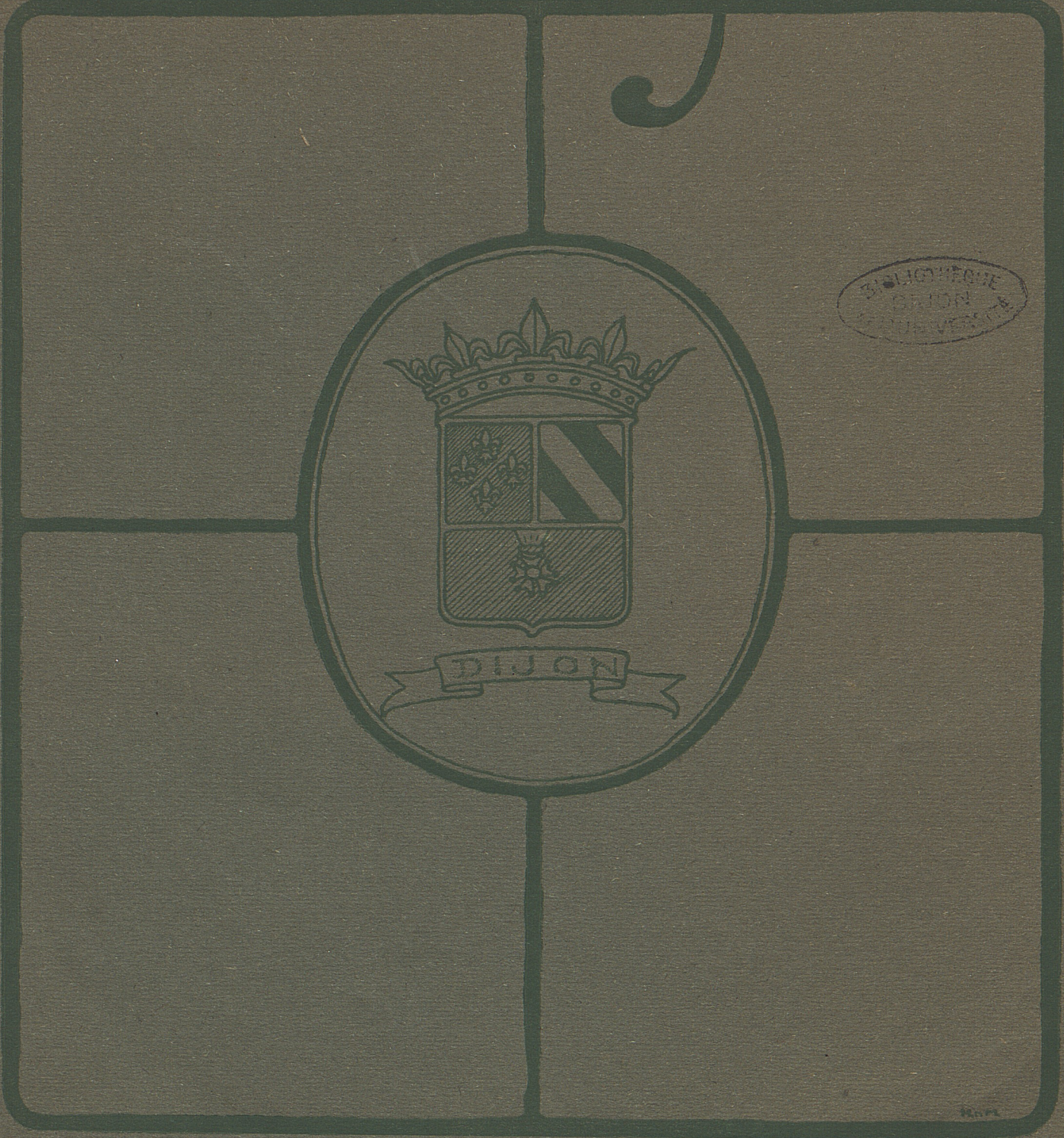


F  
8639

F-8639

# THE AMERICAN DIJONNAIS



May 15, 1919

# HOTEL DU CHAPEAU-ROUGE

L. PEILLEIN, Propriétaire

5, Rue Michelet, 5

RECOMMANDÉ T. C. F.

DIJON

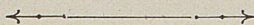
TÉLÉPHONE 530

CHAUFFAGE CENTRAL ET ELECTRICITÉ DANS TOUTES LES CHAMBRES

✦ ✦  
✦ ✦ CUISINE SOIGNÉE ✦ ✦

GARAGE ————— AUTOBUS EN GARE

Centre de la Ville



Établissement de Bains en face l'Hôtel

## Grand Salon de Coiffure

POUR HOMMES

Le plus Confortable de la Région

SERVICE ANTISEPTIQUE

SALON DE COIFFURE POUR DAMES

ET SALON POUR TEINTURES

Essai de Postiches gratuit — Cheveux de premier Choix  
et Postiches invisibles

PARFUMERIE DE TOUTES MARQUES ET DE LUXE

VENTE AU PRIX MINIMA EN CHIFFRES CONNUS

DIJON - 13, Place Darcy - DIJON

Ancienne Maison

## DEWACHTER

PERBAL & MATHIEU, Srs

15, Place Darcy, 15

DIJON

Reproduction and execution of  
insignias for American Divisions,  
— in cloth and embroidery. —

PUTTEES ELASTIC - - - OVER-SEA'S CAPS

Give them your Patronage the Above Advertisers Represent the Premiere  
Class of Dijonnais Business

# THE AMERICAN DIJONNAIS

Vol. 1 — No. 3.

MAY 15, 1919, DIJON, Côte-d'Or.

Price : 1.5 francs.

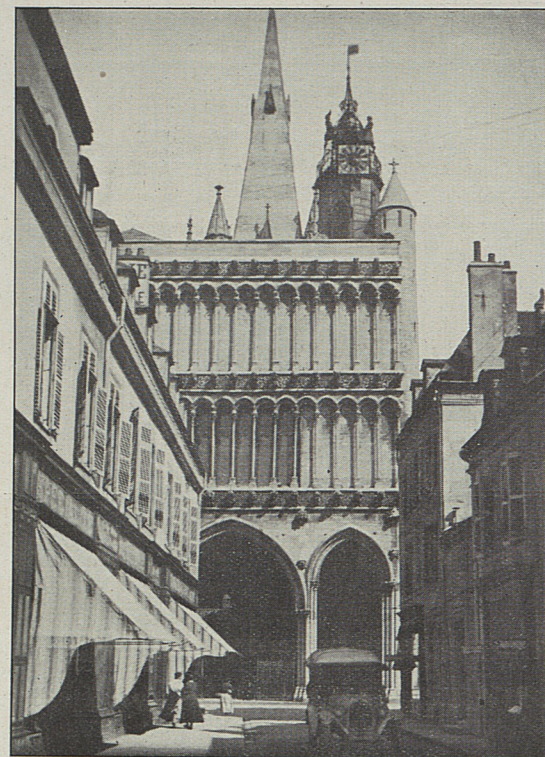
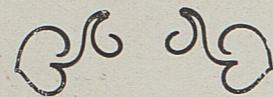


THE PARK, PLACE DARCY

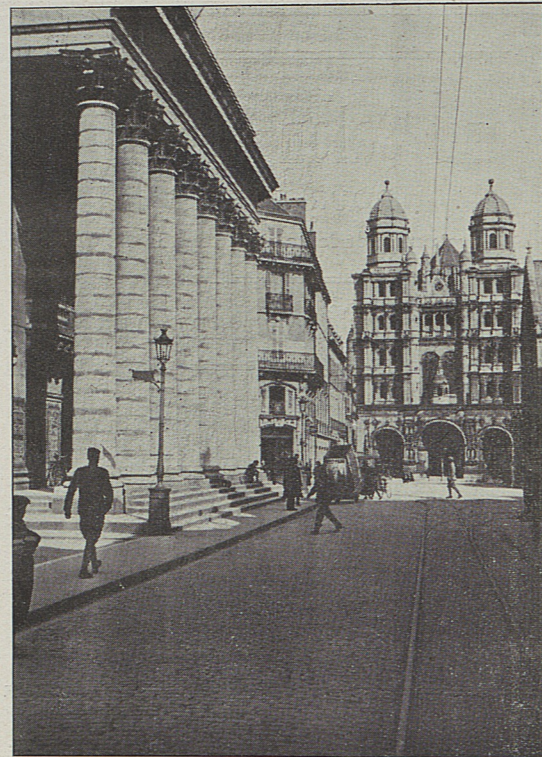
## “ THINGS WE SEE ”

IN

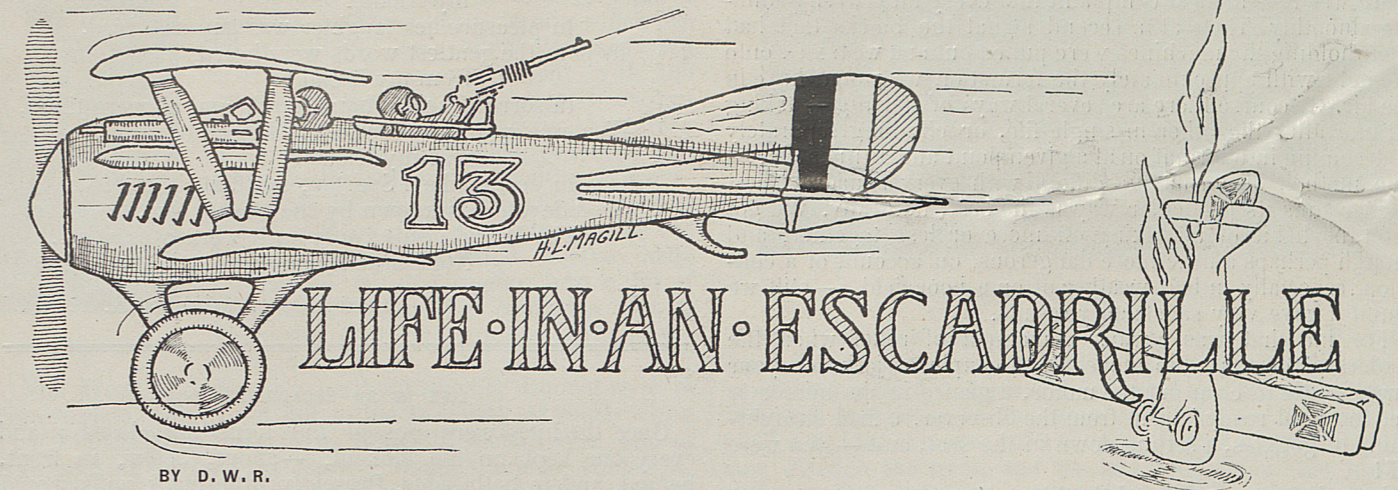
DIJON



EGLISE NOTRE-DAME



EGLISE ST. MICHEL



BY D. W. R.

It was a surprise to most of us; life in a French Flying Squadron—as pleasant as it was unexpected. To a casual outsider it would have seemed the most haphazard and unmilitary of organizations, yet when there was work to be done every one snapped to it with enthusiasm—all the more eager to on account of the liberty given during the times when there was nothing to be done. The squadron was there to bomb, and BOMB it did! When a raid was on everyone was there and giving their best from the helper who pulled the pins out of the fusee heads on the bombs to the commander of the Group upon whom the responsibility of the mission depended. The flight over, every one became his own Commander-in-chief again until the next notification of impending work. This free and easy way of taking life would greatly shock a good military disciplinarian, but the French having found by four years experience that things went better *en-escadrille* when every one was as contented and undisturbed as possible, reduced the routine business of the flying organizations to a minimum and required only that nothing should interfere with the efficiency of the work in the air. Otherwise, absolute personal freedom was allowed.

To keep every one in the best possible spirits—the cheerfulness of mind—that was the G. O. I of a French Aero Squadron. And one has only to talk to any pilot who has worked with the French to discover how successfully this system was put into effect and carried out.

It would certainly shock our prohibitionist friends back home to learn that life in an escadrille centers about the bar. The last thing to come down before a change of location and the first to be established at the new field was the bar. Two old soldiers of one of the early classes—perhaps fifty years old were detailed to take care of the bar and its attendant paraphernalia, their official title being borrowed from the English.—They were the « bar-men », and it was their job to look after everything that went with the bar—tables, chairs, cards, books, magazines, and anything that happened to be about. As one of the American pilots remarked, after looking around at the various tables, « This will always remain my most vivid impression of France. » « The thing, unique, that could happen no where else. » And he was right!—At one table four mechanics were drinking beer, at the table beside them two officers were playing « Jockay », a kind of bagammon,

probably with the next drinks as the stakes. Across the room the chief mechanic was discussing a new type of motor which arrived the day before with the oldest pilot, the one who always led the formations when we went *Chez eux*. At one end of the bar stood the Chief of the Escadrille reading a report that an orderly had just brought him. Two mechanics sauntered in, saluted in the informal friendly French fashion, and with a « *Bonjour Messieurs* », took their places beside the Commander of the Escadrille at the bar. The latter who had just finished reading the message turned and spoke to the chief mechanic. A moments conversation—« *Bien mon Lieutenant* ». He looked at his watch and said a word to the group, who, their beer finished, were smoking and talking quietly together. They nodded and presently got up and followed the *Adjutant* out.

Presently the news came around that we were leaving at eleven o'clock. It was then nine-thirty so we, the flying personnel, had about an hour to pass before meeting in the Group Map Room where we would get the objective, altitude, course and time; also any additional information that may have come in. That hour for me, and I think for most of us, was a curious time—sort of a suspended, expectant feeling, and we were always glad when we had actually gotten off.—From then on it was just a matter of business.—Everyone had his assignment, and did it more or less automatically. But the waiting around prior to getting off was always, for me at least, a bit trying. I can well remember a distinct feeling of relief when, as happened once or twice, a counter order came postponing the party till next day.

The assembly in the map room was always an animated affair,—observers marking on their maps the objective, the lines as last reported, Pilots asking about the formation. Perhaps animated is not the best word because there was never the least thought of confusion; it was more a tense earnestness to find out everything there was to know that might prove of use later on. Sometimes the Commander of the group made a short speech explaining the purpose of the expedition, its relation to the attack; what we would try to accomplish. Then came the minutes of getting into flying clothes, testing out the motors and controls, maybe a few words of advice from the mechanic—for every mechanic, that is to say every good mechanic, and I've yet to find a careless one at the

*Continued on page 4*



LIFE IN AN ESCADRILLE  
Continued from page 3

front, treats his machine like an only child and has an interest in it and his pilot like nothing else. The careless good natured fellowship of the bar was gone. The Pilots slightest wish was put into effect with a promptness that would gratify the strictest C. O.

At a signal from the chief mechanic all the motors were started and gradually allowed to warm up. Of course they had all been tested before but the chief was always on hand if there was the smallest complaint that everything wasn't running smoothly. Then at a second signal the blocks that had been holding the machines were pulled out and we taxied onto the field with approximately the formation we would have in the air. Of course there are several ways of starting — taking off one after the other in single file, or climbing separately and coming into formation at a given point and altitude etc. — The method of formation differs with every squadron, and each claims its particular way is the best, naturally. We got into the habit of all taking off more or less together, and though perhaps a little more dangerous, on account of a collision, especially in bad weather or on a poor field, — still we found it gave very satisfactory results.

For me that was always a moment of relief when the leaders plane started to move. — A couple of jerks on your own throttle to clear out the motor, a glance in the mirror to get the "all ready" grin from the observer, a final straightening of goggles, a setting down in the seat, and — you were off!

I speak for myself, but I think most people will agree with me, that when the ground is left, mentally the hardest part of the raid is over. The start is by no means the least dangerous part because the least thing going wrong can have very disastrous results. A machine with over a quarter of a ton of bombs is at best rather unwieldy and sluggish; and as long as you are close to the ground you have no time to get out of trouble. While we were with the squadron there were only two accidents taking off. — One on the morning of the St. Mihiel attack when the weather was very bad, the plane being upset by a gust of wind which the pilot did not have time to correct; the other was due to a failing motor. In both cases the planes burned up and some of the bombs exploded, not from the shock of the fall but from the heat. It is not very pleasant to "take off" over a burning plane — one of your own planes.

Once away from the ground, the formation got into shape and every one settled down to the wait till the given point where the "lines" are to be crossed is reached. Sometimes if it is to be a "high" raid, 15,000 feet or more, it is very tiring and chilly business circling around to gain altitude. Fortunately most of our work was done at lower altitudes, 5,000 feet being the average. The exact height depended largely upon the weather. A clear cloudless day we would go the maximum, otherwise the cloud level would be maintained — clouds, by the way are very good friends to duck into if trouble comes around.

When we were approaching the lines, it was time to wake the Observer up — Perhaps all Observers are not as lazy as mine was, but mine had a habit of sinking down in the bottom of the fuselage where he was comfortable and out of the wind, and invariably I had to bang on the side of the plane near his head to remind him that the war was still going on. Once on his feet he was splendid — an energetic little French Corporal. He was an excellent machine gunner and a cheerful companion to ride with. — Nothing ever upset him. His only fault was an over eagerness to shoot at anything and everything. He was never quite happy unless he had all the guns pattering away. Occasionally when everything else failed he would pop at allied planes if they came up from a suspicious direction and attempted to get too friendly. This practice was frowned upon but he always seemed to feel it was best to be shooting.

"MY FRIEND"

Like the horn of plenty, her hearts hand,  
Scattered broadcast, kindness, o'er this fair land,  
did my friend!

Like sunshine after a cloudy day,  
Her smile cheered the lonely on their way,  
did my friend!

Her eyes, from which her soul shone thru,  
Beamed gladness, they were lucky who knew  
my friend!

In pleasure her laughter was gay as a bird,  
In pain the gentlest words were heard,  
from my friend!

In sorrow, heart, hand, smile and all were there,  
E'er ready, to give comfort and to care,  
was my friend!

In death, like a Spartan, so staunch and true,  
Such devotion is known by the mighty few,  
The World needs badly such women as you...  
Noblest of friends!

COMPESSE DE SAINT SEINE.

LIFE IN AN ESCADRILLE

Once the lines were crossed the formation closed in and every one kept on the lookout, —above, below, in front, behind, and to both sides. Presently little black puffs would appear, at first at a distance and then much closer. — Sometimes entirely too close. Then they would be accompanied by a hoarse half bark, half cough, just as if some one were shouting in your ear. If the battery was a good one and your altitude was between five and ten thousand feet, you had the greatest desire to occupy as little space as possible. In our planes, the pilot was equipped with a steel seat and back protector and the tendency was to draw in your elbows and not look over the side at all. But that was about the extent of the harm that the "archie", or as the French call them, the D.C.A. (Défense contre Aviation), did us. Often we would find holes when we arrived home, but only once did we lose a plane. — That was a direct hit and the machine went down in fragments. Of course all the anti-aircraft that we ran into were of the field type; we never had to monkey with a city barrage, which from accounts must be much more serious than what we had to deal with. In our work over convoys, troops in woods and ravines where the artillery couldn't reach them effectively, the "archie" never did anything more than annoy and disturb our thoughts. We just went along, sometimes climbing a bit, and let them shoot.

Then pest as the "anti's" were at their noisiest, the leader dropped his bombs and we followed suit. When we saw them slip slowly off and float for a second parallel under the wings; then, gradually the nose would drop and they would fall away out of sight — seconds later, puffs of white smoke, a flash and a bang, — their mission was completed.

A quick turn and we were headed for home. But generally the hardest work was ahead. In fact it was usually on the turn that the "Boche's" attacked, coming swooping down from above, they turned and came in from the rear, at just our level or slightly below. At first they used to attack from well beneath, but when a couple of machines were equipped with guns shooting through the bottom of the fuselage, they moved out and came in more nearly on our level. The effect of these guns was purely moral—they couldn't be aimed except in a crude way, but the "Boches" saw the fire coming out of the bottom of the formation and didn't like it. It was a comforting sight to see the Observers in all the planes around leaning on their guns, pouring tracer bullets into the attacking formation. The "tack-tack-tack" of the guns on your own

Continued on page 12

NIMES - AVIGNON - ARLES



PALACE

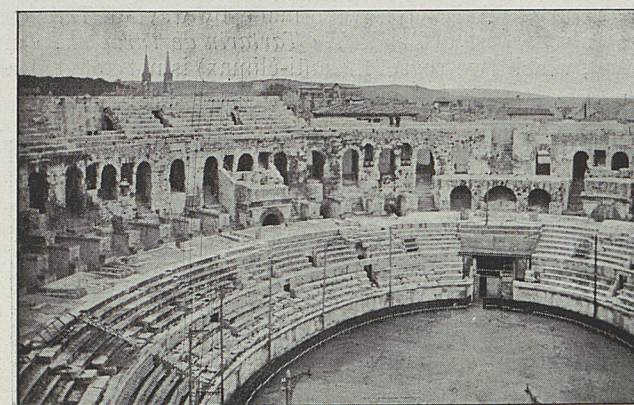
The idea that our School Detachment should endeavor to make the sphere in which they circulate in Dijon a « bit of America transplanted » is one which we know well and have often discussed. We are not concerned at present with the merits of the idea; we merely submit that, so far from being original, the idea is founded on a very ancient practice; for, when the Romans entered Southern France, they ardently set about transforming Nemausus, which (after its capture from the Volcae Arecomici in 121 B. C.) they made the capital of that region, into a bit of transplanted Rome. The operation was so successful that the transplantations are alive to-day.

The Arena at Nîmes is a most satisfactory Roman relic to contemplate. One is not put to the necessity of constructing in his imagination the relic as it was in Roman days, and of then seeking to hold the fleeting image while he studies it. You don't find yourself in the predicament of constructing a wall and a column there, and of having the column go off A. W. O. L. into thin air while you are figuring out which of the chaotic mass of broken stones that used to be the wall were treads and which were stretchers.

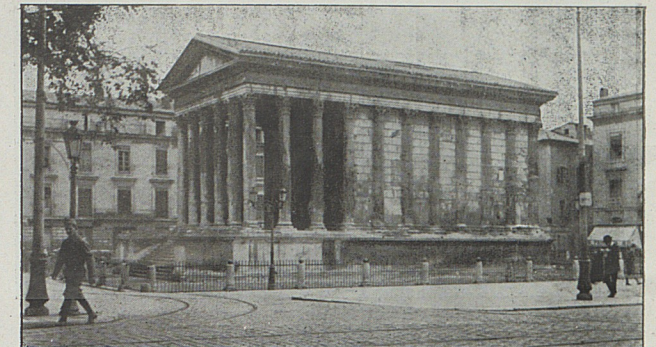
The Arena is there; it possesses still that perfection of proportion and grace of curve that it had when the Romans frequented it. Your imagination is free to devote itself to the frolicsome task of conjuring up pictures of men and manners of long ago — of loose togas fluttering in the tepid breeze, of ponderous gladiators dragging their nets, of lions springing fiercely from trapdoors only to gaze in helpless wonder at the unwanted scene.

The *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes is more than a masterpiece; it is an ideal attained and made real. In its structure are united the most perfect examples of each element in temple construction. One can only contemplate it in silence. Nothing exists with which it can be appropriately compared; no fault exists in it to found a criticism.

The streets of Nîmes are broad and shady. The air that circulates through them is at this season impregnated with the fragrance of a million blossoms. It is teeming with the spirit of the luxurious South — a spirit of alluring languor, of *dolce far niente*, of rich endowments effortlessly obtained and gracefully enjoyed.



ARENA, - NIMES



MAISON CARRÉE, - NIMES

The route from Nîmes to its outlying treasure, the *Pont du Gard*, lies along the wide and fertile valley of the Vistre which is covered with olive trees and bordered by far hills of grey. It is cool and shady as the streets of Nîmes.

Of a sudden we saw the twinkling arches of the top most row through the trees, and we had sped under the lowest arches and beyond before we realized our objective had been attained. The car stopped, and we descended to the water's edge. The full height of the Aqueduct was revealed. Again the Romans had triumphed. They had seized a mountain rivulet and carried it aloft across the valley, foiling Nature's plan to mingle it with the waters of the Gard. The hills between which the river flows slope gradually away, so that while the first row of arches contains but six, the second contains eleven arches. The topmost arches are much smaller and thirty-five are required to complete the crossing.

In immediate contact with the first row of arches there was built in 1747 a bridge whose arches in numbers, in height and in ornamentation conform perfectly to those of the aqueduct. The effect is to make the position of the upper rows symmetrical in respect to the width of the first row; but since this departure from symmetry is not perceptible except to one actually on the structure, no harm has been done by the addition.

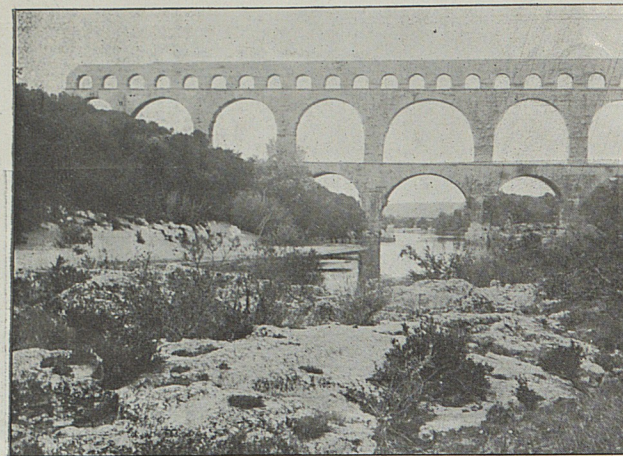
High hills separate the valley of the Rhône from the valley of the Gard, and from the point where the road to Avignon crosses the divide, a panorama of egregious beauty is seen. In the foreground are vineyards and olive plantations and in their midst the houses of Les Angles. Beyond is the Rhône and its great bridges, guarded by the formidable Château of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. In the remote distance is Mt. Ventoux to whose summit last winter's snow still clings.

II

The descent from the divide made, the panorama disappears; but at the same time it brought into advantageous perspective the City of Avignon crouching under the massive Palace of the Popes, whose walls gleamed so brilliantly in the rays of the setting sun that their reflection was impressed upon the unrecaptive surface of the Rhône.

The departure of the Popes in 1377 served at once both to diminish and preserve the glory of Avignon. Had they remained many changes would have occurred with the march of time. As it is, Avignon ceased to grow and alter with their departure and so presents to-day an appearance uniquely *moyenâgeux*. Yet a close approach to the papal palace causes disappointment. The shape of the building is devoid of either symmetry or grace; its tall buttressed walls are either wholly

Continued on page 6



THE PONT DU GARD, - NIMES



ROMAN THEATRE, - ARLES

NIMES - AVIGNON - ARLES  
Continued from page 5

unrelieved by windows, or relieved by windows crudely and inelegantly shaped and diabolically placed. Quantities of rubbish lie about. There are, however, two palliating circumstances; in the first place, the building was converted into barracks in 1822 and used for that purpose until 1906; in the second place, the process of restoration is now going on. Only two rooms of the palace are of imposing dimensions, the *Salle de l'Audience* and the *Grande Chapelle*. These were originally pure Gothic, but all ornamentation (as well as every vestige of furniture) has been stripped from them. A number of smaller rooms possess, beneath their modern whitewash, frescoes which we may dismiss with such emphatic adjectives as « quaint » and « picturesque ». The tall square towers at the corners of the building afford excellent views of the city and of the Rhône and Durance valleys.

Upstream from the modern suspension bridge (by which the National Highway enters the city from the west) is the ancient Pont d'Avignon built originally by St. Bénézet in 1777-85. The most westerly arch collapsed in 1669 and has never been replaced. The bridge is immortalized in a nursery rhyme sung by every French child :

« Sur le Pont d'Avignon,  
L'on y danse, l'on y danse,  
Sur le Pont d'Avignon,  
L'on y danse, tout en rond.  
Les beaux Messieurs font comme ça,  
Et puis encore comme ça. »

Southward from the city, the Avignon-Arles road winds across the plains toward the spectacular little mountain range known as Les Alpilles. Cypress and pines abound and are frequently planted by farmers in the form of hedges to protect their crops from the *mistral* or northwest gale. Nearly thirty kilometers from Avignon, in the outskirts of St Rémy, is the site of the Roman town of Glanum Livii, of which our only remains are a triumphal arch and, a few yards beyond, a mausoleum—a neat illustration of the eternal truth of Gray's line, « The paths of glory lead but to the grave. » Incidentally

the mausoleum is in far better state of preservation than the arch.

The *Alpilles* draw nearer. The road begins to contort; horseshoe curves and switchbacks occur. Finally the summit is reached and a panorama which the guide books aptly call *saisissant* confronts you. There is a broad vista of farmland; but the most striking feature lies just over the crest to the South, where one sees what seems to be hundreds of rock hewn sepulchres. They are in reality quarries from which the stone has been removed with amazing care in such a way as to adorn rather than to mar; great squares have been hewn out to form massive portals reminiscent of Egyptian tombs.

Perched like an eagle's nest upon a pinnacle rising higher than the crest itself, is the village of Les Baux, built of native stone and practically invisible but for its red tile roofs. Its population has declined from four thousand in the middle ages, when its impregnable site made it a desirable capital of a *seigneurie*, to a paltry one hundred.

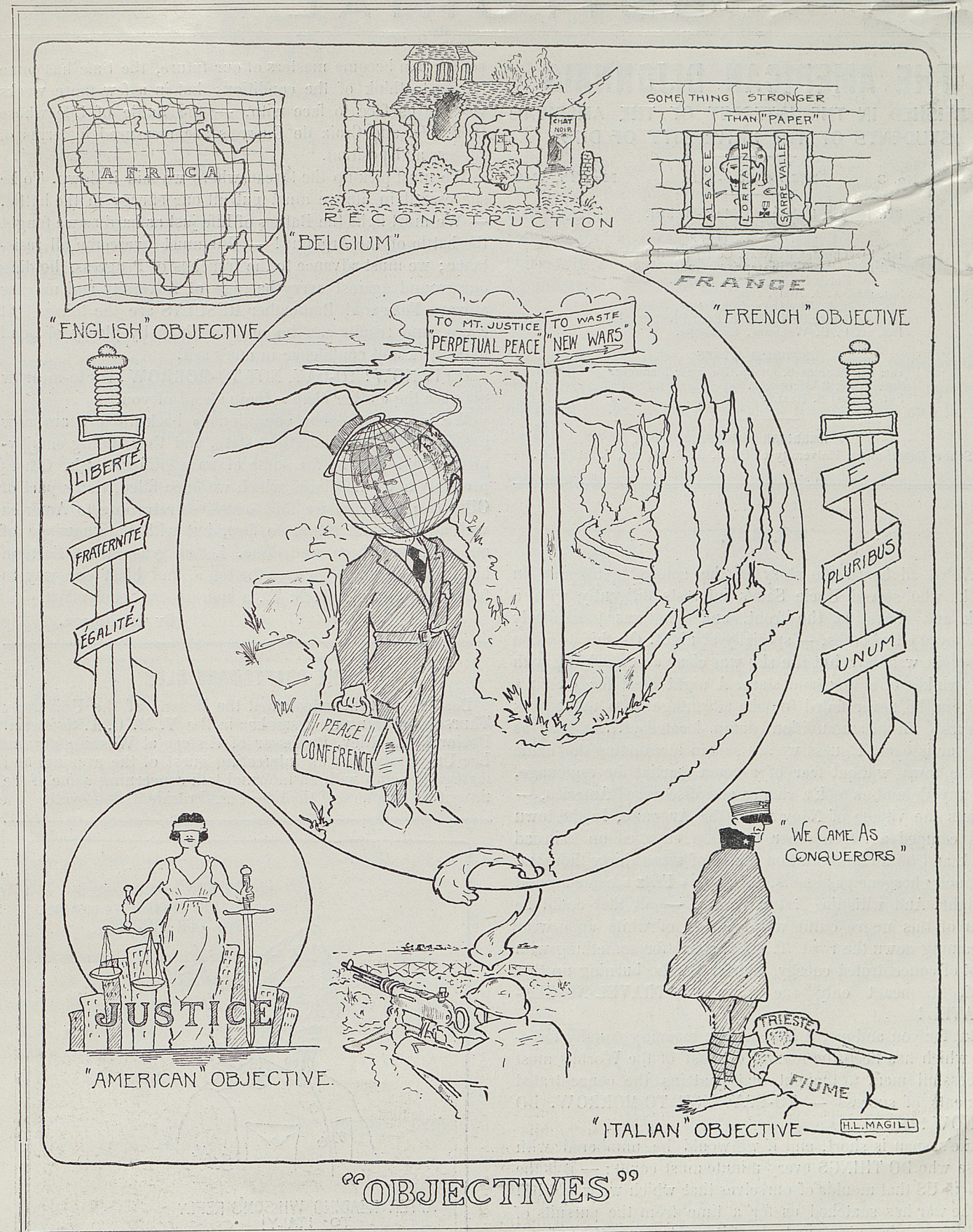
Arles like Avignon, is a city whose glory and importance were far greater in the past than they are to-day. Arles became a Roman colony in Caesar's day and in the first century A. D. its population was one hundred thousand. The Romans embellished it generously with architectural monuments and of these an arena and a theatre survive to-day. The former is slightly longer and wider than the one at Nimes but is less well preserved and, on the whole, less impressive. Of the latter the amphitheatre is in a perfect state of preservation; the stage floor is still discernible; and two of the columns that supported the back drop are still standing. Another famous ornament in Arles is the façade of the church of St. Trophime, who introduced Christianity into the city; it is in the Roman style, with a round arch supported by small columns. A frieze with a host of small figures extends across the entire façade beneath the columns and the arch. In the *tympaanum* is a figure of Christ.

The return to Avignon may be made by way of Tarascon, noted only because of Dandel's « *Tartarin de Tarascon*, » and Aramon, which (we regret the anti-climax) is not noted at all.

J. P. B.



POPES PALACE AND PONT D'AVIGNON



“OBJECTIVES”

# - EDITORIAL -

## THE AMERICAN DIJONNAIS

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DIJON

Vol. 4 — No. 3.      DIJON, Côte-d'Or.      May 15, 1919.

Pvt. Herbert L. MAGILL, Editor-in-chief.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

1st. Lt. Thomas R. READ, College Activities.  
2nd Lt. J. PAXTON BLAIR, Excursions.  
1st. Lt. Harry H. NEUBERGER, Sports.  
Sgt. Maj. A. J. JOBIN, Art.  
1st. Lt. R. L. STOCKMAN, Comments, Jokes.  
1st. Lt. Franklin K. ISZARD, Staff Photographer.  
Pvt. ic. L. D. WALDORF, Exchange.

### BUSINESS STAFF

1st. Lt. Thomas F. QUINN, Business Manager.  
Sgt. Frank B. MITCHELL.  
Pvt. Robert B. HEALY.

### AMERICAN DIJONNAIS

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

### T. N. T.

We've all heard the story of the colored gentleman in khaki who served Uncle Sam's interests diligently with a pick and shovel at the front, and who was particularly « annoyed » by bombs, — specially at night. On this occasion the night was dark but the sky was clear and sparkling with the twinkle of a thousand stars. A night ideal for « Fritz » and one he never failed to take advantage of to unload his « pears » on an ammunition dump located at...as long as the war is over, I guess we are safe in mentioning the name of the town without fear of a court martial for espionage, anyway Columbus took a chance and discovered America, — it was the village of Neuville in the Argonne. In the town was camped a negro labor battalion engaged on railroad work and on an ammunition dump of some thirty thousand six inch phosgene gas shells. Well, — « Fritz » came around allright! And with the first explosion, — all that could be seen of this negro outfit was a streak of white underwear streaming down the road. T. N. T. stood for something with a lot of concentrated energy, but for Sambo burning up that road, it meant only one thing — TRAVEL-NIGGER-TRAVEL!

But for you and me, it has another meaning equally forceful which has been the maxim of most of the World's most successful men, a thought that contains the concentrated elements of success — TO-DAY, NOT TO-MORROW. DO IT NOW!

Life's span is short, and if we would be numbered with those who DO THINGS every minute must count; — it is the « I » in US that moulds of ourselves that which we would be!

The war has snatched us for a time from the pursuits of civil life, — dropping our tools of Peace to grasp the unfamiliar weapons of War. Now that the war is ended and we

soon again become masters of our future, the time has come for us to think of the conditions that in a few more weeks will see us face to face with, — the Battle of Life whose D. S. C's. and Croix de Guerre's are measured in terms of success and position.

We must pick up the thread where we laid it down. To be successful in life we must put all our energy in the battle. — We must fight the Battles of Life just as hard as we fought the battle of the Argonne! — We must overcome all resistance; we must advance to the trenches of Progress, holding our ground against every barrage of Adversity and moving allways Forward! Remember RESULTS are the things that count, and results can be only obtained by plenty of good hard work and confidence in one's self.

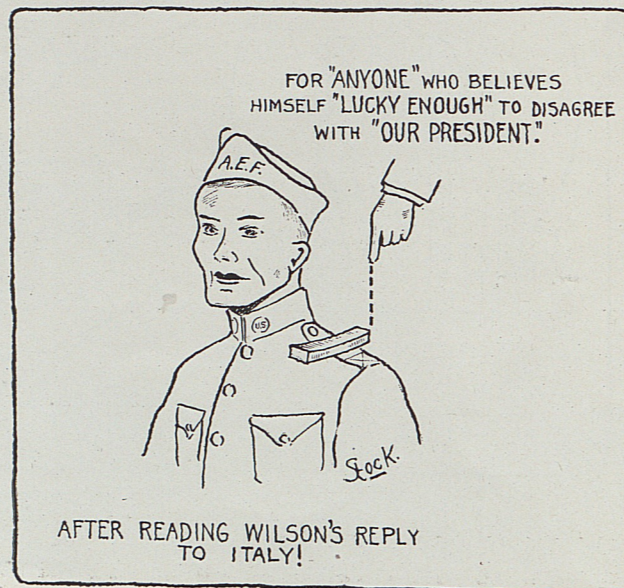
**DO IT NOW! TO-DAY, NOT TO-MORROW!** For to-morrow may see the « other chap » there ahead of you.

We know that labor conditions « back home » are now passing through an unsettled state, and that finding employment is going to be for some of us a difficult task. Others probably have the places which we once filled, that's part of OUR sacrifice, and we find ourselves returning to America with an uncertain future to face, but with the knowledge of our work over here well done. Let us grasp what Fortune hands us, dig in, « go over the top », and blast our way to future success with T. N. T., a spur to continuous effort.

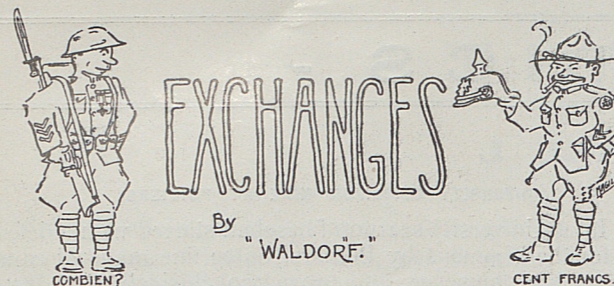
BY THE EDITOR.

### THE CRAFTSMANS CLUB

Dean Bondurant entertained the Masons of the University Thursday evening at a smoker in the Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria. Doctor F. L. Riley, Professor of History at Washington and Lee University was an interesting guest of the evening and favored the club with an informal talk concerning some of the unwritten chapters of the life of Ex-President Roosevelt.



A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING



According to the « Voila! » the student publication of Bordeaux, the Rhodes Scholarship is again re-opened to American Students.

The « Chicago Tribune » is conducting a series of articles composed of letters written by members of the A.E.F. on the « American Canteen Girl ». Her presence in France has been questioned by Miss Elizabeth Marbury. Before this discussion was provoked, the students at Toulouse had a half column and a cut on the front page of their weekly devoted to appreciation of the work done by a canteen worker in behalf of the student body there. Certainly the « American Dijonnais » can join in this worthy praise of the great part the American Canteen Girls have played in making life more pleasant and homelike for the A.E.F., and in keeping alive those splendid American Ideals which can easily become shattered by European influence.

« The Alpine American », a weekly put out by the students at Grenoble has two interesting features. One is the reservation of a part of the paper for the news of the French students. Another is a special column, « The Social Whirl » in which the « Egrecque Em Say Ah » is not the only hostess!

There are 406 American Students at Grenoble University, situated in the region of the French Alps.

What seems to be a popular form of club at various Universities is that composed of the students of the same division. There is an active organization of members of the YD Division at Poitiers, and at Toulouse, there is a club of 89th Division men.

« Learning », says Toulouse, « is dear to us ». Evidently 250 francs is quite a fortune.

A clear and interesting article on the French System of Education may be found in the May 8th edition of the « Voila ».

A representative college paper is seen in « Qu'est-ce-que C'est? », the publication of the students at Toulouse. It is a snappy paper with plenty of good cartoons and jokes. Each phase of college activities is well covered and the editorials are typically American in Independence.

The Students in the College of Journalism at the A. E. F. University at Beaune have the opportunity of applying their knowledge in a practical way through the edition of « The A. E. F. University News ». It is an excellent combination of a college paper and a newspaper, the latest news of the world along with topics of « Campus Activities » and editorials form a publication of unusual interest.

Besançon! — Don't you think a little more consideration would have been advisable before putting forth your opinions of Hearst in the language you used. Maintain your own level! — Don't lower yourself to « HIS » standards.



" THE BATTLE OF PARAPLUIE "

# - ATHLETICS -

## BASEBALL

BESANÇON - DIJON

You've heard of Besançon? Besançon, Department du Doubs, France? Yes? — No? Well, « alors »! It was there that Julius Caesar ended one of his victorious campaigns against the Gauls about « quelque » something B. C., and there it was he built for himself a Roman town, which the nasty Huns reached later and burned to the ground. But let me be quite frank with you, and tell to you in an informal way, avoiding the use of technical terms as much as possible, that the above mentioned is not the only, ah, « skulduggery » (that word is spelt with one « L' »), that has been done in Besançon.

On May 18th, 1919. A. D., a well organized band of nine or more Dijon University marauders invaded the time honored and oft-conquered town of the Besançonians and when the smoke of battle cleared away their shouts and their emblems of Victory were wafted on the breeze.

« Chief » Noel twirled his tomahawk in the air and fought the fight throughout, and to-day, drying in the smoke of his Chickasaw wigwam are seven strike-out scalps of the Besançonians. He allowed them but four hits while the howling horde at his back pillaged their victims for five.

But they argued, those Besançonians! Their pitcher Harris didn't hand out any but regulation hits, and not « beaucoup » of them.

Their fast center, Carey, pulled down some long drives, while the Dijon man, « Red » Hartly, was forced to gambol about promiscuously and at times rapidly on the green turf of left field in quest of no less than four wide and high ones. And yet even in the ninth, with two down, two of their players would have received their mail addressed « chez le » 2nd and « chez le » 3rd baseman. — Both quite « de trop » either « propriétaire » will tell you. But it was then that the « Chief » got that « seventh scalp » and the invaders came off victorious as did the Huns a thousand years ago.

Well Besançon should have known, for who doesn't know that History always repeats itself.

Such was the first victory. New and promising material on the field now, and every day's practice shows the team rapidly rounding into a real game-winning nine. Oh yes, we are going some place else from here.

Cast your eye over a carbon copy of the personnel and casualties of the last offensive.

The summary :

DIJON							
	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hill . . . . .	s.s.	3	0	0	1	2	1
Phillips . . . . .	3rd	2	0	0	1	1	0
Dowling . . . . .	c.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Noel . . . . .	p.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Estes . . . . .	2nd	3	0	1	1	2	0
Weinrich . . . . .	1st	2	0	1	9	0	0
Wooley . . . . .	c.	4	1	1	9	0	0
Hartly . . . . .	2.f.	3	1	1	4	0	0
Ingebritsen . . . . .	r.f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals . . . . .		27	2	5	27	6	7

Continued on page 12

UNIVERSITY OF DIJON NINE AT POITIERS

The Inter-University season of baseball started with a defeat of 7-3 for the Dijonnais by Poitiers. Some fine material came to the surface, however, and proved conclusively that Dijon has the makings of mighty snappy nine.

« Chief Noel » pitched a clean and consistent game and was ably assisted with the catchers mit by Lt. Wooley who literally buried those foul « flys » in his glove. Dijon was at its best in the first of the fourth inning. — Hot off the bat Estes serves a three bagger. Crawford knocks a ground ball to the pitcher giving him fielders choice between first and third. He slams the « leather » to third catching Estes off the bag and shaking dust for home, who finding the ball arriving at the plate before himself finally plants himself back at third, while Crawford checks in at second. Englebritzen fans. « Chief » singles, Estes and Crawford slide across home plate.

Wooley shakes the hickory for a single, and « Chief » ambles to second, which stunt, Wooley tries a little later but failed to make connections and retires to the bench. The sensation of the game was flashed in the fifth inning — A. Wigren of Poitiers was put out on first by a fast play from Estes on second to Weinrich on first. Dowling takes Sampson's fly, Lewis, captain of the opposing team, knocks a line drive seemingly just out of Estes's reach. But he jumps up and non-chalantly draws it in the center of his glove, ending the inning with the wild applause of the spectators and the open-mouthed wonder of the French.

Because of a sore ankle Lawton was relieved as short stop in the second inning by Dowling, playing Dowling's place as centerfield, and was replaced by Himes in the fourth of the fifth inning.

L. D. W.				
POITIERS				
	A.B.	R.	H.	
Sanderson . . . . .	3b.f.	5	1	1
Beckler . . . . .	r.f.	4	2	2
Emmet . . . . .	i.b.	4	0	0
Shank . . . . .	l.f.	4	1	3
Wigren, A . . . . .	s.s.	4	1	2
Sampson . . . . .	c.f.	4	1	2
Lewis . . . . .	c.	4	0	1
Wigren, C . . . . .	2b.	4	1	0
Bagley . . . . .	p.	4	1	0
Totals . . . . .		37	7	14

DIJON				
	A.B.	R.	H.	
Dowling . . . . .	s.s.	3	0	1
Weinrich . . . . .	i.b.	4	0	0
Phillips . . . . .	3b.	4	0	1
Estes . . . . .	2b.	4	1	1
Crawford . . . . .	r.f.	3	2	1
Englebritzen . . . . .	l.f.	3	0	1
Noel (Captain) . . . . .	p.	4	0	1
Wooley . . . . .	c.	3	0	1
Gottlieb . . . . .	c.f.	3	0	0
Himes . . . . .	c.f.	1	0	0
Totals . . . . .		32	3	7

SCORE :	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total	Runs
Poitiers . . . . .	1	0	4	1	0	1	0	0	0		7
Dijon . . . . .	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0		3

# - ATHLETICS -

## TRACK

THE BEAUNE MEET

Scoring a total of 63 points as a result of placing in thirteen of seventeen scheduled events, the American University at Beaune easily won the Inter-University Track and Field Meet at Carlyle Field on May 10th. The University of Toulouse was runner-up with 42 points, — Montpellier with 19, — Dijon with 12, — Grenoble with 10, Caen with 5, Poitiers with 4, and Nancy with 1, finished in the order named. Besançon and Clermont-Ferrand failed to tally.

Considering the condition of the field some excellent performances were recorded. Barron and McConnell of Toulouse each scored two firsts and led in winning the most points. James of Montpellier was a close third with a total of 9 points tallied in three events. Campbell of Toulouse also showed his versatility by placing in three events for a total of 7 points. Lt. Ray B. Hobgood, former Pacific Coast mile run champion easily defeated the field in his favorite event in the time of 4 minutes 49 2/5 seconds and showed the same speed in the 1500 meter race of the Medley Relay which returned Beaune the winner. West of Caen University, qualified as a likely winner of the A. E. F. high jump title by clearing the bar at 5 feet 11 inches. The American University was particularly strong in the three relay races, in all of which they registered victories, and which enabled them to score half again as many points as their nearest opponents!

At the conclusion of the trial heats in the morning, Dijon had done exceptionally well considering their number of entries. In the ten events in which preliminaries were held, Dijon had qualified twelve men, only failing to place a man in three events. Capt. Robb and Corp. Fulton each qualified in three events, Lt. Smith and Lt. Neuberger in two apiece, and Lt. Bear and Lt. Wolff in one apiece. In the afternoon, however, the strain of the morning began to tell and the Universities with the larger squads soon began to pull away. Lt. Smith won the pole vault at 10 feet 6 inches, and Capt. Robb tallied a point with a third in the low hurdles. In the 100 meter run Lt. Smith finished fourth in the finals, as did Lt. Neuberger in the low hurdles — but only the first three places were counted in the final score. The most exciting race of the day was the four man 800 meter relay in which the Dijon quartet put up a splendid fight only to be beaten by a scant 2 yards by the Beaune team, with Toulouse third. The team was composed of Lieutenants Smith, Wolff, Bear, and Neuberger, who ran in the order named. This team should give a good account of itself in the relay championships at Paris on May 30th.

Handsome bronze statuettes were awarded the winning teams, while the individual winners received appropriately inscribed silver cups, cigarette cases and napkin rings (Ye Gods! — a napkin ring!). The meet was held under the auspices of the A. E. F. University Committee on games with Col. Reeves of Beaune as honorary referee.

H. H. N.

DIJON VICTOR IN DUAL MEET

The track team scored a Victory on Saturday afternoon on the Velodrome Field when the University of Nancy was defeated by a score of 61-37 in an interesting dual meet. The track itself was in poor condition and times recorded do not do justice to the performances which in some cases were excellent. Lt. Smith of Dijon was the individual star tallying 20 points with four firsts registered in the 100 yards, 220 yards, broad jump, and pole vault. Capt. Robb of Dijon with two firsts in the hurdles, and Lt. Rentfrow of Nancy, with Victories in the half-mile and mile, were the next highest scorers. Lt. Weinrich and Corp. Fulton, both of Dijon, scored eight and seven points respectively, while Lt. Neuberger of Dijon and Capt. White of Nancy scored six apiece.

The performance of the Dijon team was very creditable and hopes are entertained for a victory in the quadrangular meet which is to be held at Lyon on May 24th. The only disappointment of the day was the defeat of the half-mile relay team which had finished second in the A. E. F. University Meet the previous Saturday, and which is expected to make a bid for Inter-collegiate honors at Paris. However, only two of the regular quartet ran on the team, as an effort was made to give every man on the squad a chance to participate in at least one event. Music was furnished by the Motor Park Band, and the grand stand was crowded with French as well as Americans.

Summaries of the Events :

110 yd.	High Hurdles	— Robb (D), 1st; Fulton (D), 2nd; Stewart (N), 3rd; Time — 19 seconds.
100 yd.	Dash	— Smith (D), 1st; Staton (N), 2nd; Brown (N), 3rd; Time — 10 3/5 seconds.
Mile Run	— Rentfrow (N), 1st; Leonard (D), 2nd; Stewart (N), 3rd; Time — 5 min. 29 seconds.	
440 yd.	Run	— White (N), 1st; Becker (N), 2nd; Wolff (D), 3rd; Time — 56 seconds.
220 yd.	Dash	— Smith (D), 1st; Neuberger (D), 2nd; Reeske (N), 3rd; Time — 25 4/5 seconds.
220 yd.	Low Hurdles	— Robb (D), 1st; Neuberger (D), 2nd; Stewart (N), 3rd; Time — 30 seconds.
880 yd.	Run	— Rentfrow (N), 1st; Weinrich (D), 2nd; Spencer (N), 3rd; Time — 2 min. 20 3/5 seconds.
Half-mile	Relay	— Nancy 1st; Dijon 2nd; — Time 1 min. 48 seconds. Members of winning team; Brown, Rudnick, Staton, Reeske.
Running	Broad Jump	— Smith (D), 1st; Fulton (D), 2nd; Becker (N), 3rd; Distance — 48 ft. 2 inches.
Running	High Jump	— Weinrich (D), 1st; Spencer (N), 2nd; Fulton (D), 3rd; Height — 5 ft. 2 inches.
Pole Vault	— Smith (D), 1st; Bear (D), 2nd; Spencer (N), 3rd; Height — 10 feet.	

## BASKETBALL

G. H. Q. VS UNIVERSITY OF DIJON

The basketball champions of the A. E. F., — the team from G. H. Q., Chaumont, — gave the Dijon Demons a good practice game on the evening of May 7th. The ball seemed prejudiced in favor of the G. H. Q. basket, but in spite of the rather lopsided score, the game was a very interesting one to watch. There was action all the time, and it was not to the

Continued on page 12

# ATHLETICS

## BASKET BALL

G. H. Q. VS UNIVERSITY OF DIJON

Continued from page 11

discredit of our embryonic aggregation that it was beaten by a team which has been playing for several months.

Dijon played a hard, fighting game all the time. We lost three baskets by fouls being called as the ball went into the net. Our forwards got not a single break of luck — the basket seemed to shrink when it saw the ball coming. The guards had their hands full all the time with a couple of forwards and a center who seemed as willing to shoot the baskets from the center of the floor as from anywhere else. Finally we should not omit mention of the loyal support of the people of Dijon — « the ladies and gentlemen », as they are called in one of our classes. They were very much interested in the game, but expressed themselves as thinking the ball should be given to Dijon more often.

The final score follows :

A. F. M.			
UNIVERSITY OF DIJON	Baskets	Foul Shot	Fouls Against.
R. F. Phillips . . . . .	1	0	0
L. F. Miller . . . . .	2	0	0
C. Jenny . . . . .	1	1	0
R. G. Pennington . . . . .	2	0	3
L. G. Boswick . . . . .	0	0	0
L. G. Weinricht (2nd H) . . . . .	0	0	1
L. G. Clayton . . . . .	0	0	1
Totals . . . . .	6	1	5
G. Q. H.			
R. F. Girden . . . . .	4	0	1
L. F. Galliger . . . . .	2	0	0
C. Gildersle . . . . .	12	3	0
R. G. Backman . . . . .	1	0	0
L. G. Martin . . . . .	1	0	0
L. F. Nord (2nd H) . . . . .	1	0	0
R. G. Friart (2nd H) . . . . .	0	0	0
Totals . . . . .	21	3	1
Score : University of Dijon . . . . .		13	
G. Q. H. . . . .		45	

We hope that the « NEXT » war will take us to a country where there will be plenty of opportunity to collect, at least, some post cards.

This time next year we'll be falling in with the G. A. R. . . . . Better put your uniform away with beaucoup moth balls in the pockets.

A man's sized job. — — — An American who knows no French, learning Spanish from a Frenchman who knows no English.

« They wouldn't believe me ! » — — — « They wouldn't believe me ! » — — — WHEN I TOLD THEM THAT. . . . ?

## LIFE IN AN ESCADRILLE

Continued from page 4

plane always helped to reassure and offset the disquieting "clack-clack-clack" of the bullets coming your way, or, the occasional mysterious sip in the wings or a loosely flapping wire.

If the "Boches" were persistent and tried to close in, we usually pulled a kind of kaleidoscopic formation—where every one kept changing places with his neighbor. The purpose was to keep every plane moving so that it would present the least possible target. The result was a swarm which sounds very unscientific, but which worked very well and served us in good stead.

Finally the attackers would fall away; the D.C.A. dropped farther behind; and at last we were back "in France". From then on it was just get home as easily and quickly as one could. Everyone felt cheerful and at peace with the world. Some Observers tried their hands at flying; the pilots carrying on wig-wag discussions of the incidents of the raid; while some, who had obtained permission before starting left the formation to visit other aerodromes.

Once on the ground the relaxation was complete, and by the time that the mechanic appeared, rushing out to greet his plane and guide it to its hangar, you realized that you were tired. But it was a pleasant rose tinted tiredness that made you feel that the war wasn't such a bad war after all.

The assembly, held in the "bar", was sometimes quite animated especially if an enemy machine had been shot down and several people claimed it. However these troubles were quickly settled and everyone was eager to get off to mess. — For no matter what time of day it was when we started, it was always meal time when we returned.

We had, I suppose, our share of unusual and interesting incidents but they aren't the things that stand out, that one remembers most vividly. No. — what is most prominent, the souvenir we carry of the days we spent in a French Escadrille is the feeling of contentment, a careless cheerfulness, and good fellowship. Little differences of opinion were forgotten in the general desire to do our work thoroughly, get it over with, and then have the best possible time till the next assignment was announced. And I think all that were there will agree that we succeeded.

## BESANÇON - DIJON

Continued from page 10

BESANÇON	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Casey . . . . .	c.f.	4	0	1	2	0
Leifert . . . . .	3b	3	0	0	1	2
Harris . . . . .	p	4	0	0	0	11
Tell . . . . .	c.	4	0	0	3	0
Luck . . . . .	2nb	2	1	1	4	2
Morse . . . . .	s.	3	0	1	0	1
Eidall . . . . .	1b	2	0	0	15	0
Avidran . . . . .	r.f.	2	0	0	2	0
Hageman . . . . .	l.f.	4	0	1	0	0
Totals . . . . .		28	1	4	27	16

SCORE :	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total Runs
Dijon . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2
Besançon . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

Struck out by Noel — 7; by Harris — 2. Bases on Balls off Noel — 2; off Harris — 4. Hit by pitched ball — Hartly; Leifert; Eidall Stolen bases — Luck, Casey, Morse, Weinrich and Dowling.

F. E. W.



BY STOCKMAN.

Decorations are a common thing in France but there still exists a decoration, typically American, which is a rare specimen in this part of the world. The presentation of a "black eye" is usually a very impressive affair.

From the last report Is-sur-Tille must have felt a bit "blown up".

When is a farmer not a farmer. The agricultural fiends down at Paris say — "When he is an Agricultural Engineer". Evidently us common folks still have a chance!

The only thing the French "Express" train to Is-sur-Tille can blow about is its whistle.

Now if the war had only lasted a few months more, — a doughboy would have to use a bushel basket to carry his "pay" in. . . . And francs still going down!

When you go to Italy (?) or Nice, dont fail to try the A. E. F. Social Express. The usual comforts of home!

Say fellows! — Wouldn't a little squads east and the "other direction" be a "pleasant" change.

Our new passes are valid all right — It isn't necessary to hang on the corner at the Place Darcy to 2 A. M. to test them out.

In the study of French, we sometimes get a wrong impression of the relative value of "Inspiration" and "Work" — specially when one is distinctly French, while the other is whatever you, yourself, happen to be. N'est ce pas?

The most futile thing in the world — A modest young lady endeavoring not to attract attention while riding a bicycle down a soldier lined Dijon avenue.

"This place is out of bounds" — Gets your "goat" now and then, doesn't it?

We acknowledge the receipt of the following manuscripts from the authors :

"The Best, Most Beautiful, and Wonderful Woman in the World" — Author Anonymous. The plot centers this time around one of the nobility, but otherwise is very much the S. O. L. (same old stuff, of course), of previous contributions by the same author. When reading the glowing description, we "wonder" if she has a sister.

"Where to Buy Em" — by Major Rather Tired. A truly valuable compendium of the various sizes, prices and qualities of Bock dispensed at the several cafes of the world, including Dijon. — "Almighty" — by Lieut. Whats His Name. " — in the Foothills" — by Lieut. an A. Birdman. These two works prove conclusively that forcefull American language is not going into discard. Both of the above have reached their millionth edition, and are still going strong.

## OUI, OUI, ÇA NE FAIT RIEN !

Please address solutions of the following to the American Dijonnais and they will be forwarded to the "manwho needs them most". Another inter-language complication has occurred which we think wins the folding umbrella.

A certain very attractive young man arrived at Dijon University fully equipped with a French vocabulary consisting of "oui, toute de suite, ça ne fait rien, combien" and perhaps one or two other expressions. However with the best of intentions in the world he confided to all who would listen, that he "compree'd everything that was said to him in French. Our hero meets a mademoiselle and in the course of the first one or two calls something must have been said that interested the young ladies family greatly. Anyhow when said hero arrived one afternoon, Papa met him and proceeded to read the riot act, all the time showing the greatest deference to his listener.

Quickly deducing that the old gentleman was recounting some little personal aggravation and expected our hero's sympathy, the young man in question touched Papa affectionately on the shoulder and unlimbered his French vocabulary with a few expressive "ça ne fait rien's, oui, oui, etc., dropped now and then where they would be most effective (so he thought).

After the sympathetic advance of the foregoing paragraph everything was lovely. Our hero was met joyously by the entire family. They even gave a little afternoon tea in his honor — at least everyone shook hands with him and smiled a great deal. And very soon he was taking mademoiselle for a stroll without even a yonger brother for a guard of honor. This seemed queer however and our hero pondered thereon.

One afternoon he came directly to the subject of his mind and asked the young lady who understood his english much better than he did himself, "why is it je always alley avec vous without votre Mama. The autre Americans alley always avec un chaperon."

Mademoiselle did not say MUCH, but it was enough, — "Parce que je suis votre fiancee!" Quick, — Watson, the harpoon!

DIJON. — DARANTIERE, PRINTER.





ICE CREAM

Maison Perrier

Afternoon TEAS

DIJON - 6, Place d'Armes, 6 - DIJON



PASTRIES

CHOCOLATE

PHOTOGRAPHIE D'ART

DUPREZ & CHARLIN

67, Rue Chabot-Charny, 67

SETTINGS

EVERY DAY

AU CHATEAUBRIAND

Grand Restaurant

HOTEL

J. BONY, PROPRIÉTAIRE

3, Avenue de la Gare, 3

DIJON

CUISINE SOIGNÉE

Vins Fins

ENGLISH SPOKEN

Grande Brasserie

LION DE BELFORT

17, Place Darcy, 17

DIJON

CAFÉ

M. Pacher

Propriétaire

DIJON

Give them your Patronage the Above Advertisers Represent the Premiere Class of Dijonnais Business

Bookstore L. Venot

1, PLACE D'ARMES DIJON PLACE D'ARMES, 1

LITERARY WORKS -:- ART BOOKS

Text Books



WRITING PAPER

MAPS

ENGRAVINGS

Photographs - Post Cards

GRAND LAVATORY DARCY

Près la Rotonde

INSTALLATION MODERNE & HYGIÉNIQUE

Service Antiseptique

E. GOUTHIÈRE

21, Place Darcy, DIJON

PARFUMERIE FINE TOUTES MARQUES

Prix Fixe

TEINTURES INOFFENSIVES

Articles de Toilette

GRANDS MAGASINS

A la Ménagère

DIJON -:- Rue de la Liberté -:- DIJON

EVERYTHING USEFUL TO ALLIED ARMIES  
CAN BE FOUND THERE

Before your departure you must pay a visit to our stores and  
buy some " SOUVENIRS OF FRANCE " for your relatives  
and friends

Give them your Patronage the Above Advertisers Represent the Premiere Class of Dijonnais Business

Imprimerie

Darantiere

DIJON

Tél. 397

Fabrique de Pain d'Épices

**RAGOIX**

LA GRANDE MARQUE DIJONNAISE

**DIJON**

Produits

très réputés

DIJON 1, Rue de la Gare

CHAPELLERIE

ALLAMAGNY

84, Rue de la Liberté, 84

DIJON

MILITARY CAPS

Horlogerie · Bijouterie

OBJETS D'ART

MAISON MAGNIEN

**M<sup>el</sup> Petit, Succ<sup>r</sup>**

58, Rue de la Liberté, 58

DIJON

JEWELRY

WATCHES -:- SOUVENIRS

Give them your Patronage the Above Advertisers Represent the Premiere Class of Dijonnais Business



