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 ABERDEEN, MISS.  
**Special Rates**  
 TO  
**Boys in Uniform**  
 Come here and have a pleasant time.  
**B. H. STRONG**  
 PROPRIETOR

**ATTENTION**  
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**Paslay=Lindsay**  
**DRUG STORE**  
**For Sodas, Cigars, Cigarettes**  
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**YOU BOYS IN KHAKI**  
 Will Always Find a Warm Welcome at  
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 Satisfies, Make it Satisfy You  
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**The Harris Hotel**  
 ONE BLOCK WEST OF M. & O. STATION  
**Uncle Sam's Boys**  
 GIVEN SPECIAL COURTESIES  
 OKOLONA. MISSISSIPPI

**ADVICE TO BEVOS**

Never appear at your stage on time. It is preferable to saunter nonchalantly up to the Officer in Charge, say some forty-five minutes late, drop a condescending "G' mornin'"; bum a Lucky Strike from friend time-keeper (who, of course, holds his position primarily to furnish R. M. A.'s with cigarettes); select a prominent seat in the instructor's section of the tower and deposit thereon, with much gusto, your anatomy. (Note: At this point be sure and select some position in which you will be in everyone's way—several trials will show you the place.)

As soon as you are sure that you have been noticed, glower ferociously at your instructor, demand a ship, appear much grieved if refused and stalk away. At this point, it has been discovered by eminent authorities, that if you plunge unrestrainedly into dissipation at the Post Exchange milk and cake counter, your instructor will become repentant and assign you a ship.

If the instructor dare suggest that you spend the hour in doing side-slips, by all means do tail-spins. Make him realize you know your own business and that you are as good a flyer as he ever had the opportunity to watch wield a control-lever. Be independent; nothing increases the efficiency of the flying field more. If you are sent on a cross-country to Okolona, land at Gibson, or if you do land at Okolona, leave the ship unguarded, call your girl and talk awhile. No one at the field would dare suggest that the ship might be used while doing this.

Never help put gasoline, water or oil in the engine. The mechanic has nothing on earth to do but wipe off the plane, check adjustments, carry gasoline, turn over propellers and—oh, well—some few hundred other duties. As soon as you have decided you have flown enough for the day, leave the tower without notifying the stage commander—it would worry him—retire to your barracks and sleep.

Of course you enlisted to fight in France—not to train in Mississippi—who could suggest that you needed any training? You're a natural flyer. However, be lenient toward those in authority, they haven't the wonderful and uncanny insight into the future that you possess, and can't conceive the idea of a pilot destroying German planes, who has been unable to destroy more than eight ships during the unnecessary training he receives here.

To cement yourself in the good graces of everyone adopt Bolsheviki methods at the field. Knock everything and everybody. Do it right. Proverbs Chapter 9, Verse 11, says: "Woe be unto him that kicketh, but kicketh not with his entire soul." Use this beautiful thought as your beacon light. The mess, hangar guard, lights out at nine at night; all these topics can be enlarged upon until most any one can become an ultra-proficient "griper" within two or three weeks.

**Cited!**  
 Lieutenants T. W. Osborn and I. E. Elm. ZOOMS representatives, who flew to Memphis, not only placed Payne Field Zooms before the United States by way of the Associated Press, but brought down an airplane near Holly Springs on the return trip. Lieut. Osborn is officially credited with the victory (?). It is his first.

Speaking of the Aero Supply Department, we realize that there have been many worries in this department, but the thing that worries us most, and the thing that we cannot figure out is why or how a man like Pvt. 1st cl. John T. Hughes, Jr., can produce such beautiful evidence of his work.

**It's an Ill Wind, Etc.**  
 Hokus—Polly Peaches displays poor taste in always going out in a high wind.  
 Pokus—Yes, but she shows good form.

**TROUBLE-SHOOTER**

**Amen!**  
 The War Department announces that the airplane service will require all the castor oil for lubricating purposes, and we have resolved patriotically to turn over our share to the government.—Columbus Dispatch.

**Even So!**  
 Go down to the hangars to take a little flight.  
 The d—d old mechanic says, "Machine's alright."  
 You climb a thousand meters and the engine fails you flat;  
 You fall and break your head-rest, and they give you  
 Hell for that.

**R. M. A Reveille**  
 "Item! Item! New Orleans Item!"

Girl to Lieut. Ott—"Oh, sir, you're a First Lieutenant, aren't you, because you wear a silver bar?"  
 Lieut. Morrissey (before Ott recovers), "Yes, he's a First Lieutenant by corrosion."

**Squads Right!**  
 Lieut. C. A. Neff to ZOOMS representative who is getting news from the Lieutenant: Lieut. W. S. Crowe has been made Inspector-Instructor; make a humorous story of that because Lord knows there's nothing funny in what he does. I've bought two Liberty Bonds for a shoe-shiner in the past few weeks because that darned drill makes a daily shine necessary."

**There Go the Profits**  
 Lieut. Nathanson—"If you don't serve something besides Hungarian goulash I'm going to quit giving you the best parts of the beef."  
 Lieut. Stratton (grieved)—"Well, if you can't appreciate a good customer I'll quit buying meat from the Q. M."

And the funny part is that he DID.

**What can They Talk About?**  
 Lieut. Neff reports that there is so much hot air at the Post Hospital that a requisition has been made for five additional electric fans.

**Mistakes We Make**  
 Irate Lady: That attendant over there doesn't act as courteous and obsequious as he should. I wish to report him.  
 Hotel Clerk: Then you'll have to write his commanding officer a letter, madam. He's in naval aviation.—Sun-Dial

"What is this volplaning any way?"  
 "Sort of a back to the soil movement, I suppose."

An order at Camp Lewis prohibits the soldiers from gambling. Are we going to send men to France who do not know what it is to take a chance?—Tacoma Daily News.  
 No danger of this with so many "Aces" (?) at Payne Field.

**Rules for Aviation Poetry**  
 Just spin some airy chatter, For it really doesn't matter  
 That your theme is slightly lighter than a feather.  
 You may talk o' gin, like Kipling,  
 But so be your verse is rippling  
 You can even pull some stuff about the weather.

But no matter what your topic, Be it cold or be it tropic,  
 You have got to link it up with aviation.  
 Be sure in stanza one or two To have a clever pun or two (And maybe knock a Hun or two,  
 And make the knock a stunner, too!)—  
 You'll thank me for this bit of information.

Don't be afraid to drop a bit,  
 To flop a bit, to . . . stop . . . a bit (I always try to set a good example).  
 I could keep this poem going Till the Shannon stopped its flowing—  
 But I'm certain that three stanzas will be ample.  
 M. R.

**STEVENS BROS.**  
**CAFE**  
  
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**Ladies and Gentlemen**  
 Corner Commerce Street and Jordan Avenue  
**Everything New!**

**We Want to See You Again and Again!**  
 That is why we cannot afford in all we carry to sell you anything that does not render you your full money's worth of service, and that has not our own service behind it.  
 By far the vast majority of people who come into our garage are people who have been there before; some of them many, many times, simply because they find here the things for which they ask, from tires, tubes and accessories, to practically every article in our stock, and receive with each purchase an ample, even surplus, money's worth.  
 You, too, we believe, will be numbered among our regular customers, once you have let us demonstrate the service of our goods and ourselves.  
 Also Ford parts of only Ford make—not the wildcat manufacture stuff.  
 To sell you Goods That Prove Their Quality in Service, is Our Invariable Aim.  
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