

Men's Furnishings at HALF PRICE and Less

Having bought the Carl Lindberg stock of Men's Furnishings, located in the Waverly Block, S. Main St., in Minot, I will put the complete stock on sale

Continuing for
9 Days

MONDAY, JANUARY 6TH

Continuing for
9 Days

Men's high grade Socks, Dress Shirts, Flannel Shirts, Mackinaws, Top Coats, Collars, Neckties, Underwear, Pajamas, Night Shirts, Stetson Hats, Caps, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Less than One-half Price

These goods are all new and high grade. No old stock. Men, here is a chance of a lifetime to stock up on staple merchandise at much less than wholesale

A. A. ZETHREN

"Your old groceryman"

DUANE HOLMES WAS FLYING ABOVE CLOUDS

Ward County Air Fighter Says Its
Some Feat to Stand in Machine
Going 125 Miles an Hour—Hand-
kerchiefs Often Pulled From
Men's Pockets by Air
Suction

Duane Holmes, who wrote his father concerning his experiences in France, gives an extraordinary interesting account of an air gunner's feelings as he stands at his gun shooting thru space at a fearful speed. The following is a continuation of the letter, a part of which was published last week:

I'm back now from supper and will write a little more about my adventure in France.

Our ship was parked (?) alongside the Finland but none were allowed ashore. Next morning we went ashore with light packs and took our first hike on French soil. We went out around to Camp No. 1 and came in tired and hungry. That evening we were given our first shore liberty in France. It was that evening that I tried on my French on the shop keepers. It was with queer results.

The next day our ship was warped to an unloading pier and all day we were busy as bees getting the cargo ashore. It was good hard work, but we worked until ten p. m. and started out for our new home at 12:00 midnight. It was about a two mile hike and we were glad to get out there and spread our blankets for a short sleep. We took up our drill work right away. Eight hours a day was spent in various ways. And once a week we took an all day hike. Sunday was quite our own. It was after one of these hikes that I had to go on sick report. Ankle trouble again! A few days later I sent details down to unload ships. I was down one day and handled lumber all day. About this time a call came for a man (a sergeant) to go to an automatic weapon school. I thought I had no chance to be so fortunate. However, on the evening of Sept. 13th the top told me I was to report to Lieut. Cochran for a competitive test. Well, I went over and won the chance to go to that school and started that day, Sept. 14 for Gondrecourt.

Since that day I've only seen two members of the old company—the captain in October, 1917 and one of the old crew on the evening of Nov. 11th, 1918. It was good to hear about some of the old times.

That was my first experience in shipping over the railways of France and I enjoyed the trip. Well, I traveled third and second class. But never yet have I gone the usual method of "forty men to the box car."

I went thru the school O. K., making good grades and when a call came in for some Lewis gun instructors the major in charge recommended me and other fellow, a friend of mine, a doughboy sergeant, who now lies under the free soil of France. After I finished my course I was sent to Marine headquarters. I remained in the cool town of Damouillers until my orders came. From there I went to Paris to report for duty with the air service. At that time Paris was more open to outside men. I landed there unfriended and alone. I checked my baggage and when I was on the walk outside the Gare d'Est, a woman of Parisian accent touched my elbow and said, "You go wiz me?" It was then in my broken French I replied that I was in Paris on business and not for pleasure, and I've been able to shake 'em off ever since.

I found my friend Bruce there after a couple of days. Also I rode down the boulevard with the famous violinist, Spaulding. I did not know the distinction I was having at that time. Well, we left Paris for Issoudun on Sunday, Oct. 28th. You know what I did there. I had the pleasure of instructing many flying officers. I had a good place to stay there and along about December was transferred to a company on duty in Paris. That was why I remained in Issoudun so long. I was doing more good there than I could in Paris.

Early in March I was promoted to sergeant for technical duty. Early in April I put a letter thru military channels requesting to be returned to my organization for duty. A little

paragraph saying my services were very satisfactory kept me at Issoudun. I was sick at heart when that letter came back disapproved. I was then permitted to put in my application for a commission as observer. But it didn't go thru right away and when it did, in spite of good recommendations, it was pigeon-holed.

In May I left the class room and took charge of a machine gun firing range. I opened it up with eight men and four Vickers machine guns. It was a fifty yard range and the practice was firing at deflection models. Deflection is used to compensate for a moving target such as airplanes offer. One must fire 35 feet ahead of a plane which travels at 100 miles per hour at 200 yards range. Later my application went thru and with the supposition that I would soon be called for training I was put in charge of the armory. There I had a chance to use my head a bit and—well the application did not come thru and I remained in the armory all summer. I took my leave in September as I told you. My services were not needed there and in spare time I designed a machine gun to give a variety of practice on a moving target to give ample practice in deflection. I thought I had a good idea and wanted to put it in action. However, when an opportunity came on Oct. 13th I grabbed at it. It was my chance at last. I was a chance to be trained as an aerial gunner for biplane chase work. I took no time to make up my mind and a few minutes later I was down to the hospital ready to take my examination. Passed the exam O. K. and waited about a week for orders. Then proceeded to St. Jean de Monts for training. There were fourteen men from Issoudun. Flint and I had lots of work with the Lewis gun which we were to use so we were in a more advanced class and started flying only a couple of days after we arrived. Of course all of us had had some time in the air. Many had never been up in a De Havilland battle plane, the kind we were to train in—I had my first ride in one of those on my birthday so I knew what speed they had. To stand up in one—and one has to stand up to fire—one must stand the buffets of a stream of air moving back over the tail at the rate of 125 miles per hour. So it's some breeze. I didn't fire any on the first trip—which was made on Thursday—but simply practiced moving the tourelle to the mounting for the gun—around in the various positions, getting used to the work in the wind. I perspired heavily on that trip because it was work I was not used to.

Friday when I came back from a firing flight my pilot misjudged the wind a bit and we were drifting as we landed. We broke a tire which threw the machine up on her nose. No one was hurt in the least except the machine. The fellows joked me about being up in a crowd's nest but I told them a Marine was supposed to be at home most anywhere. That was the nearest I came to a smash while I was there. Some of the other boys had other experiences such as forced landings, and one fellow turned over on his back on account of a poor landing. There were twenty of us N. C. O. training as gunners and the worst injury was a scraped nose on a forced landing. A few lost their breakfasts and several bade go d-bye to handkerchiefs which were snatched out of their pockets by the wind. We had fine weather while there and some days could see vast convoys heading up the coast of St. Nazaire. Occasionally a flying boat manned by Navy men went by, patrolling the coast. Once in a while a "Blimp" offered a tempting target to us apprentice gunners and 'twas said fisher men shunned that bullet ridden shore. And from reports they had reasons to do so for a boat offers a good water target. And a dive over the side to keep a whole hide is not inviting in November. Don't know as you've ever been above the clouds! I've been among, above and in them. A fellow feels pretty lonely when up there shut out from sight of ground. And when a fellow runs into a cloud one can feel the moisture particles driven against his face. Five thousand feet high in an early morning usually cools a fellow's feet a bit and an hour up there makes the land feel so much better.

In a way I was glad to get thru my training there. There's only the altitude between a fellow and the world beyond when one's in the air. And gravity is always looking for a

chance to get his work in. And breaking up in a fall is not so bad. There is always a possibility of fire. And somehow a fellow can't get the dread of that out of his system. It doesn't give a fellow a chance! One is reported to have asked an aviator when he was going to the front. His reply explains what a flying man is up against: "An aviator is always at the front." So I was glad to get thru and be sent to the front for assignment.

We left for a replacement depot on Nov. 9th. We were routed around what I call the "long wrong way" but by a little maneuvering we grabbed an express for Paris and Sunday, Nov. 10th found us in Paris. Paris was gay over the possibility of an early armistice.

The Germans had seventy-two hours to decide and the time was up Monday at eleven a. m. We remained there until Monday night and I must say that Paris was wild with enthusiasm after hostilities had ceased. I've never seen such crowded boulevards, such cheerful, cheering crowds. Every flag called followers and there was a new parade every half block. Words cannot tell what was taking place. Soldiers were embraced, kissed and cheered. "Vive l'Amerique!" rang out every few feet. Every buvette, cafe and saloon trundled out its rare vintages and swapped it for the rolling francs. The crowds drank and moved on or drank and remained to gaze. One could scarcely get a meal that evening on account of the crowds. It was hard to leave Paris when she was so gay but it had to be done.

The train that took us from Paris to Toul was crowded and we traveled all night and were six hours late on arriving. It was muddy and miserable in Toul but the meal we had there helped matters quite a bit. At 4:30 we left on a truck for a twenty-five kilometer ride. We arrived and after a short skirmish found our way to our home for that night. I made a ten kilometer trip to get our baggage and about eight thirty was settled for the night. The next day we were assigned to the First Day Bombardment Group and the following morning we took a truck train for their station. We got into their camp late in the evening and I and Flint were assigned to the 20th Aero Squadron. A member of the group But we were too late. I would never be able to go over the line now and take a poke at the Hun. I was a week too late. No longer was there a line—no more need for the deadly bombs—unless the Hun was unfaithful as formerly. I was not even fortunate enough to be in a squadron which formed part of the army of occupation. I wish I were part of that army. But I guess I never was destined to reach the scene of battles.

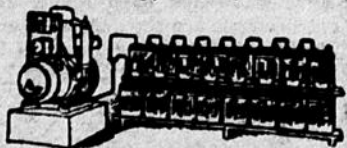
Now that the terms of armistice are being gradually—tho sullenly—fulfilled we do not feel the cry that called us here. We feel only a longing to get back to the greatest country in the world. Get back under a civilian rating where every man is equally free. We have, thru aiding others, achieved what once seemed impossible. The arms and spirit of the U. S. and the Allies have prevailed. Much as we doubt the sincerity of the German reformation we feel that battles of this war are fought and won. I feel a sort of slacker in my own eyes. My friends and pals did their bit and some their all in Belleau Woods. And in spite of my having chosen to fight the enemy where only the brave stay to fall I feel that I did little in this war. I never was there to fight! I arrived there too late!

And now rumor has it that several Aero Squadrons will be among the first to return home. We all wonder who the other lucky squadrons will be. I am a lonesome Marine. I have been with the Air Service too long.

DELCO-LIGHT

The complete Electric Light and Power Plant

Saves time and labor. — Increases farm efficiency. — Pays for itself.



BERT PLOWMAN
Minot, N. D.

Furniture Sale

Commencing Saturday, January 4th, we will place our entire stock of furniture on sale at discounts of 15, 20, 25, 33 1/2 and 50 per cent. Sale will last a short time only. Every article in our store will be included except Pianos and Phonographs.

If further particulars are desired we will upon request send you one of our sale circulars

McCoy Furniture Company

225-227-229-231 So. Main St.

Minot,

No. Dak.

Now I'm wondering, will I go home with them? Should I do so there will be a co-incidence. I came across with the 20th Co. Marines. And I am now attached as an N. C. O. Aerial gunner to the 20th Aero Squadron.

You now have a review of my sojourn in the Army or Marines. The honors are up where the dangers are. I can claim none of the honor in winning the war. I was willing! But the fellows who won it were those who went thru the triple hell of Chateau Thierry and the Argonne, the air men who assisted them and the sacrificial efforts of the folk back home. Best wishes for Xmas to all.

Your loving son,

DUANE.

Address me at
243 Garrett St.
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

"STATE REPAIRER" PROPOSED

North Dakota Budget Commission
Say Saving Can Be Made.

Bismarck, N. D., Dec. 27.—The creation of an office of "state repairer" will be proposed to the legislature by the state budget commission, the duty of the repairer to keep up repairs on all public buildings owned by the state. Every institution, in its budget for the coming year, is asking an appropriation for repair work, and the budget commission believes that if all work was centralized in one official better results would be obtained and repairs would be made when trouble first developed, thus reducing the cost.

HE FINDS "DIP" THAT ROBBED HIM; LOSES \$1,100 MORE

Charles Homerberg, a farmer residing near Oakes, Dekey county, spent Christmas day in Minneapolis to find the "dip" who picked his pocket of \$140 last fall. He found him and is short \$1,100 more, according to a dispatch received from Minneapolis.

Mr. Homerberg, according to the dispatch, met the thief in the same saloon where the previous "picking" took place. He engaged him in conversation, but was suddenly left standing alone. To his dismay Mr. Homerberg discovered that his wallet containing \$200 in bills and a draft for \$900 was missing.

Minneapolis police are searching for the pickpocket.

EQUITY PLANT TO OPEN APRIL 15

The Equity Co-operative Packing company's new plant on the Sheyenne river four miles west of Fargo will be in operation not later than April 15 next, according to an announcement last evening by L. C. Hoopman, superintendent. Mr. Hoopman said that 75 men were engaged

in installing machinery, and yards and outbuildings would be commenced as soon as the weather permitted. Unavoidable delays in delivery of machinery and materials has greatly delayed the opening, he added.

Twenty-four houses for employees, commenced last fall, are now nearing completion.

NO NEGLIGENCE SHOWN.

Bismarck, N. D., Dec. 27.—That a man who walks up an incline behind a loaded coal car drawn by a cable which has been supposed to be safe cannot be held guilty of contributory negligence when the cable breaks and the car drops back upon him, cutting off a leg, is the ruling of Associate Justice Harry A. Bronson, who wrote the opinion of the supreme court upholding the McLean county district court's award of \$3,000 damages to Erick Abelstad of Garrison. Swan A. Johnson was the defendant and appellant.

YOUNG BELIEVED OUT OF DANGER

Congressman George M. Young, of the Second North Dakota district, who has been ill with pneumonia in Washington for several days, is believed to have passed the crisis, and is recovering, according to word received in Fargo today.

Congressman Young suffered the attack of pneumonia following influenza, and was for some time in a very critical condition.

BOY BEATER SENTENCED.

Schafer, N. D., Dec. 27.—Robert Jensen, arrested recently for assaulting two of his sons with a dangerous weapon, was sentenced to serve a year in the state prison when he pleaded guilty before Judge Frank Fisk, of the district court.

Hagenstein's Ice Bank.

A. D. Hagenstein, city auditor, has his own private ice rink, which he made by flooding his entire garden. This makes a dandy place for the children to enjoy the winter's sport, and it cost but a mere trifle to fix the place up. The old man himself, who is a skater from away back, gets out and tries out the ice occasionally. Scores of youngsters enjoy the rink each day.

Alice Brockey Died of Influenza.
Glenburn Advance: Alice Brockey, oldest daughter of Mr. John Brockey,

of Waterford township, southwest of Glenburn, died at four o'clock Tuesday after a short illness with influenza. Funeral services were held Christmas day at the home and the body was laid to rest in the Lansford cemetery beside the body of her mother, who died a few years ago.

The taking from the Brockey home of this bright young girl, just emerging womanhood, leaves a vacancy that time cannot erase from memory, or any one else fill. She was the pride of her father and after her mother died, for a time she took charge of the household duties of their home and discharged her duty with remarkable skill. At the time of her death she was 14 years, 7 months and 8 days old. She is survived by her father, step-mother, and three brothers.

Lyle Benson Called Home on Account of Wife's Illness

Lyle Benson, formerly in charge of the optical department of the Winans Jewelry Co., was called home on account of the serious illness of his wife. Mrs. Benson is still in the hospital but her condition is favorable. Mr. Benson will return to camp in a few days. Lyle looks fine from the effects of his military training.

Phillips Loses Valuable Mare.

J. T. Phillips of Glenburn lost a two-year-old registered Percheron mare last week from the effects of eating poisoned oats found in an old shack which had been left open by trappers. He valued the animal at \$500.00.

WHY NOT MINOT

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

State of North Dakota,
County of Ward.

In County Court
Before Hon. Wm. Murray, Judge.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: By the undersigned, D. A. Dinnie, Executor of the last Will and Estate of Elizabeth Dinnie, late of the City of Minot in the County of Ward and State of North Dakota, deceased, to the creditors of said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to said Executor, at the office of Fisk and Murphy, his attorneys, in the City of Minot in said Ward County, North Dakota.

Dated January 2, 1919.

D. A. DINNIE, Executor.

Fisk and Murphy,
Attorneys for said Executor.
First publication on the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1919.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12

Nature's Remedy

NR-TABLETS-NR

Better Than Pills

For Liver Ills.
Get a 25¢ Box

Taylor Drug Co. & Ward's Drug Store