FLYING SCHOOL NOTES

Dee Cee "Frenchy" Jalbert has been conducting this column, now busily engaged in packing his souvenirs and spare cocks in preparation for his departure home way back east. He was tendered a farewell banquet at Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hall's home Sunday afternoon. In the evening the boys gathered at Frank Duggins' Inn for another farewell party in Frenchy's honor.

Jalbert has been prominent in his flying school work, in athletics, in social activities and particularly in certain French-Canadian phrases. But when it came to kicking a prop, he was in a class by himself. So long, Frenchy, and good luck to you.

Having now officially bid farewell to his predecessor in office, the new conductor of this column scratches his head and wonders what to write about. He thinks for about half a minute—gets tired at this unusual labor of thinking and decides to write about famous expressions at the flying school.

Derek White—Study these faces and wait till 1930.

Maurice Foley—She looks all right now, eh, babe? But wait till I put another coat of red paint on her.

Penny—Bring out that Waco.

Gatehott—Why the—do you let her teeth off to the left?

Beal—Wow, boy, keep her nose down! Wow, more down.

Frank—Do you want another cup of coffee?

Page and Sailors—Let's stand on the square and see if anything will happen.

Smitty—Worse's a blame duck, ah swear ah am, ha, ha, ha!

Prine—That remark will cost you one cigarette, and now, who has a match?

Barney—Whose got a pair of pliers? my radiator is leaking.

Miller—No thanks, I've got a girl for tonight and Levine—I guess I'll solo next week.

W. C. T. U. NOTE

"Kick—we want Kick" that those whose cry is "Give us Light Wine and Beer" would never be satisfied with "Lightness" is fully evidenced by the present situation in Canada, with its new regime of government sale of liquor—unlimited now as to "Alcoholic Content"—Alcohol! Strength!

It is fairly safe to assume that human nature, in terms of "Alcoholic Kick," is about the same the world over. There is no reason to suppose, therefore, that those who live on this side of the Canadian border would be any more satisfied with "Lightness" of Alcoholic content than were their brothers on that side!

"Give us 4.4!" (Four-point-four Alcoholic content), they cried over there. "Give us 4.4 light liquor—light beer! 4.4 will satisfy us!"

Did it? Of course it did not! For the first few days they rushed it. It tasted all right—"like the old stuff," they said. There was but one thing wrong with it—it didn't "kick." 4.4 didn't "kick." "Give us stronger liquor," they wailed again. "Give us heavier liquor." 4.4 is no good—we want "kick." —we want "kick!"

And isn't it interesting how the "kick" in alcohol "kicks"!

I have known it to "kick" people out of good health into the grave.

I have known it to "kick" whole families into the street and boots and shoes from children's feet.

I have known it to "kick" men and women into the madhouses.

I have seen it "kick" men and women into jail.

I have known it to "kick" women and babies to death.

I have seen it "kick" murder and blows at youth.

I have known it to "kick" men to the gallows.

I know the devil "kicks" with alcohol.

Not these Alcohol "cry babies" in America today would never be satisfied with "light" wines and beers—they, too, want "kick!"

NOTE—The alcohol appetite will never die while it is being kept alive! The obvious needs to be stated and restated—Contributed.

To airmen with Grant permission to

S. J. Jalbert to crank airplanes
prop.

[Signature]

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