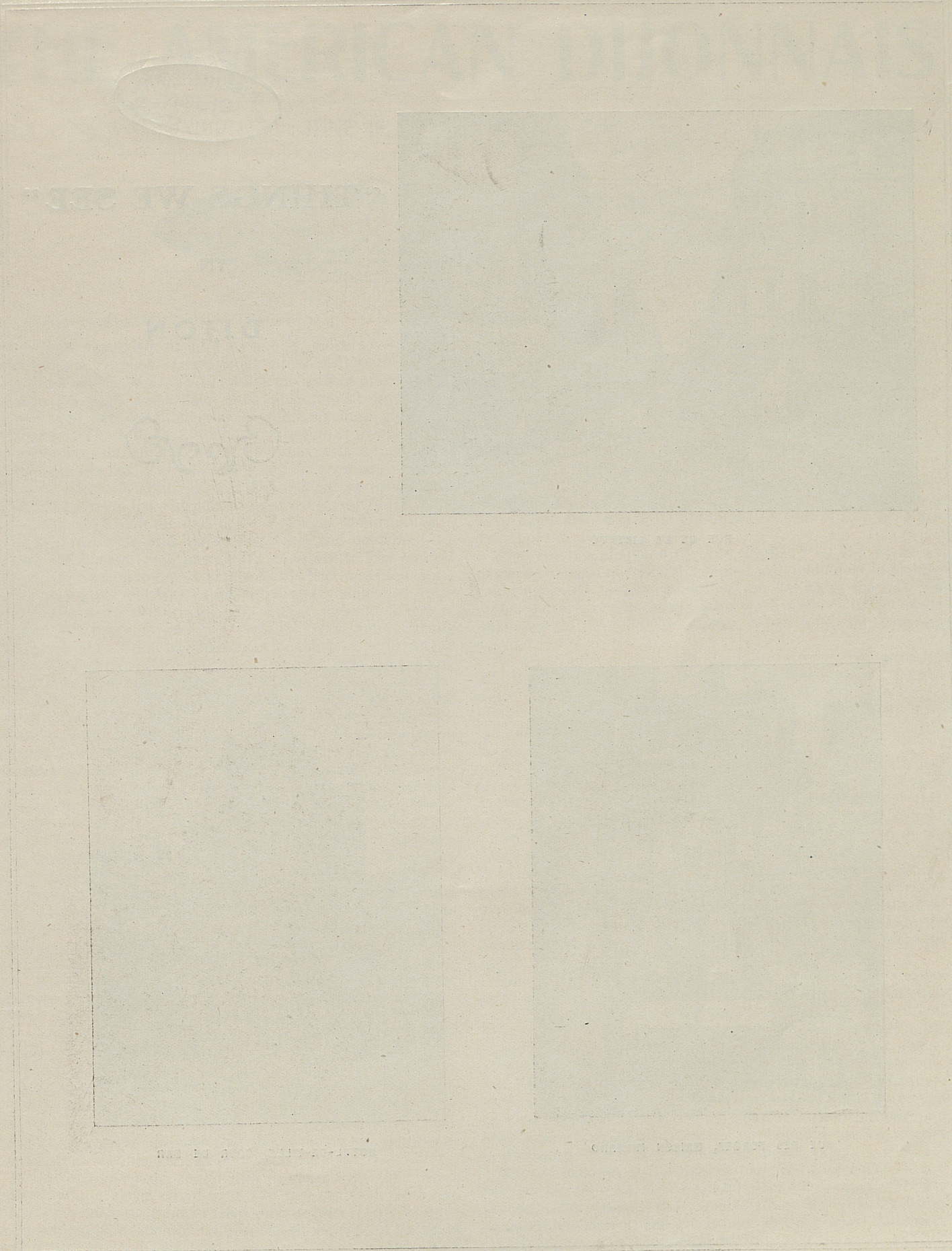
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THE AMERICAN DIJONNAIS



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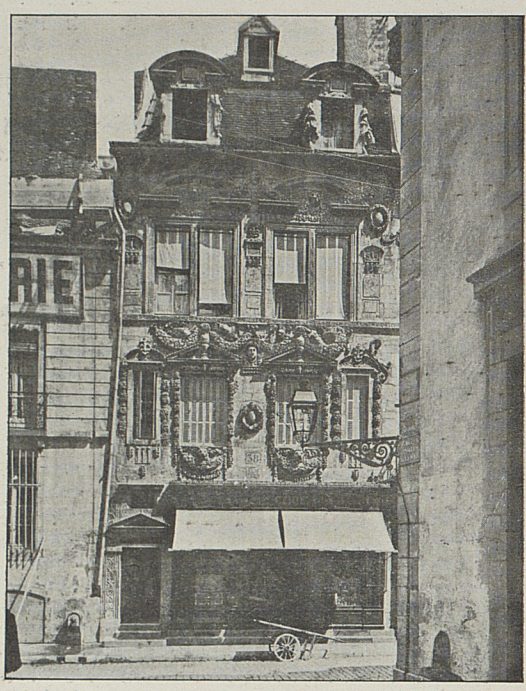
"THINGS WE SEE"

IN

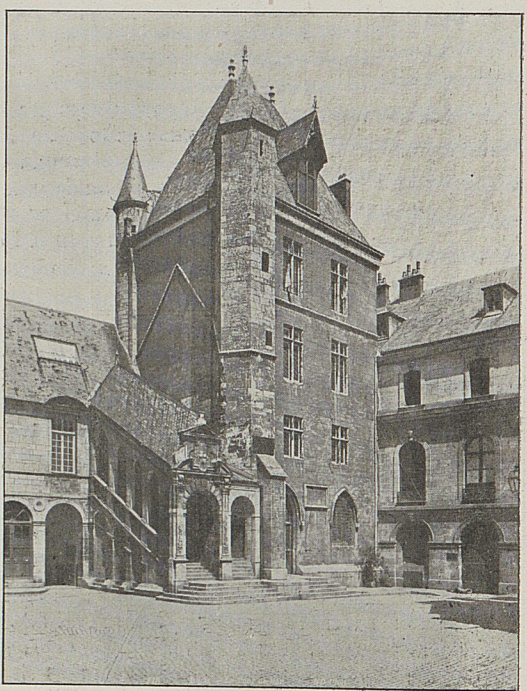
DIJON



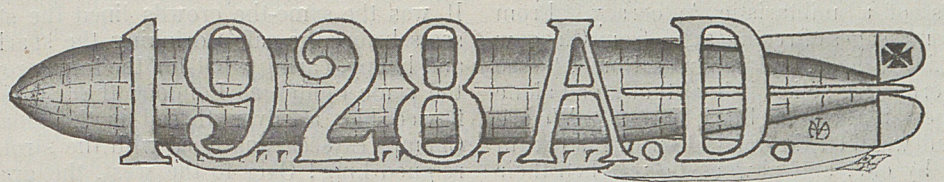
RUE DE LA LIBERTÉ



RUE DES FORGES, MAISON MILSAND



HOTEL-DE-VILLE, COUR DE BAR



BY NO. 3346119

(Continued from No 4 American Dijonnais).

The crew consisted of fifty men and officers — twelve mechanics, six pilots, twenty-four gunners, three ordnance men, three cooks, two k.p.'s., and five navigating officers, and carried two high angle four inch anti-aircraft guns, two forward and two stern chasers of semi-machine gun four inch calibre. The hull or fuselage was designed primarily for use in landing on water but was equipped with a novel land landing chassis that was adjustable and so arranged as to be drawn up within the hull proper. The navigating bridge was located in a stream lined structure mounted on top of the main hull and in line with the first bank of wings. This room was about ten feet wide and thirty feet long, and contained the control mechanism and navigating equipment. The control mechanism was no longer a single handwheel mounted universally on a pivot but was a substantial affair controlled automatically and by compressed air. Flight was no longer a question of personal ability — stability was automatically maintained and all that remained was for the pilot to direct the course of the ship to the right or to the left; even ascent and descent had been boiled down to a mere push of a button.

A signal board, telephone, chart box, table, chairs, and several bunks that folded into the side of the wall completed the furnishings of the room. Down below, in the main hull and forward were located two of the machine guns, each with an angle of fire of more than ninety degrees on each bow quarter. Slightly forward of amidships with their muzzles pointing to either side were another pair of semi's, while directly to their rear, and on each side of a central passage was located the fuel tanks. Gasoline and similar fuels had long since been abandoned in favor of a substitute that proved more powerful, cheaper to manufacture, more easily obtainable and above all non-inflamable. These features alone of the fuel when coupled with a new type of motor, the invention of an American (who being only laughed at in his own country finally found his way to Germany), which not only developed its power with less than half the ordinary consumption of fuel, but was extremely light in weight and required very little space, made possible an enormous speed and radius of action. As the motors were able through the ingenuity of their designer to develop their full power at the highest altitudes, and this fact coupled with the ability of the plane to climb to these altitudes by reason of the low loading weight per square foot of the area of the planes, made speeds of 200 to 300 miles per hour in these rarified regions possible. The planes were equipped with oxygen generators which made the extremely great altitudes that the planes were capable of mounting to feasible for flights of long duration.

In the extreme rear end of the fuselage with their noses commanding a clean arc of over 150 degrees each were two more semi-machine guns mouted on a universal base eliminating any possible zone of no-fire. On either side of the main hull were auxillary fuselages carrying three motors each working in tandem. Another tandem pair was similarly

mounted directly above the main central hull. The latter, itself, was about 15 feet wide. Aft of the fuel tanks were located the ammunition magazines equipped with three bomb dropping guns. These guns were so perfectly designed that the question of dropping a bomb from an altitude of fifteen or twenty thousand feet on an object less than a hundred feet square was reduced to a simple mechanical process of adjustment easily and rapidly accomplished.

Next towards the rear was the officer's staterooms, wardroom and toilet, followed by the ship's galley and then a large room equipped with folding wall berths for the accomodation of the crew.

Such was the air-plane of 1928. Perfect? — Yes, as far as modern science and research coupled with diabolical ingenuity could make it; an instrument of war to sneak through the night, hover over its prey, drop its bombs — its presence unknown till the first resounding crash woke the sleeping world.

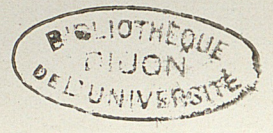
All night long supplies and munitions were carefully loaded into the interiors of the ships — great pear shaped bombs were slipped into their carriages. — Mechanics were examining every bolt and nut. — Motors were being adjusted, and the thousand and one things of an aviation camp was the honey of these buzzing bees.

While all this was taking place, five men were gathered about a conference table. They were Ludendorff and his four squadron commanders. His great plan was to be put into action. — His tense features shewed that with even his great control of will power, the excitement of the realization of his great plan after nine years of exasperating work was hot fire in his blood. The scene was that of giving his final instructions. Eight hundred air cruisers lay without ready for the work — four squadrons of two hundred planes each. Three hundred planes were to attack England; three hundred more were to sweep France; and one hundred were to cross the Alps — to Rome, while the remainder was to form a reserve.

Depending on the distance to their objective the various units were to leave at different times, so calculated that each would arrive at their point at approximately the same time. At a certain hour the wireless would sputter and then the power of Germany's mailed fist would be felt on an unsuspecting world. As day approached the conference dissolved, and action took the place of theory and plan. Ship commanders opened the yellow envelopes given them at the time designated on their exteriors. Plane after plane taxied into position and with motors roaring took the air, circling and circling, finally to disappear in the blue haze of the higher sky.

Toward eveninh the wirless commenced to crackle — K-3 r-e-p-o-r-t-s o-b-j-e-c-t-i-v-e-o-b-t-a-i-n-e-d — London! L-8 signaled Manchester; M-19 spelled Dijon. Each had its orders — simultaneously at the given hour of dusk when the heavy grey twilights of evening were settling over the land, and the

Continued on page 4



street lamps began to flicker and glow; when the streets were crowded with the hurrying throng and the little youngsters were toddling homeward with their schoolbooks under their arms, — the time when more of the world was out of doors than in, those grey steel monsters were to steal down in the depth of dusk and teach the world what a thin fabric « paper » was, and the A.B.C's of a militaristic Autocracy. From everywhere came their messages of readiness — from Glasgow to Land's End, from Lille to Nice, and as far as Rome, to the little stocky figure underneath a spiked helmet that stood alone in the gathering darkness in the great Black Forest. "We are ready". Ludendorf had watched the realization of his dream slip into the sky one by one, and now as he watched their messages of assurances come to him, one by one, through the air — they were there!

They minutes passed and the sun had sunk deep into the west. The last pinkish glow was gradually fading like a smile from the lips to the darkening mantle of night. He seemed entranced by the picture — possibly thoughts of the morrow came. He glanced at his watch — the hour-seven — and then at the shining telegraph key that held the fate of the World in the gap between its platinum points. His hands seemed to shrink from its grasp. Had God in all his mercy afflicted him with a single streak of a conscience? Had the iron bound hatred of an unloved heart softened? Only for a second he wavered. The die was cast! What cared he? Tomorrow, if he won, World Dominion; and if he lost? — Oblivion! What mattered it if then he sought his grave, his dream of Life-gone! His fingers clutched the key. The great bell in the cathedral tolled eight, the brilliant lights of Berlin danced through his open windows — and the key closed.

III

London! — The pulsating vibrant life of the multitudes, the heart throb of a nation's pulse. The shop windows were resplendent with light. The crowd streamed by — young and old. The clanging trams and buses hurried through the traffic which a "Bobbie" swayed by a single gesture of his white gloved hand. On the street corners the little street urchins fought to extract the passing pennies for the « Daily News », and our old friend, the cabby, cursed the chauffeur of a taxi because he stole his fare. McNab and little Mary gaily poked their way through the throng. Perhaps there was a reason for the sidelong glances and blushes that stole into her face — a little sparkling diamond on a certain finger of the left hand told the story. Perhaps that was the reason why « Sandwich » figured so much in their conversation and they paused now and then before the display window of Something and Something, Ltd. to study high art as exemplified in house furniture. Nothing in the World to worry about — only a wonderful future. The great restaurants were hobbling with the dinner crowd, and as they ate, the soft music flowed in wonderful mysterious rhythm from the ledaers violin; the black clad waiters with their shining shirt fronts slipped here and there with their trays caring for the wants of them. Perkins and Smith were talking over a business deal which

they had successfully consummated that afternoon, pausing now and then to sip their liquor and to give an occasional (?) glance at the passing figure of a near-venus. Trafalger Square was a blaze of light, and the Strand? — But why say more, it was Life, Existence, — it was London!

Across the channel was France. And in France was Paris. It was the same—the crowds lined the streets loling in their seats before the cafe's drinking the sparkling wine, laughing and happy, caring what for the to-morrow? Paris blazed with the same lightes as London; the clear waters of the Seine flowed like a silver thread in the glorious moonshine. The Champs Elysées was filled with the strolling throngs. Amour reigned king! Over to the west, the great Eiffel Tower stuck its sharp spire into the sky. The Place de la Concorde boasted its captive German Berthas and Tanks, while the Arch de Triomphe stood massive and dark, reminiscent of Yesterday. That was Paris. — Gay Paris with its wonderful wine, beautiful women, mysterious song, and a worn peace conference. War! What was war? The Germans had been wipped. They had been forced to sign a peace. The League of Nations was an accredited success. War? Why war was a thing of the

past, yet on this same day, at this same hour, there, in the Black Forest a button had been pressed, and a message sang through the air, yes, to even Paris and London.

III

A dull thud, — a slight explosion. — It wasn't hardly enough to make the diner's, loling in their sidewalk seats, turn their heads. The same "dull thud" was heard in London as well as in Paris, in Romanas well as in Creusot, and the clocks chimed the same hour. How pleasant the perfume that stole unnoticed into the air and gradual ly grew stronger in the nostril. A resounding crash of tin and glass.— A waitress had fallen, — showering the contents of the tray over tables, white

shirt fronts and floor. The manager came running up, his mouth filled with words ready to explode on her poor head for her carelessness. But how strange — she lay as she fell. Her eyes stared cold. She was dead!

In another corner of the cafe an old be-monaed man sank over his table without a sound. Out on the streets a newsboy, running down the pavement, papers in hand, mouth open wide shouting the news, dropped in his tracks — the words dying on his lips, half uttered. His hands clenched his throat in one spasm of pain. In a second—life was gone.

This mysterious thing in the air was no respecter of persons. A patent of nobility was no life insurance against this plague that seeped and drifted through the streets like a thief in the night. Clemenceau, the tiger himself, sank to his knees even as he directed the affairs of state. Lloyd George half rolled down Parliament steps — an accident? Who knows? — But dead! "Dull thud" followed "dull thud", and everywhere human life paid the price. How futile the efforts to fly from an unseen death that was everywhere? The bells of St. Germain that had resounded under the old sexton's arm died away to silence as their master's grasp weakened and his bent frame

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- THE RIVIERA -

The Riviera! Yes, — that's where we were going. Armed with a piece of tissue paper which advised that the bearer had permission to be absent from his post from Noon, Saturday to the following Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, duly stamped with the blue impression of the seal of state; and — some 200 francs, (you undoubtedly recognise the time must have been around a pay day — 15 days at two dollars a day, you know, — 200 francs-well) and a "billet de deuxième classe à Lyon". Well-you see we had intended stopping off at Lyon, really we did, BUT we were so comfortably seated that we forgot to get off, so kept right on going. As we reached farther and farther into the south, the beautiful scenery of the Côte d'Or changed to the conical mountain forms, abundant with rock formations of wonderful hues. As we go farther and farther to the South, it is easy to appreciate the origin of the terrain, recalling to mind those glacial periods when the resistless power of Nature gouged the Earth, after which the elements gradually washed down the soil forming the fertile valleys.

The train leaves Tarascon, about dawn and it is with the brilliant rising sun that Nature paints a picture of marvelous beauty on the rocky landscape that meets the eye with the first glimpse of the blue waters of the Bay of Berre (Not beer). The scenery has changed, the people have changed, luxuriant tropical palms and olive trees sway in the tepid breeze.

The prying light of the sun has turned loose a flood of brilliant coloring and wonder for our northern eye. The train arrives at Marseilles about six-thirty a. m., and if you keep to your seat, the few wandering train service men wont see and you may continue your voyage with out changing to the American Special an hour or so behind. We all kept our seats. About half way to Nice a "wise" French controller look it into his head to poke his nose into our compartment. In our best French, we tried to tell him that we had gotten on at Dijon, but another Yank who had joined our party at Valence handed him a piece of pasteboard from that place, and with great wisdom he insisted that we got on at the same place. After extracting nine francs apiece from our pockets, which operation ceased to be a painful one a long time ago, we rode the rest of the way to Cannes peacefully. A few moments later, in fact a very "few" moments, found us safely ensconced in café chairs and quenching a long delayed thirst. That was warm work, — so was the weather!

Cannes is quite a beautiful little town and it required no amount of persuasion to seat ourselves down underneath the cool shade of a café to eat lunch. We were handed a menu on which every item had francs marked in two figures after them, but noticing our evident reluctance, an English speaking



MONTE CARLO

French garçon (who had lived in England for seventeen years, and spoke English like I mangled French) suggested, notice I said "suggested", that perhaps we would like their regular table d'hôte dinner at five francs — that was just what we wanted!

The surroundings are as much a factor in the perfect enjoyment of a meal as the meal itself. The food was excellent and as we ate our ears drank in the soft violin music, our eyes feasted on the glorious contrast of blue sky, a bluer sea, the red tiled roofs and mellow tinted walls, the brilliant dark green of the waving tress, backed by the purple depth of the mountains half-lost in the horizon haze, while the soft breezes brought the coolness of the sea. That was a real meal, not so much what ate as how we ate it.

We left Cannes for Nice on the tram which follows the shore most of the way. Though less speedy than the train, it carries you through the villa lined highway piled high with flowers in full bloom.

Nice? — What could describe it? It was a place of continuous beauty, the city of a thousand hotels, of wonderful promenades, and life. Life was everywhere; pleasure was rampant; and the clear azure blue of the Mediterranean beckoned you to its cooling waters. The nights, clear as crystal, resplendant with a billion sparkling stars, set with the glowing silver moon, called you and you were unable to resist. It had a soul — something exists there that you realize when you come and regret when you part.

The next morning we started, a party of six — 48 francs a piece and well worth the investment — started at eight o'clock for the Italian border. What could have been more beautiful — Nature everywhere, even the stones of the mountains burned with color; and the sea? — Blue, oh so blue, stretching there far below.

We went directly to the Casino at Monte Carlo as, in order to visit the building, it is necessary to go before nine-thirty for the play starts then. It may be well to remark that men in uniform are not allowed to play, — but a "what to you call him" dressed in yards of gold lace, whispered to me behind his hand that there were tailoring establishments that were "always" ready to make a temporary exchange of a suit of civies for your uniform. I might have been interested if it hadn't been for the fact that in starting, I had misplaced my bank roll and check book and had only some few hundred, more or less, mostly less, in my pockets. I was speaking of francs.

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CANNES

THE RIVIERA

Continued from page 5



CHAPEL OF PRINCE OF MONACO

centime investment and back to Dijon the price was raised to 15 centimes.

From the Casino we retraced our way to Monaco and the palace of the Prince. We were prevented from entering by his "army", which carried a real gun, bayonet and everything; and who walked his post in a very military manner, you know, real snappy like. Well we didn't want to go in anyway, though a hand grenade would have accomplished the trick. On the way back we stopped at a fine building overlooking the sea and which houses the Musée Oceanographique de Monaco. It contains a fine collection of sea life obtained by the "Princess Alice" expedition. It is extremely interesting and a place where one might spend days instead of the few minutes we allotted to it.

Leaving the museum at about 11.30 a. m. we repossessed Monte Carlo and shortly after arrived at Menton, which so far as could be seen had nothing particular to recommend it outside of the Hotel Cecil where we lunched for nine francs without anything being included of a liquid nature outside of water.

From there to the Italian border, which is one end of a bridge spanning a deep gorge, is only a short ride and you find yourself in Italy before you know it. You have visited Italy, but this trip didn't include anything like Roman ruins. The Italians proved themselves quite versatile salesmen and didn't seem a bit adverse to cutting prices on their neighbor if by doing so there was the slightest possibility of their extracting some argent from your roll. A short distance on the other side of the border — towards Rome — is a town, Ventimiglia, that nestles down on the waters edge, and if the post cards are to be believed, one may see the most wonderful sunsets from its streets. As there wasn't anything particularly attractive about this « border » and the sun was hot we turned our backs on the Italian cameos and commenced our return journey by a different route that lead through the mountains. Steadily we climbed higher and higher up the mountain side, while far below, spread out in a glorious blaze of color, the panorama of Monte Carlo and Monaco lay enthroned in the wonderful blue of the Mediterranean. On the high pinnacles the invaders from Rome had built their fortresses, and the ruins of many of them still stand, crumbling with time.

From La Turbie, directly above Monte-Carlo, but several thousand feet nearer heaven, the whole coast line spreads out before you and the wonder of it all leaves you but to gaze uncomprehensive of what you really saw.

TO YOU ---

FRANCE

Artistic supremacy comes only from devotion to the fine and the beautiful. — Your light in this day shines brightest. Foremost amongst the virtues of Men and Nations stands Courage. — None greater than Yours.

Keeness of sensibilities and abhorrence of grossness are the offspring of only a model of culture. — This too is Yours. So We, your Brothers in Freedom, Hold high and praise your attainments, And rejoice in Our knowledge of You As the Rose amongst Nations.

T.F.Q.

EN ROUTE DIJON ST AIGNAN
June 7th, 1919.

Dear Bridgeman :

The beautiful cup which was presented to me last night was quite a surprise, and I had no chance before leaving to thank more than a very few of the fellows for it. I'd appreciate it if you would tell them that it has made a deep impression upon me, and is certainly one of the pleasantest things that ever happened to me. It has been a pleasure to be associated with such an appreciative group of men, and I feel that I am leaving behind real friends.

It would have been a big satisfaction to stay until the end of the course, and to see it through, but since that is not be, I want to wish you all the best of luck, and to thank you for the beautiful trophy which will always have an honored place in my home, and if any of you pass through Minneapolis, remember that the latch-string is out at 1600 Chicago Avenue.

Very sincerely yours,

J. D. ROBB.

From La Turbie the route led into the mountains and the snow-capped peaks of the Maritime Alps unfolded before you in enurpled profile. One could not help but hope, as you whirled around the sides of these mountains, that a good job had been done on the steering gear, for outside of a small stone wall that had crumbled in places there was nothing between you and the bottom, only a « few » thousand feet lower than yourself. We arrived in Nice in sufficient time to make the four p.m. American Special for Marseilles, at which place we arrived about ten p.m.

After checking in, we endeavored to « find » a hotel but that was nearly as hard as finding snowballs in a place we all know of, and it was nearly mid-night before we managed to land in one that didn't have a sign hung out — « tout complet ». Marseilles resembles New York in so much as the crowds are undoubtedly cosmopolitan and the streets are always full of people even at the wee hours of the matin. The next morning on arising we discovered that we had visitors who did squads east and west beautifully. After a bit of breakfast we started out sight-seeing in the direction of the water front, from which we could see the famous Eglise Notre-Dame, standing religious guard over the city high up on the top of a hill, and the famous Château d'If built on an island in the harbor, and where the « Man in the Iron Mask » gazed with longing eyes at freedom on the other shore from behind his prison bars.

Back to our old habit again — post cards! After buying one of everything we found a cool seat at a nearby cafe, and comfortably seated with the necessities of life we « saw » Marseilles via the post card route, a method that has its good points.

At twelve-thirty p.m. we bid farewell to the blue Mediterranean and turned our faces northward, arriving « home » in Dijon the next morning jolly well tired and deucedly glad to be back. A word of advice — when you go to Italy! — see the Riviera first!

H. L. M.

GREETINGS
ON AND AFTER THE DATE AS FOLLOWS UNDER SEC. 13 OF THESE REGULATIONS, THE USE OF "CHEWING GUM" IS PROHIBITED. VIOLATION OF THESE STATUTES IS PUNISHED BY MORE THAN 6 MONTHS IN PRISON—

CHARGED WITH VIOLATING ARTS. I - 99 OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-TOBACCO LAW

3300 MILES OF SALT-WATER

OH H-L! LET'S GO BACK TO FRANCE.

1920

H.L. MAGILL

- EDITORIAL -

THE AMERICAN DIJONNAIS

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN
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AMERICAN DIJONNAIS

School Detachment, University of Dijon, A. P. O. 721, Amer. E. F.

GOING HOME

Going home! Yes, going home. Wonderful words that we don't really realize. Think just a moment — How many times up there when we played the war game did you think that you would never see the day. How many times, as you sat on the edge of a shell hole cramming « corn willy » and hard tack down a dry throat did your mind wander thousands of miles away to — home. You could almost see the steaming meal on the table and hear once again those words echoing in your ear — Son, your dinner is ready. You dreamed, yes, and the screech and whistle of a shell woke you up to the fact that there was still a war. Then came the Armistice. Your first thought — when do we go home? Well—we are going now — in a few more weeks the Statue of Liberty will smile for you again and your feet will touch again on the soil of God's Country, — home, a thing that some of us never thought to see again. When you descend on to the station platform, back there in the old town, and they come to greet you, to welcome you back home — Its a wonderful thing, boys, — they say we are going home!

TO OUR FRIENDS. THE FRENCH.

France, and you Our friends of the French we thank you. The time has come when we must say goodbye, no! — not goodbye, just au revoir. We are going back to Our Country across the sea. Since we have had the pleasure of living here amongst you, you have received us with open arms, you doors and hearts have been open to us, and we thank you. We have grown to love you and it won't be without a pang of regret that Dijon will fade from our sight as the train carries us away — homeward bound! We will never forget you, and though we may be thousands of miles away, Memory travels fast and we will think of you and wish you well, always! There is much we could say, much that we would like to say, but to an American there is nothing more he can say than « We thank you », when the thought comes from the heart. Au revoir.....

H. L. M.

AU REVOIR!

This is the last issue of the « American Dijonnais », and these few words are the last that the Editor will have to pound off on the typewriter. The work is done. We have seen the efforts of all our contemporaries, some have been good, some fairly good, and none bad. I have tried to make of your paper something that will prove of great interest to you in the future, a diary of the things that we all did here at the University of Dijon, so that when you open its pages in the days of the future it will recall pleasant memories and serve to remind you of the many things that we have learned here. I wish to personally thank the various members of the Editorial Staff for their valuable advice and assistance. To Lt. Quinn, Sergeant Mitchell and Pvt. Healy is due the success of the paper. We have all done our best. The tools we had to work with were not many, nor was there a superabundance of argent, — and printing comes high. We, the Editor and Editorial Staff, thank you for your support, wish you a bon voyage to the States, and hope that our efforts have pleased you. By the Editor.

OH G.H.Q!

Well G.H.Q.! We certainly didn't think you could have treated us so. So the enlisted men of the school detachments are not going to be permitted to have that promised leave after the closing of the Universities. Have you forgotten, Mr. G.H.Q., your object in sending us here? Are you going to destroy, in a measure, the good work that you have done in sending us here? You want us all to know France — WHY? Because back home there is an impression that has been created by Mr. Average Doughboy which has tendencies that are detrimental — so you picked us out to study France and its people to preach the truth when we go back. Do you realize that there are numbers of us wearing at least two service chevrons that have never received a piece of paper that spelled fourteen day leave on it. Are you aware that these self same men have suffered and been wounded, many of them, and did their duty! Are you aware that they are not illiterate men but possess much intelligence and are gentlemen, fully capable of appreciating these things that it would have been possible to have seen. Yet you discriminate — Think it over G.H.Q., the war is over.

YES! — WE HAVE THE PEACE TREATY

They say they are going to sign the piece treaty. So they are! After eight long months the Allies have managed to come to a decision as to the bill Germany must pay, while the latter grined and grew stronger as the days passed. We have the League of Nations on a piece of paper, now, and we suppose that that is sufficient protection. Right on the day that they announced that they would sign the treaty, the Germans sank their fleet in Scapa flow, while in Berlin the old French battle flags that were to be returned were given to the flames. Do you think that with such a nation as that, signing a sheet of paper means anything? Do any of you feel any confidence in the procedure? Wouldn't they rather owe it to us rather than cheat us out of it?



BY STOCKMAN.

The next time we play the Paris base ball team we will send down a debating team. « De battling » team is powerless against the Paris « welfare » reserve.

Even our Dean exploded and muttered something (probably typically Roman) under his breath. Voila!

Through underground channels we understand that someone has been trying to beat the poor French railroads out of their share of the legitimate American plunder.

Star French student parleys for twenty minutes using all the signs and countersigns, shruggs, lifting of the eyebrows and spreading of the hands, then stops for breath and inspiration:

Prof. Hirsch: « You speak English too rapidly — Will you speak French please! (HELP).

Scene — Place Darcy.

Time — 8.30 P.M.

A Poilu sits on a bench moodily thinking of the high price of vin rouge when two attractive little French girls come along and sit near him. The Frenchman brightens perceptibly and starts the usual advances but without encouragement.

From my place on a nearby bench I overheard the following conversation translated freely:

Poilu — « Its because of these Americans — they have turned the heads of all the mademoiselles in France ».

Mademoiselle — Is that so?

Poilu — (Warming to his theme) I don't see what the Americans are here for. Why don't they stay where they belong up in the army of occupation?

Mademoiselle — Why don't the French stay in the army of occupation? You always insist on your permission, do you not? You insist on seeing your family and your friends just as often as the army will let you, don't you? Well why do you condemn the Americans, who are thousands of miles from family, friends and sweethearts, to remain away from any friends they might become acquainted with in France?

Poilu — « Don't sympathize with the Americans for that reason, because they « make friends » in no time at all.

Mademoiselle — That's to their credit.

Poilu — Any-way what did they ever come over here for — it wasn't to fight, it was simply to get our girls. I never saw them fight but I know that we could have won without their help. Look at Château-Thierry — why we French had plenty of soldiers there — still the Americans all brag about that fight.

Mademoiselle — I'm sorry to say, that from Frenchmen who were there, I have heard something quite different. It was the stand that the Americans made that allowed the French to recover.

Poilu — (Blue in the face, and inarticulate) sits and glares. He hears an expectant rustle on the other end of the bench but refuses to show any interest in the young ladies no matter how sorry they may be for their treatment of him. Out of the corner of his eye he glances in their direction and then follows their gaze to where an American « buck private », with the smile that makes friends in their direction and then follows his gaze to where an American « buck private », with the smile that makes friends, was heading straight for his bench. They had been waiting for him, and as the trio left in the direction of the Palace Darcy the Poilu sat staring after them. (after an impressive silence). Voila!

Miss America — You won't seem quite the same to us when we get back.

Woolen underwear and Dijon weather at this time of the year isn't the kind of a « combination » that tends to one's satisfaction.

OUI, OUI, — I DID IT!

After the writer of « Oui, Oui, Ça ne fait rien », published in the third issue of the American Dijonnais, found it was successfully printed and in circulation, he strolled leisurely down Rue de la Liberté at peace with all the world — but not for long. He was met by an excited « doughboy » intent on unburdening his sorrows and after a glass of « bock » it appeared that some « nosey cuss » had learned a lot about this man's private affairs and had even printed an account of the same. Of course the said « doughboy » didn't get the heart felt sympathy he might have expected. Next! — the author encountered an aviator, any way he had the appearance of one, who between the quaint oaths of his kind made it known that the « keewee » (it sounded something like that) who wrote in the Dijonnais about his (the aviator's) private trouble could expect nothing but a lingering death as soon as his identity was known. And so on — Medics, Artillerymen and Signal Corps men — each was sure that the writer aimed at HIS own personal scrape and of course they were all anxious for vengeance.

Now I'll come out in the first person. I'm scared! — Therefore maybe I'm dangerous. I'll carry a gat but I might shoot myself by mistake, never having had much experience with that instrument, or I might carry a little of the Editor's T. N. T. but I don't know just how that darn stuff works so I'm a little leery — Therefore I'll have to make myself SCARCE! I'll be away from Dijon as much as possible and if YOU TWELVE OR THIRTEEN NEMISES ever decide to bury the hatchet — wear a white rose in your hat and I'll be wise and breath will come more freely.

Editors Note: As yet the identity of the author of the above is unknown. Don't waste your time asking me who he is, for he's a friend of mine, and I wont tell.

2ND LT. J. PAXTON BLAIR

2nd Lt. J. Paxton Blair, who met with an accident while boarding a train, resulting in a broken ankle, is now being evacuated from the Hospital at Toulouse for the United States. We have all read his interesting articles in the « American Dijonnais », and regret that he is no longer with us. The Editor wishes to extend his sincere thanks to Lt. Blair for his valuable assistance in connection with the Dijonnais, and wishes further to say that all the members of the Detachment wish him the greatest of future success and a speedy recovery.

HEADQUARTERS AMERICAN SCHOOL DETACHMENT			
Certificate			
UNIVERSITY OF		FRANCE	
This is to Certify, That under the provisions of G. O. No. 30, Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces, dated February 13, 1919:			
has satisfactorily pursued courses at the above named University in the following subjects:			
NAME	GRADE	DATE	GRADE
JUNE 10 1919		DATE AND ORGANIZATION	
American Dean of the Detachment		Commandant, American School Detachment	

YOUR SHEEPSKIN'S LITTLE BROTHER

L'UNIVERSITÉ DE DIJON

Telle qu'elle a été reconstituée par la loi du 10 juillet 1896, l'Université de Dijon se compose des Facultés de Droit, des Sciences et des Lettres, de l'École de Médecine et de Pharmacie et de la Bibliothèque universitaire. Mais elle a une origine plus ancienne.

En 1722, sur les instances des Etats de Bourgogne, un arrêté royal créa à Dijon une Université. Cependant par suite de la jalousie des universités voisines, et en particulier de celle de Besançon, elle fut réduite à la seule Faculté de Droit, qui ne devait avoir que cinq professeurs.

En 1792 toutes les Universités de France furent supprimées. Douze ans après, en 1804, on commença par rétablir les Ecoles de Droit; et ainsi l'ancienne Université de Dijon ressuscita sous le nom d'École de Droit, et elle s'installa ici où elle se trouve encore aujourd'hui, dans l'ancien collège des Godrans, rue de l'École de Droit.

Napoléon imagina, en 1808, l'Université de France, c'est-à-dire que le nom d'université désigna alors tout l'enseignement, toutes les écoles, tous les professeurs et maîtres enseignants de France. Dijon fut doté, par ce décret impérial de 1808, de trois facultés: Droit, Lettres, Sciences.

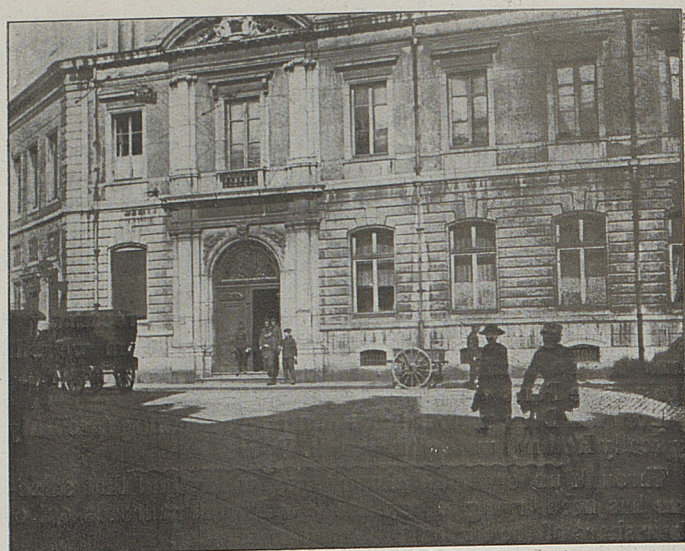
Le nom d'Université de Dijon ne reparut qu'en 1896, quand les trois facultés réunies à l'École de Médecine et de Pharmacie, constituèrent un corps unique, administré par le Conseil de l'Université que préside le Recteur de l'Académie de Dijon.

Aujourd'hui, la Faculté de Droit compte seize professeurs titulaires, agrégés ou chargés de cours. A son enseignement ordinaire elle a adjoind un Institut pratique de Droit; l'École de Notariat fonctionne avec le concours de la Faculté de Droit et a des relations étroites avec elle.

La Faculté des Sciences n'existe officiellement que depuis 1808; mais en fait elle est l'héritière en partie de l'ancienne Académie des Arts, Sciences et Belles-lettres de Dijon. Celle-ci en effet était non seulement une société d'érudits, mais aussi une sorte d'école supérieure; le chimiste, Guyton de Morveau, par exemple, enseigna dans les locaux de l'Académie. Depuis la création de la Faculté des Sciences, l'Académie cessa d'être une école, pour rester seulement une société d'érudition toujours vivante et productrice. La Faculté des Sciences a son centre rue Monge; mais elle s'est beaucoup étendue dans ces dernières années. Elle s'est accrue d'un Institut d'œnologie, d'une Station agronomique et d'une Station Pasteur (avenue Victor-Hugo). La Station agricole Grimaldi, établie à Saint-Jean-de-Losne, sur la Saône, fait aussi partie d'elle: on y étudie la flore et la faune des cours d'eau. Enfin la Faculté projette de développer considérablement la chimie industrielle dans les locaux de l'ancien grand séminaire, rue Docteur-Maret.

La Faculté des Lettres date aussi de 1808. Mais l'Académie de Dijon ne jouait-elle pas un peu le rôle de Faculté des Lettres, quand, ayant mis au concours ce sujet: « Si le progrès des sciences et des arts a contribué à corrompre ou à épurer les mœurs », elle couronna solennellement son lauréat, J.-J. Rousseau, en 1750, ce qui fut le point de départ de la célébrité de ce grand écrivain? Aujourd'hui la Faculté des Lettres n'a plus assez de place rue Monge pour enseigner les langues classiques, l'histoire, la philosophie, l'anglais, l'allemand, l'italien, ainsi que l'art, l'histoire et la littérature de Bourgogne, pour abriter l'Institut de géographie et le Musée d'art bourguignon, enfin pour donner un domicile au cours faits aux étrangers par les soins du comité de patronage de Etudiants étrangers. Aussi va-t-elle se transporter prochainement rue Chabot-Charny.

Dijon a eu dès 1799 une Ecole secondaire de Médecine et de Pharmacie, mais dès l'année 1769, le docteur Chaussier, le véritable créateur de la médecine légale en France, enseigna à Dijon un cours d'anatomie, et d'autres cours y furent bientôt adjoints. Depuis 1896, elle fait partie de l'Université et s'appelle



FACULTÉ DES LETTRES, RUE MONGE

WHAT A PITY

What a pity, little love,
That the stars, far up above,
Could not take us two, to-gether,
There to dwell with them forever.
What a pity!

What a pity, heart of mine,
We must ever grieve and pine,
That in our love, so sweet, divine,
We cannot our souls entwine.
What a pity!

What a pity, dearest treasure,
That the love, me give in measure,
I, to you and you, to me,
Some sad day must cease to be,
More's the pity!

Comtesse H. DE SAINT-SEINE.

Ecole préparatoire réorganisée. Elle est logée naturellement tout près de l'hôpital.

La Bibliothèque de l'Université est située rue Chabot-Charny. Elle possède environ 70.000 volumes, sans compter les thèses et les dissertations.

Les étudiants de l'Université ont constitué une Association générale (rue Vaillant); les étudiants catholiques se sont groupés en une Association catholique (Place d'Armes). L'Université étudie la création d'un hôtel pour les étudiants, où ils trouveront logement, nourriture et soins moraux.

DEAN LAMBERT.

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SCHOOL DETACHMENT

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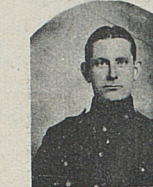
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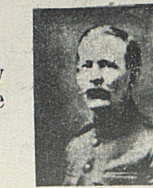
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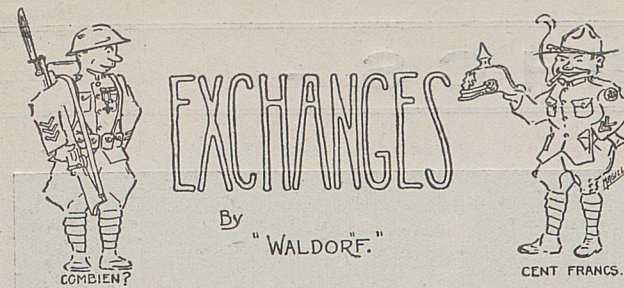


WOOLLEY, John Eliot. 2nd Lt. F. A. — 417 Supply Train; Yale University, 1918; Home address: Brooklyn, New York.



STUDENTS FROM WHOM THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND DATA GIVEN ABOVE WERE NOT OBTAINED

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
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| BLAIR, Joseph Paxton, Jr., 2nd Lt. Inf., Princeton University, Harvard Law School. | FOSTER, Howard M., American Medical College. | PETTIS, Glenn W., University of Minnesota. |
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| BURNS, George H., De Paul University. | HAYS, Ralph H., Detroit College of Law. | POWERS, Clifford, State Normal of South Dakota. |
| BRYAN, Silas M., Harvard Law School. | HARRIS, James, University of Idaho. | PRICE, Gwilyn, University of Pittsburgh. |
| CHASE, Charles R., Amherst College. | HERRON, Mark L., University of Southern California. | RAND, Oliver G., University of North Carolina. |
| CLARK, James R., University of Illinois. | HOFFMAN, Hallock E., Leland Stanford University. | RICH, Dominic W., Harvard University. |
| CHAPPELL, E. B., Vanderbilt University and Chicago University. | INGEBRITSEN, Carroll R., Wisconsin S. N. S. | ROONEY, Henry T., University of California, Cooper Medical College. |
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| COGSWELL, John W., State University of Iowa. | KELLER, L. L., University of Tennessee. | SMITH, Harold L., Swarthmore College. |
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| DEVENEAU, Charles, Armour Institute of Technology. | MILMAN, John J., University of North Dakota. | WELLER, Henry S., Haverford College and Leland Stanford University. |
| ELVINS, Richard E., Pacific Medical College. | NASH, Edwin G., Williams and Harvard Colleges. | WILCOX, John, Indiana University. |
| EVANS, Harry E., Missouri University. | | YANQUELL, Charles C., University of Wooster. |



Qu'est-ce que c'est? — Well-thats what we'd like to know. When we received a copy of their June 14th issue, unfolded it carefully and spread it out on the table before us, we were not sure but what it was a copy of "Kupenheimer and Sons" endeavoring to interest us in the latest styles of civilian clothing. "Inside of that" it was fairly well arranged.

Yes, Nancy and the "Lorraine Sentinel" — We are all glad that we were among those two million Yanks that were yanked "over here", and we'll bet a thousand to one that there are beaucoup of "well-meaning ones" of the masculine gender back home who are mighty sorry that they didn't get over even though they were getting fat on our jobs. Besides that we are as proud to be among those 3800 soldiers that have attended the French Universities as we are to be numbered amongst those that did get over.

"Deux mots" from the University of Clermont-Ferrand has a very attractive feature of placing a crayon sketch of some prominent member of the detachment or faculty on their front page. The pictures are well drawn and show talent.

"As You Were", hailing from Rennes, wants to know "why the women of Paris are so wild". (They are just as comme ça down at Nice, Buddy). We know of "a soldat" who invested a thousand francs of back pay trying to find out, and got no farther than the "why".

The "Alpine American" voices its opinion that the "no compree" alibi begins to show signs of wearing out it welcome. We know it is in as much as it effects the P. L. M. Some of us had a devil of a time riding from Nice to Dijon, 2nd class, for five francs, the other day not so long ago.

The "Voila" informs us that they are to have an inspection of equipment — to dig up that piece of harness officially known as a pack. Their commandant advises them that all articles of clothing not issued by the government be sent home by express. Isn't this worth our while looking into?

This is the end. — If we have criticized, accept our criticism in the spirit of friendliness; — if we have praised, it was sincerely meant; all that we have done has been with no ill will and is reminiscent of those other days we spent on the campus and batted each other's mistakes sometimes for a home run, sometimes for a sacrifice hit, but always in a humorous vein. Our contemporaries have given us much pleasure through their papers, and we believe that they will all form valuable records of the A.E.F., and be appreciated accordingly. In criticizing another we often lose sight of their objective, passing judgement from our particular angle of vision, which may be diametrically opposite in the desired result. To be just was our desire — Have we succeeded?

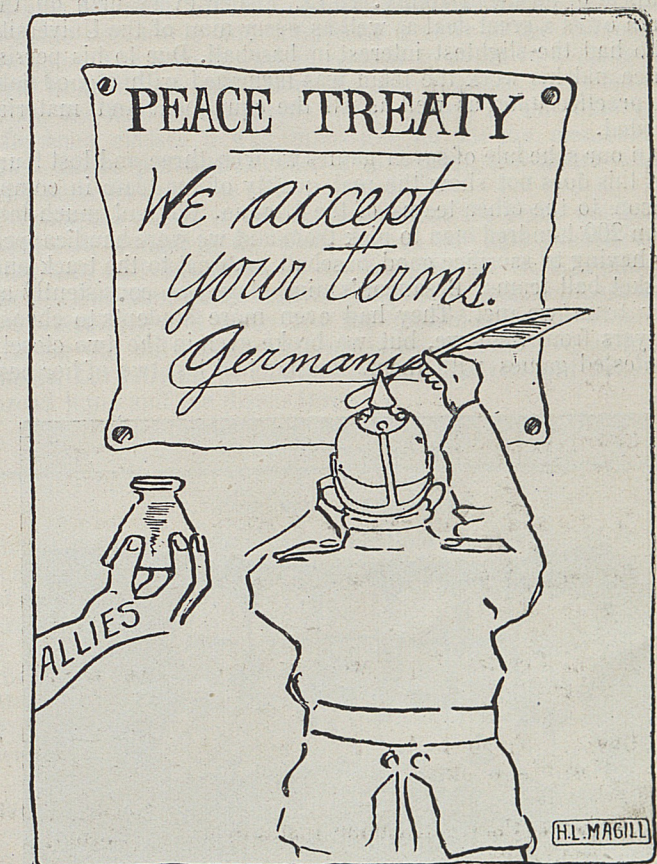
They are dropping off, one by one. Our old friend "Qu'est-ce que c'est?" has already announced its demise in an article which in an unembarrassed manner told of all of its accomplishments. We wonder who is next? Our own Dijonnais is going to end its career with the next issue and simultaneously with our departure from Dijon — so it goes. Like a rose they bloomed, flurished and now die!

"The Soldier Student" of Montpelier says that "the smile which will fill my heart with gladness will be the smile on Miss Libertee," — yes, and the smile of sorrow that will fill your heart with sadness will be those farewells to our friends in France whom we have grown to love. — Time will prove these words.

KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

Due to week-enlips and OTHER distractions, the brothers of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity ha e been hard to find. A dinner has been planed where it is hoped that iews will be exchanged on fraternity conditions back in the States. After reading o er the « Caduceus » one sort of surmises that the fraternity men at home are facing their own problems of restoring de astated France, due to the activities of the S.A.T.C. So here's a « Boock » to « the Star and Crescent » for indications point to a long dry season in the States!

The members of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity at the University of Dijon are: Dean Bondurant; Lt. Harold L. Smith, Pi chapter; Lt. Franklin K. Iszard Gamma Zeta chapter; Lt. Charles G. Payne, Beta Gamma; Lt. Robert M. Barnett, Lambda chapter; Lt. Henry T. Odom, Theta chapter; Cpl. William P. McConnell, Gamma Lambda. It was the original intention of the Fraternity to ha e a group picture in the Dijonnais but Washington's foreign policy was strictly followed, and then again, there is a possibility that some were afraid that they might be recognized!



FOR HOW LONG?

- ATHLETICS -

THE BASE BALL NINE. — WHAT THE DID

The game with Sorbonne University at Paris on June 13th closed our baseball series. Although our record is not what we at first anticipated, yet there are many things to be taken into consideration.



In the seven games of our schedule we met but one team on our own grounds. Long trips on each week end, occasioning lack of sleep and rest, and without proper accommodations, left the team in poor condition to play. We had crippled players in every game at the beginning of the line-up and positions were shifted often.

In different games all the qualities of good playing, by team and individual, were shown. Yet heavy hitting seemed always accompanied by poor fielding or vice versa, with the exception of one or two games. We had professionals, college players and high school players and the time the team was together was not long enough for complete understanding of each player by each other player or for a thorough organization. Much credit must be given to Manager Crawford for his hard and conscientious work which was rapidly making the team an aggressive organization and which was developing an outfield of no mean ability. To Lt. Fisher every man on the team owes a great deal as well as every man of the University who had the slightest interest in baseball. Due to his persistence and his work the team was furnished with a good field to practice upon as well as all the equipment and material needed.

In our schedule of seven games we won three and lost four, yet this does not show the real quality of our team in comparison to the other teams of the League. We had much less than 200 hundred men to pick from and we were handicapped by having to sacrifice good baseball material to the track and basket ball teams. Besançon's nine played as consistently as any team we met. They had even more students to choose players from than we, but we broke even in the two closely contested games with them. Poitiers had lost two of her



THE "NINE"



THE BASKET BALL TEAM

BASKET BALL

The best of the basket ball games and therewith the close of the season was reported in the fourth issue of the « American Dijonnais ». It remains, therefore, only to give a summary and general review of the season. This started most auspiciously. Great interest was shown by the members of the squad and by the school as a whole, more than in other sports. The men worked hard under the coaching of Lt. Pennington, captain of the team, and the immediate results were two good games and clear victories. Somewhat too soon, considering the short time for practice which had been afforded, we then played the Field Clerks from G. H. Q. This team included three men from the championship five, two of whom were picked out for the All A. E. F. team, and had played all winter. Naturally we lost, but it was the best game witnessed at Dijon. The following week there was an even split on games, the first team winning and the second losing. This was followed by our first trip to another University, Lyon. The game was forfeited and the remaining ones cancelled. The next week the team traveled to Montpellier where we again suffered defeat at the hands of an excellent aggregation. Beginning with this game the team was seriously crippled. Two of our first team men were playing baseball, and in the last mentioned contest another was out with an injured foot. Montpellier then repeated their victory in Dijon the night before Memorial Day, and that was the last game which we played. A trip to Paris was taken to play Toulouse there, but that game was also forfeited. Prior to the first Montpellier defeat a game was to have been played with the Military Police of Dijon, but on its forfeiture the first and second teams took the floor.

A summary of the above shows three won, four lost, three won by forfeit, and the one extra between our two teams. Not counting the last, we have scored 200 points to our opponents 181, which gives a better showing than the actual victories and defeats. Of these 200 points six are of course claimed for the forfeits.

Following is a table showing the number of games played, baskets and fouls thrown by the individual players. This does not include the game with the Pioneers, as no record is available.

BASKET BALL (CONTINUED)

	GAMES	GOALS	FROM	FOULS.
Pennington, Captain	6	8		0
Jenney	6	25		3
Miller	5	14		1
Phillips	4	11		0
Ostergren	5	0		0
Weinrich	2	0		0
Johnston	5	1		0
Clayton	5	3		0
Kenworth	5	9		0
Walters	4	0		0
Larkin	3	0		0
McLemoore	3	2		0

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE

Date	Opponent	Score
April 25th	Motor Park	32-24
May 2nd	Co. G, 59th Pioneers	43-12
May 7th	Field Clerks, G. H. Q.	13-45
May 15th	Lux. Remount	50-17
	20th Engrs.	13-20
May 18th	Lyon-forfeited.	
May 22nd	1st and 2nd Team (Dijon)	30-25
	Military Police (Dijon)-forfeited.	
May 24th	Montpellier	24-30
May 29th	Montpellier	19-33
May 31st	Toulouse-forfeited.	

BASE BALL (CONTINUED)

players when we took a double header from her. The Clermont-Ferrand games are hard to describe. Errors and hard luck lost a 10 inning game in which Dijon laid down 19 clean hits, amongst them two home runs by Phillips. The second game was a slow affair, our team being completely tired out. And then the last game with Sorbonne, a school of 2000, with a score of 20-3 is a hard one to receive when the recipient is on the 3-end of the score. Some of our players due to misdirection (Indiscretion?) never reached the field; we lost our umpire on the subway and it is not known even yet if he ever came the surface. But the Dijon men started that afternoon with a vengeance and for the first three innings played real ball. A fast double play in the second inning from Estess, Weinrich to Phillips, gave the Paris team a jolt and the rooters on the line sat up and took notice. Weinrich singled in the third, stole second and scored on Wooley's single. But the Harvard man, Capt. Whitney, tightened and no more runs came in. In the last half of the fourth two decisions of the umpire caused great argument and then it came, —

"All at once and nothing first"

Just like bubbles"

when the expand to a certain point and can no longer contain themselves. At the end of the fourth the score was 3-1 in favor of Paris; at the end of the eighth it was 20-1 — the favor not having changed. Two runs crossed the plate in the ninth but that didn't quite tie-up the score, so we gave them the game, with what players we lost in Paris, together with the umpire, the series being over, none of which we no longer needed.

But individual mention is necessary in a summary of this kind. In the outfield Hartley made good on every chance. He was placed at a disadvantage at Paris by a wall with a house behind it where there was no body home. "Chief" Noel in different games pitched wonderful ball. His hitting featured in the Poitiers games. Lt. Wooley and high fouls were inseparable. His hitting was consistent throughout. Phillips at third played fast, and with hill at short made their side of the field a bade place for a ball to get through. Estess at second was steady and played good ball. With Weinrich and his big reach at first this infield combination of the foregoing made

- ATHLETICS -

THE TRACK TEAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DIJON

Although the cancellation of the Inter-collegiate Track Meet brought the track season to an abrupt end, the fact remains that Dijon's season was a most successful one. Due to the strenuous nature of the sport the number of candidates that reported was small, but those that did respond were willing workers and were willing to give their best efforts at all times.



The season itself was very inauspiciously opened with the Advance Section S.O.S. games in which the University entered only a handful of men, — a call for candidates having only been issued a few days prior to the running of the meet. Of the men entered, Capt. Robb's performance was the only one creditable enough to win a place on the Advance Section team. The team was unfortunate at this time to lose the services of Lt. Lester who had been elected temporary captain and who, undoubtedly would have been a consistent point winner.

Lt. Pennington, who had a great deal of experience in the States as a coach of track and field athletics, volunteered his services in that capacity and the number of aspirants for the team rapidly increased. The Velodrome Field had been placed at our disposal, but the condition of the track itself soon became deplorable and interfered greatly in the training of the men. The French owners refused to assist in keeping the field in condition and before the season ended restricted our using the field to two hours daily. Owing to the numerous afternoon classes it was impossible for all the members of the team to practice between 2 to 4 p.m., the hours which had been set aside for us.

From the outset it was apparent that the team was well-balanced, stonger in the track than in the field events, with only one real weakness — the weights. Lt. H. L. Smith, a former Swarthmore football and track star, soon demonstrated his versatility and easily led the individual point winners, scoring not only three victories in the polevault in as many meets, but tallying in addition in both the 100 and 220, the broad jump and the discus throw.

Capt. Robb, the next highest university scorer, improved

Continued from page 14

BASE BALL (CONTINUED)

things generally uncomfortable for their opponents. Weinrich featured in the Paris game with four hits out of four times up at the bat and tallied two of the three runs that managed to cross the plate.

McCafferty pitched the second game against Poitiers allowing them but four hits. The batting averages of Crawford, McCafferty, Dowling and Ingebritzen stand high. Williams, Tompkins and Reis were men that could fit in any position without weakening the team.

Such was baseball at the University of Dijon in 1919, and such were the men who played. They, themselves, know the good or bad qualities of each other in baseball, but what they even better know, regardless of rank, position or former universities, is the comradeship and the deep friendship that grew up amongst them.

- ATHLETICS -

TRACK (CONTINUED)

1928 A. D.

Continued from page 4

steadily throughout the season and in the final meet with Lyon gave a beautiful exhibition in both the high and low hurdles.

The A.E.F. University Meet held at Beaune May 10th found the University fourth among the ten entrants, — Dijon having scored a total of 12 points. The work in the morning qualifications had been exceptionally creditable and whereas a larger final score had been anticipated, no fault could be found with the team, of whom every member had worked in anywhere from two to five events. In one event, the half-mile relay, Dijon was just nosed out by the A.E.F. University for first place after putting up a splendid race from start to finish.

The dual meet held at Dijon on May 17th with the University of Nancy as the opponent, resulted in an easy victory by a score of 61 to 37. Every member of the squad was given an opportunity to compete in at least one event and the majority made good!

The work of Lt. Smith was exceptional, individually accounting for twenty points with victories in four events. The arrangements for the meet had been carefully planned and under the direction of Lt. R. L. Walker, who officiated as Clerk of the Course. A feeling of satisfaction was general among both teams.

May 24th found the team in Lyon in anticipation of the long scheduled triangular meet. The University of Bordeaux, however failed to appear, and the affair resolved itself into a dual meet between Dijon and Lyon. Due to an unfortunate accident in the 100 yd. Dash, caused by a failure to provide lanes, a feeling of extreme rivalry set in at once, and the meet was bitterly contested throughout — the victor being in doubt until the next to last event. Dijon was severely handicapped by Lt. Smith's injury and by the absence of Lt. Wolff who was forced to remain in Dijon in the absence of Capt. Robb.

The team was fortunate in having at its disposal for the week prior to the Lyon meet, the services of Dr. W. S. Cummings of the Y. M. C. A. who had unlimited track experience in the States both as a coach and competitor. « Doc », as he soon became known to all the members of the team, devoted his time mainly to assisting the field men, whom Lt. Pennington was unable to give as much individual attention as was necessary because of the lack of time. As a result of his

sank to the floor in a huddled heap. Even the fires died on the hearths. Above the moon shone high in the clear sky, and the stars twinkled brilliantly—over the city of the dead. God was in his Heaven but ALL was not right with the World. And even as you gazed the silver face of the moon was darkened by a passing shadow, only for a second, — it was gone. The why of it all. Up there high above the earthly death, in great noiseless planes, the German cross held sway, — and Ludendorff gazed down with cynical grin on a silent world — Germany's new Dominion. But there below, the result of a 1919 folly, the world lay dead as it had lived — mowed down by Death's keen blade. What pictures of Nature! The mother clutching her child to protect it from she knew not what. The chauffeur, his hands still clutching the wheel; the theatre, full of "what once was", the curtain still raised on the scene, the first violin's bow still clinging to the string. As they lived, — they died. — To gratify the ceaseless ambition of Pan-Germanism and Autoeracy.

The night grew on, and the sky lightened in the east. Their work had been accomplished, they had not lost this time, but WHAT had they won? With the coming of day, the great cultures of the air circled and circled lower over their prey. Were they sure? Did they lack faith in their handi-work? No — just vanity of conquest. Just to cross the house tops and jeer at the city of the dead. Satisfied they rose, some to return to Berlin, some on another mission. From every direction they came and settled down in the harbor of Brest. A wonderful modern Armada of the air, they glistened and shone in the bright sun as they tilted gently to the heave of the sea. They were ready. As the blazing sun sank to rest in the western sky, one by one they took the air in a whirl of spray, and disappeared in to the sunburnt west. Where? — Guess? Why? — We all know why?

AMERICA PREPARE!

H. L. M.

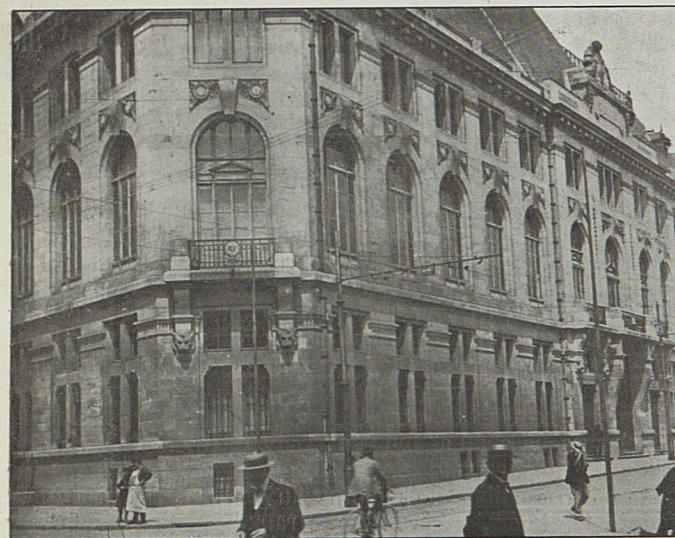
TRACK (CONTINUED)

labors, Dijon tallied 26 points to Lyon's 28, including the javelin throw which had not been anticipated and which had not been included in the list of events originally submitted by the Dijon Track Manager. It is sincerely hoped that « Doc » realizes how much we appreciated his services. Mr. Reynolds of the « Y » Athletic Office in Paris promised early in the season to send us a first class track coach and he certainly kept his word.

To Lt. Pennington who worked faithfully throughout the season the team wishes to express their sincere appreciation for the valuable services which he rendered and without which our success would have been impossible.

Lt. Smith with a total of 38 points was the team's highest individual scorer. Capt. Robb was a close second with 26, followed by Lt. Neuberger with 14. Corp. Fulton with 12 points was the only other member of the team to tally over ten points. The following are the individual scores with the events in which the majority were scored :

NAME	EVENT	POINTS
Lt. H.L. Smith	Polevault	38
Capt. J.D. Robb	Hurdles	26
Lt. H.H. Neuberger	Sprints	14
Corp. T.J. Fulton	High Jump	12
Lt. S.L. Bear	Polevault	7
Sgt. J.E. Leonard	Mile Run	6
Lt. D.S. Royer	Quarter Mile	4
Sgt. E. Brunson	Sprints	3
Lt. C. Wolff	Quarter Mile	3



FACULTÉ DES LETTRES, RUE CHABOT-CHARNY

DR. F. L. RILEY.

Among the several interesting lectures given by Educational Corps men during the current course of the American Students at the University of Dijon, the two pronounced by Dr. F. L. Riley, the latter part of May, at the Faculty of Letters, Rue Monge, made an especial impression on the students.

Dr. Riley who is Professor of History at Washington and Lee University, has had charge of History courses at the American University at Beaune. He is among the foremost American Historians having made American History his life work.

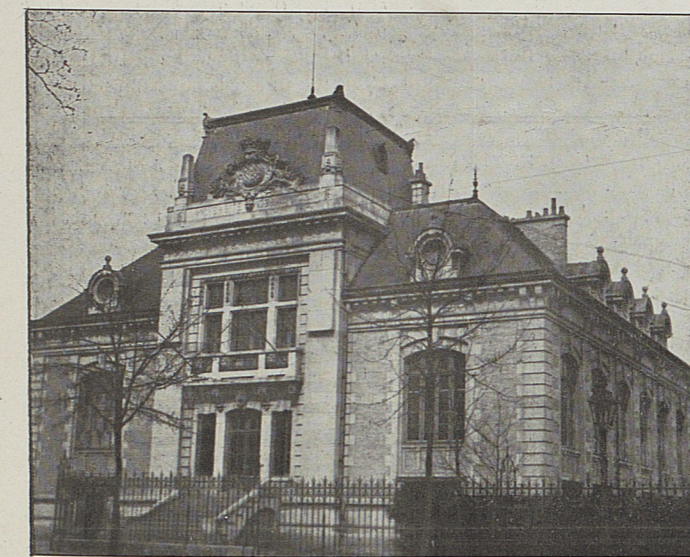
« The function and Meaning of History » which was the topic of Dr. Riley's first lecture, gave us all entirely new attitude of the subject. Instead of being a mere chronicling of events with tiresome dates to remember, the Doctor made it clear that History had to do with causes and results.

« Current Problems in America » was the subject of Dr. Riley's second address, and the speaker gave some of the veterans of foreign service some real sensations in what was revealed in the States since we have been away.

The five chief problems that will confront the soldier when he returns, are the negro problem; capital and labor; money and finance; employment and education. Dr. Riley called our attention to many late manifestations that are making the negro problem mock us more than ever at this time. He said that although we paid high prices before we left the States, we could never imagine what is in store for us on our return in this regard. We shall find ourselves facing these conditions everywhere, and we are already being called upon to meet the problem of unemployment that demobilization and reconstruction of business on a Peace basis give us.

The revelation of the tendency in the United States to perpetuate great fortunes, was the most striking topic of the session. The Doctor said that the handling of great fortunes by trusts eliminated the squandering of millions by the second generation and that the saying of "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations" was no longer true.

Dr. Riley's visit to Dijon was instituted at the invitation of Dean Bonduant, as both men were brother professors at the University of Mississippi, and it was the occasion of friendship being renewed. The Doctor also addressed the Craftsmans Club on some of the unwritten chapters of the life of the late ex-president Roosevelt. He was also an interested member of the party making the trip to Besançon.



INSTITUT GÉOLOGIQUE, AVENUE VICTOR-HUGO

LORADO TAFT, SCULPTOR AND AMERICAN

This article is written in thankful acknowledgement from the American Students of the University of Dijon to Mr. Taft for his instructions on art in the Musée de Dijon and for his distinguished lectures to us on June 6th and 7th on the « Sculptors and Art of Burgogne », and upon « American Sculpture ».

We are proud of Mr. Taft and coupled with that pride, amongst those that know him, is a feeling of true affection. One could hardly render a report of these lectures without including a study of the man. Mr. Taft is essentially a giver, and more, — a giver and a builder of vision. His eyes, his depth of feeling, his soul, have all been ours in order that all amongst us might appreciate, and some perchance be inspired to continue that work in which he has been so eminently successful. Surely his « Blackhawk » and celebrated Chicago fountain, to mention only two of his works, are evidences of superlative ability.

He talks in a language of understanding, without fear, to express the beauty of his art, and with irresistible spontaneity of humor. After his pointed descriptions can one ever forget the « Big Four » of Dijon with « Philip the Hardup », his tomb and the Moses by Claus Sluter, the conceptions and versatility of Rude, Piron, and the historical progression of Burgundian Art and Sculpture to the pinnacle held in our day by Henri Bouchard.

The modesty of Taft was most pointedly revealed in his lecture on « American Sculpture and Sculptors », when amongst his chant of praises for our best, no comment was made or picture shown of his own magnificent accomplishments. The work of some of his pupils were illustrated, but this man is a « doer » as well as a teacher, and need bask in no reflected glory.

We Americans are particularly interested in the best of our own Art perpetuations, and it may not be amiss to detail in Mr. Taft's own inimitable style, the stage on which St. Gaudens has played the principal role. First, the American pioneers of 1805, be-whiskered and hard-working, Greenough and Hiram Powers; the first marked by his décollé Washington facing the Capitol like « another Moses looking into the promised land », and the latter by his « Greek Slave ». Thomas Crawford must be mentioned in connection with his work upon our Capitol, where stands amongst that multitude of works, some of which are good, « Columbus Discovering America », « with a crouching Indian girl beside him waiting to be discovered ». Then followed our first equestrian statue by Clark Mills in 1850, one of our best equestrian statues by Henry Kirk Browne in 1856, the work of Harriet Hosmer, John Quincy Adams Ward, and on to the master, St. Gaudens. St. Gaudens who came to America from Dublin at the age of two, « taking his parents with him », who at the age of eight or ten thought he would like to work on cameos — you may remember the fad when women wore immense brooches with their husband's head on them, and men wore cameo pins with the picture of « their wife, Aphrodite or some other little « friend » — who finally toiled and studied in Paris and earned his honors at the Salon, returned to earn immortal glory at home. We will look with renewed interest on his Memorials of Colonel Shaw, Mrs. Adams and of Sherman, his Lincolns, his John Harard and his Washington.

Finally came Mr. Taft's praises and proof of worth among his own contemporaries, McMonnies, Paul Bartlett, George Bernard, Silas Dallon, etc., and the more recent Herbert Adams, Borglum, O'Connor, Schraeder, McNeil and Ellie Walker.

Let us not fail to develop a distinctive American Art and School by giving all the encouragement in our power to the best talent available and incentive to the latent talent, of which Mr. Taft is so hopeful.

T. F. Q.



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